

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

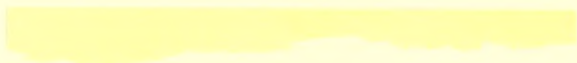
973.74

I061

96

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

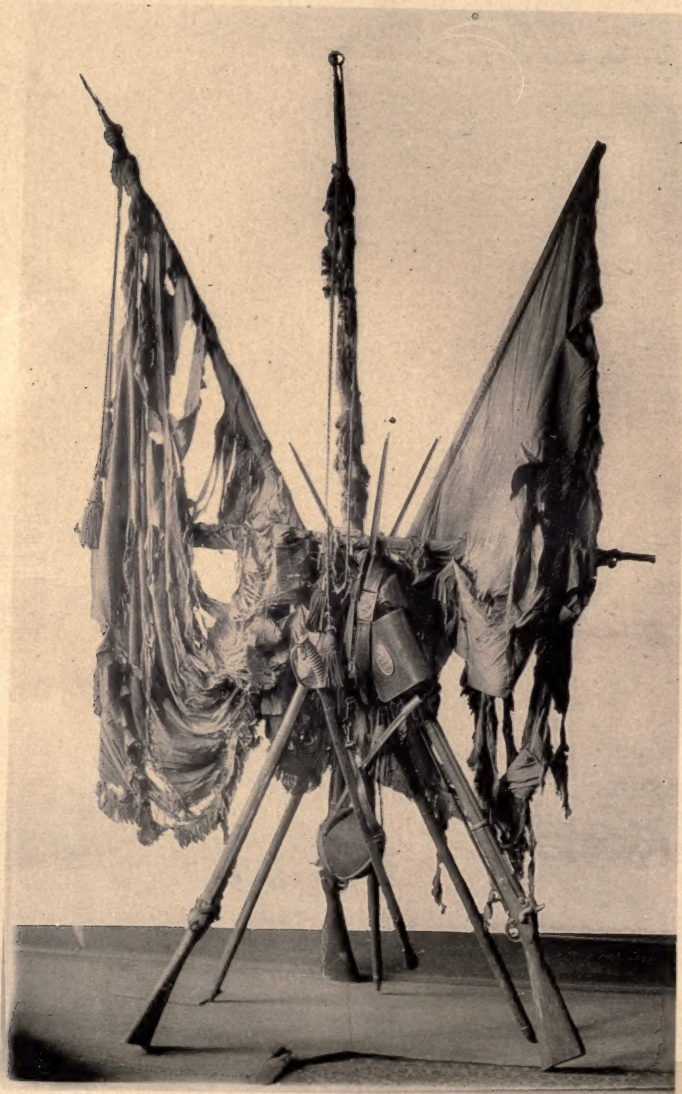




IL



PROPERTY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



BATTLE FLAGS OF THE REGIMENT.

(See Page 988.)

HISTORY

OF THE

NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT

ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Historical Society of the Regiment;

CHARLES W. EARLE.

CHARLES A. PARTRIDGE.

EDWARD A. BLODGETT.

HENRY H. GAGE.

EDWIN DRURY.

M. UMBDENSTOCK, JR.

EDITED BY

CHARLES A. PARTRIDGE.

CHICAGO:

1887. *N*

973.74

Il 6i

96

BROWN, PETTIBONE & Co.

PRINTERS,

Nos. 80 & 82 ADAMS STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

Oct. 25th Sunday

local	History	26 Apr. 09	McKer.	7.00	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	40.00	45.00	50.00	55.00	60.00	65.00	70.00	75.00	80.00	85.00	90.00	95.00	100.00
-------	---------	------------	--------	------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	--------

66p. 49
Only one-half of the Company historians carried out the work allotted to them, and, as a consequence, much additional labor fell upon the editor. If omissions in regard to Company organizations or personal sketches are noticed the blame cannot justly be placed on the editor, for that which appears has in many instances only been secured by oft-repeated solicitations.

152046

address could be ascertained, in many instances failed to elicit a reply. Such must not complain if they find their personal sketches deficient, although the Editor has searched the reports in the Adjutant General's office to complete them.

The maps and battle scenes have been made expressly for this work, at considerable expense, and we believe will be satisfactory to the comrades familiar with the scenes portrayed. We are gratified at being able to present the portraits of a large number of the officers and men of the command. These have been prepared at the expense of the comrades whose faces appear, or by some of their personal friends. Many are from old and faded photographs and daguerreotypes, and could be but imperfectly reproduced, but nearly all are true to life. Although they have cost the Historical Society much labor, and a considerable sum in excess of the amounts charged, we have no regret that this feature of the work was undertaken. These photo prints have been made by M. Umbdenstock, to whom we are under many obligations. In this connection, it should be mentioned that the utmost harmony and hearty coöperation has prevailed among those who assumed the task, and in addition to the work performed by the editor and portrayer, it would be unjust to omit an acknowledgement of the valuable assistance of Mr. Edwin Drury in many of the details, and Messrs. Blodgett and Gage for financial advances while the enterprise has been developed.

While the magnitude of the undertaking was in no measure comprehended by us at the outset, and more time and money has been required for its completion than was anticipated, yet we trust that the volume will be satisfactory to those for whom it was written—our comrades in arms and those who loved them. We promised a work of five hundred pages; we give, instead, a volume of nearly twice that size. We believe that in other respects we have exceeded the promises made in the prospectus. We had no expectation of pecuniary gain, and with the entire edition sold, the copy retained by each member of the Historical Society will be the most expensive. For this we care nothing. If our comrades, after a careful perusal of the book, shall give it their approval as a careful, truthful and well-written history, we shall feel that we have been fully compensated for our work and all our sacrifices.

Cherishing the memory of every comrade, whether living or dead; proud of the fact that it was our privilege to be associated with them in the days when they were making a record of which any soldier might be justly proud, and rejoicing that we have been able to be the means of putting in a more connected and enduring form than had hitherto been attempted some record of their achievements; and, finally, with a silent tear for those and with those whose wounds will be opened afresh by the perusal of these pages because of the "vacant chair," we submit this History, earnestly hoping that it may meet the approval of our surviving comrades and their friends.

In behalf of and for the Historical Society of the NINETY-SIXTH Regiment Illinois Volunteers.

CHAS. WARRINGTON EARLE,
Chairman.

CHICAGO, July 1, 1887.

PREFACE.

To me was assigned, by the Historical Society, the work of editing a history of the gallant Regiment with which it was my lot to be associated during the War of the Rebellion. The trust was accepted with extreme reluctance, and with many misgivings, for I knew the work would be at once delicate and difficult. After discussing various plans with the members of the Historical Society, and agreeing upon a general outline, I entered upon the work assigned me, and the pages which follow are the result. As the work has progressed I have not unfrequently found my memory in conflict with the letters and diaries of myself and comrades, written at the time the events here narrated were occurring. In all such cases I have given credence to the written record, believing it to be more reliable than mere recollection. I ask every comrade whose memory contradicts what is here given, in any material respect, to refrain from criticism until he has carefully read again his own or his comrades' letters and diaries, penned when these events were fresh. If, upon a perusal of these records, material errors are found I shall be glad to have them stated. It was impossible that all should have seen events from the same stand-point, or that any one should have known of all the interesting experiences of the various members of the entire command. It is too much to expect of any one person, after a lapse of twenty years in which no thought was entertained of undertaking such a work, to recall from memory, or to gather from the hastily written letters or the brief pencilings in a boy's diary, a tithe of the interesting personal reminiscences that might have been written had their narration been contemplated when the events were occurring.

The chapters written by myself have been made impersonal; no statement has been made that is not believed to be strictly truthful; no event has been too highly colored; no fact has been so strongly stated that it will not bear the closest scrutiny and investigation.

In my work I have been fortunate in having the cordial encouragement and support of my comrades generally. No committee could have been more kindly critical, or more considerate and cordial toward an editor than has the Historical Society been toward myself. No comrades could have responded more zealously than have a majority of those to whom I have applied for information or for access to their written

matter. While I cannot mention all who have been helpful I should do violence to my own sense of justice did I not name some whose assistance has been most frequently given. In addition to the members of the Historical Society, Gen. J. C. Smith, Col. Geo. Hicks and Surgeon F. W. Byers, of the Field and Staff; Capt. Wm. Vincent and Sergt. C. H. Berg, of Company A; Captain G. H. Burnett and Lieutenant George Wait, of Company B; Captain John K. Pollock and Captain W. M. Loughlin, of Company C; Captain A. Z. Blodgett, Lieutenant J. H. Linklater, A. R. Thain and R. S. Thain, of Company D; Captain W. F. Taylor and Sergeant P. Fleming, of Company E; J. Q. Robinson, William S. Nash and the late Sergeant John C. Lee, of Company F; Captain B. G. Blowney, of Company G; Captain J. L. Pierce, of Company H; William M. Perry, William W. McDonald and Moses Rees, of Company I, and Lieutenant George W. Pepoon, of Company K, have each contributed materially in assisting to gather necessary data. The material for the closing chapter was mainly collected and compiled by Edwin Drury, of the Historical Society, and was the result of much diligent research.

As I have lived over again the days when the history was made of which I have so feebly written, my feelings have been of mingled sadness and pleasure. Forms and faces almost lost to memory have seemed to come again, and events almost forgotten have returned with a vividness that had seemed impossible.

Although this volume has grown to be almost double the size at first contemplated, it is entirely too meagre to tell of more than a fraction of the heroic deeds of the brave men who marched and fought beneath the banner on which was inscribed the magic figures, "96." Words cannot fittingly portray the lofty heroism which inspired the gallant soldiers whose valorous deeds are here so feebly told. With a fidelity that I trust all will concede, and with such ability as I could command, the work has been pursued until the three years' service of the Regiment has been, in some measure, covered. Of the reader I ask that what is written be accepted in a spirit as charitable as he would have asked in his own behalf if unexpectedly called to the duty of writing a similar work.

CHARLES A. PARTRIDGE.

Waukegan, Ill., July, 1887.



TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Events Leading to the War—The Slavery Question—The Missouri Compromise—Fugitive Slave Laws Enacted—The Difficulty of Enforcing Them—A Supreme Court Decision—Anti-Slavery Literature—Lincoln's Election a Pre-text for Rebellion—Preparations for War at the South—The Great Conspiracy—Secession Ordinances Passed—The Guns of Sumter Echo Through the Land—The Response at the North—Alternate Victories and Defeats—Advantages Gained—A Crisis Reached in the summer of 1862—A Second Grand Uprising at the North—A Half Million Enlistments in Two Months	17-26
---	-------

CHAPTER II.

How and Why Lake and Jo Daviess Counties Joined Hands—In Camp at Rockford—A Lesson in Obedience to Orders—The Formal Muster-in—Other Regiments in Camp—Early Experiences—The Field and Staff—The Companies Lettered—Drawing Arms and Uniforms—Battalion Drill and Dress Parade—On Escort Duty—Visits from Home Friends—Major Brown and the "Obstacle" Movement—The Sutlers Made Unhappy—Incidents of the Last Days at Camp Fuller	27-40
---	-------

CHAPTER III.

Off for "The Front"—A Rain-Storm En Route—The Trip to Cincinnati—A Tedious Night March—Happenings at Camp Champion—The Tents Erected—Episode of the Tall Men—A Skirmish with Mules—Detachments Sent to the Forts—More Presentations—A Night Alarm—Fresh Pork that Had to be Paid for—Unfortunate Explosion of a Shell—Five Companies Sent to Falmouth and Five to Covington—An October Snow-Storm—Visits From the Father and Son of General Grant	41-51
---	-------

CHAPTER IV.

Five Companies Start Southward—Hard Pikes <i>vs.</i> Tender Feet—Marching and Tenting in the Snow—A Muddy Cut-Off—Loyal Whites and Enthusiastic Blacks—Five Companies Sent via Williamsburg and Georgetown to Lexington—Slaves and Slave-Hunters—Milling for the Military—A Night's Foraging—The Regiment Reunited—Experiences at Lexington—Visit to Henry Clay's Monument—The First Death in Camp	52-64
--	-------

CHAPTER V.

Southward to Harrodsburg—Kentucky River Scenery—A Halt at Shakertown—The Stay at Camp Clarke—Visits to Perryville Battle Ground—Recovering Federal Property—Issuing a Newspaper—Marching to Danville—in Winter Quarters at Camp Baird—Occasional Alarms at Night—The First Sergeants Lectured—Breaking Camp by Fire-Light—The Lebanon March—A Terrible Rain Storm—The Night at "Camp Wet"—The Return to Danville—Frequent Deaths Among the Soldiers—A Scouting Expedition—Close of the Year 1862	65-81
--	-------

CHAPTER VI.

The Negro Question—Waiting for News from Stone's River—Drilling Resumed—Visitors in Camp—Pay-day Arrives—Eleven Deaths in a Single Month—A Heavy Winter Storm—Changes Among the Officers—An Eighty-five Mile March to Louisville—Aboard the Transports—The Arrival at Fort Donelson—The Second Battle at that Historic Point—Up the Cumberland to Nashville	82-97
---	-------

CHAPTER VII.

The Irrepressible Conflict with Greybacks—A Half Dozen Promotions—Policing the Camp Grounds—A Brigade Dress Parade—Resolutions Adopted by the Regiment—The Sound of Cannon—The Movement to Franklin—Disaster to Coburn's Brigade—The Duck River Campaign—Frequent Alarms, and Fighting Near at Hand—Ten Days at Brentwood—Heavy Fatigue and Guard Duty—A Man in Company F Killed on the Picket Line—The Paymaster in Camp—Shelter Tents Received—How the Month of May Passed—The Nine Months' Fever	98-125
---	--------

CHAPTER VIII.

The Summer of 1863—The March to Triune—Lightening the Knapsacks—Partial Reorganization of the Corps—The Paymaster and the Enemy Arrive Simultaneously—Again Under Fire, but at Long Range—Skedaddle of the Sutler's Clerks—Punishment of Sleepy Sentinels—The Tullahoma Campaign—A Succession of Rainy Days—Again Under Fire—Guarding Prisoners to the Rear—The Advance to Shelbyville—The March to Wartrace—Close of the Brief Campaign—Good News from Vicksburg and Gettysburg—A Day of Thanksgiving 126-148

CHAPTER IX.

The Chattanooga Campaign—The Difficulties and Delays Attending its Inauguration—Conditions Named but not Complied with—Gen. Bragg Outwitted and Outflanked—The "Gateway of the South" Opened with Unexpected Ease—The Part Taken by the Reserve Corps in the Campaign—The March to Estill Springs—Scouting Experiences—An Anniversary Celebrated by a Portion of the Command—Forward—Climbing the Cumberland Mountains—A Brief Halt at Bridgeport—A Forced March over Lookout Mountain to Rossville—The Conflict at Hand—Preparing for the Sacrifice..... 149-160

CHAPTER X.

Chickamauga—Preparations for the Impending Battle—Collecting the Scattered Forces—The Enemy not in Retreat—Bragg's Lost Opportunity—The Lines Forming Along Chickamauga Creek—A Reconnoissance from Rossville—Under Fire with Unloaded Guns—Cold Nights in Line of Battle—Saturday's Battle—The Fighting Renewed on Sunday—The Reserves to the Rescue—The March to the Right—Three Desperate Charges—Repulsing the Enemy—Desperate Fighting and Terrific Losses—Both Armies Baffled—Again at Rossville—The Long Casualty List—Companies C and H Captured—Arrival at Moccasin Point—Official Reports—The New York *Tribune* Letter 161-221

CHAPTER XI.

Personal Recollections of Chickamauga. By Geo. Hicks, Captain Company A, NINETY-SIXTH Illinois Volunteers. Extracts from an Address Delivered in Kingston, Jamaica, West India..... 222-248

CHAPTER XII.

The Situation after the Battle of Chickamauga—In Camp on Moccasin Point—Artillery and Skirmish Fire—Bragg's Starvation Policy—Wheeler's Cavalry Raid—Short Rations for Men and Mules—Corn—The "Wusser"—Arrival of Gen. Hooker—Gen. Grant Placed in Command—Bridging the River at Brown's Ferry—Supporting Hooker in Lookout Valley—Corn and Shells—The March to Shell Mound—Nickajack Cove—Building Winter Quarters—Strange Architecture .. 249-261

CHAPTER XIII.

The March to Lookout Mountain—Before the Battle—The Colonel's Speech—Nature of the Battle Field—The Forces Engaged in the Battle—Crossing Lookout Creek—Climbing the Mountain—Rough Nature of the Ground—Our Advance—Skirmishing—Artillery Fire—The Charge—The Rebels Fall Back—The Battle in the Clouds—A Modern Signal—Doubling Point Lookout—Cheers of Victory—Steep Charge over the "Nose"—Writing on the Wall—Last Stand of the Enemy—Was it a Battle?—Facts Say Yes—Rebel Loss—Our Loss—Our Captures—The Bivouac on Lookout—Planting the Flag on Point Lookout—Cheering the Flag—The NINETY-SIXTH on the Summit—Description of the Scenery—Battle of Missionary Ridge—Return to Nickajack Cove—The Winter..... 262-283

CHAPTER XIV.

Good-by to Nickajack—A Leisurely March over Historic Ground—The Camps at Tyner and Ooltewah—Building Houses for a Day—Blue Springs Reached—Frequent Scouting Expeditions—Engagement Near Dalton—Sergeant Harriman Killed—More Wounds and Captures—Taunts from the Skirmish Line—Ten Hours under Fire—One Hundred Miles in Six Days—An Accidental Shot—A Ready-Made Camp—Frequent Furloughs—Captain Rowan and Lieutenant Earle Return from Prison—Drilling Renewed—Reading Clubs Formed—Vaccinating the Regiment—Scurvy and the "Potato Squad"—Deserters Drummed Around the Lines—The Army Concentrating—Waiting for the Order Forward! 284-301

CHAPTER XV.

The Army Concentrating—The Atlanta Campaign Inaugurated—From Blue Springs to Catooosa Springs—Obstructions in the Highway—Two Partial Sunstrokes—Advance on Tunnel Hill—The Strong Fortifications Found Empty—Looking Across the Valley—Early Réveille—Brass Guns *vs.* Brass Bands—The Demonstration

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

ix

Against Rocky Face Ridge—The NINETY-SIXTH Unslings Knapsacks and Takes the Skirmish Line—Moving Against the Palisades—To the Right and into Buzzard Roost Gap—A Gallant Advance—The Enemy Mistakes the Regiment for an Army—Almost out of Ammunition—A Bloody Sunset—Night Permits Retreat and Rest—Nearly a Half Hundred Casualties—Deserved Compliments—Shelled out of Camp—The Rebels Evacuate the Dalton Line.....302-314

CHAPTER XVI.

Approaching Resaca—Passing the Cavalry—Another Line of Breastworks Built—Closing in upon the Enemy—Gallant Advance of the Skirmishers—Fix Bayonets!—A Charge Proposed, but Never Made—The Enemy Massing on the Left—Their Lines Advance—Outflanked, the Regiment Retreats—Routed!—Fighting in Retreat—At the Battery—Hooker's Troops to the Rescue—Terrible Slaughter of the Enemy—Counting up the Losses—Hooker's Troops Charge—Partial Success of their Assaults—Two Memorable Days—Successful Flanking Movements—The Enemy in Retreat—The Casualty List315-330

CHAPTER XVII.

After the Battle—Resaca Abandoned—"Drawing Sherman On"—Looking for Missing Comrades—Forward Again—A Trio of Wounded—Crossing the Oostanaula—Pressing the Enemy—Daily under Fire—Calhoun and Adairsville Passed—From Kingston to Cassville—Many Miles upon the Skirmish Line—The Enemy Pressed Backward—An Army in Full Sight—More Breastworks—A Battle Impending—Artillery Duel—Corporal Gage's Capture—Again they Retreat—Wearied Soldiers—Three Days of Rest—Odd Fellows Outfit Preserved—Visit to the Seminary—The Boys and the Books—Sunday's Experience at Cassville...331-342

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Bold Flank Movement—Across the Etowah—Gen. Johnston anticipates Gen. Sherman's Plans—Pumpkin Vine Creek—Late Marches—In Reserve—Moving to the Front Under Fire—Strong Breastworks—Terrific Artillery Fire—New Hope Church—Ten Days in the Trenches—Sleeping and Eating to the Music of Musketry—Casualties Almost Daily—Miserably Monotonous—The Skirmishers Better Natured—Trading Between the Lines—Short Rations—The Enemy Again Outflanked—The Union Forces reach the Railroad—In Camp at Ackworth—The Boon of a Three Day's Rest—The Railroad Repaired—Rations and Mails brought up—Getting Rid of the Greybacks—Ready for Kenesaw Mountain.....343-353

CHAPTER XIX.

The Advance from Ackworth—The Country Full of Breastworks—How the Army was Fed—Opposite Pine Mountain—Killed by a Falling Tree—Bishop Polk's Death—Frequent Rain Storms—Losses by Capture—Approaching Little Kennesaw—A Gallant Charge—What Civil War Means—Terrific Night Fight—Heavy Losses of Officers and Men—A Trying Position—In Close Quarters—A Multitude of Engagements—Moving to the Right—Disastrous Change of Tactics—A Flag of Truce—Skirmishers' Experiences—The Flanking Movement Resumed—Kenesaw Mountain in Union Hands354-378

CHAPTER XX.

Across the Chattahoochee—The Rest on the Ridge—Peach Tree Creek—The General Forward Movement—Within Two Miles of Atlanta—The Battle on the Left—A Visit Interrupted—Killed in Camp—Four Men Captured—Colonel Opdyke's Reconnoissance—Regimental Politics—Strong Breastworks, and How They were Built—Promotions Among the Officers—Frequent Demonstrations, One of Them Attended by Heavy Losses—An Ominous Quiet—Mysterious Movements on Foot—What will General Sherman Do?—Casualties about Atlanta379-392

CHAPTER XXI.

Preparations for a Grand Movement—A Night March—Building Breastworks Again—Destroying the Railroad—Fairly in the Rear of the "Gate City"—Guarding a Wagon Train—Hurried to the Front—The Battle of Jonesboro—The Fight at Lovejoy's Station—Four Fatalities—Anniversary of the Regiment's Muster-in—"Atlanta is Ours, and Fairly Won"—Withdrawal of the Forces—Burning Cotton—In Camp Near the City393-396

CHAPTER XXII.

The Gains and the Losses of the Campaign—Plans for the Future—A Skirmish near Stone Mountain—Deaths by Disease—Gen. Hood takes the Initiative—A Race to the Rear—Passing Familiar Ground—In Sight of the Rebel Army—Allatoona—The March to Rome—Delays for want of a Little Bridge—Calhoun, Resaca and Dalton—On the Flank of the Enemy—Alternate Brief Rests and Heavy Marches Southward to Gaylesville—A Week in Camp with Abundant Rations—Last Days with Gen. Sherman.....400-408

CHAPTER XXIII.

Parting with Gen. Sherman—Abundance of Forage—A Rapid March Northward—Crossing the Chickamauga Battle Field—At Rossville and Chattanooga—Westward by Cars—The Trip to Athens—Anxiety as to the Situation—The Rebels Near—Fording Elk River—The March to Pulaski—Ragged but Resolute—Entrenching Again—Paid Off 409-414

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Rebels Advance—Pulaski Evacuated—A Short Sleep—Refugees on the Road—A Trying Night March—A Sombre Thanksgiving—Columbia Reached—Again Outflanked—Spring Hill—Close Proximity to the Enemy—A Halt on the Ridge—The Battle of Franklin—Another Night March—Arrival at Nashville—Two Nights on the Front Line—The Army Reinforced—Waiting for the Battle..... 415-434

CHAPTER XXV.

The Siege of Nashville—Reinforcements Arrive—Recruits Received—Citizens Building Breastworks—The Country Anxious—Reason of Delay—An Ice Storm—The Weather Grows Milder—The Battle Begins—First Day's Work—Important Gains—Night on the Battle-field—The Second Day's Battle—A Charge on the Skirmish Line—Long Hours Under Fire—A Gallant Charge—Four Guns and Many Prisoners Taken—A Glorious Victory—Incidents of the Battle—The Gains and the Losses—The Casualty List 435-449

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Pursuit of Hood—The Pontoon Train Missent—A Halt at Franklin—Condition of Affairs in the Village—A Stern Chase—Delays at Rutherford's Creek and Duck River—Last Volley at the Enemy—Floundering in the Mud—How Christmas passed—Waiting for Rations—Forward Again—The Enemy Escapes Across the Tennessee—Results Achieved in the Campaign—Gen. Thomas' Congratulatory Order..... 450-456.

CHAPTER XXVII.

New Year's Day Celebrated—The March to Huntsville—Going into Winter Quarters—The Army Dispersed—Incidents of the Stay at Huntsville—How Brick and Lumber were Obtained—Drill and Dress Parades Resumed—Changes and Promotions—Bollenbach's Capture and Escape—Music in Camp—A Sermon that was not Enjoyed—Winter Amusements—The Division Reviewed—Rumors of a Movement 457-461

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Leaving Winter Quarters—By Rail to East Tennessee—A Glimpse of Parson Brownlow—Arrival at Strawberry Plains—Russellville—Visiting School—Dancing Parties—Scouting Experiences—Captain Sizemore and His Methods—Glad News from the East—Richmond is Taken—Lee and his Army Surrender—How the News was Received—The Celebration at Shields' Mills—A Hush on the Camp—The Appalling News of Lincoln's Assassination—Its Effect on the Soldiers . 462-469

CHAPTER XXIX.

Again at Russellville—Ordered to Nashville—Camp Harker—Beside the Cumberland—Camp Rumors—The Good News Continues—Changes and Promotions—Grand Review of the Corps—Torch Light Parade—Preparing for Muster-Out—Gen. Kimball's Congratulatory Order—The Recruits Transferred—Good Bye to Tennessee—The March to New Albany—Cattle Cars or Passenger Coaches?—Colonel Smith vs. the Railroad Authorities—Arrival in Chicago.... 470-480

CHAPTER XXX.

Chicago's Welcome—What the Newspapers Said—Reception at the Sanitary Fair—George C. Bates' Address—Colonel Hicks' Response—Gen. Sherman Speaks—What Hon. John Wentworth and Judge Bradwell Said—Cheers for the Soldiers—Cheers for the Ladies—Cheers by and for Everybody 481-490

CHAPTER XXXI.

At Camp Douglas—Two Deaths When Almost Home—Settling Up—Paid Off and Disbanded—The Last Good Byes—The Receptions—At Waukegan—At Warren—At Galena..... 491-507

CHAPTER XXXII.

Prisoners of War—Two Men Captured at Franklin—Two Captured from Hospital—Captain Rowan Attempts to Escape—Capture of the Wounded at Chickamauga—Companies C and H Surrender on Mission Ridge—Fate of the Prisoners—Personal Narratives of Survivors..... 508-540.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xi

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Captured at Buzzard Roost—Narrative of Harrison Menzemer—The Captures at Resaca—Narratives of Myron J. Brown, Corporal William B. Lewin, First Sergeant Thomas J. Smith, Richard Spencer, Lewis Miller—Captured at Kennesaw Mountain and Atlanta—Albert Barney's Narrative—Captured at Franklin... 541-585

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Companies C and H on Picket—Withdrawal of Army—Anxious Moments—No Relief—Preparations for Defense—More Fighting—The Capture—March to Dalton—Trip to Richmond—Separation of Officers and Men—Libby Prison—First Day in Prison—Who were There—The Early Morning Roll Call—Old Ben—Rations—Boxes from Home—Occupation and Amusements—Traitors in our Midst—A Night in Prison—Attempts at Escape—Gen. Morgan in Libby—The Conception of the Successful Tunnel—The Working Parties—Discovery by the Writer—The Passage Through the Tunnel—In the Streets of Richmond—In Company with Rebel Soldiers—Experience of Successive Nights—Assistance from Negroes—Passage of the Chickahominy—In Our Lines—Reception—Home and Regiment 586-623

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Pioneer Battalion—Causes Leading to Its Organization—Nature of the Service Required—A Building Blown Up—Building Bridges and Forts—A Reconnoissance—How Swan Pond was Crossed—The Cumberland Pontoon—A Valuable Invention—Building Block Houses—Formally Transferred—The Roster 624-633

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Notes from an Old Diary—A Middle Tennessee Scouting Expedition—How the Scouts were Fooled by a Rebel—Jeff Davis' Feat Discounted—A Very Tired Man and a Bad Government Mule—An Incident at Moccasin Point—Corn Doled out in Spoonsful—Color Corporal Robison—How He Lost an Arm—His Hospital Experience—The Ambulance Corps—Wounded Men, and Who Carried Them—Fidelity and Courage of the Stretcher Bearers—Poem by A. R. Thain 634-649

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Letters from Home—How the Mail Reached the Army—The Mail Carrier's Welcome—Dangerous Trips—Past the Skirmish Line—A Target for Rebel Pickets—Personal Experiences..... 650-655

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Covington "Can-Can"—The Adjutant's Bng—A Bugler's Bad Break—A Horse Down Cellar—Early Potatoes—An Unexpected Meeting—Corporal Malone's Salute—Here, Ring I!—The Cleveland Girl 656-667

CHAPTER XL.

The Field and Staff—Personal Sketches—The Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers—Who They were and What They Did—Whereabouts and Occupations of the Survivors—Shoulder Straps and Chevrons..... 668-678

CHAPTER XLI.

COMPANY A—The First Company—Nearly Filled in July—Officers Elected—Swords Presented—The First to Reach Camp Fuller—Early Experiences—Again in Galena—Good-by Again—Final Move to Rockford—The Letter "A"—Detached at Harrodsburg—On the Skirmish Line at Triune—The First Anniversary—The Battle Casualties—A Long List of Killed and Wounded—Present Whereabouts of the Survivors—Sketches of the Officers and Men.... 679-703

CHAPTER XLII.

COMPANY B—How it was Recruited—The Organization at Hainesville—Three Times Sworn In—Incidents in the Early Days—Man Afraid of His Knapsack—Fort Mitchell—Promotions—Ante-Battle Losses—Casualties at Chickamauga—Subsequent Losses—"Gus" Bollenback's Capture and Escape—Company Statistics—A Proud Record—The Complete Roster 704-728

CHAPTER XLIII.

COMPANY C—Can Lake County Fill Another Company?—The Affirmative Answer—Officers Chosen—Temporary Rendezvous at Waukegan—Sword Presentations—Off for Rockford—Chosen as Color Company—A Promise to be Prompt—Sent to Fort Shaler—Recruits from Rebeldom—Quartered in a Church—School-day Experiences Revived—Terrible Losses at Chickamauga—Almost Blotted Out—Subsequent Casualties—Some Statistics..... 729-752

CHAPTER XLIV.

- COMPANY D—How and Where it was Recruited—Headquarters in Waukegan—The Millburn Ladies' Supper—Officers and Soldiers—Beechwood Battery—A Trip to Camp Chase—Deaths and Promotions—Eight Men Killed—The Wounded—The Recruits—Company Statistics—Biographical.....758-773

CHAPTER XLV.

- COMPANY E—The Apple River Company—How it was Recruited and Organized—Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers Elected—A Sword to the Colonel—On Provost Duty at Harrodsburg—The Terrible Death-Roll at Chickamauga—Almost Unparalleled Losses—Twelve Men Killed or Mortally Wounded in One Engagement—Other Losses—Moccasin Point Duties—Detached on Lookout Mountain—Subsequent Casualties—Some Statistics—Personal Sketches.....774-791

CHAPTER XLVI.

- COMPANY F—Rapid Recruiting—Where the Men were from—Their Age and Nationality—Officers Chosen—Captain Green aspires to the Colonelcy—Mustered In—The First Man Killed—Battle Losses—Two Men Die in Prison—Ten Deaths in Hospital—Forty-five Recruits reach the Company—Changes among the Officers—Company Statistics—The Roster.....792-809

CHAPTER XLVII.

- COMPANY G—Two Companies where One was Expected—The Election of Officers—Sworn into the Service—"Bully for the Boy with the Glass Eye"—In Tents at Rockford—Appointment of Non-Commissioned Officers—The Captain is Made Lieutenant Colonel—An Outsider Chosen to Fill the Vacancy—Sword Presentations—A Case of Assault and Battery—Thanksgiving Dinner at Harrodsburg—Subsequent Changes Among the Officers—The Company's Long Casualty List—Seven Times Wounded—Facts and Figures—Answers to the Roll-Call... 810-841

CHAPTER XLVIII.

- COMPANY H—Eastern Jo Daviess County's Response—Ninety-one Men in Six Days—Voting for Officers—Parting with Friends—Rockford Rations—Trading Men with the 92d—A Sword for the Captain—First Blood for Company H—The Chickamauga Record—A Remnant Escape and are Captured—Thirty-two Never Again in Ranks—The Atlanta Campaign—Losses along the Line—Nashville—Recruits Arrive—A Former Lieutenant Returns as a Private—Reinforcing Russellville—A Worthy Tribute—Some Company Statistics842-868

CHAPTER XLIX.

- COMPANY I—Ten Days' Recruiting—A Change of Plans—Full to Overflowing—Officers Chosen—Elizabeth Leads the Van—In Camp at Galena—Non-Commissioned Officers Appointed—Age and Nativity of the Men—Their Occupations—The Captain made Major—Rockford Reached—At John's Hill Battery—Other Detached Service—Losses in Battle—The Company Recruited—Changes and Promotions—The Number at Muster-out—Record of the Members . 869-887

CHAPTER L.

- COMPANY K—The Eastern Part of Jo Daviess County Raises Two Companies—Warren, Rush and Nora Fill One to Overflowing—Officers Chosen—Warren the Headquarters—Flag Presentations—Sent to Rockford—The Captain Chosen Colonel—A Private Elected Captain—"K" is the Letter Drawn—Occupying Fort Shaler—First Experience with a Rebel Shell—Chickamauga Losses—Other Casualties.....888-911

CHAPTER LI.

- The Unassigned Recruits—A Few Errors Noted—Boys Who Never Reached the Regiment—A Roster that must Remain Incomplete—Statistical.....912-913

CHAPTER LII.

- The National Cemeteries—How the Graves of the Dead are Cared for—Identifying the Remains—Extracts from Official Reports—Brief Description of the Grounds—A List of the "Known" Dead, with Place of Interment—Losses Sustained by Illinois Regiments—Errata.....914-923

INDEX TO MAPS, ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Battle Flags of the Regiment.....	Frontispiece
On the way to the Right at Chickamauga.....	176
Escaped Prisoners of War Crossing the Diascon River.....	608
Libby Prison.....	592
Lookout Mountain, Battle of.....	272
Nashville, Battle of.....	464
Rocky Face Ridge, Battle of.....	304
Ross House.....	160

MAPS.

Chickamauga Battle Field.....	192
Franklin Battle Field.....	432
Nashville Battle Field.....	448
Marches of the Regiment.....	vi

PORTRAITS.

Bangs, Ambrose A.....	720	Byers, Frederick W.....	672
Bangs, George A.....	368	Cadwell, Loyal.....	416
Bater, Henry.....	352	Carver, Frank.....	848
Barnes, George F.....	848	Castle, Alfred S.....	720
Barney, Albert.....	752	Champion, Myron B.....	848
Bean, William S.....	688	Champion, Thomas E.....	xvi
Beck, John K.....	400	Clarke, Isaac L.....	32
Benson, Daniel.....	912	Clark, Hiram.....	496
Berg, Christopher H.....	688	Clark, James H.....	384
Besley, John W.....	352	Clark, John M.....	768
Biddlecom, Charles O.....	816	Clark, Samuel.....	352
Black, James E.....	896	Clarkson, Theodore F.....	256
Blackler, John.....	832	Cleveland, Major H.....	720
Blackler, Thomas.....	832	Cole, James.....	784
Blodgett, Asiel Z.....	752	Cole, Perrin P.....	912
Blodgett, Edward A.....	96	Collier, John H.....	752
Blodgett, Jared O.....	416	Conklin, Jeremiah.....	912
Blowney, Benjamin G.....	816	Cook, Arthur.....	704
Bollenback, Gustavus.....	720	Corbin, John A.....	336
Bray, Thomas B.....	640	Cowen, Christopher C.....	896
Brown, Myron J.....	816	Cruver, John H.....	920
Bryant, Lewis H.....	496	Cullen, Richard C.....	848
Buck, Otto J.....	688	Cutler, Henry H.....	496
Burge, Albert A.....	912		
Burnett, Alexander.....	848	Darby, Joseph.....	656
Burnett, George H.....	368	Davison, Peter.....	848

Davis, Thomas.....	336	Irwin, William.....	800
Dean, Harmon S.....	896		
Demmon, Leroy.....	336	James, David.....	336
Devlin, Michael.....	752	James, James Edward.....	688
Dimmick, Daniel W.....	784	Jeffers, Stephen.....	672
Dittmar, Adam.....	848	Johnson, Andrew.....	864
Doolittle, Leonard S.....	496		
Dombski, Henry.....	704	Kimball, Gen. Nathan.....	240
Donahue, James.....	416	Knopf, Christian.....	656
Douglas, Isaac M.....	752		
Douglas, Robert J.....	256	Ladd, John.....	832
Drew, Walter.....	816	Lamb, Nahum.....	384
Drury, Edwin.....	384, 560	Lee, John C.....	640
Drury, Walter E.....	912	Lehmann, George.....	832
Dwyer, Thomas W.....	656	Lewin, William B.....	352
		Linklater, Jerry H.....	256
Earle, Charles W.....	512, 608	Lott, Austin E.....	752, 768
Efinger, Martin.....	496	Loughlin, William M.....	624
Ellis, Charles.....	768		
Evans, Moses.....	672	McClellan, William.....	480
		McCredie, James G.....	736
Farnsworth, George M.....	400	McDonald, William W.....	880
Farnsworth, Hiram W.....	400	McMillen, Malcolm.....	720
Ferguson, George G.....	768, 864	Madden, Loughlin.....	480
Finley, Timothy.....	736	Malone, Edward.....	656
Fleming, Peter.....	784	Markley, Watson.....	480
		Marshall, George.....	880
Gage, Henry H.....	384, 544	Martin, Charles.....	672
Garrett, Richard.....	784	Mason, Judson A.....	400
Gillmore, Evangelist J.....	368	Miller, Charles J.....	832
Gillmore, Myron.....	368	Miller, Lewis.....	336
Gleason, Henry.....	912	Miller, Reuben.....	416
Gleason, Isbon S.....	640	Montgomery, Caleb.....	768
Gove, Joel.....	720	Montgomery, Henry R.....	368
Grabham, John.....	784	Moore, George W.....	672
Graham, Edward.....	896	Moore, Thomas E.....	880
Granger, Dighton.....	704	Morley, William G.....	640
Gray, Elihu D.....	920	Mowers, Peter.....	416
		Murray, Edward.....	480
Harriman, Henry J.....	896	Murrie, James.....	480
Hastings, Henry F.....	864		
Hastings, Walter W.....	752	O'Hara, Berzelus.....	768
Havens, James O.....	384	O'Herrin, James.....	816
Hickcox, James.....	400	Palmer, George.....	816
Hicks, George.....	80	Palmer, Joseph.....	400
Holden, John H.....	288	Partridge, Addison B.....	64
Hooker, Gen. Joseph.....	240	Partridge, Charles A.....	528
Howard, Gen. O. O.....	240	Payne, Henry C.....	480

INDEX TO MAPS, ETC.

xv

Payne, Samuel B.....	480	Sprague, William E.....	784
Penwell, Marcellus J.....	864	Stahl, John.....	800
Pepoon, George W.....	144	Stanley, Gen. D. S.....	240
Perry, William M.....	880	Steedman, Gen. J. B.....	240
Phillips, Charles.....	640	Stewart, George L.....	352
Phillips, George N.....	656	Swanbrough, John W.....	416
Pierce, Byron G.....	672	Swindells, John.....	752
Pierce, Joseph L.....	128		
Pocklington, Thomas.....	832	Tarpley, John P.....	880
Pollock, John K.....	736	Tate Ebenezer.....	688
Pomeroy, Cyrus W.....	112, 120	Taylor, James M.	736
Pooley, John H.....	784	Taylor, John Y.....	736
Powers, Warren E.....	704	Taylor, William F.....	224
Quinn, Francis P.....	880	Thain, Alexander R.....	256
Rector, Oscar.....	736	Thain, Richard S.....	256
Rees, Chester J.....	864	Thomas, Gen. Geo. H.....	240
Richardson, Halsey H.....	784	Thrasher, John G.....	656
Rider, William F.....	352	Townsend, Edward E.....	896
Rivenburg, Lovett S.....	784	Triggs, John ...	832
Rix, Edward	768	Traut, Wallace V.....	920
Robinson, John Quincy.....	800	Trumbull, Rollin H.....	368
Rose, Deloss	334		
Rowan, Charles E.....	800	Umbdenstock, Michael, Jr...	576
Sallee, James M.....	864	Van Dervort, H. S.....	848
Sammons, Charles F.....	736	Vincent, John.....	688
Savage, Joseph	496	Vincent, William.....	688
Saulsbury, David.....	920	Vose, Samuel F.....	416
Scace, William B.....	320	Wait, George.....	704
Schaefer, John G.....	208	Ward, Norman P.....	864
Scott, Aaron	384	Webb, Chase E.....	736
Scott, William H.....	800	Wells, Thomas E.....	720
Serviss, Beri	896	Wetherly, Hiram.....	920
Sheffield, Daniel A	672	Whaples, William H.....	336
Shepard, Benjamin F.....	816	Wheeler, William H.....	656
Sherman, Gen. W. T.....	240	Whitaker, Gen. Walter C....	240
Shupe, Dennis.....	336	Whitcomb, Oscar E.....	704
Shupe, Levi	912	Whitmore, William D.....	368
Simms, Nelson R.....	800	Whitney, Allen B.....	920
Simpson, Edward.....	688	Whitney, Hamilton C.....	704
Smith, George E., Jr.....	256	Whitney, Joseph C.....	352
Smith, John C.....	48	Winfield, George W.....	920
Smith, Mrs. J. C.....	56	Woolsey, Whiting C.....	880
Smith, Thomas J.....	880	Wright, Josiah H.....	400
Smith, Willard V.....	752	Young, Orson V.....	256





THOMAS E. CHAMPION.

COLONEL AND BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

CHAPTER I.

Events Leading to the War—The Slavery Question—The Missouri Compromise—Fugitive Slave Laws Enacted—The Difficulty of Enforcing Them—A Supreme Court Decision—Anti-Slavery Literature—Lincoln's Election a Pretext for Rebellion—Preparations for War at the South—The Great Conspiracy—Secession Ordinances Passed—The Guns of Sumter Echo Through the Land—The Response at the North—Alternate Victories and Defeats—Advantages Gained—A Crisis Reached in the Summer of 1862—A Second Grand Uprising at the North—A Half Million Enlistments in Two Months.

TO THE general historian must be committed the task of relating, in detail, the events which preceded and culminated in the War of the Rebellion. And yet, in a work of this character, there seems to be an appropriateness in outlining these events, and also in narrating, briefly, the work undertaken by the armies of the Union during the year and more that intervened between the firing upon Fort Sumter and the organization of the gallant Regiment whose history these pages are intended to set forth. Hence this opening chapter.

There had grown up in the Nation two civilizations. Beginning with the introduction of negro slaves into the Virginia colonies the people of the North and South had grown apart. At the North there was a general adherence to the principles laid down in that clause of the Declaration of Independence, which recites that "All men are created free and equal." In the South the black man was regarded, not merely as a convenience, but as a necessity as well, and was looked upon as belonging to an inferior race whose province it was to serve. In that section custom came to sanction this idea, and the great majority of the people acquiesced in the laws which were enacted for the protection of Slavery, and which bound more tightly, year by year, the fetters of the black man. True, there was even at the South an undertone of disapproval, many quietly expressing regret that the institution had gained a foot-

hold upon the then new world, but few were bold enough to advocate either an immediate or gradual emancipation of the unfortunate chattels. Indeed there was but little toleration of sentiments of this character, and, for many years, neither the press nor the pulpit in any of the Slave States dared express other feelings than those of approval of the system. Visitors from the North were not allowed to advocate their anti-slavery principles publicly, and abolition newspapers found little countenance or patronage in any community where there were slaves.

In Congress there was ceaseless discussion of the vexing problems growing out of this troublesome question. In 1820, there was great excitement over the admission of Missouri as a slave State. Slavery already existed there, being protected under the terms of the treaty ceding to the United States the Louisiana territory, from which Missouri had been carved, and Congress refused to prohibit or abolish it, quieting, in a measure, the consciences of enough of those who had a voice in the matter to secure a majority in Congress for the bill by attaching to it a clause which declared that there should be no extension of slavery into any of the territorial possessions of the United States north of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$, which was the southern boundary of Missouri. This was known as the "Missouri Compromise," and timid politicians hoped that it would forever set at rest the slavery question. But such was not to be its effect. Slaves were continually escaping from their masters, and being aided on their way toward Canada by the liberty loving people of the North. Slave-owners complained at this, and demanded the enactment of laws for the protection of their slave "property." Their demands were complied with, and in 1850 the Fugitive Slave Laws were enacted. The enforcement of these laws was a difficult matter, however, as public sentiment at the North did not sustain them, and the Supreme Courts of some of the States gave decisions in favor of persons who were sought to be prosecuted for their violation. These enactments were the theme of almost constant discussion in the halls of Congress, and in the newspapers of the day. In 1854 Kansas and Nebraska were

organized as territories, and, notwithstanding the terms of the Missouri Compromise, the bill by which they were created declared that they might be admitted as States, with or without slavery, as the people should determine. Immediately the slave-holders attempted to colonize this western region. A counter movement was undertaken, hundreds of men going West from New England, resolved to rescue these territories from the grasp of the devotees of Slavery. The excitement was intense, and numerous personal encounters resulted. In the home of every man sent to Kansas from the East there was understood to be a Bible and a Sharpe's rifle, provided at the expense of a Massachusetts society organized for the purpose, it was said. At length freedom won, the people of Kansas voting, by a large majority, that the State should be "free." But so strong was the opposition of the slave-holders, that it was several years before Congress would permit it to become a full-fledged State.

The Dred Scott decision, which came a few weeks following the exciting Presidential campaign of 1856, heaped ready fuel upon the political fires. Dred Scott was a slave who had been taken to Illinois and Minnesota and held in bondage for two years in each State. He had married a free woman of color, and two children had been born to them. At the suggestion of his anti-slavery acquaintances, Scott brought suit for his own freedom. Judge Taney, of Maryland, then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, rendered a decision in which he enunciated the doctrine that the negro "had no rights which the white man was bound to respect," and declared him still a slave, notwithstanding his involuntary residence in a free State for a period of four years or more. Not only this: he declared that the right of property in human beings was distinctly affirmed in the Constitution of the United States, and that there was no authority whatever by which slavery could be prohibited in the territories. He went even further, and declared that Scott had been lawfully held as a slave in the free States, and would have been so held had his master gone there with the intention of taking up a permanent, instead of a temporary, residence. No decision from the Supreme Bench ever

before caused such intense excitement throughout the country or led to such universal discussion. The people of the South saw in it an opportunity to make slavery National, and were highly elated. Throughout the North it was very severely criticised, and quite generally condemned. James Buchanan had just been elected President, and both branches of Congress were overwhelmingly Democratic. But public sentiment at the North was being roused to an extent not anticipated by the upholders of slavery. In the newspapers, in the debating societies, in church conferences, everywhere, this remarkable decision was made the theme of discussion.

Meantime, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and other works of kindred character, in which the horrors of human slavery were painted, had been gaining wide circulation at the North, and the anti-slavery sentiment was growing stronger and stronger day by day. In 1858 occurred the memorable contest between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, who were candidates for the office of Senator of the United States from Illinois. The former argued, not for immediate emancipation, but for curtailing the slave power by forbidding the extension of slavery into the territories. The latter claimed that the people of the territories should decide for themselves whether or not they would have slaves, and argued that the Dred Scott decision was well grounded and should be sustained. Joint debates between these rival statesmen were had at many points in Illinois, and great crowds gathered to hear the all-absorbing questions of the day discussed. The speeches of these able debaters were published and sent broadcast throughout the land, attracting wide attention. At the election in November of that year a Democratic Legislature was chosen in Illinois, and Mr. Douglas secured the Senatorship. But the speeches of Abraham Lincoln and other anti-slavery orators were having their effect. At the same time the Southern leaders became more confident,—nay more, defiant,—and seemed to think that they had obtained a hold upon the Nation that could not be thrown off. Viewing it from the standpoint of these later years, however, it would seem that they were merely acting a part in a great conspiracy, for in

1860 they not only permitted, but actually planned, a division of the Democratic party, going into the canvass with two candidates for the Presidency—Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, and John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky. The nominee of the Republicans was Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois. The contest was a most exciting one, and resulted in the election of the Republican candidate.

The Southern leaders, or a majority of them, made the election of Abraham Lincoln the pretext for rebellion, not even waiting for his inauguration or attempting to ascertain what his policy would be. Militia companies took forcible possession of arms and ammunition in the Government arsenals in several of the slave States. Cabinet officers and Congressmen vacated the seats to which they had been chosen, returning to their homes and making violent disunion speeches. Even before the close of the month in which the election occurred both of the United States Senators from South Carolina resigned, and a call was issued for a convention, at Charleston, to consider the question of seceding from the Union. The Virginia and Louisiana Legislatures were speedily convened to discuss the same question. The Georgia Legislature appropriated a million dollars to arm the militia of that State. In December, South Carolina passed the Ordinance of Secession, and demanded the removal of the United States troops from the forts in Charleston harbor. This demand was not acceded to, but President Buchanan went so far as to send a formal message to the Secession Convention, promising that no reinforcements should be sent.

On the 26th of December Fort Moultrie was abandoned, Major Anderson taking the 111 men under his command to Fort Sumter, and two days later South Carolina troops took possession of the abandoned fortress. Early in January, 1861, numerous other forts on the southern and southeastern coast were taken possession of, and on the ninth of the month the steamer "Star of the West" was fired on by the South Carolina forces while approaching Fort Sumter with provisions for Major Anderson's little band, and forced to return without accomplishing its mission. Before the month closed Jefferson

Davis resigned his seat, as a United States Senator, and numerous other Senators, as well as Representatives in Congress and members of the Cabinet, did the same. Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas followed the example set by South Carolina, and they in turn were patterned after by other slave States.

February was fruitful of exciting events. In every Southern State the militia was carefully organized and systematically drilled. From every Southern city came notice that debts due to Northern creditors were being repudiated. Ships, forts, arsenals, navy yards, mints and custom houses were seized, and their contents turned over to the authorities of the so-called Confederacy, which had been formally organized at Montgomery, Ala., February 4, with Jefferson Davis as its recognized head. The South was terribly in earnest, and all through that memorable winter went forward with the most stupendous preparations for war.

At length Inauguration Day arrived, and Abraham Lincoln became President of the United States. But even the pacific utterances which his inaugural address contained had little effect in stilling the tempest rising all about him. There was treason in the Army and in the Navy, in the Departments and in Congress, at the Capital and throughout almost one-half of the States. The North, slow to believe that the extreme threats of Southern orators would be carried out, waited and wondered, hoping, almost confidently, that war would be averted.

But it was not so to be. The authorities at Charleston, South Carolina, claiming to act for the Confederate authorities, refused to allow the Federal troops stationed at Fort Sumter to be reinforced or provisioned, and demanded that they evacuate the works. The commander of the fort declined to leave his post, whereupon its bombardment was ordered by the Southerners, and begun on Friday, April 12, 1861. A gallant defense was made, but in vain, for in a few hours the position of the Federal troops became untenable, and on Sunday capitulation followed. This event aroused the nation. Public meetings were held in every city and village of the North, and

the patriotic sentiments uttered gave President Lincoln assurance that the people of the free States would stand by him in sustaining all attempts at enforcing the laws and preserving the Union. A call was issued for 75,000 troops for three months' service. There was an immediate response, and within forty-eight hours many more had tendered their services than could be accepted. Neither the General Government nor any of the Northern States had any considerable number of arms, and there was much difficulty in procuring a supply. It was speedily evident that additional troops would be needed, and as soon as they could be equipped 300,000 men were called into the field for three years, the quotas of the several States being filled with little difficulty or delay.

The early engagements of the war were rather disastrous than otherwise. Bull Run was a crushing defeat, the Union troops falling back upon the National Capital in sore discomfiture. At Wilson's Creek, Mo., the army was obliged to retreat, after the loss of their gallant leader, General Lyon, and many men. The advantages gained at points in Missouri and in West Virginia were not decisive. The battle of Belmont, Mo., fought in November, 1861, served to give the Western troops confidence in themselves, although the results achieved were not of great magnitude. The late Winter and the early Spring witnessed some striking victories in the West, and were greatly encouraging. At Mill Spring, Ky., the Union forces achieved a handsome victory, the rebels being driven southward with the loss of their commander, Gen. Zollicoffer, and many men. They were also driven from Missouri and defeated at Pea Ridge, Ark. Fort Donelson was captured with 15,000 prisoners and an immense number of cannon. Pittsburg Landing, fought in April, 1862, was a pronounced victory, though dearly won, and Corinth was occupied by the National forces in the early summer. Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee were now reclaimed. New Orleans had been occupied by the National forces. On the Atlantic coast important points had been captured.

But with the Summer of 1862 came reverses. The Western armies, decimated by frequent and severe engagements, and

weakened by the enervating influences of climatic and other diseases, and the severe strain in maintaining their long lines of communication, were barely holding their own. The Eastern armies, which had been expected to capture the Confederate Capital, had come to a halt, and were being rapidly thinned by disease in the Chickahominy swamps. Their gallantly fought battles had been but half victories at best, and it became apparent that retreat was possible, if not probable. Evidently a crisis had been reached, and it was a question whether the Union armies were not to be forced backward, the scenes of strife transferred to the States north of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, and free soil watered with the blood of the heroes who should fall in battle.

In this emergency, a letter, breathing the highest patriotism, and pledging the most earnest support to the Government in all efforts to suppress the rebellion and restore the Union, was drawn up and signed by the Governors of all the loyal States. This letter was dated July 1, 1862. Upon its receipt, President Lincoln issued a call for 300,000 additional troops, to be mostly infantry. The people seemed to appreciate the situation fully, but there was some delay in assigning quotas and providing quarters, so that but little recruiting was attempted until July had nearly closed. It should be remembered that because of the heavy enlistments which had occurred but a few months previously there was an actual scarcity of men to do the work in the large shops and manufactories and upon the farms. The haying was not completed, and a golden harvest was just maturing. How could the men be spared? But by the time the recruiting machinery was in readiness volunteers were responding in large numbers. The closing week of July and the early days of August witnessed large enlistments. On the 4th of August the President issued another call for 300,000 men in addition to the 300,000 called out in July, and directed an immediate draft. The second call stimulated enlistments to such an extent that the draft was temporarily postponed, and in Illinois and some other States the quotas under both calls made up by volunteers. A bounty of one hundred dollars was offered by the General

Government to each recruit, but on the condition that only twenty-five dollars should be paid in advance and the remainder at the close of service of the soldier, providing the period of service should be not less than two years. In addition to this from forty to sixty dollars county bounty was given recruits from most of the counties in Illinois. These bounties, although meager as compared with the amounts subsequently given, encouraged some men with families to enlist, as they were thus assured of a small fund of ready money to leave with their dependent ones. However, a great majority of the volunteers of that year would have enlisted without one dollar of bounty.

The State authorities authorized recruiting officers to say that men enlisted in Northern Illinois would be allowed to remain at home until toward the close of the month, in order that the harvest might be secured. That month of August, 1862, was one that will be long remembered by those who shared in its exciting events. Recruiting went forward with great rapidity. Meetings were held almost nightly, not alone in every city and village, but in every township and in almost every school district,—churches and school-houses as well as public halls and court-rooms being used for these gatherings. Men of every profession and occupation took the stump, and plead with those of military age to respond to the call of their country in its hour of need. And the response was a wonderful one, recruits thronging from the shops and the farms, from the offices and from the business houses, all through the North. Business of every ordinary kind was almost wholly suspended, men and women gathering to witness the drilling of the newly organized commands at their places of temporary rendezvous, and to bid good-bye to loved ones who had placed their names upon the muster-rolls, and were preparing to leave for the larger camps of instruction. To the casual observer the cities and villages might have been said to wear a pleasant aspect, as the great throngs moved up and down the streets; but the firm, set lips of the younger men, the undertone in conversation, the dewy eyes of maids and matrons, the severe, determined look of men of maturer

years, and the great pain tugging away at the heart-strings of all, of either sex and every age, as the hour of parting drew near, told plainly that these were by no means holidays. The people of the North were fully resolved that the Nation should lack neither men nor means in its efforts to suppress the great Rebellion and uphold the National authority, and their young men, to the number of more than half a million, responded to the call of their country within the brief period of two months, and the closing weeks of August and the early days of September, 1862, saw them hurrying forward to the aid of the Union army whose depleted ranks they were to reinforce.

CHAPTER II.

How and Why Lake and Jo Daviess Counties Joined Hands—In Camp at Rockford—A Lesson in Obedience to Orders—The Formal Muster-in—Other Regiments in Camp—Early Experiences—The Field and Staff—The Companies Lettered—Drawing Arms and Uniforms—Battalion Drill and Dress Parade—On Escort Duty—Visits from Home Friends—Major Brown and the "Obstacle" Movement—The Sutlers Made Unhappy—Incidents of the Last Days at Camp Fuller.

AMID the stirring events to which the closing paragraphs of the preceding chapter allude THE NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY had its birth. Recruited at a gloomy period of the war and when a high grade of patriotism was required to nerve men to enlist, composed of excellent material, carefully organized and admirably commanded, it was given opportunity to bear a conspicuous part in the great drama of war, and its record, forged in the white heat of conflict and under the heavy hammers of oft-recurring battles, is one to which its members have ever been able to refer with pride. To the recital of some of these events and to the narrative of the doings and whereabouts of the command from day to day during its three years in camp and field the following chapters are devoted.

Without instituting comparisons with "our brothers gone before," this much may at least be said: The novelty had passed away. The pomp and circumstance of glorious war had now but few attractions. All knew that war meant, not only wounds and death, but hunger and hardship and privation; that it meant a surrender of personal liberty, on the part of the enlisted men at least, that was a sacrifice to the son of America, in whom the spirit of independence was strong, and who was entirely unused to the restraints which military life imposed.

But the men who composed this organization had considered all of these matters and resolved to make the sacrifice. Not in response to a passing impulse had they written their names upon the muster rolls, but deliberately and from a deep sense of personal duty. They would help their brothers at the front who had gone out to battle in the months gone by. They would aid in turning back the tide of treason and rebellion that was threatening to engulf their homes. They would be among those to stand as a living wall between the Nation and its enemies, and bear honorable part in bringing to a close the conflict that was to determine whether or not the Union of the States was a rope of sand, and,—as all knew, although at that period not all were free to admit as much,—to determine whether, in a land of boasted freedom, there should be a race enslaved.

In subsequent chapters will be found somewhat detailed statements as to the enlistment and organization of the several companies which entered the service with the command. In making up the several regiments recruited in Northern Illinois many questions arose as to which companies should be put together. In nearly every county there were men ambitious to become field officers, and they were generally ready to form combinations or make alliances that would further their personal interests. Neither the four Companies from Lake county nor the six Companies from Jo Daviess county were able to make up with Companies in counties immediately adjoining them without conceding to these other counties the major part of the Field and Staff. It happened that Hon. E. B. Washburne, of Galena, then a Representative in Congress, and Hon. H. W. Blodgett, of Waukegan, then a State Senator, were warm personal and political friends, and through their interposition the Companies from the two counties in which they resided, and which, although one was the extreme northeast and the other the extreme northwest county in the State, were then in the same Congressional District, were brought together. As some one facetiously remarked: It was the marriage of Miss Issippi and L. Michigan, Esq., a union that proved congenial to those most directly interested, and, it

may be truthfully said, fortunate for the cause in which they were engaged.

Before this result was brought about several conferences were had, prominent men in each county visiting the other to arrange the details of the organization and secure the consent of the State authorities to the proposed union.

On Wednesday, September 3, 1862, the six Companies from Jo Daviess county went by train to Rockford, Winnebago county, Ill., and marched out one and one-half miles to Camp Fuller, where quarters in barracks, which had been recently erected in a grove near the banks of Rock river, were assigned them. On Friday, September 5, at 2 o'clock P. M., the four Companies from Lake county arrived by train, and joined them in this camp. Heavy rains had occurred during the week previous, and the entire camp ground was very muddy, water standing in many places. Indeed, the building assigned to what afterward became Company G was almost entirely surrounded by water, which even came into and partially covered the lower bunks. The members of the Company were entirely disgusted with the outlook, and their commander, on reporting to Headquarters the condition of affairs, was given a half dozen Sibley tents, and the barracks assigned to them were left unoccupied. Next day, however, drains were dug, and the condition of affairs considerably improved, although the grounds remained very muddy.

There were in Camp Fuller at this time three other regiments,—the 74th, 92d and 95th Illinois,—all of whom were formally mustered in September 4, although the 74th and some companies of the other regiments had been in camp for a fortnight or more. The rendezvous had been named in honor of the Adjutant General of the State, whose home was at Belvidere in an adjoining county.

On their arrival in camp, the Lake county boys were given an immediate lesson in prompt obedience to orders, and made to know that an officer's wish outranked a soldier's appetite. It was long past the dinner hour, and they were thoroughly hungry, but as the aroma of boiling coffee and the odor of frying meat were just giving evidence that the meal was nearly

ready there came the noise of the rattling drum and the rather unwelcome order to fall in. And so, because the mustering officer wished to finish his day's work, the hungry men were marched out a half mile or so to join their Jo Daviess county comrades and be mustered in.

It was a memorable meeting as that body of nearly one thousand gallant men gathered for the first time and became a Regiment. With little delay a hollow square was formed and an inspection held, a few men being rejected, in nearly every instance because of being under eighteen years of age. The inspection completed, the process of muster-in was proceeded with.

As these stalwart men stood there, and, with hands upraised to Heaven, swore to serve their country for "three years unless sooner discharged," it was indeed an impressive spectacle, and one that will never be wholly forgotten by the participants who still survive. Hon. Allen C. Fuller, of Belvidere, then Adjutant General of the State, acted as chief mustering officer, and, as he put it, introduced the giants of Jo Daviess county to the sturdy farmer boys of Lake. Spectators and participants alike agreed that the "material" of the Regiment was admirable, that officers and men averaged high as regarded intelligence and avoirdupois, and that the organization was one that gave promise of excellent work whenever opportunity offered. The unusual proportion of very tall men and of large men was the cause of considerable comment. Officers and men from the two counties eyed each other closely, but each seemed pleased, and from that moment it is doubtful if there was ever a regret expressed or felt that the combination of Lake with Jo Daviess had been formed.

The inspection and muster-in occupied considerable time, and it was nearly six o'clock when the men were marched to camp, the Lake county boys at least being exceedingly hungry, not having had any food since early morning except a few nick-nacks purchased on the train. It was to them a foretaste of after fasts amid more stirring scenes.

After a hearty meal the boys began the work of preparing for the night. Their quarters were fairly comfortable. The

barracks were partitioned off so that each Company had one large room in which were about fifty bunks, and the line officers of each Company a smaller room designed to be used as an office and sleeping room. Nearly all of the men had provided themselves with blankets before leaving home, and with very little trouble the officers were able to find covering for those who had come without. The bunks were built in two tiers, and where men could not readily agree as to which should have the upper and which the lower berth "cuts" were drawn. Each bunk was designed for two persons, and it was necessary that the soldiers should pair off. There were a few who seemed to have no mates, and for a night or two—there being a few absentees in each Company, so that there were extra bunks—these odd ones slept alone. As a rule, however, each soldier had some one companion nearer to him than any other, and the matings made those first nights in camp continued for months, and in many instances until the close of the war.

In the evening the officers met to complete the organization of the Regiment. It had been conceded from the first that to Jo Daviess county should be given the positions of Colonel and Major, and the men composing the Companies from that county had decided, by ballot, whom they would have. Thomas E. Champion, of Warren, who had recruited Company K, was chosen as Colonel; and John C. Smith, who had recruited Company I, as Major. No election was held by the members of the Lake county Companies, but to Isaac L. Clarke, who had recruited Company G, was conceded, by common consent, the position of Lieutenant Colonel. These selections were ratified at this evening meeting. Some progress was also made in the selection of Staff Officers, but the list was not completed for some days. The following is the list, as finally made up, of

THE FIELD AND STAFF:

Colonel: THOMAS E. CHAMPION, of Warren, Jo Daviess County.

Lieutenant Colonel: ISAAC L. CLARKE, of Waukegan, Lake County.

Major: JOHN C. SMITH, of Galena, Jo Daviess County.

Adjutant : EDWARD A. BLODGETT, of Downer's Grove, Du Page County.

Quarter-Master : STEPHEN JEFFERS, of Hanover, Jo Daviess County.

Surgeon : CHARLES MARTIN, of Warren, Jo Daviess County.

First Assistant Surgeon : MOSES EVANS, of Waukegan, Lake County.

Second Assistant Surgeon : DANIEL A. SHEFFIELD, of Courtland, Jo Daviess County.

Chaplain : JONATHAN M. CLENDENNING, of Warren, Jo Daviess County.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major : FRANCIS P. QUINN, of Company I.

Quarter-Master Sergeant : WILLIAM S. BEAN, of Company A.

Commissary Sergeant : MORRIS S. HILL, of Company B.

Hospital Steward : HARVILLAH COOLEY, of Company C.

Principal Musician : NILES CARVER, of Company H.

After some discussion, it was decided that the letters A, B, C, etc., should be written on slips of paper, these slips to be placed in a hat and each Captain be permitted to draw one of the slips from the hat, his Company to be assigned in accordance with the letter drawn by him. Before this plan was adopted, there was a suggestion that Captain Hicks' Company, being the first recruited and organized and having previously been in camp at Rockford for quite a period, was by right entitled to be considered Company A. The reasons given were deemed sufficient, and the suggestion was adopted without dissent. The letters of the other Companies were designated in the manner mentioned.

When the line was first formed the Company letters, running from right to left, were as follows : A, F, D, I, C, H, E, K, G, B, Company A thus becoming the right Company, B the left Company, C the center Company, D the right center Company and E the left center Company, so that when column was formed by Division each of the five ranking Captains had command of two Companies. This formation was continued throughout the service.

The first night in camp was a somewhat trying one. The



ISAAC L. CLARKE,
LIEUTENANT COLONEL.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
37, 183
CHICAGO, ILL.

boards upon which the soldiers slept, covered by a single blanket, were not as soft and comfortable as the mattresses and feather beds to which they had been accustomed. The surroundings were all new. The boards creaked as the soldiers turned from one side to the other, and as they turned pretty often and there were somewhere near one hundred men in each room, this creaking was almost continuous. As a rule, each Company had one or two men who were persistent snorers, and between the creaking and the snoring, and the noises of the camp and the heavy rainfall which prevailed throughout the night, the sleep of all was more or less disturbed. Those first nights in camp were not always restful, although the men soon became accustomed to their surroundings and slept comparatively well.

Saturday, September 6, dawned gloomy enough, the weather being lowery and the camp almost flooded. At an early hour the drums beat *réveille*, and there was roll-call by Companies. Immediately thereafter the men, actuated by a common impulse, started for the river, and, being provided with soap and towels, in a few moments the river bank was thronged with men engaged in the laudable undertaking of washing their hands and faces. Tin cups were used, one comrade pouring water upon the hands of another in school-boy fashion. Pocket combs and pocket mirrors were brought into requisition, and the men soon completed their toilets and returned to their barracks. This experience was repeated morning, noon and evening during the stay at Rockford, and, for that matter, during the entire period of service. The breakfast that morning was rather an informal one. Coffee had been made in the big, sheet-iron camp kettles, and was served out to the men in tin cups. There was an ample supply of genuine hard-tack and both salt and fresh meat. The meal over, the men set about making tables and seats, to be used when future meals were served. The forenoon was largely occupied in procuring Quarter-Master's stores, and in distributing cooking and eating utensils. In the afternoon there was Company drill, lasting for an hour and a half. At

this time only the officers were in uniform, the enlisted men being in citizens' clothing, except that here and there a military cap appeared.

Sunday, September 7, was quite unlike the usual Sunday at home. A large portion of the men were permitted to go to the city and attend church, and in a few Company quarters sermons were read in the afternoon and prayer meetings held in the evening; but still there was more or less necessary work, for rations had to be issued and wood provided, and in the afternoon each Company was marched to Headquarters and \$13 paid to each member by Lieutenant Tibbitts, of the Regular Army. It had been agreed that the men should each receive a month's pay in advance, and this payment was a carrying out of the promise.

Monday, September 8, there was the usual routine of camp duty, and a detail was made from each Company for fatigue duty, the men thoroughly policing, or sweeping, the grounds about the barracks. Muster rolls for bounty and premium were made out. Company and squad drill occupied a considerable part of the day. In the evening the officers had a "School," where they undertook the task of mastering the intricacies of military text-books. Few of them had had previous military experience, and Major Brown, a resident of Rockford, was employed to instruct them. This evening school for officers was continued with considerable regularity for two or three weeks.

Tuesday, September 9, the Regiment was called upon for its first detail for guard duty, five men being asked for from each Company; during the day two hundred gray army blankets were issued to the Regiment, and given to the men most needing them. In the early evening the Regiment had its first dress parade. The Adjutant and Sergeant Major, having had previous military experience, readily formed the line, and the parade was gone through with quite creditably, albeit somewhat awkwardly.

Wednesday, September 10, there were many visitors to the camp, and on Thursday a picnic was had which was sadly interrupted by an almost continuous rain. A few of the

visitors thought it would be a nice thing to share the experiences of the soldiers, and so remained in camp for the night. But it was noticeable that very few cared to repeat the experience, most of them preferring hotel fare and hotel beds to hard-tack and the soft side of an unplanned pine board.

Friday, September 12, and weekly thereafter, quite a number of the officers and men were given furloughs for five days, and permitted to return to their homes. In the afternoon occurred the first battalion drill, which, by the aid of the Adjutant, Major Brown, Lieutenant Johnston, — a former officer of the 51st Illinois, — and others, was gone through with quite creditably. Saturday, September 13, was full of hard work, there being squad drill, company drill, battalion drill and dress parade.

Sunday, September 14, was spent rather quietly. There was Company inspection at ten o'clock, and in the afternoon there was preaching in the grove by the Chaplain of the 74th Illinois, nearly the entire encampment attending. In the early evening there was considerable excitement all through the camp with regard to the Sutlers. It was alleged that these Sutlers had issued checks which they refused to redeem, and also that they had passed counterfeit money in making change. Not a few of the soldiers were disposed to take the law into their own hands, but wiser counsels prevailed and quiet was restored. The excitement was renewed and increased next day and evening, and there was danger that the Sutlers' tents would be demolished. As a result, the men were ordered to quarters at eight o'clock, and all found outside after that hour were taken into custody by the patrol guards.

Arms and accoutrements were received by the Regiment on the 16th, and issued to the Companies the following day. The arms were the Enfield rifled muskets, and were as good a weapon as was then in general use. Many Regiments at that time had to put up with old Austrian or Belgian muskets, and the NINETY-SIXTH was regarded as fortunate in securing new Enfields. Some of the guns needed to have their sights filed down and their locks adjusted. Fortunately there was a practical gunsmith in the command, in the person of Sergeant

Geo. H. Burnett, of Company B, and he was detailed for this work, so that in a few weeks all were in admirable condition. About this time it came to the knowledge of the officers that there was more or less gambling in camp. Very strict orders were issued prohibiting all games of chance, and in some of the Companies even card playing was forbidden in the barracks. On the 16th Colonel Champion for the first time took sole charge of the Regiment during Battalion drill, conducting it admirably considering that this was his first attempt. On the 18th the Regiment had its first drill and dress parade with arms.

On the 19th some of the men were given permission to attend the agricultural fair, then in progress at Rockford. During this and succeeding days drill was kept up according to the following order: Officers' drill from eight to nine, and guard mount at the same hour; Company drill from nine to eleven; Battalion drill from two to four; Dress parade at half past five; Officers and non-commissioned officers' drill and recitations in the evening.

On the 20th, clothing, received direct from the Assistant U. S. Quarter-Master at Philadelphia, was issued, each soldier receiving a dark-blue dress coat, sky-blue pants, woolen shirts and socks, cotton drawers and felt hats; such as had not been previously supplied were provided with blankets, and all who wished drew shoes. The clothing was of good quality, except the pants, which were shoddy enough. With the hats were sent brass bugles, eagles, tassels, letters, numbers and feathers. Some of the experiences with the new uniforms were ludicrous enough. Often tall men found themselves the possessors of very short pairs of pants; large men had coats with sleeves reaching but little below the elbows, and small men were provided with coats the sleeves of which reached far below the finger tips. But by dint of considerable swapping the majority found themselves fairly fitted. In nearly every Company was someone who had worked at tailoring. These men, being excused from other duty, set about with needle and scissors making the clothing fit, and in a day or two, all made a very presentable appearance. The guns and equipments were

bright and clean, and the clothing new, so that the transformation in the appearance of the Battalion was complete.

September 21st brought with it the usual Sunday morning inspection, and in the evening there was dress parade. Large numbers of men visited the churches in the city, and others attended the religious services held on the grounds.

On Monday, the 22d, light blue overcoats were issued. They were of regulation pattern, with capes, and a great comfort in cold weather. In the afternoon the Regiment was drilled for the first time in the manual of loading,—Major Brown acting as drill-master.

Tuesday, the 23d, the Regiment marched to town and escorted a large picnic party to camp. Most of the visitors were from Jo Daviess county, but there were quite a number from Lake county as well. Next day *The Rockford Register* published the following very complimentary notice :

THE NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT.—This fine Regiment have received their uniforms, and were down town on Tuesday on parade under command of Major Brown, and presented a splendid appearance. With the Major as drill-master, who has seen service, the Regiment has made rapid proficiency in its drill, doing credit to themselves and Major B., who has shown himself an excellent officer. It is composed of a splendid looking set of men, of whom Jo Daviess and Lake counties may well be proud. We acknowledge the compliment of a military salute while passing the office.

The newspapers of the 23d contained the Proclamation of President Lincoln, in which he gave warning to the rebels that unless hostilities ceased within one hundred days he should declare the slaves free. This proclamation provoked much discussion, and, strange as it may seem at this day, not a little criticism, a few men in every Regiment declaring that they would not fight in what they termed a “nigger war.” As a rule, however, the action of the President was most heartily endorsed, and officers and men alike “thanked God and took courage.”

The 24th and 25th were passed without incident of especial note. Major Brown continued to assist at the Regimental drills each afternoon. Like many other men, the Major had a hobby ; his was what he termed the “obstacle movement.”

The Regiment would be marching in line of battle when he would call out: "Fourth Company, obstacle! By the right flank to the rear into column, march!" At this command the Fourth Company, or whatever Company had been designated, would break files to the rear, leaving a gap in the line, and when the imaginary obstacle had been passed would double quick back to its place. So far as can be remembered this movement was never executed after Major Brown left; but this much can at least be said, that long before leaving Camp Fuller every Company in the Regiment had been through the movement and knew how to pass around an obstacle.

On the 26th, knapsacks were issued to the men, and the little keepsakes which had occupied the corners of the bunks, or been carried about in pockets, were safely stowed away in these receptacles.

Sunday, the 28th, the Regiment escorted the 74th Illinois to town, the latter Regiment embarking for Louisville. In the afternoon there were religious services in the camp, conducted by Rev. J. M. Clendenning, who had enlisted as a Private in Company K, but had been appointed Chaplain of the Regiment.

Monday, the 29th, there was a large party of visitors in the camp from Lake county. The Regiment received haversacks and canteens, which completed its outfit.

Tuesday, September 30, there was a formal sword presentation to Lieutenant Colonel Isaac L. Clarke, the sword being the gift of the members of Company G. A large bay saddle horse had been purchased by his Lake county friends, and was received about the same time. The Lake county boys received one-half of the \$40 county bounty which had been voted them in cash, and a county order for the remainder which was soon redeemed. The Jo Daviess county soldiers had been paid \$60 each before leaving their county. It being the last day in the month, the First Sergeants of the several Companies were called upon for their monthly reports.

Up to this time a few furloughs had been granted to members of each Company every week, but on the 1st of October the commander of the Regiment, having been notified to hold

his command in readiness to proceed to the front, sent telegrams to the local papers in Lake and Jo Daviess counties, notifying absentees to return immediately to camp. The early days of October were very busy ones, both Regimental and Company commanders seeming determined to put their men in the best possible condition for field service. The officers were already gaining confidence in themselves, and the men were becoming quite proficient in their drill.

Sunday, October 5, there was a careful inspection of the barracks and grounds with a view to promoting the utmost cleanliness, and the following day Major Smith, Captain Hicks and Lieutenant Loughlin made a very careful examination of the clothing of the men, the shoddy pants being declared an imposition on the soldiers.

Tuesday, October 7, the Paymaster again came to camp, and each man was given \$25, that being the amount of Government bounty allowed them. The same day marching orders were received, the Regiment being notified that they were to leave for Louisville, as it was then understood. The following day the destination was changed to Cincinnati. During the evening some difficulty arose between members of the NINETY-SIXTH and 92d Illinois, in attendance upon a party in the city of Rockford, which resulted in a personal encounter between several enlisted men and a bitterness of feeling which caused a renewal of the difficulty on two occasions after the Regiments had reached Kentucky. Subsequently these difficulties were explained, and the Regiments became the best of friends.

On the whole, the stay at Camp Fuller brings up few but pleasant memories. The Regiment made rapid progress in drill and obedience to orders, and when it left for the front, after nearly five weeks in its camp of instruction, it was much better fitted for field service than the average regiment which had been in camp for so short a period. Nearly all had suffered to some extent from colds, the result of sleeping in the damp barracks, and the entire change of diet had affected many unfavorably. However, but very few had been sent to the large brick building outside the camp grounds, over which

waved the yellow hospital flag, and but two or three from a Company were left behind because of sickness when the command started for the front.

There were many sad leave-takings on the grounds during the last day or two at the camp. All knew that the war was to be fought in earnest from that time forward ; that it was no holiday affair upon which they were entering, and that only stern duty awaited them. How well they bore their part in the years succeeding that October day when they took up their line of march for the South, the following chapters will attempt to tell.

CHAPTER III.

Off for "The Front"—A Rain-Storm En Route—The Trip to Cincinnati—A Tedious Night March—Happenings at Camp Champion—The Tents Erected—Episode of the Tall Men—A Skirmish with Mules—Detachments Sent to the Forts—More Presentations—A Night Alarm—Fresh Pork that Had to be Paid For—Unfortunate Explosion of a Shell—Five Companies Sent to Falmouth and Five to Covington—An October Snow-Storm—Visits From the Father and Son of General Grant.

AT about nine o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, October 8, 1862, THE NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY bade adieu to Camp Fuller and marched to the depot of the Chicago & North-Western Railway. The morning was not a pleasant one, and on the march a drenching rain set in which dampened the persons but not the ardor of the troops. The people of Rockford were thoroughly patriotic, and, notwithstanding the rain, flags were waving everywhere, while men, women and children came out to cheer the soldiers and add their "God bless you, boys," to their good-byes. At the depot there was some delay, so that it was eleven o'clock or a little later when the two trains required to convey the Regiment finally started. The trip was not a rapid one, and it was about five o'clock when Chicago was reached. Many friends of members of the Regiment had been advised of their coming, so that on arriving at the depot in that city the soldiers were accorded quite a reception. Numerous packages containing dainty lunches were brought to the cars by the visitors, and these gifts were highly prized. Officers and men availed themselves of the brief stay in the city to purchase such articles as were needed to complete their outfits, or to write hurried letters to loved ones at home. The two trains were finally consolidated, three engines attached, and at half-past nine o'clock in the evening a start made for Cincinnati. There were eighteen passenger coaches and four

or five baggage cars, the latter filled with mess chests, officers' horses and other necessities. With so heavy a train the run was a slow one. The trip was without incident or accident of especial note. Lafayette, Indiana, was reached at about eight o'clock next morning, and Indianapolis at noon. At the latter city there was a large camp, embracing infantry, cavalry and artillery. As this rendezvous was passed lusty cheers were given by those in camp and responded to by the Regiment. At every station where the train stopped the citizens came out and watched the soldiers with much interest, and often there was a waving of flags and a cheer from the patriotic people. At eleven o'clock on Thursday night, October 9, Cincinnati was reached. The men were thoroughly tired with their long ride in the crowded cars and glad of the order to "fall in," for they were at least sure of a change, if not of a rest. Few had slept at all the previous night, as there were two in every seat, and not all were disposed to be entirely quiet. Some had lain down in the aisles and dozed for an hour or two, but there had been little restful sleep since leaving Camp Fuller. The arrival at Cincinnati was apparently unannounced, for there was no one at the train to receive the Regiment or give orders what to do or where to go. The men marched out upon the street, and as soon as the column halted stretched themselves upon the sidewalks, where many slept a little, although the autumn air was cool and there was no protection. At last the officers' horses were unloaded, and a start made for headquarters. There another delay occurred, and then, definite orders having been received and a guide provided by Gen. Granger, then in command at that point, the march was resumed. The guide proved to be no other than the father of Major J. C. Smith of this Regiment, who was at that time a member of the Second Kentucky and on duty at Gen. Granger's headquarters. He piloted the Regiment to camp, and remained with it for some hours.

Going down the bank to the long, pontoon bridge that spanned the Ohio river orders were given to break step, so as not to strain the frail, floating structure, as might be done should all continue to step together. The river was wide, and

this bridge, being the first one of the kind ever seen by a great majority of the command, attracted close attention, and it would not be untrue to say that a few, at least, were slightly timid as they stepped upon it, and felt relieved when solid ground was again reached.

As the column passed up the southern bank of the river the soldiers assumed that, notwithstanding Kentucky's alleged neutrality, they were in Dixie, and despite the lateness of the hour and the severe fatigue to which they had been subjected they made the night air ring with shouts for the Union and the old flag beneath whose folds they marched. Passing through a portion of Covington they crossed Licking river to Newport, and, with an occasional brief halt for rest, made their way to the Two-Mile House, an ancient tavern whose name indicates its distance from Newport. The entire march did not exceed five miles, but as the roads were very hilly and terribly dusty, and the men not only greatly fatigued but generally pretty heavily loaded, it seemed much longer, and all were heartily glad when the head of the column filed to the right into an open field, and word was passed along the line that this was to be their camping ground.

One incident of this night march may be of interest. Adjutant Blodgett, who had already served for nearly a year with the 37th Illinois, halted beside the road, and in reply to some remark made by a tired soldier as the column passed, said: "Boys, you are only just beginning to die for your country." There were many longer marches made by the Regiment, and often over worse roads than this Kentucky turnpike, but for many months there were none more fatiguing than this night trip. A few fell out by the way and did not come up until long after the main body of the Regiment had halted.

It was four o'clock, and the gray of morning was almost upon them, when the camp was reached. The lines were speedily formed, guns were stacked and ranks broken. Officers and men quickly threw aside their equipments, and, without tents or other protection than their light blankets, sought repose. It was their first experience in Dixie, their first night

beneath the stars. And they slept soundly, as only tired soldiers can, upon the Southern sod, dreaming, perchance, of homes and friends from whom they had so recently parted, or of the future and the more stirring events upon which they were just entering.

The rest was not a long one, for in two hours the rattling drums aroused the camp and orders were given to "fall in for roll-call," after which preparations were made for breakfast. The meal was prepared under difficulties. The company cooks scrubbed from the big camp-kettles a portion of the dust that had accumulated on the march, found water at the well in the tavern yard, and "foraged" for wood in the neighborhood. Coffee, hard-tack and bacon constituted the bill of fare. To the epicure this would not have been a dainty repast, but to the soldier who had for two days lived principally upon this diet, minus the coffee, and who had slept but little for two nights, this was a meal over which thanks might be returned, and one which was certainly partaken of with keen relish.

The main incidents of the day were the drawing of the tents and the naming of the camp. What were known as "wedge tents" were provided for the enlisted men. They were small and not so numerous but that all were crowded, six men being placed in each. Two wall tents of comfortable size were issued to the officers of each Company, one to each of the field officers and three to the commissioned and non-commissioned staff and musicians. The tents provided for the enlisted men were not what were expected, but, while disappointed in their size and quality, there was little complaint, and all seemed determined to make the best of them. The work of putting them up, although promptly begun, was not very quickly accomplished, for very few were experienced in this branch of soldiering. Men laughed at each other's awkwardness, but upon responding to the suggestion to "try it yourselves, then," were quickly entangled, and found the task one not as easy as it looked. Many a good laugh was had, but progress was made, and in time all were up. Some were askew or out of line and had to be reset, but it was a lesson not soon forgotten, and the experiences of that day were

often alluded to in after months when the putting up of tents had come to be so much of a science that in ten minutes from the time the wagons containing them arrived in camp all would be in place.

“Camp Champion” was the name given to this temporary rendezvous, the intention being to thus honor the Colonel, who was even then winning the high regard of his men. This camp was a gently sloping but dusty field, and fairly well adapted for all of the purposes of a camp, and a drill and a parade ground. There were numerous and rugged hills all about it, many of them seamed with rifle-pits or surmounted with huge forts or heavy earth-works, in which were cannon of varying sizes. Most of these earth-works and forts were occupied by detachments from the 13th Regulars, which, as it transpired, THE NINETY-SIXTH was to relieve. There was much to interest the men who had come from the prairies of Northern Illinois, for the hills were more steep and numerous than many of them had ever seen before. The vineyards along the hill-sides, the heavy forests prostrate in front of the forts,—having been cut to give the artillery a wider range when it was believed that the Confederates had Cincinnati for their destination, only a few weeks before,—the heavy thirty and sixty-pound guns, all were novelties to the newly arrived soldiers. It should be remembered that this was a trying time in this section. The Confederates were making a desperate effort to force the National troops north of the Ohio river. But three weeks before had occurred the disastrous battle and surrender at Mumfordsville, Ky., and on the very day the Regiment left Rockford the battle of Perryville was fought, but about one hundred miles away. Kirby Smith, with a large force of rebels, had recently approached within a few miles of this very point, and it was even then feared by many that his troops, united with those of Gen. Bragg, would defeat or, possibly, pass the flank of Gen. Buell and make a rush for Cincinnati. The expense incurred in the construction of these earth-works was enormous, Beechwood Battery alone having cost about \$200,000, it was said.

An incident which occurred the morning after the arrival

of the command at Camp Champion is worthy of narration here. As has been stated before, there were an unusual number of tall men in the Regiment. On the morning in question, before the tents arrived, and while the men were in the open field, some discussion arose as to the comparative height of two or more of them, and a wager was made. Considerable talk resulted, and finally about all of the tall men in the command were brought together. The wager settled, such of the crowd as were convivially inclined marched over to the tavern, arriving there just as a sleepy bar-tender, who barely knew that a new regiment had arrived during the night, was preparing for his day's work. As the crowd entered the bar-room, the taller ones ducking their heads as they passed through the low door-way, the bar-tender eyed them, first with astonishment, then with trembling, but managed to gasp out: "Where did you-uns all come from?" Being told that they were all from Northern Illinois, he asked: "Be the whole regiment as tall as you-uns?" He was solemnly assured that this was only a fair sample of the command, and also informed that the Minnesota and Wisconsin troops were even taller. A further suggestion was added that if he sympathized with the Confederacy he might do it a service by sending word to Jeff Davis of what the rebels might expect when these regiments of giants got into the field. The bar-tender was awe-stricken, and tremblingly set out the drinks, even forgetting, it is said, to collect his pay.

During the day many visited the forts and batteries, strolled among the large vineyards in the neighborhood, or visited the cemetery and entertained themselves by reading the quaint inscriptions on the tombstones. After the first day a camp-guard was established, the line closely encircling the grounds. The sentinels were each given a beat, and required to walk back and forth upon it after the style of the Regular Army. None of the enlisted men were allowed to go in or out without passes, signed by the Colonel, unless accompanied by a commissioned officer. Troops farther toward the front did the picket duty. The sentinels were required to call out the hour after taps, and so, at regular intervals all through

the night, the cry would be taken up: "Post No. 1, twelve o'clock, and all is well; Post No. 2, twelve o'clock and all is well,"—and so on, taking up the different hours as they came. This was all very well in theory, but the practice was abandoned when more active duties came.

The Regiment was assigned to the Second Brigade, Third Division, Army of Kentucky, Col. P. T. Swayne, of the 99th Ohio, being placed in command of the Brigade. The other Regiments of the Brigade were the 92d Illinois, 115th Illinois and 14th Kentucky.

On Saturday, October 11, a large detail of men was sent to Cincinnati for mules and wagons. Their experiences were novel, and, at times, exciting. The mules were in a large corral. Many of them were but three years old and entirely unbroken. They had to be lassoed and drawn up to a post or tree by main force, and were harnessed with much difficulty and not a little danger. Hitching six of them to a large army wagon was not an easy task. The animals were afraid of the wagons, of the harnesses, of the men and of each other. Usually two or three that bore harness marks or gave other evidence of being at least partially broken, were selected and put into each team; but it was with great trouble that a start was made. When a team had been hitched up the wagon wheels were locked and a man stationed at the head of each mule. Then the driver, armed with a rawhide whip, mounted the near wheel mule, and grasped the single line leading to the bit of the near leader. With most of the men this was an entirely new way of driving, and some of the teamsters were scarcely less awkward than their mules. By dint of some daring and considerable swearing the train was made ready, and the procession started. There were some thrilling adventures on the way, and a few incipient runaways, but no serious accidents. The crossing of the river was accomplished with much difficulty, the timid mules being induced to step upon the pontoon bridge only by considerable persuasion. But the trip was finally made, and some time after dark the motley procession reached the camp. The teams were unhitched and unharnessed with only a little less difficulty than had attended

the hitching up. The mules were then tied to the wagons and fed, and the detail dismissed. The men comprising that detail were a tired lot, and some of them declared that they would prefer to charge a battery rather than to repeat the day's experiences. The mules were a wiry set, and for many days thereafter those who wanted a little genuine excitement could find it by visiting the wagon train and assisting in harnessing and hooking up the long-eared but exceedingly useful animals. One team was allowed to each Company, and seven teams in addition for the use of the Regimental officers, and the transportation of ammunition and rations. Besides these there were two ambulances, with a pair of horses to each.

Companies D, I and K were detached from the Regiment on the 11th and sent to guard forts in the vicinity, all of these detachments being under the command of Major Smith. Company D was sent to Beechwood Battery, Company I to John's Hill Battery, and Company K to Fort Shaler. A few days later fifty men of Company B were sent to Fort Mitchell. Several of the Companies had their first experience in target shooting on the 11th.

Sunday, October 12, was spent rather quietly. There was Company inspection in the forenoon, and in the evening one or more prayer meetings in the vicinity of the camp. An elegant sword was presented to Colonel Champion by the members of Company E, Captain Black making the presentation address.

October 13 the Companies took up their regular drill, and one or more of them began the skirmish drill. On the 14th there was a sword presentation to Sergeant Major Quinn, and a saddle presentation to Colonel Champion. On the 15th there was an inspection by Major Flint, and, while the Regiment was on dress parade in the early evening, Brig. Gen. Absalom Baird, who was commanding the Division to which the Regiment was attached, rode up and watched the proceeding, complimenting both officers and men upon their soldierly bearing, and expressing surprise on being told that the Regiment had been in the service less than six weeks. Forty



J. C. SMITH.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL AND BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL.

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
1000 5th Ave. New York 17, N.Y.

rounds of ammunition were issued to each man, and the First Sergeants had a light sword added to their outfit.

News came at this time of the death, from typhoid fever, of Henry W. Ostrander, of Company G. He was taken sick at Camp Fuller, and went to his home at Rockland, in Lake County, and died October 12. This was the first death in the Regiment.

The principal incident of the 16th was an alarm at night. The "long roll" beat at about eleven o'clock. The Companies were hastily formed, and the command proceeded to the parade ground. There was some excitement and not a little mixing up of boots, hats and equipments in the haste to fall in, but the line was formed in a surprisingly short time and with as little confusion as was to be expected. The alleged cause was the firing upon an outpost in front of Fort Shaler. It was not so accepted by the citizens and civil authorities at Covington and Cincinnati, however, for they believed it to be a mere ruse on the part of the Colonel to test the promptness and coolness of the officers and men of his Regiment. It happened that the alarm was taken up by other camps in the neighborhood, reaching the city and causing intense excitement there. Few knew it at the time, but it afterward leaked out that this little episode came near costing the Regiment its commander, and losing to the army the splendid services afterward performed by the gallant Colonel Champion. The civil authorities were so exercised that they demanded the head of the officer who started the alarm, and were pacified with the utmost difficulty. The Regiment was kept in line for about an hour, and then sent to camp. On the whole it was a good lesson, for the men afterward made it a rule to know where their boots and hats were when they retired for the night.

About this time some of the troops that had been forced to retreat from Cumberland Gap arrived and went into camp in the neighborhood. They were a tired, ragged and foot-sore lot of men, having made a long and rapid march.

An event that will be remembered by the line officers of Company C happened on one of the days while at Camp

Champion. A fine hog was missed by a loyal farmer, and the presence of bristles and the odor of fresh pork was deemed sufficient to warrant a strong suspicion that certain members of the Color Company had sought to vary the monotony of army rations. The hog was estimated to be worth \$30, an amount that the officers quietly paid ; but the affair leaked out, and for a time the boys of Company C were the butt of numerous jokes. They learned one important lesson, however, which was that when it was impracticable to burn or bury hogs' bristles, they should at least take them into the street of some other Company.

On one occasion a detail was sent out to cut wood, going several miles from camp. A roadside booth attracted them, and finding that both beer and cider could be bought, some of the men indulged in a glass or two of their favorite beverage. That night two of the men were terribly sick, with every symptom of having been poisoned, and their lives were saved only by the most strenuous exertions of the Surgeon of the Regiment. Investigation revealed the fact that these two men were the only ones who had drank cider, and it was confidently believed that some Rebel, too cowardly to fight, had sought their lives. A scouting party visited the locality at daylight, but the man who sold the cider could not be found, although the booth was watched for several days and nights. He had probably gone South, or concealed himself in Cincinnati to await the removal of the Regiment.

On Sunday, October 19, a few members of Company K were sent out in front of Fort Shaler on a reconnoissance. Finding a percussion shell, but supposing it to be an ordinary cannon ball, they were examining it, when, being carelessly dropped, it exploded with terrible effect, wounding five of the Company, some of them quite seriously, and fatally injuring a citizen who stood by. The wife of the citizen was also seriously injured. A more circumstantial account of this accident may be found in the sketch of the Company in another part of this work.

The same day five Companies of the Regiment were ordered to guard a wagon train about starting for Falmouth,

Ky. They were Companies A, E, F, G and H, and were under command of Lieutenant Colonel Clarke. These Companies marched to Covington, but, as the train was not ready, returned to Camp Champion for the night, and on the following day, Monday, October 20, made a final start, having in charge one hundred or more wagons loaded with supplies for troops in that region. The same day Company K returned to camp from Fort Shaler, Company C taking its place.

Wednesday, October 22, Companies B, C, D, I and K marched to Covington, and on reporting at headquarters were directed to commodious barracks just vacated by the 33d Indiana, remaining until the 29th. Detachments were left at several forts, but joined the command during the week. On the 24th occurred a rain to partially relieve the terrible drouth that had prevailed for two months or more, and on the night of the 25th there was a snow-storm which was quite heavy, considering the latitude and the time of year, some three or four inches remaining on the ground at daylight, but all disappearing within a few hours. There was some brisk snow-balling while it lasted, the men enjoying the sport with keen zest.

During the stay at Covington Barracks, Jesse Grant, Esq., of Cincinnati, and Master Fred Grant, of Galena, the father and the son of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, called once or twice, spending some hours with their Jo Daviess county acquaintances. Fred's first visit was made alone. A boy, mounted on a pony, came riding up to the gateway leading to the grounds surrounding the barracks. The entrance was guarded, and the soldier on duty asked the visitor for his pass. The boy replied that he had none, whereupon the Sergeant of the Guard was called. This officer chanced to be Sergeant Thomas J. Smith, of Galena. As he came to the gate he recognized the visitor, and remarked: "Why, that is a son of Gen. Grant, and doesn't need a pass. Let him in." The boy was rather quiet and modest than otherwise, although quite a hero in the eyes of the soldiers owing to the distinguished achievements of his illustrious sire.

CHAPTER IV.

Five Companies Start Southward—Hard Pikes *vs.* Tender Feet—Marching and Tenting in the Snow—A Muddy Cut-Off—Loyal Whites and Enthusiastic Blacks—Five Companies Sent via Williamsburg and Georgetown to Lexington—Slaves and Slave-Hunters—Milling for the Military—A Night's Foraging—The Regiment Reunited—Experiences at Lexington—Visits to Henry Clay's Monument—The First Death in Camp.

MONDAY, October 20, Companies A, E, F, G and H again took up the line of march, with Falmouth as their supposed destination. They were under command of Lieutenant Colonel Isaac L. Clarke. Lieutenant Samuel H. Bayne, of Company H, was assigned as acting Adjutant, and Lieutenant William Vincent, of Company A, as acting Quarter-Master. First Assistant Surgeon Moses Evans accompanied the battalion and cared for the health of the men. This was not to be a march in the cars or on boats, but on foot, the men carrying well-filled knapsacks, haversacks containing from one to three days' rations, canteens of water, forty rounds of ammunition, bayonets, accoutrements and heavy muskets. Many of the officers had taken trunks with them to Kentucky, but strict orders were issued that they must not be put in the wagons, and, as there was no other method of transportation, they were sent back to Cincinnati and stored, most of them being subsequently returned by express to Illinois, although a few were again in camp in Central Kentucky. Doubtless some of them are still in Cincinnati.

A start was made about eight o'clock A. M., Companies A and F taking the lead of the train as an advance guard. Company H was placed near the center of the train and Companies E and G in the rear. The distance traveled that day was about eleven miles over the Alexandria turnpike. This macadamized road was excellent so far as the wagons were

concerned, but decidedly hard on the feet of the men, and, as a result, many were very sore and lame when the final halt was made. The camp that night was in the fair grounds at Alexandria. The men were made very comfortable, although the water at this place was not agreeable to the taste, being taken from a huge cistern. However, it was an improvement on the water taken from ponds at other points, and the camp was pleasantly remembered.

Tuesday, October 21, an early start was made, the order of march being the same as on the previous day, except that the position of the Companies was changed. The distance traveled was fifteen miles. As there were a few empty wagons in the train the knapsacks of the men were carried, thus relieving them greatly. A part of the way the column marched upon the dirt road, which was much easier for the sore and tired feet than the pike had been. About four o'clock in the afternoon there was a rattle of excitement growing out of the report sent to the commander of the detachment by the advance guard that several horses were tied in a ravine a little off from the pike, indicating the presence of rebel cavalry in the vicinity. Captain Clark and about a dozen men of Company G volunteered to reconnoitre. Once away from the column and finding that there was no truth in the report, the Captain concluded to indulge his inclination to roam over the country, and so led off on a long detour. After a tramp of four or five miles the party returned to the column without having found either horses or soldiers. Their trip was a hard one, and they were pretty well fagged out when they returned to the train. Many of the farmers along the route through that part of the State treated the soldiers quite liberally with apples, and often provided meals for those who left the column. The camp that night was on Flour Creek, and was a very comfortable one.

Wednesday, October 22, the column started at about nine o'clock, passing over a very hilly and stony road and reaching Falmouth about noon, camping near a branch of the Licking river where was an abundance of good water. On the march quite a percentage of the men were employed in chaining the

wheels of the wagons, so that the train might safely proceed down the long and steep hills.

At Falmouth the wagons were unloaded, and the men generally supposed that they would remain in camp for several days. Such proved not to be the case, however, for on Thursday at about noon, to the surprise of all, the wagons were again started out and the battalion ordered to accompany them. They made about sixteen miles, camping at Robinson's Station near the railroad. The roads were quite hilly, requiring considerable chaining of wagon wheels, and this afternoon's march proved a very severe one.

Friday, October 24, was a day of rest, the soldiers improving it by washing their clothing and cleaning up generally. Notwithstanding that strict orders had been issued to the contrary, there was considerable foraging; but, as a rule, only known secessionists suffered. About 100 men were at work rebuilding the trestle bridge burned by the rebel Gen. Morgan a few weeks before. During the day the wagons were again loaded, and on Saturday, October 25, the command marched to Cynthiana, where several other regiments were camped. The day was an unpleasant one, some rain falling, and after going into camp a corn-field was visited and a large amount of fodder appropriated, the men spreading it on the bottoms of their tents to keep them off the wet ground. In the evening it began to grow cold, and by bedtime snow was falling. In the morning the ground was covered to the depth of nearly six inches, but the snow had piled up around the bottom of the tents, keeping out the wind, and the men slept more comfortably than on any previous night. The snow rendered the work of preparing for the march quite slow, and it was ten o'clock when the column started out on Sunday morning. On the pike arms were presented to the 19th Michigan and 115th Illinois as they passed to take the advance, the battalion then falling in the rear of the line. Passing through Cynthiana the column had proceeded about ten miles when Gen. Baird ordered this detachment and the 92d Illinois to take the dirt road to Paris, as it would save some two or three miles in distance. It was a great mistake, for the snow had wet

up the clay to the depth of two or three inches, making it terribly sticky and unpleasant. Not unfrequently the men lifted their feet from their shoes, and in some instances were obliged to march barefoot or go back to the wagons and ride. A soldier wrote: "Every time we lifted our feet from the clay it awaked an echo not unlike the sound of a pop-gun." The entire distance traveled that day was sixteen miles, one-third of which had been over this clay road. The day was cold and unpleasant, the march a very severe one, and the stragglers from the ranks, owing to the great fatigue caused by the muddy roads, were more numerous than on any previous day. Arrived in camp somewhat late, the men had a most disagreeable task before them. The snow still lay deep upon the ground, and they were obliged to clear it away and pitch their tents. They did not then know as well as they learned afterward how to make themselves comfortable, and to many the night was a most cheerless one. However, they set about most diligently to fix up their temporary quarters and prepare for supper. Huge fires were built in front of the tents to dry the ground; straw was procured from neighboring plantations for beds, and at least a portion of the command passed the evening and night quite pleasantly.

Monday, October 27, a start was made at nine o'clock, the expectation being that the evening would find the detachment in Lexington, but the column only marched about four miles, going into camp before noon. At Paris, which was passed early in the day, there was a profuse display of flags, indicating a strong Union sentiment.

Tuesday morning, October 28, the command started at seven o'clock, passing through a beautiful country. The column halted for quite a time in the city of Lexington while waiting to be assigned to camp. The citizens, and especially the colored people, watched them with much interest, coming to talk with the men, and, in some instances, bringing "hoe cake" and other edibles, and also pails of water, with gourd dippers, which they passed along the lines.

Moving to the outskirts of the city the female seminary was passed, and the young lady students came out, waved their

handkerchiefs and hurrahed for the Union. It was interesting to note the instant change that came over the soldiers as the ladies made their appearance. The martial band struck up a lively air. The scattered column immediately closed to the center of the highway, elbows were touched, the step was taken, the limping gait of those whose feet had been blistered by the long march over the hard pike disappeared, the shoulders that had been stooping through the weary miles were quickly straightened, heads were thrown back, the carelessly carried muskets were brought to a "right shoulder shift," and everything in the army regulations strictly obeyed, unless it be that all eyes were not directly toward the front. There was an inspiration in the presence and approval of the loyal beauties that caused all to forget their weariness and nerved every man to do his best. Could the battles of the war have been fought with such surroundings, instead of in gloomy forests or amid tangled swamps, it is easy to believe that there would have been no cowards; indeed, it is probable that absolute extinction of one side or the other would have resulted. The column kept well closed up until a halt was made and a camp ground selected at a point where the guide-board read: "Georgetown 10 Milles."

Wednesday, October 29, the camp ground was changed to a point about one and a half miles from Lexington. The location was a fine one, water being abundant and of good quality, and only about a quarter of a mile distant from camp. The colored people in the neighborhood showed great joy at the arrival of Union troops. An old "aunty" standing by the roadside cried out, "O Lor bless me, I wish I had some thing to gib em;" and an aged colored man was repeating, as rapidly as he could speak it, "Hurrah for de Union! Hurrah for de Union!" and once in a while sandwiching the remark, "The Unioners is come." There was a large camp in the neighborhood, not less than 20,000 troops being stationed near by. The men assumed that they were to make this a permanent camp, and proceeded to construct fire-places in their tents by digging holes in the ground about one foot square and eight inches deep, with a flue leading to the outside for the smoke

LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON



NICKAJACK, 1863-4.

ROBERT A. SMITH,

RIGHT GENERAL GUIDE.

SAMUEL H. SMITH,

LEFT GENERAL GUIDE.



MRS. J. C. SMITH.

— 24 —

to pass off. A few sheet-iron stoves were procured, and a number of brick or stone fire-places were built. The regular rations were supplemented with corn-meal, bought by the soldiers at the rate of fifty cents per bushel, flour at three cents a pound and molasses at \$1.40 per gallon. There was often a surplus of coffee and rice, which was sold to citizens or exchanged for the articles mentioned. Near the camp was a large grist mill and jeans factory. From these the rebels had taken some \$80,000 worth of goods, only a few weeks before, compelling the owners to accept Confederate scrip in payment. The factory was not only a thing of interest to the troops, but a great convenience, for the soldiers were permitted to take warm water from the pipes for the purpose of washing their clothing, a privilege which they availed themselves of with alacrity.

The remaining days, until the arrival of the detachment under Colonel Champion, were passed without incident of especial note. The camp regulations were strict, and drilling was vigorously begun. Colonel Clarke was a strict disciplinarian and disposed to see that all orders issued for the government of troops were literally obeyed. He had been a school-master through all the early years of his manhood, and some of the men thought him too strict. This criticism came to his knowledge, and he was frank to talk with his officers and such of his men as he knew best personally about the matter, so that a pretty good understanding was reached. Later on, officers and men came to know each other better, and the soldiers learned that it was absolutely necessary in order to discipline that the soldier should subject himself to the officer. This much can certainly be said, that long before his death those who had been disposed to criticise him came to see that his orders were, after all, best for the men. They learned that he was a man of high character and fixed principles, and that he meant to do just what was right and honorable by those under his command, and by the citizens near the camp or on the line of march.

It is now necessary to turn back and see what the other five Companies of the Regiment, under Colonel Champion,

had been doing since Colonel Clarke's command left Camp Champion.

On Wednesday, October 29, at a little before nine o'clock, Companies B, C, D, I and K, under the command of Colonel Champion, left their comfortable quarters in Covington Barracks, where a week had been so pleasantly spent, and started on the trip to Lexington. Already the radical change of diet and mode of life was beginning to tell on the men, and each Company left a half dozen or more of their number in the various hospitals in the neighborhood. Marching to headquarters, definite orders were received, and the column passed out through Covington and near Fort Mitchell, where a rest of half an hour was taken. Two miles further on there was a stop for dinner, after which the command marched to the fair grounds near Florence, halting about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon and occupying the amphitheatre. The distance made was about ten miles, and the trip a rather leisurely one. There was plenty of wood and water, and the Battalion had a delightful camping place.

Thursday, October 30, the column started about 7 A. M., and made sixteen miles, passing through Walton and camping near Crittenden at a little after 5 P. M., in an open field. Wood and water were scarce and had to be carried about a mile. The march was through a beautiful country a part of the way, there being many fine plantations. Many of the people showed their loyalty by coming out and waving flags or cheering. At other places they stood sullenly and silently, their looks indicating a displeasure they dared not voice. It was amusing to witness the actions of the negroes at these latter places. Keeping partly in the rear of the buildings so as to be out of sight of their masters, they would swing their hats and dance or otherwise manifest their joy, but without daring to shout. This second day's march was quite severe on the men, and many were lame and foot-sore when camp was reached.

Friday, October 31, the column started at 8 A. M., and passed through Crittenden, Dry Ridge and other hamlets, and camped near Williamsburg, making about twelve miles. At

this latter place a beautiful young lady, dressed in a costume made up of the stars and stripes, came out to cheer the soldiers on their way. It was a pretty tableau, and heartily was the beautiful and loyal lady cheered in return. There were but few springs along the route, and most of the wells were deep but dry. At some points details were sent ahead and teams impressed to draw to the roadside barrels of water taken from springs or ponds. Some of the men quietly left the ranks and "drew" sweet potatoes from the fields or gardens along the route. There was a suggestion at many points of the poet's dream of heaven, when he said :

" Of the women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men you could count as they passed along."

For while there were from six to ten women at about every house there was hardly a white man to be seen. Just at night two men, believed to be Confederate soldiers or bushwhackers belonging to Morgan's command, were captured and sent under guard to the Provost Marshal at Williamsburg. The regular army rations were somewhat low, but there was a good variety of fresh meat in camp next morning, and a few "secesh" rails were burned to cook it with. Water was not only very scarce but very muddy, being drawn from cattle ponds. The men came into camp in much better condition than on the previous day.

Saturday, November 1, the command started at 7 A. M., and marched seventeen miles, camping near Jones' Tavern. The day was quite warm, and the men pretty well used up when a final halt was made. An incident of the evening was the enlistment of the two deserters from the rebel army mentioned in the sketch of Company C. Many criticised the action, but the officers concluded to take the risk, and after events fully vindicated them.

Sunday, November 2, the Battalion broke camp at 7 A. M., and marched six miles, camping on Eagle Creek. As but five days' supplies had been taken, the regular rations were about exhausted. The Quarter-Master purchased beef, corn and wheat in the neighborhood, and a mill near camp was set in motion by some of the men in charge of Sergeant Schooley,

an experienced miller, Corporal John Lee acting as engineer, and by evening four hundred pounds of flour and a like amount of corn meal had been ground out and issued. The steam whistle at the mill was sounded repeatedly, and soon all of the colored people of the neighborhood and of Georgetown village seemed to be approaching the camp, apparently thinking that the whistle proceeded from a fleet of Lincoln gunboats that must be coming up the diminutive creek. Many of the young colored men desired to accompany the command, and, as a natural result, more or less trouble ensued. Most of the Generals in the department at that time were in partial sympathy with the "peculiar institution," and strict orders had been given requiring officers to surrender any negroes who might be found in the camp whenever their alleged owners demanded them. The fugitive slave laws were at least nominally in force, and commanders of regiments who refused to obey these laws not unfrequently found themselves the principals in vexatious law suits. Some of these suits were not concluded until long years after the war was over, occasioning considerable personal expense and trouble to those involved. But with the NINETY-SIXTH Regiment officers there was never litigation, Colonel Champion being too good a lawyer to allow himself or his officers to be involved in law suits. Nearly all were radically opposed to slavery, and the negro who sought refuge in the camp was protected, but in such a manner as not to involve any one in a legal way. Usually a camp guard was established whenever the Regiment went into bivouac, often, as it seemed, more for the purpose of excluding citizens from the camp than to prevent the soldiers from going outside. Not unfrequently citizens would come to the guard line and ask, or even demand, to be admitted to headquarters, but whenever it was suspected that they were negro hunting they were excluded and compelled to return to their homes without taking the negroes who had sought their liberty. A few negroes followed the command from Eagle Creek, most of them being employed as cooks for the officers.

On the second, learning that the plantation of a Confederate Major was but two miles distant, about forty men, in charge of

Lieutenant Montgomery, of Company D, set out in the early evening on a foraging expedition. Arrived at the house, the soldiers quietly deployed about the buildings, while the Lieutenant and a half dozen men who had brought their muskets with them rapped at the front door. Some ladies came to the door, and, in response to the officer's inquiry, asserted that there were no men in the house. Unfortunately for the truth of this assertion, a man appeared at the head of the stairway just at that moment and demanded to know what was wanted. The Lieutenant asked him to come to the door, which he did with manifest reluctance. They told him that they were a detachment from the command encamped on Eagle Creek, and that, being short of rations, they had come for a few bushels of potatoes, at the same time saying that if he was a loyal citizen a receipt would be given so that he could collect pay. He pretended that there were no potatoes on the plantation. It happened, however, that a negro who had previously been interviewed, and who accompanied the expedition as its pilot, had assured them that in a field adjoining the buildings were numerous "pits" of potatoes. The Lieutenant asked the man to remove his hat, raise his right hand and repeat after him the oath of allegiance, which he did. The oath was a very lengthy one, the Lieutenant injecting numerous excerpts from the Declaration of Independence, Webster's orations and such other literature as he could call to mind, in apparent good faith, but really to gain time for the boys who were reconnoitering. Before he was half through there was a loud outcry from the poultry, and the citizen was becoming very anxious. As soon as the extended oath was concluded he appealed for protection, and begged the officer not to allow the men to take his poultry. The officer, leaving the man under guard, ran to the outbuildings, and in loud tones demanded that the foraging should stop, saying that they had come for potatoes, not for poultry; but, seizing a grain bag, called in an undertone to the men to hand him some chickens and turkeys, which he crammed into the sack. As soon as the noise ceased he turned his game bag over to some of the men, returned to the citizen and told him that he had better go in the house for the night,

but that, having taken the oath of allegiance, he could come to the camp next morning, bring two or three reputable citizens of known loyalty to establish his identity and character, and get pay for his potatoes. The citizen quickly made his way to the house, but never came to camp for his pay, and inquiry revealed the truthfulness of the first information that the entire family were notorious secessionists. Meanwhile the potato field had been visited and the men were on their way to camp. A soldier, in writing of the affair, said: "The men from Company C brought in thirty chickens, ten turkeys, a lot of ducks, four bushels of potatoes, a churn full of syrup and twenty quarts of honey, which, considering that it was the only Company in the Regiment that ever laid claim to being especially 'good,' must be considered a pretty fair showing." As the other four Companies each had an equal number of men in the expedition, it can be judged that the affair was a pretty successful one.

It may be mentioned here that the colored man who acted as pilot was James Joyce, who remained with the Regiment until Nashville was reached, and then went North with Lieutenant A. B. Partridge, living in Lake county until his death, which occurred about 1875.

Monday, November 3, the Battalion was called in line early, fired off their guns by volley, and marched fourteen miles, camping at two o'clock P. M. on Elkhorn Creek, near the residence of ex-Gov. Robinson. The village of Georgetown was reached early in the day, and the country passed through was the most beautiful portion of the Blue Grass Region. Several negroes were following the Regiment, and at Georgetown citizens undertook to stop them, but failed in their efforts.

Tuesday, November 4, reveille sounded at half-past four, the column filing out of camp at six A. M., and marching to Lexington, ten miles, arriving about eleven o'clock A. M. The other five Companies came out to meet Colonel Champion's command, and escort it to camp.

It was a very pleasant meeting when the two battalions came together at Lexington, and the Regiment was again con-

solidated. For many days the boys compared experiences, and related to each other the incidents that had happened during their two weeks' separation. There had been considerable irregularity about the mails up to this time, but here the accumulated letters were received, and an immense mail distributed.

The Regiment remained at Lexington until November 13. It was not a time of leisure, but rather of hard work, for drilling was pushed with great vigor, the men being out for many hours every day when the weather would permit, either in squads, companies or as a regiment, and perhaps at no other point was more rapid progress made in acquiring military knowledge. The weather was cold much of the time, and one or two light snow-storms occurred, but this did not interfere very materially with the every day drill. At dress parade the men were required to wear overcoats. Rations were abundant, and of very good quality, but there was much trouble concerning the matter of cooking them. Up to this time the plan had been for each Company to keep its coffee, beans, rice and some other articles together, and men were detailed to serve as Company cooks. There were usually two for each Company. Many of these cooks were not experts in their line, and much of the cooking was simply execrable. Three times out of four the beans or rice would be burned. The big black kettles had to be used for cooking both meat and coffee, and often there was a film of grease upon the top of the kettle of coffee, the sight of which was not well calculated to serve as an appetizer. The matter was discussed by officers and men, and finally permission was given to break up each Company into messes, the men to take turns in cooking. This arrangement proved more satisfactory, although too many cooks spoiled many a broth. However, a few developed into excellent cooks in every Company, and when the Regiment was in camp as a rule it fared pretty well. During the stay at Lexington there were frequent reviews of the Brigade and Division, and dress parades were held almost every evening, large numbers of people coming out from the city to witness the evolutions of the battalions.

There were few in the Regiment, and probably but few in the army then encamped in the neighborhood, who did not visit the tomb and monument of the great statesman, Henry Clay, and no doubt hundreds of soldiers copied the inscription upon the coffin, which reads: "I can, with unshaken confidence, appeal to the Divine Arbiter for the truth of the declaration that I have been influenced by no impure purpose; no personal motive; have sought no personal aggrandizement, but that in all my public actions I have had a sole and single eye, and a warm, devoted heart directed and dedicated to what, in my best judgment, I believed to be the true interest of my country." This monument is 55 feet square at the base and considerably more than 100 feet in height, and is surmounted by a statue of the man whose memory it is intended to perpetuate.

The first death in the camp, and the second among the members of the Regiment, occurred at Lexington,—George Bryan, aged 19 years, and a member of Company H, dying from typhoid fever.



ADDISON B. PARTRIDGE.

FIRST LIEUTENANT COMPANY C.

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
NEW YORK

CHAPTER V.

Southward to Harrodsburg—Kentucky River Scenery—A Halt at Shaker-town—The Stay at Camp Clarke—Visits to Perryville Battle Ground—Recovering Federal Property—Issuing a Newspaper—Marching to Danville—In Winter Quarters at Camp Baird—Occasional Alarms at Night—The First Sergeants Lectured—Breaking Camp by Fire-Light—The Lebanon March—A Terrible Rain Storm—The Night at “Camp Wet”—The Return to Danville—Frequent Deaths Among the Soldiers—A Scouting Expedition—Close of the Year 1862.

Thursday, November 13, the Regiment struck its tents, packed its knapsacks, loaded its wagons, left its fire-places and straw beds, and again started out upon the march, breaking camp at seven o'clock or a little later, and taking position at the rear of the column. It was a beautiful day, and the road lay through an attractive and highly cultivated region. The distance traveled was fourteen or fifteen miles, and the camp for the night near Nicholasville. A large number of men had to be left at Lexington, owing to sickness, and others were really too unwell for so long a march, although, with commendable pluck, they persisted in remaining with the Regiment. As a consequence the ambulances were crowded before the day's march was ended. Field and staff officers walked a considerable part of the time, allowing those who were foot-sore or unwell to ride their horses. Some of these officers carried one or two muskets for tired members of the command, a favor that was fully appreciated. The camp that night was in a pretty grove near a spring, and as there was an abundance of straw in the neighborhood the men made themselves very comfortable. Next morning the column passed through Nicholasville, making their start at eight o'clock. Toward noon, on nearing the Kentucky river, the country became more broken. The pike lay along a deep gorge or ravine, descending for a mile or more until the river bottom was reached. On one side of the roadway, at a point where the column

halted, the rocks rose precipitately to a great height, and on the other side was a deep chasm, down which the waters dashed themselves into a spray and disappeared beneath the overhanging boulders. Even those who had visited the Rocky Mountains grew enthusiastic at the unexpected scene, and admitted that the view was one of true grandeur. Great layers of rock surmounted each other to the height of hundreds of feet, and here and there little white cedars, so beautifully green, cropped out from the crevices in the rocks, while all about icicles were pendant from the vines, greatly enhancing the beauty of the surroundings. Fifty feet above the road a horse was drinking from a spring, and it was a question with many as to how he reached the place or in what way he was to leave the spot without falling.

The river was reached at noon, and the command went into bivouac until its turn came to be ferried across the stream. There were two boats, each of which would accommodate about one company, and in these the crossing was made without mishap, except that once a boat ran aground, causing a little excitement and some delay. The distance traveled that day was about eight miles, and the camp for the night was made at Brooklyn, on the river. The scene from the camp was a most beautiful one, and will not pass from the minds of those who witnessed it until memory fails. Looking across the river the tall cliffs rose precipitately for hundreds of feet, giving the impression, as night came on, of a vast thunder cloud rising up against the sky.

Saturday, November 15, the command marched ten or twelve miles, halting at Harrodsburg. The first few miles lay through a broken country, emerging from which Shaker-town was reached. This village, inhabited by the sect whose name it bears, was a novelty. The houses were not especially numerous, but all were large and substantial, and some of them bore dates, 1811, 1814 and later years, indicating considerable antiquity. The apparel of both men and women was drab or gray material, made up in the plainest manner possible. The women all wore shaker bonnets. It was noticeable that nearly all the inhabitants were either quite old or

quite young. The column halted for a time in the village streets, and the soldiers talked with the citizens, the latter answering all questions freely. It was learned that no marriages were allowed among the people, and that the population of the village was kept up by the adoption and education of orphan children from all parts of the country. Upon arriving at mature years these wards were given permission to go elsewhere and adopt a different mode of life if they saw fit, a privilege of which nearly all availed themselves, scarcely five per cent. consenting to remain and take upon themselves the vows of celibacy. These people took no part in the stormy scenes attending the rebellion, being opposed to war on principle, but it was a well established fact that all of them were opposed to the institution of slavery, and in hearty sympathy with the North. A few weeks before, the Rebel forces had levied heavy tribute upon them, taking considerable live stock, some goods, and, it was even said, more or less money.

The command arrived at Harrodsburg about one o'clock, and camped a few rods from a large hospital filled with Rebels, wounded at the battle of Perryville. This being the first lot of uniformed Rebels with which the Regiment had come in contact, there was much curiosity on the part of the men to see and converse with them. Many of the prisoners were quite defiant and saucy, and as quick to enter into an argument on behalf of "Southern rights" as were their Yankee visitors. There were about 1,500 Confederates in town, most of them being quartered in buildings or barracks.

Perryville was about ten or eleven miles from Harrodsburg, and not only many public buildings, but numerous private residences were filled with the sick and wounded of both armies, left there immediately following the battle of the 8th of October. Before the command had been there many hours, men starting out from the camps found muskets, tents, saddles and other articles quite numerous among the citizens, some of them being secreted and others openly displayed as relics. This coming to the knowledge of the officers, detachments were sent out, in some instances remaining for a day or two, and gathering up large quantities of camp and garrison

equipage,—several wagon loads of muskets, many horses and mules and a few tents being the more valuable articles recovered. On these expeditions many got their first glimpse of the horrors of the battle-field. In some instances the dead remained unburied, and at many places the rain had washed the dirt from the bodies of those buried in the shallow graves, leaving feet, arms and heads exposed to view. There were many dead horses here and there through the woods, and the stench arising from their decaying carcasses was terribly sickening. The enemy had occupied a portion of the battle ground for the night, and had made an attempt at burying their dead, but the work was not very thoroughly done. Nearly all the Union dead had been carefully buried, and their graves plainly marked with wooden head-boards.

On one of the trips to Perryville the soldiers encountered a somewhat unusual experience. When five miles from camp they learned of a shooting affair that had just taken place, and, on going to a house pointed out by a guide, found a woman greatly excited because of threats made against her life. It transpired that the woman had shot a citizen, and the neighbors were threatening revenge. The facts, as developed, were, that her husband, who was a Union man, had been engaged to run a grist-mill. The proprietor of the mill was a Secessionist. Some controversy had previously arisen, and was not settled at once. On this occasion the owner of the mill had ridden to the house on horseback, and inquired for the miller. Something in his language or actions convinced the woman that his mission was not a friendly one, and, seizing a gun, she ran toward the mill to warn her husband. The man spurred his horse, and was apparently attempting to ride over her, when she pluckily turned and shot him dead. The case was investigated sufficiently to convince the officer that the statements of the woman were true, and the couple were given a guard to accompany them to a place of safety. This was but one of very many tragedies among citizens growing out of those troublous times, and but for the timely arrival of the soldiers it is probable that a half dozen lives might have been required to settle the existing feud.

The Regiment, with the exception of Companies C and I, remained at Harrodsburg about a fortnight. Sunday, the first day in this camp, there was inspection in the forenoon and dress parade in the evening. During the afternoon religious services were held in an old church, Chaplain Clendenning preaching to the large congregation, composed mainly of soldiers. It was said that nearly all the members of the congregation who formerly worshipped there were in actual sympathy with the rebellion. The church had been cleared of its pulpit and a portion of the seats, so that it could be used as a store-room by the army quartermaster. The pulpit, therefore, had to be improvised, and it was somewhat suggestive when the men piled up boxes of ammunition upon which the Chaplain could lay his Bible and unroll his manuscript.

The drought, which had been very severe all through this region, having been interrupted by only one or two light showers and two or three snow-storms, was now thoroughly broken. A rain-storm set in on the seventeenth, which prevailed for many hours, and was supplemented by frequent heavy showers during succeeding days. The camp became a sea of mud, and the surroundings were most gloomy. On one occasion a citizen came into camp, and on his invitation a member of Company H accompanied him to the village and drank a glass of wine. Soon after returning to camp the soldier became alarmingly ill, and it was believed that he had been poisoned. The surgeons succeeded with much difficulty in saving his life. One day a couple of men having in charge about twenty horses passed through the town, going southward. The officers became suspicious afterward that the horsemen might be Rebels, and the Colonel, with five men, started in pursuit, bringing them back to camp. They protested their loyalty and were allowed to go for witnesses, but never came back, and their horses were turned over to the Government Quartermaster. There was occasional firing on the picket lines at night, but no casualties occurred, unless it may have been to stray porkers or poultry.

On the eighteenth Colonel Swayne was relieved from the command of the Brigade. He was an admirable soldier,

and did excellent service, but was not at this time very popular among the officers of the command, probably more because of the fact that his own regiment was not in the Brigade than for any other reason. He was succeeded by Col. Cochran, of the Fourteenth Kentucky.

Thursday, November 20, Colonel Champion was directed to send two Companies to Danville, ten miles distant. Companies C and I were chosen, and on reaching their destination were assigned to quarters in the Baptist Church. During the following week or more they were given pretty heavy duty, large details for provost guard and funeral escorts being required daily. There were many sick and wounded of both armies in the city, and to preserve order among the convalescents, prevent escapes of Rebels who had so far recovered as to be able to travel, and furnish escorts for from two to six funerals daily, would have kept them busy; but in addition to these duties they were obliged to scout and picket outside the city, and more than once were called out, expecting an attack from Rebel cavalry hovering in the vicinity.

The main body of the Regiment was kept busy at Harrodsburg, scouting, doing guard duty and drilling. The Confederate prisoners were accustomed to watch the drill, and manifested much interest, heartily applauding any especially well executed movement, and laughing at the occasional errors of commanders or their men. One night there was some excitement because of the firing of two shots from the Rebel hospitals, the bullets whistling past some of the camp guards. An investigation was made, but no arms could be found in the hospitals.

The camp at Harrodsburg was known as Camp Clarke, being named in honor of Lieutenant Colonel Isaac L. Clarke. Captain J. P. Black, of Company E, was assigned to duty as Provost Marshal of the post, remaining on duty in that capacity for several weeks.

On the 24th the resignation of Captain Thomas A. Green, of Company F, was accepted, and he returned home. First Lieutenant Charles E. Rowan succeeded to the Captaincy of the Company, Second Lieutenant Nelson R. Simms was pro-

moted to First Lieutenant, and Sergeant William Dawson to Second Lieutenant. This was the first change among the commissioned officers after the organization of the Regiment.

On the 25th occurred the death, in hospital, of Hiram Hollister, of Company B; and on the 30th, at the residence of J. W. Cardwell, Esq., Frank Pool, of Company E, died from pneumonia. The latter was a brother of Lieutenant Pool, of Company A.

During the stay at Harrodsburg some of the members of the Regiment took possession of the office of *The Kentucky Press*, and set themselves at work to publish a newspaper, issuing *The Soldier's Letter*. It was a five-column paper, and 2,500 copies were issued. Captain George Hicks, of Company A, had editorial charge of the publication. His assistants were Corporals Christopher H. Berg, of Company A, Edmund S. Stevens, of Company D, and John A. Boothby, of Company H, and Privates John W. Connor, James Edward James and Anderson S. Allison, all of Company A. These men were all practical printers. The paper contained a complete Roster of the Regiment, a sketch of the organization, camp experiences and marches of the command up to that time; also brief biographies of the field officers, a sketch of Colonel Daviess, for whom Jo Daviess County was named, a description of Harrodsburg, several patriotic poems, some humorous communications, several illustrations,—including the Williamsburg lady with the flag wrapped about her,—more or less local news, and an apology because the paper was not larger so that other articles, ready for the press, might be given to the world through its columns. The issue was speedily exhausted, the boys purchasing the paper at five cents a copy to send to their friends at home. In 1885 several members of the Regiment living in the vicinity of Galena, Ill., issued a duplicate edition, and numerous copies of the original and the duplicate are to be found among the possessions of the soldiers of the Regiment.

Thursday, November 27, the Regiment was ordered to Danville, but in view of the fact that it was Thanksgiving Day permission was given to defer the move until Friday. Quite

liberal preparations were made for Thanksgiving, and nearly all fared sumptuously. The Ninety-second Illinois were not as fortunate, being compelled to march, instead of celebrating the day in camp.

At eight o'clock on the morning of Friday, November 28, the main body of the Regiment took its leave of Harrodsburg and marched to Danville, ten miles, in two and one-half hours. Companies A and E were left on duty at the former place for a short time, Captain Hicks being in command of the post, and Captain Black continuing to act as Provost Marshal. The next day Companies C and I, which had been quartered in a church at Danville, joined the Regiment in camp, a half mile from the village. About fifty men were left in the hospital at Harrodsburg, quite a percentage of them having measles. Most of the men rejoined the Regiment within a few weeks. Danville was really a very pretty city at that time, having numerous large business blocks, churches and seminaries, and was a stronghold of Union sentiment.

From the 28th of November until the 26th of December the Regiment made no general movement, but lay in what was named "Camp Baird," in honor of the General commanding the division. Company and battalion drill was kept up with as much regularity as the weather would permit, and inspections and dress parades were frequent. There was a snow storm early in December, and some of the officers improvised a sleigh, found some sleigh-bells in town, and enjoyed a ride about the camp and in the city. Enlisted men contented themselves with snow-balling. A few days after the arrival at Danville, Colonel Champion called the men together and stated his wish to make the guard details lighter, closing a short address by saying that if they would promise not to leave the camp without permission he would reduce the camp guard from 64 to 27. The boys quickly agreed to it, and gave three rousing cheers for the Colonel.

The shoddy pants before alluded to had not been replaced up to this time, except in a few cases where the wearers were exposing too much of their anatomy, but on the eleventh all who needed trousers were supplied. There was much atten-

tion given to the personal appearance of the command all through the winter, perhaps all the more because of the fact that a number of ladies,—wives and mothers of the soldiers.—visited Camp Baird, some of them remaining several weeks.

There was keen disappointment when news came of the disaster to the Union forces under Gen. Burnside at Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock, and the want of success on the part of the expedition under Gen. Sherman, sent against Vicksburg. Up to this time hopes had been entertained that the war might be brought to an honorable close within a few months after the calling out of the 600,000, but these reverses convinced all, or nearly all, that the war was to be prolonged. All eyes were now turned toward the Army of the Cumberland, then mainly in the vicinity of Nashville, and under the command of Gen. Rosecrans. It was understood that they would soon make a forward movement, and there were strong hopes that with them it would be victory and not defeat.

The little wedge tents were used up to the 18th of December, at which time Bell tents were drawn, five or six being allowed to each Company. Prior to this, Company K had obtained some large Sibley tents, found near the battle-field of Perryville. The men had by this time learned to make themselves quite comfortable in camp. Walls of various materials, such as boards, rails, stone and brick, were built to the height of from two to four feet, and good fire-places with chimneys were constructed in nearly all of the tents. A few sheet-iron stoves were used. Sometimes excavations two or three feet in depth were made, the dirt thrown out being used to bank up the tents. This latter arrangement was deemed unhealthy, however, and was discouraged by the officers and surgeons.

The large tents proved very pleasant and convenient. In the evening each one was a most cheerful place. Bright fires blazed in the improvised fire-places, and bayonets, stuck in the ground, were used as candlesticks. From the center-poles hung the accoutrements, and on racks built for the purpose lay the shining Enfield muskets. The men, lounging on their blankets spread upon the clean straw, told stories, pro-

pounded conundrums, read, sang, or played cards, checkers, or chess, as their humor dictated, until tattoo and taps sent them to bed. Thousands of letters were written and received, and the arrival of the mail each day was the signal for a general turnout of the command. Many daily papers were taken, and the soldiers, during that winter at least, knew what was going on throughout the country almost as well as their friends at home. In the evening the camp, as viewed from a little distance, was a pretty scene. The tents, standing in regular rows, and each lit up from within, were a pleasant study.

Early in the month Lieutenant C. A. Montgomery, of Company D, was detailed on the staff of Col. Cochran, as Brigade Commissary, and Lieutenant George W. Pepoon, of Company K, as Aide de Camp.

Almost daily details were sent into the country, often for five or six miles, to cut wood, which was hauled to camp in army wagons. This duty was quite severe, as the choppers were required to walk one way, and sometimes both ways. A heavy picket line was established all about the camp, but as there was no large force of Rebels in the neighborhood the reserve posts were allowed to keep up good fires, although heavy screens of evergreen were placed in front of them so that they should not be too plainly visible from points outside the lines. On a few occasions, when an attack was apprehended, these fires were extinguished, to the great discomfort of the men, the long winter nights passing most drearily.

On the night of December 10 a rumor reached camp that a portion of Morgan's command was in the near vicinity, and Company C was hastily sent down town to guard a building where ammunition was stored. The picket lines were doubled and every preparation made to give the noted cavalryman a warm reception should he see fit to pay the camp a visit; but he did not come, and next day all was quiet. There was frequent firing on the picket lines at night, cattle and horses wandering near the outposts being frequently mistaken for cavalrymen by the zealous guards, and sometimes even trees and stumps being tortured into imaginary enemies. Undoubtedly more or less of this shooting was purely wanton, the

men firing their guns as much for their own amusement as because they thought a real enemy was approaching. It should be remembered, however, that many of the soldiers were mere boys, from sixteen to eighteen years of age, and as it was known that there were numerous bands of cavalry in the neighborhood, it is hardly to be wondered at that in the long and weary watches they became a little over-anxious and imagined any object they might see outside the lines a scout or spy attempting to reach the camp. As a rule, one-third of each guard detail was kept on outpost, one-third kept awake and under arms at the reserve post, and one-third allowed to sleep beside the fires.

All through the winter the camp regulations were very strict, no one being allowed to pass the limits of the camp without written permission. Réveille sounded every morning at half-past five o'clock. Roll-call followed immediately, every man being required to take his place in line in the Company street, those failing to respond being placed on extra duty. Then followed preparations for breakfast, after which the grounds were thoroughly policed. At half-past eight came guard-mount, a part of the detail being assigned for picket duty, a part for camp guard, and a part for provost duty in the city. These latter men were required to arrest all citizens and soldiers found without written passes in the daytime or the countersign at night. At half-past nine Company drill was begun, continuing from one to two hours. In the early afternoon there was Battalion drill, and at half-past four came Dress parade. At half-past seven occurred the final roll-call, and at eight o'clock came taps, which was the signal for all lights to be out. After a time the First Sergeants became a little careless as to the manner in which the evening roll-call was responded to. It was not that they meant to be willfully negligent, but rather because of their real kindness of heart. At first those who had been on guard the night before were excused from coming out and forming in line; then some soldier answered to the name of another; a stormy night came, and the Sergeants made the usual noise in the streets, while the men answered from the tents; next night

the same form was gone through with, although there was no storm. A week passed in this way, but one evening the First Sergeants were summoned to Regimental Headquarters. When all had arrived Colonel Champion made a little speech, which ran about as follows: "I understand that there has been some deviation from the prescribed rule in the matter of the evening roll-call. I have only this to say: If the present First Sergeants are unable or unwilling to obey the orders heretofore made, I have no doubt that I shall be able to find men in each Company who can and will. Good evening, gentlemen."

The abrupt termination of the Colonel's address fairly dazed his auditors, but it was not many seconds until all had filed out of the tent into the darkness, each feeling very much as if he would like to find a very small hole somewhere into which he could crawl. The rolls were called in due form from that time until active campaigning and thinned ranks rendered it unnecessary.

Christmas was spent quite pleasantly in the camp, with ample rations, and was indeed with many quite a merry day. Just after the evening dress parade, orders were received to march at daylight next morning. The men who were thought to be unable to march were sent to the hospitals in town, extra rations were issued, and everything put in order for the start. Between three and four o'clock next morning réveille was sounded. Then followed breakfast, after which the tent stakes were all drawn, except barely enough to hold the canvas houses in position, and at a given signal every tent went to the ground and was rolled up and placed in the wagons. It was a weird sight as that canvas village disappeared. All about were blazing camp-fires, which served to make the outside darkness more intense. The huge army wagons standing here and there, the men moving around in the uncertain light, the braying of the mules, the shouting of the drivers, the sounding of the bugles, the rattling of the drums, the merry faces of the eager soldiers, as they piled the boxes and tables and heaped the floors of the tents high on the blazing fires, destroying all the little camp conveniences—not caring to

leave them for the enemy, and not dreaming that they would again occupy the same ground within thirty-six hours—formed a strange spectacle, and one not easily described.

At a quarter before six o'clock, and while it was yet quite dark, knapsacks were slung and the men filed into line by Companies and marched to the parade grounds. There was a little delay, but at half-past six the column moved forward. All were eager to know the destination of the Division, but those who could tell would not. The column, embracing nearly the entire Division, moved out toward Lebanon, over a good macadamized road. The weather was mild, and in the early morning not unpleasant. About nine o'clock, however, a drenching rain set in, increasing in violence and making the march a most severe one. General Granger and his staff were riding at the head of the column. They had good, fresh horses, and were no doubt in a hurry to get to the end of the march. It seemed then as if they had little regard for the comfort of the men, for through that drenching rain, when every moment made overcoats and knapsacks heavier, they plodded on at a fast walk, for miles together, without giving them an opportunity for rest. Rumor had it that Morgan was in the front, and that this body of troops was to reinforce the garrison at Mumfordsville. Plainly there was great haste, for rarely have men been so overmarched. It was as if infantry was trying to keep up with cavalry. Through long miles the men cheered and sang to keep up their spirits, but as their loads grew heavier, their limbs tired, their feet sore, and their judgment confirmed their impression that they were being imposed upon, many of them became moody and marched in silence. The General at last took the hint, and made several stops. At half-past two or three o'clock, the rain, which had been coming in torrents, began to abate somewhat, and when, at four o'clock, after traveling fifteen or sixteen miles, the column filed to the right into a muddy cornfield, and it was announced that this was to be the camp, it had entirely ceased for the time being. That was a camp to be remembered. At every step the men sank into the ground to their shoe-tops. Strict orders were issued by Gen.

Granger against taking the rails composing the fence for fuel, but the officers commanding the Regiment very properly told the men to take the top rails and that they would be responsible. Fuel was actually essential to the comfort of the troops after such a march and in such a camp-ground. Gen. Granger ordered details to be sent out to chop wood, and a score or more of tired soldiers followed the wagons to the timber and cut and loaded wood to be brought to camp. They worked hard and returned late with their green fuel, that was not to be burned, for the "top rails" had been used long before the wagons arrived. The General used some "cuss" words in his discussion of the Volunteer officers, but evidently concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and refrained from having any prolonged contest over the little matter of a few fence rails. A stack of hay, a pile of straw, a large quantity of cornstalks, and, these failing, a stack of oats, were carried into the tents of the soldiers, all disappearing within twenty minutes. In this way the men kept themselves out of the mud, and it was really surprising to see how comfortable they had made themselves within an hour after their tents were up. Hardly was the camp established before the rain again began to fall in torrents, continuing for some hours. At ten o'clock in the evening two regiments and a battery were ordered forward to Lebanon without baggage and in great haste, but before they had started the order was countermanded, and they returned to their tents.

In the morning the weather was colder. There was an early réveille and breakfast. Plainly the commanding officers were uncertain what to do, for there was much marching and countermarching, but within an hour or two the column was headed for Danville and made the march over the ground passed by them the day before, camping at four o'clock in the afternoon on the identical grounds they had vacated so recently. How the boys wished then that they had not burned their boxes and gun-racks and tables and tent floors! However, they made the best of the situation, and fitted up their tents in good order. This trip was very severe upon the men, and following it many were sick. For a time it was supposed

that the movement was intended as a diversion to hold the Rebel force in Kentucky, and prevent their reinforcing Gen. Bragg, then contending with the Army of the Cumberland at Stone's River. It afterward became known that the Rebel Gen. Morgan had tapped the telegraph wires and sent bogus dispatches to Gen. Granger, hurrying him forward to Lebanon, himself marching off toward Kentucky River at his leisure, picking up more or less horses and gathering in a few recruits. A day or two later two Regiments of the Division repeated this march to Lebanon and return.

Tuesday, December 30, Companies B and I were sent out on a scout to the Kentucky River, a battery of artillery accompanying them. There were also several infantry companies from other regiments, their destination being Hickman Bridge, about fifteen miles away. They had a most disagreeable march in the cold rain storm. They were absent from the Regiment for some days, but did not find any organized enemy. On the night of December 31, there was a rumor of trouble on the picket lines, and the men were required to sleep under arms all night. Next day the teams were kept harnessed and the men under orders to be ready to fall in at a moment's notice, but still no trouble came.

On the thirtieth Captain James H. Clark, of Company G, resigned and returned home, whereupon First Lieutenant David L. James was made Captain, and Second Lieutenant Benj. G. Blowney was promoted to First Lieutenant. An election was held for Second Lieutenant, First Sergeant Hiram W. Farnsworth and Sergeant James O. Havens being the principal rivals. The latter received the most votes and entered upon the duties of the position; but within a few days, and before a commission had been issued, a contest occurred in Company B which resulted in a tie vote, whereupon the vote in each Company was disregarded, and, upon the recommendation of the Colonel, the Governor of the State issued commissions to the next in rank, and First Sergeant Farnsworth became Second Lieutenant, Sergeant Havens being appointed First Sergeant.

Following these severe winter expeditions many were

prostrated by sickness. From the very organization of the Regiment there had been frequent cases of measles, men being left sick with this disease at almost every stopping place. Mumps, pneumonia and typhoid fever were also common, and deaths were very frequent.

Those dying during the month were, Henry H. Swan, of Company C, December 3; John Chope, of Company D, December 8; Richard Wilton, of Company D, December 19; Robert Pollard, of Company K, December 19; Terhan Shaffer, of Company E, December 29; the latter at Harrodsburg; all of the others at Danville. In several instances the parents and near friends of sick soldiers came to attend them, but in two or three cases arrived too late to find their loved ones living. In most cases the remains were taken North for burial. It was an invariable custom to provide a military escort to the grave in case of local burial, and to the express office when the bodies were sent home. Religious services were held, and a quartet or choir always furnished music. The selection most frequently sung was :

OH, WRAP THE FLAG AROUND ME, BOYS.

Oh, wrap the flag around me, boys,
 To die were far more sweet
 With Freedom's starry emblem, boys,
 To be my winding sheet.
 In life I loved to see it wave
 And follow where it led,
 And now my eyes grow dim, my hands
 Would clasp its last bright shred.

CHORUS.—Then wrap the flag around me, boys,
 To die were far more sweet
 With Freedom's starry emblem, boys,
 To be my winding sheet.

Oh, I had thought to greet you, boys,
 On many a well-won field,
 When to our starry banner, boys,
 The trait'rous foe should yield.
 But now, alas! I am denied
 My dearest earthly prayer;
 You'll follow and you'll meet the foe,
 But I shall not be there.



GEORGE HICKS.

MAJOR AND BREVET COLONEL.

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
NEW YORK

But though my body moulder, boys,
My spirit will be free,
And every comrade's honor, boys,
Will still be dear to me.
There, in the thick and bloody fight,
Ne'er let your ardor lag,
For I'll be there, still hov'ring near,
Above the dear old flag !

CHAPTER VI.

The Negro Question—Waiting for News from Stone's River—Drilling Resumed—Visitors in Camp—Pay-day Arrives—Eleven Deaths in a Single Month—A Heavy Winter Storm—Changes Among the Officers—An Eighty-five Mile March to Louisville—Aboard the Transports—The Arrival at Fort Donelson—The Second Battle at that Historic Point—Up the Cumberland to Nashville.

UP to the close of the year 1862 the slavery question continued to be a fruitful theme of discussion ; indeed, for some time following that date the subject was the occasion of numerous orders by both the civil and the military authorities, and a fruitful source of argument with both citizens and soldiers. On one or more occasions at Danville there was a public sale of negroes, which was quite largely attended by soldiers. Not all of the spectators were impressed alike by the strange spectacle of a human being on the auction block, although to the majority there came a feeling of indignation that was not attempted to be concealed. But the time was at hand when the Emancipation Proclamation was to settle some of the problems of the war, and to destroy the value of the negro as "property." Meanwhile there were more or less incidents occurring that served to show the terrible spirit of the hateful institution. On one occasion, at Danville, Ky., Captain Rowan and Sergeant Lee, of Company F, went to the hotel to take dinner. The Captain's waiter, or servant, a colored man whom he had hired, accompanied them, for the purpose of carrying some supplies back to camp, and waited outside while they ate dinner. On returning to the office at the close of the meal the Captain looked in vain for the colored man. The office, or bar-room, was filled with citizens, who seemed rather amused than otherwise at the Captain's inquiries as to the whereabouts of the missing "contraband." After some delay the Captain drew a revolver and suggested

that he proposed to secure the information requested without delay. Seeing that the officer meant what he said, some of the bystanders vouchsafed the information that a "nigger" had been seen there, but as he did not seem to have any owner, and, moreover, as that office was intended for "gentlemen" and not for "niggers," the intruder had been treated precisely as a stray animal would be at the North, and was in the "pound." Rowan was a resolute fellow, and demanded that the "gentleman" who had caused the servant's imprisonment should immediately take steps looking to his return to the hotel. Very little attention was given to this demand, although it was evident that the visitors were somewhat troubled over the situation. There was a moment of painful silence, which was broken by the sound of a scuffle in the hall leading from the dining room. The guests had not noticed that Sergeant Lee, a powerfully built man, several inches over six feet in height, and as strong and resolute as he was large, had disappeared from the scene, until the Captain bade them a pleasant "good day," and passed into the hall and out through the front door. In a moment the crowd followed. Arriving on the street they were somewhat taken back to see Lee and the Captain walking toward camp with the head-waiter of the hotel safely in their clutches, the white apron fluttering in the wind, and the bare-headed servant making a feeble show of resistance. Instantly the hotel man started in pursuit, remonstrating against their taking his most valuable "nigger." "Bring back my servant and you can have yours," was Captain Rowan's reply. It did not take long for the boniface to make up his mind that he could not trifle with his Yankee guests, and an exchange was speedily arranged and quickly carried out. This was but one of several incidents that had amusing features in them.

In a certain temporary camp in Kentucky, in the autumn of 1862, a couple of citizens approached two soldiers of the Regiment, and, after some parleying, made an offer of \$100 if the soldiers would deliver two colored men who were in the camp into their custody. The proposition was, that at a given hour the negroes should be brought to a designated spot in the

woods not far from a certain spring. The soldiers agreed to consider the matter and let them know. Once away from their tempters the boys began to reason concerning the matter. The inducement was certainly a strong one. One of the boys suggested that, as pay-day had been long deferred, it would be very handy just then to be able to send \$100 to his mother, who really needed the money, and remarked that the negroes would have no trouble in running away again if they cared much for their freedom. Still they were a little loth to surrender these escaped slaves into bondage, and had some compunctions of conscience. But they reflected that it was not much worse for them to force the citizens into a contract that might be advantageous to the soldiers than it had been for the citizens to force the negroes to labor through long years without compensation. As the result of their deliberations they concluded to demand \$200 of the citizens, and at the same time secure the liberty of the escaped slaves. In accordance with the plan formed, they took two comrades into the secret, told the negroes of what they proposed to do, and notified the citizens that for \$200 they would surrender the fugitives. This proposition was accepted and the plan carried out. After the \$200 had been received by the soldiers the citizens started off with their slaves, the latter apparently feeling greatly distressed. They had gone but a short distance when the soldiers who had been taken into the secret suddenly sprung out from a clump of bushes, confronted the citizens with a pair of revolvers, demanded that they raise their hands and stand perfectly still, and called to the colored men to run for camp. All of the orders were obeyed, and the negroes, in accordance with previously arranged plans, left that part of the country in the early evening, and were not seen again until the Regiment took up its line of march the next morning and had proceeded for some miles.

The writer does not seek to justify this action, but, as a faithful historian, can hardly omit to mention the circumstance.

New Year's Day, 1863, was bright and pleasant, and there was considerable jollity in camp. Col. Atkins, of the 92d

Illinois, was serenaded and responded with a pleasant speech, which was listened to by a large portion of his own command and the NINETY-SIXTH Regiment. At this time there were a number of visitors to the camp from both Lake and Jo Daviess counties, several ladies among the number, most of the latter being the wives of officers. On the third, Companies I and B came in from their Kentucky River scout. From that time until January 26 there was no move on the part of the Regiment. There was considerable drilling, the men taking up the bayonet exercise.

It was the understanding that pay-day in the army should come once in two months. However this may have been the paymaster did not come as frequently as that. He had been long expected and once had arrived in camp, but as it was just at the time of the Lebanon expedition he did not remain to pay off the troops, going to another camp, and returning to Danville January 15. Pay-day had been so long deferred that it was hoped and expected that he would pay the men up to December 31. The Government had been very heavily taxed, however, and, being short of funds, instructed the paymasters to settle up all accounts to October 31, 1862. Most of the men had overdrawn their clothing accounts, so that the amount received by the privates was generally about twenty dollars,—a very small sum for men with families at home dependent in any considerable measure upon their wages for support.

There was quite a heavy storm prevailing throughout a considerable part of the 15th and 16th of January,—a severe rain being succeeded by sleet and snow. The trees were coated with ice for several days, and the ground thickly covered with snow. As a consequence the camp was left in bad condition, and there was but little drilling during the remainder of the stay at Danville.

The unfavorable news from the Army of the Potomac, in December, when the Union forces were obliged to retire from Fredericksburg and the Rappahannock, after sustaining a loss not compensated for in direct results, had been a great disappointment to all, for it was confidently hoped that with the

heavy reinforcements that had been sent to Gen. Burnside from the troops enlisted during the summer and autumn, that oft-baffled army would be able to overcome all obstacles and make its way to Richmond. The disappointment over, all eyes were turned toward Gen. Rosecrans and the Army of the Cumberland, who were reported to have moved out from Nashville in search of the enemy, determined to drive him to a less threatening position than that which he had occupied for some months. But the news was slow in coming, while anxiety deepened as the days went by. At last word came that the advance had been entirely successful, and that the advantages gained had been very decided. About the same time the report gained currency that the armies under Gens. Grant and Sherman had captured Vicksburg, and there was great rejoicing, but the latter report proved untrue.

The First Sergeants again became a little lax in their duties, and for a night or two some of the Companies turned out for evening roll-call without arms. The eyes of the officers at Regimental Headquarters were open, however, and the Orderlies were summoned to the Adjutant's tent, and that official gave those who had violated the rule of the camp a little time for reflection, placing them under arrest, but subsequently releasing them without punishment. Another time they were given a lecture upon the subject of reporting their Companies on dress parade as "all present or accounted for," when, as a matter of fact, more or less of those who should have been present were not in line. However, the relations between the Adjutant and the First Sergeants were never strained or unpleasant, but the latter learned that they must not trifle with their superior officers or neglect their full duties in matters of this kind.

A part of the time flour was issued to the men in lieu of bread, but the results were not entirely satisfactory. Some of the Companies effected an exchange with a local bakery, and were fairly pleased, while others detailed men to do the baking. Later on these men became experts, and many a brick oven was constructed, excellent "soft bread" being made by the Company cooks.

Toward the close of the stay at Camp Baird the weather was so cold and disagreeable, and the camp ground became so wet and muddy, that the camp guard was dispensed with for a night or two. The men were obliged to remain inside their tents and keep up rousing fires in order to have any comfort. Fortunately the mails, which had been missent to Cairo and Memphis for some weeks, were returned about this time, and as a result almost every man had a handful of letters and a bundle of papers with which to while away the otherwise tedious hours. Cards were also used a great deal, and an occasional game of "chuck-luck" was indulged in, particularly during the week following the visit of the paymaster.

Sickness continued to weaken the Regiment all through the month, and deaths among members of the command were very frequent. Not all died at Danville, for a few had been sent to hospital elsewhere, or had been left at points where the Regiment had previously camped. James M. Beall, of Company A; James Brown, Alfred Collins and George Rix, of Company B; Corporal Edwin A. Bartles and Samuel Clements, of Company C; William Hubbard and Brainard E. Strong, of Company E; Leroy Demmon and Freeman James, of Company G, and James D. Lester, of Company K, all died in January, or during the early days of February. The remains of nearly all were taken North for burial, but a few were interred in the public cemetery at Danville.

Chaplain Jonathan M. Clendenning resigned on the twenty-third, and his place was not filled for several weeks. Owing to the protracted illness of Surgeon Charles Martin and Second Assistant Surgeon Daniel A. Sheffield, Captain David Salisbury, of Company B, who was a physician, was detailed to assist First Assistant Surgeon Evans in the care of the sick. First Lieutenant Rollin H. Trumbull, of Company B, resigned, and Second Lieutenant Allen B. Whitney succeeded to the place thus made vacant. An election was ordered for Second Lieutenant, which resulted in a tie between Corporals Wait and Folsom, whereupon the Colonel recommended to Governor Yates that First Sergeant Evangelist J. Gilmore

be commissioned, which was done. Colonel Champion was quite ill for a time, and took up quarters in town, leaving the Regiment under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Clarke. A number of the line officers were also sick, and took up quarters at private houses.

Sunday, January 25, marching orders were received, the destination being Louisville, Ky. All soldiers not able to march were sent to the hospitals in the city, and the usual preparations made for breaking camp. Six days' rations were issued, a considerable part of the provisions being loaded upon the wagons. Many were the regrets at leaving Danville, for during the two months in which the Regiment had been camped there most of the officers and a few of the enlisted men had formed pleasant acquaintances among the loyal people of the town.

Monday, January 26, réveille sounded at half-past three o'clock in the morning, and the camp speedily became full of activity. A start was made at half-past six, the column passing out through Danville and Harrodsburg, the latter place being passed about noon. As the Division was to march toward, and not away from, its base of supplies, there was an abundance of transportation for all baggage, and the knapsacks of the men were loaded upon the wagons belonging to the Brigade supply train. This was a great relief to the men, and enabled them to march more comfortably and more rapidly than they otherwise could have done. It was understood that Louisville must be reached by Saturday night, and as the distance was about eighty-five miles, this would make the daily average a little more than fourteen miles. The time was shortened, however; the first day's march being about seventeen miles, the column going into camp at a little after two o'clock, near Salvisa. The day was thoroughly disagreeable, a rain-storm prevailing much of the time, and lasting throughout the night, turning into snow next day. The pikes were in good condition, so that the mud was not deep, but the road was wet and slippery, and covered to the depth of an inch or two with a limestone paste about the consistency of thin mortar. The camp ground for the night seemed to have been

strangely selected, for, in a region full of meadows, and where the ground was broken so as to admit of abundant drainage, the Regiment was halted in a plowed field so badly drained that water was standing on many parts of the ground. Fortunately there were some oat stacks near at hand, which were speedily taken into the tents, and the men were able to make themselves comfortable beds.

Tuesday, January 27, found the camp early astir, and at seven o'clock a start was made. The teams had a trying time in getting from the camp ground to the pike, and large details of men were required to lift upon the wheels, or unload the wagons that were hopelessly stalled in the mud. This occasioned some delay, but once fairly started the march was rapid, and by three o'clock seventeen miles had been reeled off. The day being cold and snowy a ration of whisky was issued about noon. This was the first occurrence of this kind in the Regiment's experience. That night there was considerable forage in camp, the men ascertaining from negroes who of the residents in the vicinity were disloyal, and then levying contributions from the poultry houses and sweet potato bins.

Wednesday, January 28, the Second Brigade had the advance, the 14th Kentucky leading, and the NINETY-SIXTH being next. The Kentuckians were veterans, and had made many long marches. As they left camp in the morning they declared their intention of leaving their Illinois comrades long before night. Taking a long, swinging gait that well befitted the immediate posterity of Daniel Boone, they counted off the miles so rapidly that it soon began to tell upon their own number, for the stragglers were quite as numerous from the leading regiment as from the one immediately following. The grit of the NINETY-SIXTH was up, and they crowded hard upon the heels of their leaders, ever and anon calling to them to go faster. But such work was senseless, and, after a time, the officers used their authority to check the speed somewhat, but by two o'clock, at which time the head of the column went into camp, a distance of eighteen miles had been traveled. The men were thoroughly tired and heartily glad when camp was reached. The principal towns passed during the day were

Hardinsville and Clayville. During the march whisky was again issued. The snow had fallen to a depth of three or four inches, and it was necessary to scrape it from the ground before the tents could be made comfortable. To those who were strong and well marching in the mud and camping in the snow was hard and tiresome enough, although many were in excellent spirits and made the camp merry with song and shout; but in each Company were a few who were weak and ill, and for such these experiences were very trying.

Thursday, January 29, the Second Brigade was at the rear of the column, the NINETY-SIXTH leading the Brigade. There was no foolish racing, but a leisurely march of seventeen miles, camp being reached at four o'clock. The villages passed were Shelbyville and Boston, the former the reputed home of the hero of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Friday, January 30, the NINETY-SIXTH had the rear of the entire column, and did not leave camp until eight o'clock. The day was pleasant, and for the first time since leaving Danville the command had the sunshine in which to march. Middletown was passed early in the day, and the outskirts of Louisville reached at three o'clock, where a halt was made for the night, the command having made about fifteen miles. The entire trip was made in a day less than had been anticipated. The artillery did not halt, but went immediately to the boats. The 14th Kentucky was here detached from the Brigade, Col. Cochran being assigned to an independent command in his own State. This necessitated a change of Brigade Commanders, and Col. Smith D. Atkins, of the 92d Illinois, being next in rank, assumed command. Colonel Champion, who had come from Danville by stage and rail, here rejoined the Regiment. Word was received of the death, at Danville, of Lieutenant Montgomery, of Company D, who had been left ill, but who had not been regarded as in a critical condition until two days before the Regiment started. The announcement caused universal sorrow, for he had from the first been one of the most popular officers in the line. In his last hours he was attended by his wife, who on the first intelligence of his illness had started for the South. The vacancy

occasioned by the death of Lieutenant Montgomery was filled by the promotion of Lieutenant Hastings; First Sergeant Theodore F. Clarkson being commissioned Second Lieutenant.

Saturday, January 31, the command marched some three or four miles to the landing and halted. After some consultation the Regiment was divided, the right wing—Companies A, F, D, I and C—going upon the steamer “R. B. Hamilton;” and the left wing—Companies H, E, K, G and B—going upon the steamer “Nashville.” Colonel Champion and Adjutant Blodgett accompanied the right wing, and Lieutenant Colonel Clarke and Major Smith the left wing. Then began the work of loading the camp equipage. There were large details to take the wagons to pieces and stow them away, together with the tents, mess-chests, extra ammunition and rations, in the holds and upon the decks of the vessels. The mules and horses were placed upon the lower decks, and the soldiers, packed as thickly as they could well be, occupied such space as was not filled with baggage. The work of loading required nearly the entire day. Fires were built on shore, and the cooks spent the time in boiling the rations of meat, it being understood that there would be little or no opportunity to cook anything but coffee on the trip. How tired the men became of “cooked rations.” Everything was “boiled,” usually until overdone or scorched, and the rations became terribly distasteful, especially to men who were half sick or homesick,—and there were many of either kind. The homesickness seemed to have increased as the troops neared “God’s country,” as the soldiers were ever wont to call the region north of the Ohio River. Those who were seriously unwell were taken to hospitals; others were allowed in the cabin, such staterooms as were not required by the officers being assigned to those regarded by the Surgeons as least able to endure the rigors of the deck passage. So great was the discontent, that in every regiment in the Division there were a few desertions. When the rolls were made out, February 1, the NINETY-SIXTH was ten men short, that number having left between Danville and Louisville, or while passing Smithland; several others leaving on the trip a few days later, at or near Fort Donelson.

Strict orders had been given that no negroes be taken aboard the boats, but the officers assumed that they had a right to take their hired employés, regardless of color, and set them at work to help in carrying the baggage aboard. Once on the boat, few of the negroes left, and those who did were not compelled to, but acted as they chose in the matter. Other regiments had a great deal more trouble with the negro than the NINETY-SIXTH, but it is doubtful if many regiments aided more slaves in escaping from bondage.

During Saturday and Sunday all the troops in the Division were loaded on the large fleet of transports. The steamers took on coal, filled up any unoccupied space in their holds with government stores, and during the night dropped down the Ohio River about ten miles, and tied up on the Indiana shore until morning, when a large amount of baled hay was taken aboard, the bales being set up on end to protect the boilers in case of an attack from the shore. The pilot houses were protected by boiler iron. During Monday more coal was taken on, at Cannelton, Ind. The weather at this time was thoroughly disagreeable, rain and snow alternating, and the wind blowing fiercely. Those who had been assigned to quarters upon the upper decks found their positions well nigh unendurable; indeed, most of them gave up trying to keep warm there, and sought refuge in the holds of the steamers, where they could at least be out of the wind.

On Tuesday Evansville and Shawneetown were passed, and early in the afternoon the mouth of the Cumberland River was reached. Up to the time of leaving Louisville there had been much speculation as to the destination of the command, some thinking that the Division was to be sent to reinforce Gen. Grant or Gen. Sherman, then operating on the Mississippi, and others firm in the opinion that Nashville and the Army of the Cumberland were to receive this substantial reinforcement. But at Smithland all doubt was set aside. It had been announced that the boats would tie up for the night at the last-named point; but the sullen sound of distant cannon could be heard, and they kept on through the night up the Cumberland, for word had been received that the enemy,

in large force, was in the vicinity of Fort Donelson. Only meager particulars could be learned, for the wires were cut almost as soon as they had begun their report, and refused to give up the story of the unequal contest. All through the long night the fleet kept on its way up the river. The firing had ceased, but there was considerable apprehension as to the fate of the Union troops. At the first dawning of the morning there were many on deck, watching the precipitous bluffs that formed the river bank. The wind was still cold and bleak, but at many points these bluffs were so high and the river so narrow that there was some protection from the chilling blasts. Those so fortunate as to have money treated themselves to a good "square" meal in the cabin at occasional intervals on the trip, but the great majority were obliged to content themselves with cold boiled meat, hard bread and coffee. On the morning of the third, James Shay, of Company E, was missing. As there had been a number of desertions, he was supposed to have left the boat voluntarily, but those who knew him best felt certain that he was not a man who would desert, and there can be little doubt that, unobserved, he fell overboard during the night and met death by drowning.

Wednesday, February 4, as the boats steamed up the river many bales of hay were noticed floating about. A mule jumped overboard from one of the boats and swam to the shore, his struggles in the water being watched with keen interest. The soldiers concluded that he must be a "deserter." The men were kept ready for a fight, standing at arms all day. It was expected that the boats would be fired on from the shore, as it was known that Wheeler's Cavalry had started out with the intention of cutting off the fleet and preventing its passage to Nashville, if possible. The landing at Dover, a little above Fort Donelson, was made at about four o'clock in the afternoon. Before this point was reached there was considerable anxiety as to the outcome of the engagement of the day before. The cannon had been heard plainly at Smithland, and as it was known that Wheeler had a heavy force, while there was but a single regiment at Fort Donelson, it was feared that this point might be found in possession of the

enemy. Proper caution was observed, however, a portion of the 92d Illinois being landed from one of the advance boats, and moved forward until a house was reached and reliable information obtained to the effect that Gen. Wheeler had been badly defeated, and that Fort Donelson was still in possession of the Federals. This fact ascertained, the fleet moved on, and tied up at the landing near which, just a year before, the first substantial victory of the war had been achieved by the Union forces. The soldiers scrambled from the boats as soon as the gang planks were lowered, to learn the news and ascertain how the troops had fared in the battle of Tuesday. The particulars of that second battle of Fort Donelson are matters of history. Nine Companies of the 83d Illinois, numbering about 650 men, under the admirable leadership of Col. Harding, and assisted by a single battery of artillery and a 32-pound rifled siege gun, successfully held in check 8,000 cavalry and mounted infantry under Gens. Wheeler and Forrest. Going out for quite a distance they harrassed them with a deadly skirmish fire all the afternoon and until half-past eight o'clock in the evening, falling back from time to time as necessity compelled. The ground all about Dover was strewn with the dead, and all of the houses were filled with the wounded. It is a fact that the Federals killed and wounded more of the enemy than it carried muskets, about 200 dead being buried by them, and several hundred wounded falling into their hands. The loss of the 83d Illinois was 13 killed and 51 wounded. The 13th Wisconsin, which had been stationed at Fort Henry, twelve miles distant, had marched over to Fort Donelson, and many of them were gathered near the landing to watch the boats as they arrived. Of a sudden there was a glad cry of joy from one of the boats, and Franc Milheiser, of Company C, was seen rushing to the shore, where he seized a sturdy soldier from the 13th, hugging him and manifesting every feeling of delight. Nor did the soldier seem averse to this unusual treatment, for, while less demonstrative, he was none the less pleased, and when Franc began the work of introducing him to the officers and his particular friends as "mein boy," all felt to rejoice with them at the

pleasure afforded by this entirely unexpected meeting of father and son.

Large details were at work gathering up the dead and wounded, or digging long trenches in which to bury the brave but misguided men who yielded up their lives in the hard-fought battle. During the night following the engagement the air was bitter cold, and snow fell to quite a depth, so that the wounded left upon the field suffered greatly. Many of the dead were found frozen to the ground. Dead or disabled horses, in large numbers, were found all through the woods, and it was evident that the enemy had been severely punished. Especially brilliant does this feat of the Union arms appear when it is remembered how great was the disparity in numbers, the attacking force outnumbering those assailed at least ten to one, and the battle being fought almost wholly outside the intrenchments. Just at the last, one or more gunboats came up and aided the defenders, but even before their arrival the enemy had been well whipped and were in retreat.

The last of the fleet did not arrive at the Fort until Friday. This gave those curiously disposed an opportunity to visit the scene of Grant's memorable battle of February, 1862; it being announced that the enemy had retreated, so that it was entirely safe to do so, many took long walks over the entire field, bringing back to the boats numerous mementoes of the battle. There were still many marks of the terrible contest, arms, accoutrements, haversacks and other articles, rendered useless in the conflict or thrown off by wounded men, lying here and there all about the large area over which the waves of battle had swept, with fragments of tents and blankets, and an occasional bit of faded blue, where some desperately wounded Union soldier had torn off a portion of his clothing that the blood might be staunched.

Friday, February 6, at a little before noon, the boats sounded the call for all to come on board, and by the middle of the afternoon all were steaming up the river in the direction of Nashville. The boats were lashed, two and two, those on which were the two wings of the NINETY-SIXTH being side by side. There were seven gunboats and more than thirty

transports in the fleet. The gunboats were distributed through the fleet, two being in the lead, two in the rear, and the others near the center. Occasionally they shelled the timber along the shore to drive out any force that might attempt to intercept them ; but there was no response to their noisy salutations, and the long line passed on in safety and in triumph.

There were a few exciting episodes, as when the "Hamilton," crowded suddenly forward by her consort, struck the flagship "Prioress," on which was Gen. Baird and staff, with such force as to cause some damage to either craft. Not all of these captains had volunteered their services or the use of their vessels for this trip, and not all were loyal to the Government. Among those known to be positively disloyal was the Captain of the "Nashville," and it was believed that this collision was not only intentional on his part, but far less serious than he had meant to have it. On the early part of the trip it came to the knowledge of Colonel Clarke that there was serious discontent on the part of the men of his command, and an effort making to induce a large number of them to desert when the boat should touch some point on the Illinois shore. Satisfied that the captain of the boat was aiding in the work of fomenting the discord, he quietly stationed some armed men near the pilot house, giving them positive orders to shoot the pilot and the captain should they see anything to indicate an attempt to land the boat except where others in the fleet were stopping, or should they fail to follow closely the lead of the vessel in its front. After this collision with the "Prioress" the guard was renewed, and the captain given to understand that his life was not held in high estimation by the military authorities. It would seem that he should have been held to an account for his actions, but it is doubtful if a case could have been made against him.

It was a splendid sight as that magnificent fleet of steamers, like some triumphal procession, moved steadily forward up the winding Cumberland. Regimental colors were unfurled, and when the weather was not too cold the decks were fairly blue with officers and soldiers. All through the night of the sixth, and until five o'clock on the afternoon of the



E. A. BLODGETT,

ADJUTANT.

seventh, the stately, floating column proceeded on its way, finally reaching Nashville at the hour named, the troops having traveled nearly 550 miles upon the steamers.

The forenoon of Sunday, February 8, was occupied in unloading the boats and putting the wagons together. In the afternoon the NINETY-SIXTH marched out past Fort Negley, and went into camp near what was called Fort Jackson, some three or four miles from Nashville, at the left of the railroad and the Franklin Pike, but a short distance from where, almost two years later, they were to make one of the most brilliant and successful charges of the war.

CHAPTER VII.

The Irrepressible Conflict with Greybacks—A Half Dozen Promotions—Policing the Camp Grounds—A Brigade Dress Parade—Resolutions Adopted by the Regiment—The Sound of Cannon—The Movement to Franklin—Disaster to Coburn's Brigade—The Duck River Campaign—Frequent Alarms, and Fighting Near at Hand—Ten Days at Brentwood—Heavy Fatigue and Guard Duty—A Man in Company F Killed on the Picket Line—The Paymaster in Camp—Shelter Tents Received—How the Month of May Passed—The Nine Months' Fever.

AT Nashville began the fight with that pestiferous little insect known among military men as the "greyback." True, a few had made his acquaintance before, but his presence had not been general until the Regiment left the boats and reached the old camp grounds near the city. From that time forward, whatever else the command may have been short of, there was seldom a time when it was not abundantly supplied with this very numerous and exceedingly industrious camp follower. It was one of the serious annoyances of army life, and no amount of care on the part of the soldier could long rid him of the pest. The very ground seemed to be alive with them, particularly if it was a region that had been previously occupied by either army, and the boiling of the clothing and the most diligent and unwearied "skirmishing" on the part of the soldier served at best only to keep them in check, without exterminating them; for two or three nights and days of active service, in which the clothing could not be removed, gave ample assurance that the pest was still there. Nor were the officers exempt from the attentions of this unwearied worker, for they, too, shared the annoyance of the bite and the pleasure that came from scratching, and were also subjected to the necessity of an occasional "skirmish," as the work of hunting through the seams of the soldier's nether garments was called.

The long trip upon the river had served to cause more or less sickness, cases of jaundice being especially frequent. Not a few were compelled to go to the hospitals direct from the boats, and others within a few days after the march to camp. The cold, disagreeable weather which had prevailed throughout the trip gave way to a few warm, pleasant days, not unlike what might have been expected two months later. Advantage was taken of this to put the camp in prime condition, a large area being policed. It was interesting to watch the process of cleaning up a camp ground. The men were sent to the woods for brush with which to make their brooms, these being constructed by tying bushes together. Then a long line of soldiers would sweep off the ground in their front, clearing up the entire camp from the line of the cooks' fires to the color-line, and often for a considerable distance beyond. The NINETY-SIXTH had by this time learned to take pride in having its grounds neat, and although a few always grumbled, most of the men did their work cheerfully and well.

Drilling was at once resumed, and the camp presented an animated scene whenever the weather would permit of the maneuvering of troops with comfort to officers and men. About this time occurred several changes among the officers. Surgeon Charles Martin and Second Assistant Surgeon Daniel A. Sheffield, who had been absent from the Regiment for a few weeks because of ill health, both resigned, leaving the service February 6. Their places were not filled for some time, the work of caring for the sick falling almost wholly upon First Assistant Surgeon Moses Evans. His duties for some weeks were very arduous, for the daily sick call was responded to by a large number of men, variously afflicted. It was a pitiable sight to see a half dozen or more from each Company dragging themselves up to the Surgeon's tent each morning, many of them thin and haggard, some suffering from dysentery, others coughing violently, and still others yellow from malaria. Perhaps at no other time in the history of the command, excepting at the time of or immediately following a battle, was there so much required of the Surgeon.

The changes among the line officers in February were three. Second Lieutenant Reuben L. Root, of Company H, resigned on the sixth, and was succeeded by First Sergeant Joseph L. Pierce. First Lieutenant Addison B. Partridge, of Company C, resigned on the sixteenth, and was succeeded by Second Lieutenant William M. Loughlin, First Sergeant Chas. W. Earle being promoted to Second Lieutenant. Captain David Salisbury, of Company B, resigned on the seventeenth. First Lieutenant Allen B. Whitney was made Captain, Second Lieutenant Evangelist J. Gilmore was promoted to First Lieutenant, and First Sergeant George H. Burnett to Second Lieutenant. All of these newly promoted officers entered upon their duties at once, although none of them were mustered until April 4.

The 14th Kentucky having been left in Louisville, the 84th Indiana and the 40th Ohio were assigned to the Brigade, Col. Atkins still remaining the senior Colonel and retaining command. On the seventeenth the Brigade was ordered to move to Franklin, but before the hour of starting the order was countermanded. A few days later Col. Coburn's Brigade made the march. February 25 the camp was moved about a half mile toward Nashville, and three days later it was again moved a short distance, to a beautiful piece of ground owned by Mrs. Governor Aaron V. Brown. A mass meeting was held in Nashville on the twenty-third, speeches of the most enthusiastically loyal character being made by Parson Brownlow and others. Many from the Regiment attended, and returned greatly pleased with the stirring addresses to which they had listened. This meeting was intended as a celebration of Washington's Birthday, having been postponed for a day because of the fact that the twenty-second came on Sunday. The artillery about Nashville did not wait for Monday, but fired a salute on Sunday in honor of "The Father of his Country."

Sunday, March 1, there was a grand dress parade, the five Regiments composing the Brigade participating, and Col. Atkins, the Brigade commander, receiving the salutes and

afterward making a patriotic speech. The NINETY-SIXTH occupied the left of the line.

Monday, March 2, was in some respects a memorable day. As before stated, the Emancipation Proclamation, issued two months before, had been the cause of much discussion among the officers and men. In many of the Regiments, and particularly in those from the State of Kentucky, there had been great dissatisfaction, and desertions were quite frequent. Those who were opposed to the Proclamation were often loud in their denunciation of the President, and active in their attempts to produce and extend dissatisfaction among such of their comrades as they could influence. There was danger that this continuous agitation and these expressions of discontent would, in time, have an unfavorable influence upon the men, and that, even though they did not induce still further desertions, they would at all events discourage and dishearten those who had not well-founded opinions upon the question of slavery. To meet this growing discontent a meeting of the Field, Staff and Line Officers of the Brigade was held at Brigade Headquarters at nine o'clock A. M., Col. Smith D. Atkins, of the 92d Illinois, being called to the chair, and Adj. I. C. Lawver acting as Secretary. After some discussion a committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of those present. The committee retired, and, after considering the subject carefully, presented the following preamble and resolutions :

WHEREAS, We, the officers and soldiers of this command, have, in common with our comrades in arms, cheerfully periled our lives and every earthly interest, to save to ourselves and to our posterity a country and a government, the same which, in historic times, were bought with blood, and established by that quality of wisdom which, though human, seems divine; and,

WHEREAS, A number of intriguing demagogues at home have recently, by word and act, sought to create disaffection among us, block the wheels of wise legislation, excite discontent in the public mind, and, in every way, to baffle all earnest efforts to conquer the rebels; therefore,

Resolved, That we hold in utter detestation that clique of miscreants in the loyal States, who, under the garb of assumed loyalty, use the stolen revenue of arch treason to excite petty treason in their own communities; who have no censures save for the officers of our government; no complaints, save that energetic measures are employed to crush the

rebellion ; no aspirations, save to embarrass our Executive and Legislative Departments, and engender mutinies in our armies ; and no hopes, save for an ignoble peace and the substantial triumphs of the rebels ; that we regard them as enemies of our country and mankind, who, to accomplish their hellish purposes, would not hesitate to blot forever from the hopes of man the cherished thought of self-government ; and that they merit the scorn of all loyal citizens and true-hearted soldiers, combining, as they do, the deep guilt of the traitor with the essential meanness of the coward.

Resolved, That, despite the frenzied efforts of our foes before us, and the despicable intrigues of our other foes behind us, we will abate not one jot of faith or hope ; but, believing the maintenance of our government is worth all the cost expended in its establishment, we emphatically assure all traitors at home, that not until we have undergone a seven years' struggle (if need be) will we cease this contest, and not until we have experienced such sufferings as were bravely endured at Valley Forge will we begin to murmur. By all the sacrifices already made and hardships endured by us ; by all the sufferings of our comrades in hospital and camp ; by all the precious blood which has encrimsoned our eastern and western waters ; by all the hearths made desolate, and heart-strings rent asunder, because of this wicked rebellion, we do solemnly pledge our honor as Americans and soldiers to see this contest through to a successful issue, or yield up our lives a willing sacrifice to our country's weal.

Resolved, That we are utterly opposed to any armistice or cessation of hostilities until our glorious flag of thirty-four stars waves triumphantly from the dome of every capitol in our land.

Resolved, That we fully and unequivocally indorse the policy of our civil rulers, in using all necessary means to strike decisive blows at the unholy rebellion, and to bring the war to a speedy, sure and glorious termination, so that traitors in the South may meet with deserved punishment, and damnable traitors in the North may be brought to a terrible justice, " that hemp be not created in vain."

Resolved, That to the loyal millions who encourage us in our efforts, who sympathize with us in our hardships, and who rejoice with us in the success of our armies, we tender such heartfelt gratitude as soldiers, facing a hostile foe, only can feel.

Resolved, That to Governor Todd, of Ohio ; Governor Morton, of Indiana ; and Governor Yates, of Illinois, we extend our hearty thanks for their ceaseless labors in behalf of the soldiers from their respective States.

That evening, at dress parade, the NINETY-SIXTH was formed in a hollow square, and the resolutions were presented by Captain Hicks, of Company A. The captain was a good elocutionist, and read them admirably, awakening intense enthusiasm in the ranks. As soon as the reading was concluded, Colonel Champion delivered a brief but earnest address, and

then called out: "As many of the soldiers of the NINETY-SIXTH ILLINOIS as indorse the resolutions just read, will manifest it by saying 'aye.'" The ayes were numerous and enthusiastic, but, strange to say, not universal. In an instant the Colonel commanded: "Sergeants, take your Companies to quarters." The officers were kept together for a few moments and then went to their tents. That night, in every tent, there was a long discussion of the resolutions. In the light of after events it is difficult to comprehend how it was that any Union soldier should think for a moment of opposing them, but the fact remains that there was most strenuous objections on the part of a few, quite a percentage, even of the members of the Illinois Regiments, not favoring the absolute emancipation of the slaves. Colonel Champion caused to be forwarded to the Chicago papers, and also to the papers in Lake and Jo Daviess Counties, copies of the resolutions, and stated that they were adopted by the NINETY-SIXTH Regiment "without a dissenting voice." This was literally true, but the Colonel afterward declared that he dared not put the negative for fear the nays would be so numerous as not to look well for a Regiment from the State which was President Lincoln's home. All of the Regiments in the Brigade adopted the resolutions, but not all "without a dissenting voice."

Tuesday, March 3, the command was notified to be ready to march at a moment's notice, as the Brigade under Col. Coburn had moved out from Franklin, and was likely to have a fight. There was Company and Battalion drill, but the men were kept close at hand and ready to move if called upon.

Next day there was a wild report in camp to the effect that Gen. Grant and Gen. Sherman had just been terribly beaten in the vicinity of Vicksburg, with a loss of 20,000 men. Fortunately this report proved entirely untrue.

Thursday, March 5, the south wind wafted to the camp the sound of distant cannon. The troops were busy at their drill, but the ominous sounds sent them back to camp, where they awaited orders. Their conversation was in a little lower tones than usual, and there was somewhat less of levity in the camp than was the custom. About two o'clock in the

afternoon Col. Atkins galloped over to the camp, exchanged a few words with Colonel Champion, and then rode away. Soon after his brief call orders were given to prepare to move to Franklin immediately. Tents were struck and loaded upon the wagons, the sick sent to the city, and the column marched to the railroad in front of the camp.

In a little while a train arrived and took on board the 84th Indiana, and the 92d and 115th Illinois Regiments. The NINETY-SIXTH remained in bivouac until about ten o'clock in the evening, and then, together with the 40th Ohio, clambered into the freight cars. The men were crowded as thickly together as possible, all being obliged to stand. As a consequence they could get little rest during the four or five hours required to make the eighteen miles. A few took "deck passage," riding on top of the cars. The road was none of the best, the train was heavily loaded and the locomotive was so worn-out that it was frequently stalled, hardly making a single grade in the run without stopping, backing down and having a long wait for steam. A heavy rain-storm set in early in the night, and when, between two and three o'clock in the morning, a final stop was made, and the tired troops alighted from the cars in a cornfield, the ground was thoroughly soaked, although the storm had abated somewhat. The tents and all of the camp equipage had been left at Nashville, so that the men had no protection. Some threw themselves upon the ground, wrapping their blankets about them, and getting such sleep as was induced by sheer exhaustion. Others stood around the camp fires, waiting for the morning and wondering what it would bring. All agreed that the probabilities pointed to an early engagement. Up to this time there had been only surmises as to how the battle of the day before had gone, but in the morning the worst fears of all were realized, for it was learned from the men remaining at Franklin that nearly the entire Brigade sent out on the reconnaissance toward Spring Hill had been made prisoners by the enemy. The advance made by this Brigade had been ordered by Gen. Rosecrans, through Gen. Gilbert—the latter being in command at Franklin,—the intention being that they should

march direct to Spring Hill, and then move to the left to meet a force that had been sent out from Murfreesboro. It had been supposed that Spring Hill was occupied merely as a picket post, and that the main body of Rebels was at Columbia. Col. Coburn's surprise was therefore great when, about three miles out, he met a large force of the enemy marching toward Franklin. Deploying his troops he moved forward, the cavalry falling back in his front. He soon became satisfied that his force was greatly outnumbered, and so informed Gen. Gilbert. Receiving orders to continue the forward movement he advanced for some distance, and then went into camp for the night, at the same time sending word that he believed his position a critical one, and urging that reinforcements be sent him. He was peremptorily ordered to advance, however, and did move forward next morning, only to find a large force upon his front and flanks. Again he sent word to Gen. Gilbert that it was sheer desperation to assume the offensive with his single Brigade; but the order to advance was repeated, with the intimation that to do otherwise would be to show that he was a coward. Cut to the quick by the taunt, Col. Coburn moved forward to Thompson's Station, and made a gallant fight, but was soon hemmed in on every side, and, after some ineffectual attempts to cut his way out, concluded that it was inhuman to further sacrifice the brave men under his charge, and surrendered, first exhausting his limited supply of ammunition. His cavalry, a battery of artillery, and his train and train guards retreated in time, and reached Franklin in safety; but about two-thirds of the 22d Wisconsin, eight companies of the 19th Michigan, and all of the 33d and 85th Indiana,—1,800 or 2,000 in all,—were captured. After events fully confirmed Col. Coburn's belief that there were 15,000 rebels in the army with which he had been contending with his force of perhaps 2,500 men. The prisoners were sent to Richmond and paroled, returning to Tennessee in June following.

At the time of the arrival of the Brigade to which the NINETY-SIXTH belonged there were in Franklin only Gen. Gilbert's Division, a few cavalry, one battery, a small number of

stragglers, some sick and wounded men, and a remnant of the 22d Wisconsin, which had effected their escape from the enemy just before the surrender by Col. Coburn. The tents, containing much of the baggage of the captured Regiments, were still standing and looked lonesome and deserted enough.

The NINETY-SIXTH, with the other Regiments of the Brigade, stood about in the mud and rain during all of Friday; but just at dusk the wagons arrived from Nashville, tents were pitched, and the night was passed in a semi-comfortable way. The camp was located near the railroad track, on the north side of the river, and a half mile distant from the village. The surroundings were pleasant, and as this region figures quite extensively in the Regiment's history, it should be briefly described. To the rear, looking in the direction of Nashville, the country was broken, high points being numerous. The most conspicuous of these was Roper's Knob, a bold peak used as a station by the Federal Signal Corps. This was a half mile or more from camp. Just to the left of camp the railroad wound through a deep cut, emerging from this depression a short distance below. The pike leading to Nashville was a short distance to the right. To the front and left, on the north bank of the river, was the beginning of what afterward became a formidable earthwork, known as Fort Granger. On the south bank of the river was clustered the pleasant village of Franklin. From the village, roads or pikes led in various directions, and from the height on which the camp was located a fair view of the open fields beyond the village could be had. Near the camp were a few large houses, mostly of brick. There were heavy bodies of timber in all directions, but generally at quite a distance from the camp. On the open fields, stretching to the southward from the village and in plain view from this camp, was to be fought, long months afterward, one of the most desperate battles of the war, and in that battle the Regiment was to have a part; but this was not to be until it had marched and fought, again and again, far to the southward.

Saturday, March 7, it was confidently expected that an advance would be made, and throughout the forenoon the

troops held themselves in readiness to leave camp at a moment's notice. The wind blew a gale all day. Extra ammunition was issued, and the arms of the men were inspected to make sure that all were in fighting trim. During the afternoon, it having become apparent that there would be no forward movement that day, several members of the Regiment asked and obtained permission to visit Roper's Knob. Two of them,—James Pimley and Patrick Conway, both of Company F,—went from the Knob to a house near by to procure some butter, and were captured by a squad of the enemy's cavalry that chanced to be scouting in the neighborhood. They were the first members of the Regiment captured. Both were exchanged, and returned in time to take part in the battle of Chickamauga, where Pimley was killed and Conway seriously wounded. For a more circumstantial account of their experiences reference is made to the chapter on "Prisons and Prisoners of War," in another part of this volume. During Sunday the troops sent out from Murfreesboro, under the command of Gen. Sheridan, and which it had been expected Col. Coburn's Brigade would meet at or near Rally Hill, made a detour and reached Franklin. Other forces arrived from Nashville, and by Sunday night some 15,000 troops, including quite a force of cavalry, had been concentrated. Every day the cavalry reconnoitered in various directions, making sure that the enemy had not again moved toward or past Franklin.

Monday, March 9, the little army moved southward, the main body upon the Columbia pike. Every man had three days' rations in his haversack, and twenty rounds of ammunition in his pockets in addition to the forty rounds in his cartridge-box. Tents were struck and loaded upon the wagons, but the wagons did not follow. The cavalry led the column, and maneuvered on the flanks. The enemy's cavalry was encountered a few miles out, but fell back without serious resistance, although at times the skirmishing was lively, and occasionally the artillery was called into use. It was a strange spectacle to watch the movements of the advance troops. Deployed in line of battle on either side of the pike, they

stretched away across the fields. As fences were approached one man in four would dismount, run forward and throw back the rails from every other corner, so that the horses could pass without breaking the line for more than a few seconds. The work of throwing down a fence required but a moment, often a mile or more being made ready for the passage of the line of battle in as little time as would be required to throw open an ordinary gate. When a stone wall was encountered there was a little longer delay, and the gaps would be less frequent, but in a very few moments the wall would be made easy of passage, and the labor of the wall-layers for long months would be undone.

Near Thompson's Station and Spring Hill there were many marks of the disastrous battle of the fourth. Most of the white men had apparently followed the army southward, for, except in rare instances, only women and negroes occupied the houses along the line of march. Gen. Sheridan's Division led the advance of the infantry forces the greater part of the day, but toward night Gen. Granger's command moved to the front, passing Sheridan's troops in bivouac. That night the Regiment, with other troops, camped in an open field in front of a large farm house, having marched a dozen miles. Upon the arrival of the command there was a board fence upon one side of the pike and a rail fence upon the other, but in half an hour not a vestige of these remained, except here and there a fence post that had been set so deep that it could not easily be pulled out. The troops being without tents, the fencing was used to provide shelter and fuel for the night. All felt that they were in an enemy's country, and that there should no longer be any restraint in the confiscation of property when the comfort and well-being of the soldiers was under consideration. The region was rich in supplies, and the troops fared sumptuously,—fresh pork, bacon, potatoes, poultry, tobacco and honey being secured in liberal amounts. The day had been pleasant, but before midnight a drenching rain set in, making it most uncomfortable for the soldiers.

Tuesday, March 10, the cavalry again took the lead, beginning to skirmish with the enemy almost as soon as

they left camp. A few shells came over from the front, bursting near the Regiment,—the first that had ever been fired at the command. The advance was cautious, the infantry moving forward well to the front, advancing two or three times and then halting, as if there was an expectation that the enemy would resist the attack, and perhaps assume the offensive. After a time the cavalry moved more rapidly, and the firing receded. About noon the order “forward” was given to the infantry, and a very rapid march of six or eight miles was made, the column occasionally breaking into a double quick. Then came a brief halt, and later a further advance of a half mile was ordered. All day the artillery, which accompanied the cavalry, shelled the woods in front, and a lively skirmish fire was kept up, but with few casualties. At six o’clock the troops went into bivouac in the woods, in close proximity to the enemy, the pickets exchanging shots and the camp fires of either army being plainly visible to the other. It was the nearest approach to the enemy that the Regiment had yet made, and all felt that a battle was imminent. The rain, which had been falling moderately throughout the day, increased as night came on, but ceased at ten o’clock, the weather turning severely cold. The troops having been subjected to so much exposure and fatigue, and the night being so unpleasant, the usual detail for picket was omitted and an entire Company sent out for four hours, when a fresh Company was called up and sent to relieve them. It is to be feared that had army regulations been strictly enforced, and every man found asleep on his post that night been given the full sentence of the law, there would have been several executions during the days immediately succeeding, for certain it is that there were some who could not, or did not, keep awake. This is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that the command had been given little opportunity to sleep the previous night, and that many had slept but little since leaving Nashville, five days before.

Wednesday, March 11, the cavalry and artillery engaged the enemy, and quite a lively skirmish took place at one of the crossings of Duck River and at Rutherford Creek. The

water was so high that the formidable streams could not be crossed, and as it was not practicable to bridge them, no further advance was attempted. A few prisoners were taken and a few of the cavalry were killed or wounded. Exaggerated reports as to the losses and gains came from the troopers at the front, but the day passed without any general movement of the infantry forces.

Thursday, March 12, the entire command marched back to Franklin, Gen. Sheridan's Division taking the lead. While there was plainly no cause for hurrying, yet Sheridan's veterans led off at a rapid pace, evidently undertaking to show Granger's troops how to march. The entire distance of about twenty or twenty-two miles was traveled in seven and one-half hours, the camp ground at Franklin being reached at four o'clock in the afternoon. It was a very severe and unnecessarily rapid march, many of the men falling out from sheer exhaustion,—those from Sheridan's Division being quite as numerous as in the command that followed them. Subsequently the report was current that two Division commanders had made a wager of a basket of champagne as to the ability of their commands to march; if so, it was a most heartless undertaking, for quite a number of the men were entirely used up by this experience. Next day Gen. Sheridan's Division resumed their march, making a leisurely trip to Murfreesboro. Thus ended what has gone into history as the Duck River campaign.

March 13 and 14 were given to resting, and clearing up the camp grounds, although on the latter day there was an inspection of all the troops by Gen. Granger, Gens. Gilbert, Baird and Smith being with him. The men were ordered to keep three days' cooked rations in their haversacks, and to be ready to move at a moment's notice, it apparently being expected that the enemy would make an attack on Franklin and attempt to drive our forces back to Nashville.

Sunday, March 15, eighty men were detailed from the NINETY-SIXTH to work on the fort, and on the twentieth one hundred men were called for. On the twenty-second the entire Regiment was on picket duty across the river, going

out at daylight and remaining for twenty-four hours, the line of the Regiment entirely surrounding the village, and both flanks resting on the river. There was some excitement through the night, and a little picket firing. Only a night or two before a Captain from one of the other Regiments was killed by a Rebel scout, and the knowledge of this served to keep the soldiers unusually vigilant. Matters remained quiet until the twenty-fifth, at which time there was a report of trouble in the rear, and skirmishing was going on all around the lines, the Rebel cavalry approaching so near as to exchange shots with the pickets, and threatening to attack the post. It soon transpired that the remnant of the 22d Wisconsin and two Companies of the 19th Michigan, which had been guarding a bridge at Brentwood, about midway between Nashville and Franklin—and which were the real objects of attack—had found themselves surrounded by a large infantry force at daylight in the morning, and were compelled to surrender. The NINETY-SIXTH, as well as the other troops in camp at Franklin, were kept in line until nine o'clock in the evening, but the commander did not attempt to make any aggressive movement.

On the twenty-seventh the NINETY-SIXTH, with the 92d Illinois Infantry, 6th Kentucky Cavalry and 9th Ohio Battery left Franklin at five o'clock in the afternoon and marched back to Brentwood in a pouring rain storm. The distance traveled was about nine miles, a halt being made at half-past ten. The night was terribly dark, the roads muddy, and the men pretty thoroughly tired with their long walk. A deep and rapid stream had to be forded on the way. When the wagons finally came up and were unloaded there was much trouble experienced in erecting the tents, as the camp ground was on a stony hillside, and the rain was pouring down in torrents. The underlying rocks prevented the driving of tent stakes, but all were put up after a fashion, and, a few rails being secured, most of the men spent the balance of the night in an upright position, the rails being laid down and the knapsacks placed upon them and thus kept out of the wet. Sometimes the soldiers, sitting upon their knapsacks, would

sleep so soundly as to lose all consciousness, and fall over into the mud and water. Often streams of water poured through the tents, and the night was a thoroughly disagreeable one. The next morning the soldiers spent an hour or two in looking over the partially burned camps of the captured troops, reading their letters, looking at photographs, and speculating as to how the "accident" happened. During the forenoon the entire command went into camp near the railroad bridge, the infantry beginning the work of fortifying its position, while the cavalry reconnoitered the surrounding country. Major J. C. Smith, of the NINETY-SIXTH, laid out a line of earthworks capable of accommodating the two regiments of infantry. The trench was in a zig-zag shape, about six feet wide, and so deep that the men would be protected while loading. There was a bench on either side for them to stand upon while firing, the works having the advantage of facing either way. The timber and orchards in the immediate front were cut, and heavy timbers, rolled upon skids, served as head-logs, under which the men could place their muskets if called upon to fire from their position. In front of the works an abatis was constructed from the limbs of the trees. The branches were sharpened, and hooked stakes driven into the ground to hold down the limbs. These earthworks ran along the crest of a hill and commanded the country for quite a distance in every direction. The men worked zealously in constructing them, and a few negroes in the neighborhood were compelled to assist. There was at least one white citizen called upon to do a couple of days' work in the trenches. He was a resident physician, who had the audacity to ask for a pass to go in and out of the lines, by day or night, but who declined to take the iron-clad oath to give no information to the enemy under penalty of death, or to swear that he was and would remain a loyal citizen. The Doctor did not really enjoy working side by side with his own negroes at hard, manual labor, and at the end of two days was so thoroughly used up that Major Smith relieved him. Although a little careful, owing to the disaster that had happened to Coburn's troops, the men made more or less excursions into the country, and



Engraved by J. H. Smith, New York

C. W. Pomeroy

more than one citizen was doubtless surprised on attempting to milk his cows in the morning to find that he had been anticipated by the Yankees. There was considerable foraging in the neighborhood, and the boys were quick to possess themselves of anything that came in their way, provided only that there was no safeguard about the place, being certain that the military authorities had sifted out the truly loyal people and given them ample protection. A mill in the neighborhood was set in operation, and quite an amount of meal ground out and issued to the men, thus adding to the variety of their rations. There was more or less suffering from scurvy, owing to a lack of vegetables, which was partially relieved through the efforts of the officers, who made an urgent request for potatoes, cabbage, and other edibles in this line. Here, as at many other points during the early part of the Regiment's service, and while the command was in easy communication with the North, many boxes, filled at the homes of the soldiers with butter, fruit and other things not on the list of army rations, came by express, bringing good cheer and adding to the happiness and health of all. The picket duty of the command was very heavy at Brentwood, two or three Companies being called for every twenty-four hours, besides daily details for camp guard. On one occasion, when an attack was apprehended, all of the camp kettles and mess-pans were filled with water and taken to the rifle-pits, so that the troops should not suffer from thirst in the event of a siege of a day or two.

An incident of the stay at Brentwood was the dressing up of an ancient donkey that had wandered through the camp. The boys arrayed the animal in military clothing, using cast-off garments, tied on his head a hat decorated with an ample amount of brass and feathers, and put on either shoulder a large shoulder-strap. Thus arrayed, the animal went here and there about the camp, braying out his protestations against this unusual treatment. The officers and men enjoyed the sport, the former assuming that at all events it must be some one higher in authority than themselves whom the soldiers were trying to "take off."

On Sunday, April 5, the new Chaplain of the Regiment, Rev. Horace G. Woodworth, who had been mustered in March 22, and had just reached the command, preached an able sermon. He was a man of fine ability, and was very entertaining. His sermons were of a character to inspire the men to patriotic action and honorable living. About the same time Dr. Byron G. Pierce came to the Regiment and entered upon his duties as Surgeon, to which position he had been commissioned. There was considerable excitement in camp on the fifth, as an attack was expected, the Rebel cavalry being in the neighborhood. They evidently found the force too wide awake, and concluded to retire without even attempting to take the command prisoners.

Here twenty men from the Regiment were detached, under Lieutenant William M. Loughlin, of Company C, and entered an organization known as the Pioneer Corps, being subsequently transferred to the 1st Regiment of United States Veteran Volunteer Engineers. In a subsequent chapter will be found a detailed statement as to their organization and work.

On the 8th of April a Division of Infantry, under Gen. Morgan, arrived from Nashville, and the NINETY-SIXTH, with the other portions of Baird's Division, marched back to Franklin, leaving Brentwood at five o'clock and reaching Franklin at eight P. M. The ninth was spent in fixing up the very dirty camp-ground, nearly the entire day being consumed. The Regiment was usually called at four o'clock in the morning, as were all the troops at Franklin,—then numbering about 5,000 infantry and 2,700 cavalry,—and stood to arms until after daylight. Indeed, throughout the entire stay at Franklin this was the rule, the men being obliged to stand in line,—or engage in drilling if they preferred,—for at least an hour before daylight every morning, and occasionally réveille sounded as early as three o'clock. The weather was often damp and the mornings almost always foggy, so that this duty was very severe. There was a great deal of complaint about it at the time, although there is little doubt that those morning drills at Franklin added materially to the efficiency of the command in after months.

Friday, April 10, at about noon, firing was heard on the picket lines in front of town, and in an instant all was excitement at the camp. With hardly a moment's delay the line was formed, and the Regiment ready for service whenever needed. Artillery at the fort began throwing shells to a point far beyond the picket line, quickly getting range and doing considerable execution. This was responded to for a time, the flashing of the rebel guns being distinctly visible from camp, and a few of their shot striking just outside of the fort. The Rebels, under Gen. Van Dorn, charged directly upon the picket lines, most of their forces being upon the Lewisburg pike, just south of the village. The 40th Ohio was on picket that day, and gave the saucy troopers a hot salute as they came up, checking their advance, but only for a few moments, for soon the cavalry charged again, this time riding past the picket line and directly into town. Some of the more reckless riders made their way almost to the pontoon bridge, and one or two were shot close to the river and only a few rods from the fort. The main force halted in the village, where they were harrassed by the 40th boys and the patrol guards, who took shelter in houses and kept up a continuous firing upon the disorganized raiders. Soon Gen. Van Dorn seemed to become convinced that the force upon the north side of the river was one with which he did not care to cope, and accordingly he ordered the recall sounded, his forces galloping southward as rapidly as they had entered town, the Union pickets giving them a parting salute as they rode away, which brought a number of them to the ground. The advance had been made with a large force, and apparently with a good deal of determination, and as the force at Franklin was not large, it is difficult to understand why the attack was so readily abandoned. At this very time Gen. Stanley, with a large force of cavalry, was moving from Murfreesboro toward Spring Hill, and it may have been that Gen. Van Dorn thought to make a dash upon Franklin for the purpose of capturing the regiment on outpost duty, and diverting the Union forces from their southward trip. It seemed a useless sacrifice of life to go so far with a movement and then abandon it. Just what the Rebel

loss was cannot be told, but nineteen of their dead and quite a number of their wounded were left in and around the village, and it was known that several wagons or ambulances were driven close up to the outposts and filled with those who had been disabled. The 40th made a gallant fight, and lost six killed or mortally wounded, a few injured and ten captured.

The fighting lasted until two o'clock. Col. Atkins' Brigade, the NINETY-SIXTH leading, marched out across the river at four o'clock, following the retreating forces some four or five miles. Men and horses lay where they had fallen as the column filed out through town and past the picket lines. A short distance out an advance guard was thrown forward, and a little later four Companies of the Regiment were deployed as skirmishers, but the enemy did not resist the advance, although there was some skirmish firing on the part of the troops directly at the left of the Regiment. Just at dusk the Brigade halted, in line of battle, along a stone wall, only a short distance from where a heavy force of the enemy had made a stand upon a line of hills that lay at right angles to the pike, remaining in that position until about ten o'clock P. M., when they returned to Franklin, reaching camp about midnight.

On the eleventh the cavalry moved out to the front and engaged the enemy, the sound of firearms being heard in camp a considerable part of the day. Their expedition was fairly successful, quite a number of prisoners being taken without serious loss to the Union forces.

Sunday, April 12, Chaplain Woodworth again preached. Everything was quiet at the front, and the usual dress parade was had in the evening. All of the time during the stay at Franklin heavy guard details were required to picket the rear of the little army, but south of the river the picketing was done by regiments and not by details.

Tuesday, April 14, the Regiment was on picket on the south side of the river, having its headquarters at the cotton press, which afterward became historic; the line being formed at the very point where, a year and a half later, Hood's forces charged with such dash and courage against the lines of the

4th and 23d Corps, only to be beaten back so terribly defeated as to be of little further service to the Confederacy. It was anything but agreeable weather, as rain fell much of the time throughout the day and night. During the day everything was quiet on the line, but at night there was more or less firing, and James M. Scott, of Company F, was killed. The advance line, under the order of their commanding officer, fell back a short distance, and the relief post was aroused, but no further trouble occurred during the night. Next night a rebel was shot, close to the spot where Scott fell, by a member of the Regiment that relieved the NINETY-SIXTH on the morning of the sixteenth. He was crawling up to the lines, probably intending to kill another Yankee.

Wednesday, April 15, the Regiment returned to camp and spent the day in resting and cleaning up. On the sixteenth the remains of Scott were buried with military honors. He was but twenty, and had always been a favorite in the Regiment. The funeral was an impressive one, the entire command attending the services. In the afternoon there was battalion drill.

Friday, April 17, Maj. Terrell visited the camp and gave the men four months' pay each. His visit was most welcome, for the officers and soldiers had long been short of funds. The first questions with most of the men after receiving their pay, were, What shall I do with it? How shall I send it home? How much of it can I spare? As a rule, \$40 or more of the \$52 received by the privates was sent home through the State Agent, an officer appointed by the Governor to look after the Illinois troops. At that time the express companies would make no guaranty of safe delivery, as on a portion of the route northward they considered the risk too great. Many had sutlers' bills to pay, and a few retained a little change to invest in chuck-luck and draw-poker. During the day there were rumors of an attack by the Rebels, but quiet was maintained.

The next week was spent rather quietly, although almost every day heavy details were made for work on the fortifications. Friday, April 24, the Regiment was again on picket

across the river, having a quiet time. On the twenty-sixth Captain J. P. Black, of Company E, resigned. First Lieutenant William F. Taylor was promoted to Captain, Second Lieutenant Halsey H. Richardson to First Lieutenant, and First Sergeant Sidney B. Funk to Second Lieutenant. Two days later First Lieutenant Samuel H. Bayne, of Company H, resigned, and was succeeded by Second Lieutenant Joseph L. Pierce; First Sergeant George F. Barnes being promoted to Second Lieutenant.

Monday, April 27, the Regiment was detailed for wood-chopping and started for Brigade Headquarters, when there was an alarm, and the order was given to countermarch and prepare for a fight. They immediately marched to town, crossing the river on the pontoon bridge, but were at once directed to countermarch and again started for camp. On the way they were a second time ordered to the front, this time crossing the river on the railroad bridge and taking up position near the depot, where they remained in line for an hour or more. Meanwhile the cavalry, under Col. Watkins, which had been out on a surprise visit to some Rebel camps, sent word that all was going well, and the NINETY-SIXTH was ordered to return to camp and proceed with its woodchopping. Later in the day the cavalry returned with 128 prisoners, 300 horses and mules, eight wagons, and a complete camp outfit for quite a force, the expedition having been remarkably successful.

The experience of the Regiment in the woods that day was an interesting one. The column, when it left its position near the depot, passed out near its camp and up over the side of Roper's Knob, halting on the plantation of a man whose family was living quietly under the protection of the old Flag while he was serving as an officer in Bragg's army at the front. On the plantation was a beautiful forest or park of some forty or fifty acres, embracing a great variety of timber, including oak, elm, ash, hickory, cottonwood, maple, beech, and probably other kinds. The trees had been nicely trimmed, there being hardly a branch lower than twenty feet from the ground; but the Rebel forces had been threatening to make

a dash upon the camp from the direction of this timber, and the commander had determined to make that plantation impassable for cavalry. The Regiment, probably numbering 600 men, received about one-half that number of axes, and were accordingly counted off in two reliefs. Then began the work of destruction, 300 axemen raining heavy blows upon these beautiful trees. Usually two men worked on the same tree, and it was a musical chorus as the sharp and heavy axes rained their rapid blows upon the doomed forest. In ten minutes there was a crash; then another and another, until they came in such rapidity that the sound of falling timber was almost continuous. This was kept up all through the forenoon and until the middle of the afternoon, special pains being taken to fell the trees in such a way that their tops should interlace and cross each other. When one relief had worked an hour the other relief would be called up and go to take its place. It really seemed almost too bad to destroy this beautiful park, but the fact that its owner was a Rebel, and that cutting the timber would protect one side of the camp from attack, entirely reconciled a great majority of the men to the destruction of the beautiful forest. By four or five o'clock in the afternoon there were hardly a dozen trees standing, the few remaining being in a position where they could not be readily reached, owing to the fact that the tops of other trees had fallen all around them. Not an accident occurred that was at all serious, although there were some narrow escapes from falling trees.

Wednesday, April 29, the Regiment received shelter tents, and turned over to the Quartermaster the large Bell tents drawn at Danville. There was much feeling among the men regarding the matter, as they were strongly prejudiced against the shelter tents, or, as they were then called, the "dog tents" or "pup tents"; but the order had been received, and most of the other regiments about Franklin had already made the change. Orders were given to strike the Bell tents, but no sooner were they down than a tremendous rain storm set in. There had been little preparation for the change, and as a result the men were obliged to pack up their things.

Most of them put on their ponchos and endeavored to protect their earthly effects until such time as the rain should cease, and they be permitted to go to the timber, some distance from the camp, and secure tent poles. Showers were frequent all day, but in the intervals between them the tents were erected, and the men made themselves at home. During the afternoon Gen. Granger came riding along near the color line. In an instant the men began to disappear, much as prairie dogs on the western plains dive into their holes when a traveler approaches, while all along the line there came the greatest possible variety of barking, whining and yelping that can be imagined. The probable intention, so far as there was any plan in it, was to impress the General with the fact that they knew that these were "dog tents." The General looked indignant but said nothing. In a very short time, however, the men were more than reconciled to the change, and at no time in their after experience would they have voluntarily given up these shelter tents for any others ever made. Perhaps these tents should be described at this point. To each man was given a piece of cotton cloth, five feet six inches square. The edges were made double, by a strip three or four inches wide being sewed across them. At each of the two lower corners a loop of rope was fastened so that stakes might be driven through them into the ground. At the upper edge there was a row of buttons and button holes. Two men would button their pieces of tent together, drive a pair of stakes four and a half feet in length into the ground, lay a pole six feet long across the top of the stakes, and over these place their tent, fastening the lower corners to the ground with tent pins. There being no protection at the ends they were certainly very thoroughly ventilated, but they were easily put up, and at the end of a march there was no waiting for the wagons to come up before the men could be provided with shelter. In case of a storm they were easily shifted so that the rain could not sift in on the sides, or, if it was impracticable to change the position of the tents, then a poncho could be fastened on the windward side. Usually, where there was a probability of remaining in camp for more than a day, four men would join together and



C. W. POMEROY,

COMPANY K.

(Copied from a war-time photograph.)

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
AND
ZOOLOGY
OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK
AND
THE
ADJACENT ISLANDS
AND
THE
VILLAGE OF MANHATTAN
NEW YORK
1891

put up their tents so that they would lap each other. As the days grew longer and the weather became hotter the men erected shades above these tents. Crotches were set in the ground and poles laid across them, evergreens or the limbs of other trees being cut and placed over them. In this way the camp was protected from the direct rays of the sun, and the quarters made not only very comfortable but really very pleasant to look upon.

Thursday, April 30, was a day set apart by President Lincoln for fasting and prayer throughout the nation. The commanding General issued an order directing that the day should be observed ; as a consequence there was no formal drill, but, in the forenoon, it being the last day of the month, there was muster and inspection. In the afternoon the Chaplain preached an excellent sermon. Toward evening the other Division was called in line, and started out toward the front, the cavalry, under Col. Campbell, accompanying them. There was expectation of the capture of a rebel camp, but next day the troops returned without having accomplished all that was intended, although they had taken part in a lively engagement and routed the enemy, capturing a few prisoners. Rumor had it that a citizen had notified the camp that the Yankees were coming, just in time to prevent a surprise and capture.

As the men were to carry their own tents from this time forward, there was no longer need of so many Regimental wagons. Accordingly orders were issued to turn over to the Quartermaster at Nashville all surplus teams, leaving four to each Regiment. Friday, May 1, the extra teams and wagons of all the troops at Franklin were given in charge of Lieutenant Burnett, of Company B, who, with a large detail of guards, escorted them to the rear. As they neared Brentwood the enemy's cavalry were seen hovering on the flank, watching an opportunity to rush in and capture or destroy the train. The troops at Brentwood were notified and came to the rescue, so that no trouble resulted, although for a time the danger was imminent. They went into park at Brentwood, and next day proceeded to Nashville, where a delay of some days

occurred before the receipt of the busy Quartermaster could be obtained. The detail then returned to Franklin by rail.

Monday, May 4, the Regiment was again on picket. During the day the artillerymen were practicing with their guns from the fort, firing directly over the picket line. One shell burst close to the line, the fuse probably having been cut too short, but no harm was done. All was quiet through the night and until toward morning, when there was a little firing by the cavalry videttes in front.

There had been considerable scurvy in the Regiment from the time of leaving Danville, but potatoes and other vegetables had been issued, and the command was now in much better health. There was but little drilling except before daylight in the morning, but almost every day there were heavy details at work upon the fort or at Roper's Knob, or in cutting timber in the neighborhood, so that the men received sufficient exercise, and were really in good health.

Newspapers could be had at ten cents each. Those from Nashville were usually received the day on which they were published; those from Louisville the day after their issue from the press; while those from Cincinnati and Chicago were from two to four days old. As both money and time were plenty these papers found ready sale, particularly during the early days of the month, when all eyes were turned toward the army of the Potomac, as it again essayed to take Richmond. Great was the disappointment when news came that Fighting Joe Hooker had met with disaster at Chancellorsville, and his army had again been withdrawn toward Washington.

On the sixth the Regiment was detailed for wood chopping, and cut down a large amount of timber in rear of Roper's Knob. The day was rainy and unpleasant, and the work anything but agreeable. The season had now so far advanced that the trees were almost in full foliage, and small grain was approaching maturity. The river was so near to camp that the men could bathe with little trouble, and for an hour just at dusk daily there was a lively scene not far from camp, many taking their first lessons in swimming, and enjoying the sport with keen zest.

Rations were fairly abundant, and there was a great improvement in the methods of cooking them. A brick oven was constructed by every Company, and much of the beef issued was nicely roasted, instead of being boiled. Flour was issued and "soft bread" baked, the cooks using peach leaves in place of hops, and finding them a very good substitute. Biscuit, pancakes and even cookies were indulged in. The following recipe for making pancakes—or "slapjacks," as they were called—is copied from an old letter of one of the Publication Committee of this work: "To one quart of water add one teaspoonful of salaratus (bought from the sutler at 35 cents a pound), three tablespoonsful of vinegar, and stir to a thick paste with flour; then salt to taste. It makes them better to let them stand over night before cooking." The rations issued consisted of salt pork, bacon, fresh beef, hardtack, flour, beans, dried peas, coffee, sugar, candles, vinegar, rice, salt, pepper, and sometimes black tea, molasses and potatoes. On the march or in active campaigning many of these articles were omitted, but the hardtack, salt meat and coffee could generally be expected once in three days, that being the usual period for which rations were issued.

During the month Dr. Frederick W. Byers, who had been commissioned Second Assistant Surgeon, joined the Regiment, thus making full the medical staff of the command. Second Lieutenant Hiram W. Farnsworth, of Company G, resigned, and was succeeded by First Sergeant James O. Havens.

On the twenty-seventh the resignation of Captain Alexander Burnett, of Company H, was accepted, First Lieutenant Joseph L. Pierce being promoted to the place made vacant; Second Lieutenant George F. Barnes being commissioned First Lieutenant, and First Sergeant Charles H. Yates being promoted to Second Lieutenant. This made an entire change of the commissioned officers in that Company within a period of less than four months.

On the eighth Colonel Champion returned from an absence of some weeks, having been home on sick leave. During the tenth the Chaplain did double duty, preaching two ser-

mons, a somewhat unusual undertaking for an army Chaplain. On the eleventh there was an inspection and grand review of the troops. On the twelfth the Regiment was wood chopping, and a large amount of work was done. On the fifteenth drill was taken up with a little more regularity. On the sixteenth the Regiment was on picket again across the river, but all was quiet. On the nineteenth occurred the first full-fledged Brigade drill, the troops having to march about two miles to find a piece of level ground on which they could maneuver, and all be in sight of their commander. On the twentieth there was a very strict inspection of the camp and of the arms of the men, and the same day three regiments, including the NINETY-SIXTH, had target practice. On the twenty-first there was a Division drill, under Gen. Baird, which occupied the greater part of the afternoon.

Sunday, May 24, the usual religious services were held in camp, and in the evening there was a Brigade dress parade. On the twenty-sixth the Regiment was again on picket on the south side of the river, and had a quiet time. On the following night there was some excitement on the line, and the Regiment was called at three o'clock, expecting an attack which did not materialize. The weather for the last half of the month was dry and pleasant, although quite warm at times, the camp becoming very dusty. On the twenty-ninth occurred a heavy rain, which laid the dust and purified the air somewhat. Sunday, May 31, there were religious services, and following this quite an excitement because of a report that the Regiment was to move.

About the time the command first moved to Tennessee occurred what came to be known as the "nine months fever." In calling out the troops the year before, President Lincoln had stated that 300,000, or one-half of all asked for, would be accepted for nine months, and several of the Eastern States filled their quotas with men recruited for that period. It was held by many that it would be entirely unfair to require Illinois to continue men in service for a longer period than did the Eastern States. Of course every man in the Regiment was enlisted with the distinct understanding that he should remain

for three years should his services be required for that period, but with each obligation was coupled the phrase "unless sooner discharged," and many saw in those three words the loop hole by which they were to be permitted to return home simultaneously with the nine months' troops at the East. Not a few came to believe that they were really to be sent home. There were mischievous men in every Company who would assume that such was the case, and argue it by the hour, knowing all the time that their arguments had no real foundation. Some of these men would report, with apparent candor, that when on guard at Brigade Headquarters, and while near Col. Atkins' tent, they had heard some discussion of the subject, and were sure the officers believed that they were going home. Next day they would report that Colonel Champion had been overheard to say that there was good reason to believe in the nine months' theory. On the whole the discussion was most unfortunate, for many a man grew homesick as he heard the oft-told tale, and conceived the idea that the authorities were doing him an injustice in retaining him in the service beyond nine months. Not until the nine months had fully passed did the last ray of hope depart from a few in almost every Illinois Regiment organized under the calls of 1862.

During the period covered by this chapter Death was still busy in the ranks, taking off one and another of the command. A majority of the deaths occurred in the hospitals in and about Nashville, but some at Danville and others at points further north. Those dying were: Robert Neal and Josiah Beall, of Company A; John J. Price, of Company B; Caleb E. Colgrove and Henry Schnell, of Company C; Corporal John Sluman and Miles Jones, of Company D; Joseph E. Fletcher, James Gunn, Thomas Keyes, John Sage and Albert Demure, of Company E; Daniel Goble, W. Irving Edgerton, William Sturges, Corporal Chauncey Wakefield and Corporal Henry Trefz, of Company F; Asel Hawkins, of Company G; J. P. Davis and William Conley, of Company H; John Bennett, John Williams, Humphrey Leslie and Corporal G. W. Roberts, of Company I.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Summer of 1863—The March to Triune—Lightening the Knapsacks—Partial Reorganization of the Corps—The Paymaster and the Enemy Arrive Simultaneously—Again Under Fire but at Long Range—Skedaddle of the Sutler's Clerks—Punishment of Sleepy Sentinels—The Tullahoma Campaign—A Succession of Rainy Days—Again Under Fire—Guarding Prisoners to the Rear—The Advance to Shelbyville—The March to Wartrace—Close of the Brief Campaign—Good News from Vicksburg and Gettysburg—A Day of Thanksgiving.

THE spring of 1863 had passed, summer had come, and quiet still reigned along the lines in Middle Tennessee. True, there were almost daily engagements at some point, but they were on the part of small forces, and their results had little significance. The main body of the army had made no general movement for a period of nearly five months. Apparently Gen. Rosecrans and Gen. Bragg were each waiting for the other to take the offensive. The Confederate forces were mainly north of Duck River, their infantry being at Shelbyville and Wartrace, covering Tullahoma, which had been heavily fortified, and was their headquarters and main base of supplies. Their cavalry was on either flank, with headquarters at McMinnville on their right, and Spring Hill and Columbia on their left. The main body of Gen. Rosecrans' army was at Murfreesboro, but there were considerable forces of both infantry and cavalry at Franklin and Triune, and a large body of cavalry at the left of Murfreesboro.

The authorities at Washington, growing impatient as the weeks went by, began to demand that an advance be made, and that the war be carried into Alabama and Georgia. Gen. Rosecrans insisted that his force was entirely too small; that he was especially deficient in cavalry, and that the roads were likely to be so bad that supplies could not be drawn by wagons to a point much in advance of that then occupied by his army. The controversy was mainly between Gen. Halleck and Gen.

Rosecrans, and became very acrimonious. Some additional cavalry was provided, and a forward movement ordered on the one hand and promised on the other. The work of concentrating the army began on the first of June.

Tuesday, June 2, the NINETY-SIXTH, with most of the other troops comprising Gen. Granger's command, in accordance with orders received the night before, was called in line at about three o'clock in the morning, standing to arms until daylight, when ranks were broken and preparations made for the march. The men were in high spirits at the prospect of a forward movement. The weather having become so warm that it was desirable to be rid of all surplus clothing and baggage, overcoats were rolled up, and, with all other articles not regarded as absolutely necessary to comfort in a hot weather campaign, packed in boxes and barrels and shipped by the soldiers to their Illinois homes. By sunrise tents were down, knapsacks were packed and the men ready to move. A long wait occurred, however, as Gen. Granger and his staff were not ready, and it was seven or eight o'clock before the column finally moved out across the fields, intending to take the wagon road leading to Triune.

Thus the cool morning hours were idled away, and the command compelled to make its march in the heat of the day. Whether for the purpose of deceiving the enemy or because the guide made a mistake in the road is not quite certain, but the column was led out of its way several miles. The weather was sultry, and the roads extremely muddy, so that the march was one of great severity, and many were the stragglers from the ranks as the day wore on. As already stated, the men had previously packed up and sent away all of the clothing that they deemed superfluous. Long before noon, however, many of them concluded that they still had clothing to spare, and as the column halted for a brief rest knapsacks were thrown open, and out came extra shirts, letters, books and many other articles, to lighten the heavy loads. A few had undertaken to carry two blankets, but it is doubtful if there was a man in the Regiment who had more than one when he reached camp at night, while many had thrown away the only

woolen blanket with which they started. The distance traveled was nearly twenty miles, and the final halt made only a short distance from Triune at about five o'clock in the afternoon. One of the other Brigades, which started about the same time as the Second Brigade, and took the direct road, reached Triune at noon, having traveled but about twelve miles. The country passed was rather pleasant, the trees being in full leaf, the crops thriving and the occasional fields of wheat nicely headed out. All day there was some firing in the rear, and it afterward transpired that the enemy had made a reconnoissance of the position upon the moving out of Gen. Granger's command, for the evident purpose of ascertaining how large a force was left at Franklin.

On the third all was quiet, the men taking a much needed rest, and discussing the rumor which spread through camp to the effect that the command was to move to the front the following day. The commonly accepted theory was that Gen. Bragg, commanding the enemy in their immediate front, had been weakening his army for the purpose of reënforcing Gen. Pemberton, then at Vicksburg, and that Gen. Rosecrans was about to assume the offensive.

Here there was a partial reorganization of the Corps, the Brigade of which the NINETY-SIXTH was a part becoming the First Brigade of the First Division of the Reserve Corps, but still retaining the same Commanders.

There was a large force at Triune, but just how large few except the commander knew until Thursday, June 4, when, there having been a critical inspection of cartridge boxes and knapsacks in the forenoon, the entire command was called out for a grand review, by Gen. Granger, in the afternoon. In this review, between twenty and thirty Regiments of infantry and a half dozen or more batteries of artillery participated. It was much the largest and most imposing review in which the Regiment had taken part, but quite as tedious as it was interesting.

The same afternoon the Rebels made a very vigorous reconnoissance in the neighborhood of Franklin, attacking the force there with the evident intention of capturing Fort



JOSEPH L. PIERCE,

CAPTAIN, COMPANY H.

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
AND
ZOOLOGY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

Granger and giving the army serious trouble on its right. The cavalry at Triune was hurried off across the country in the direction of the heavy firing, but their services were not needed, as the force at Franklin proved sufficient to hold the place and severely punish their unwelcome visitors. The firing continued into the night and was renewed next morning, being kept up until nearly noon, when the enemy retired.

Friday, June 5, the Regiment moved a short distance and went into camp in a field on the left of the Shelbyville pike. The spot chosen was very pleasant, with an abundance of good water in the near vicinity. It seemed as if there was a fatality hanging over the Regiment, for here, as on most previous occasions, the changing of the camp ground was attended by a severe rain storm, which prevailed a greater part of the night following.

Saturday, June 6, battalion drill was resumed, and everything indicated that the command would remain in camp for some time. Rifle pits were thrown up in the neighborhood, and a force of cavalry was sent out to reconnoiter the front. In the evening a large barn connected with the beautiful residence in front of the camp, and which was the property of a noted secessionist, was discovered to be on fire. The house near by was said to have cost \$50,000, and the barn corresponded well with the residence. There was no fire apparatus handy, and, strange as it may seem, the men, knowing the character of the owner of the property, manifested but little sorrow while the flames were lighting up the camp. Whether true or not, it was believed at the time that a few nights before the owner of this property had shot and killed a Union picket on duty in the garden adjoining the buildings. The day the army moved forward the residence was destroyed by fire.

Sunday, June 7, there was more or less skirmishing on the part of the cavalry a short distance in the front, but no infantry firing. There were some very nice gardens in the neighborhood of the little village of Triune, and some of the soldiers discovered that new potatoes were large enough to cook. Unfortunately, however, there were not enough to go around,

and those who could not secure new potatoes had to content themselves with digging up and cooking some seed potatoes that had just been planted and had not yet sprouted.

Monday was passed quietly with the usual drill. Tuesday, June 9, just as the Regiment was preparing for battalion drill, there was a sound of skirmishing in the front, and orders were given to remain in camp, prepared to move at a moment's notice. There was no serious fighting, however, and that afternoon and the next day all was quiet.

Thursday, June 11, Maj. Terrill began the work of paying off the Regiment. Companies A and B had already received their money, and Captain Pollock, of Company C, had called his men in line and had just got his pay, but before any of his men had been called to the Paymaster's table brisk skirmishing again began, and the Regiment was ordered into line. Musketry firing was quite brisk, and distant only about half a mile. The Paymaster left rather abruptly, and the Regiment fell in almost instantly, Company A being sent to the front as skirmishers. The line had but just been formed when shells from the enemy's batteries came whistling overhead. The men were directed to strike tents, and their knapsacks were sent to the rear of a line of breastworks a short distance from camp. A section of Miller's Chicago Battery took position at the front and right of the Regiment, on a little eminence just in the edge of a grove. There was an open field about a quarter of a mile wide at the front, on the opposite side of which was another stretch of timber. The Rebels planted two guns on the pike, just at the edge of this timber, and a brisk artillery duel began. The first shots from the front seemed to be directed at Col. Atkins and staff, who were in plain view upon their horses. The Brigade commander and his escort very wisely retired a short distance, where they could not be so distinctly seen. The Third Brigade of the First Division occupied a position just to the right of the pike. A rebel shell passed over the tent of the regimental sutler, Mr. E. H. Mason, so frightening the clerks in charge that they left for safer quarters, whereupon some of the soldiers concluded to invoice the goods. Mr. Mason was absent

at the time, having gone North for supplies. Whatever the stock on hand was in the morning, that evening the amount was very trifling, most of it having been appropriated by the soldiers. As the clerks ran to the rear they kept directly in range of the battery, and the shells struck very close to them more than once. Indeed, they were in much greater danger than they would have been had they remained at their posts. Both of them were thoroughly ashamed of their conduct, and shortly afterward left for Illinois, concluding that if non-combatants were to be the targets for rebel batteries they would leave the front. The money drawer of the sutler was undisturbed, but the eatables were disposed of in very short order. One of the rebel shells struck a loaded wagon immediately in the rear of the line, and another tore up the ground just in front of the infantry, on the right of the pike, but without inflicting any casualties. This firing became so annoying that another section of Miller's battery was brought up and soon succeeded in silencing the enemy's guns. Meanwhile the skirmishers were making a stubborn fight, and the sound of their firing became almost continuous. At one time there were indications that the enemy was intending to make a general charge, but whatever the plans of Gen. Forrest may have been, he wisely concluded to withdraw without an assault. Had he charged across the open field he would have encountered a deep gully, impassable for horses, and his losses would certainly have been heavy. After several hours of vigorous skirmishing the enemy retired. Although the NINETY-SIXTH was in line for six hours and under fire a considerable part of the time, it sustained no loss. Those who had been on the skirmish line, and so fortunate as to have the opportunity to exchange shots with the enemy, were looked upon by their less exposed comrades with a feeling almost approaching envy. The shells passed close to the line, and the position through the long hours had been anything but a pleasant one. With rare exceptions the men were cool, and acted in a becoming manner. One man foolishly ran to the rear a short distance and clambered into a sink that had been newly dug, and commenced to pray in a loud tone; but the

taunts of his companions soon brought him to the front again. The newspapers reported the loss of the Rebels at about one hundred, while the Union loss was one Lieutenant and two or three men killed and a few slightly wounded. About one hundred head of horses and mules, grazing in an open field near the skirmish line, were stampeded, and most of them deserted to the enemy. The Union cavalry moved out to the front and engaged the enemy, following them as they retreated southward for a distance of five miles, returning in the evening with a few prisoners. This was even nearer to a battle than the Franklin experience, and the boys began to feel quite like veterans.

Friday, June 12, the Paymaster "resumed operations at the old stand," and the boys were each given two months' pay. On Saturday a Brigade of infantry and quite a heavy force of cavalry under Gen. Steedman marched southward toward Shelbyville. The same afternoon, while Col. Atkins' command was out for Brigade drill in a large clover field in front of the line, brisk firing was heard at the front, and the troops were ordered to the support of Gen. Steedman, marching very rapidly for nearly four miles, when the reconnoitering party was found retiring leisurely, the Rebels skirmishing with its rear guard. The column then moved back to camp, reaching there at dusk. At about eleven o'clock the same evening they were again called out, with the order to put two days' rations in their haversacks, fill their canteens, roll up their blankets, and be ready to march at a moment's notice, it being reported that the Rebels had followed the troops back to camp and were preparing for a night attack. There was no further disturbance, although the men were kept in waiting until daylight next morning. The night was cool, and the unprotected troops had little or no sleep.

Sunday, June 14, there was morning inspection, and in the forenoon religious services were held, three Regiments joined, and having an interesting time. In the afternoon there was a large prayer meeting. The troops were ordered to keep constantly on hand two days' cooked rations, and every soldier was required to have twenty rounds of ammu-

dition in his pockets besides the forty rounds in his cartridge box. Cooked rations meant cold rations, and not unfrequently spoiled rations, for the weather was hot and the meat would not keep. The men were at considerable inconvenience in this regard for a week or two. There was a very heavy rain storm in the evening.

Monday, June 15, the Regiment made a general business of putting up nice shades, or awnings, over their shelter tents, occupying most of the time when not on drill. Up to this time nearly all had worn the heavy dress coats first provided, but the weather being very warm, light blouses, made from dark blue flannel, were issued. The dress coats were retained, however, and used on dress parade for a few days; but when the first march occurred most of them were left in camp, to be gathered up and worn by the negroes of the neighborhood, or were thrown out beside the road after carrying them a few miles, and until the shoulders of the soldiers began to be tired and demanded the lightening of their loads. A rebel lieutenant and private came to the lines one day and gave themselves up, being tired of the war. They represented the Confederates as so discouraged that they were about ready to give up the contest, and claimed that the majority of the members of the companies to which they belonged desired to desert. About this time Chaplain Woodworth resigned his commission and returned home, much to the regret of the majority of the command, for he had always been quite popular among the men. He was subsequently recommissioned, at the earnest request of many of the command, but did not again come to the Regiment. The remainder of the week was without notable incident. The weather was excessively hot much of the time during every day, and occasional showers and an exceptionally heavy rain storm visited the camp in the afternoon of the eighteenth. Col. Atkins had his command out for Brigade drill quite frequently, and the various movements were admirably made. There was more or less trouble in some of the Regiments about men being found asleep upon their posts, and in one of the Regiments of the Brigade several of the men were tried

and sentenced. In some instances their pay was declared forfeited and they were sent to military prison to be confined at hard labor; in other cases they were compelled to stand upon a barrel for two hours in the forenoon and the same length of time each afternoon for ten days; while still others were compelled to drag a ball and chain or a heavy fence rail up and down in front of the tent of their commander for a couple of hours daily. Be it said to the credit of the men and officers, there was never any trouble in the NINETY-SIXTH about sleeping on post. Undoubtedly it sometimes happened that some soldier, fatigued with an unusual march, the great amount of night service demanded, or the arduous duties required of him in camp, may have dozed upon the picket post; but such cases were rare, and when discovered the officer in charge usually deemed his own reprimand and warning a sufficient punishment, and never reported the facts to higher authority.

Tuesday, June 23, the Regiment had been called out at the usual very early hour, and was standing in line, when an Aide rode up and notified the Colonel to have his command ready to march at seven o'clock. Everything was in readiness at the hour named, but the wagon trains were in the way and the column made but little progress until the forenoon was well advanced. The direction taken was toward Murfreesboro, and the camp, which was made about ten o'clock at night, was within five miles of that city, near a small place called Salem. The distance traveled was about fourteen miles, and the march a very tedious one, a portion of the route being through a dense cedar forest. A dozen or more of the wagons broke down, and a small guard of men was left to watch them. Next morning a body of rebel cavalry discovered the wagons and made a dash, as if intending to take them, but as soon as they saw the infantry, wheeled their horses about and "skedaddled," followed by a few bullets fired at long range.

Gen. Rosecrans' plans were now complete, and his army was well consolidated, Murfreesboro and Salem being near together, and the main body of troops being at and between

these points. Knowing how strong were the entrenchments of the enemy he determined to attempt to flank Shelbyville on the east and force the enemy to the alternative of a battle away from his earthworks or a retreat from his established lines. To the Reserve Corps and Mitchell's Division of cavalry was assigned the work of making a vigorous push toward Shelbyville, and deceiving the enemy into the belief that the main army was on that road, intending to attempt to take the place by direct assault. The movement was successful, the forces keeping up a vigorous and noisy demonstration as far to the right as Unionville, and concealing the real plan, until the main body of the infantry, under Gen. Rosecrans' personal supervision, had made considerable advance toward Manchester. It was the intention to force a battle, if possible, north of the Cumberland Mountains, but the terrible rain-storms which prevailed almost continuously from the very inception of the campaign prevented rapid movements, and allowed Gen. Bragg to make his choice between a fight and a retreat, and he withdrew to the Tennessee River.

The general movement of the Union army began on the morning of Wednesday, June 24. The camps were aroused at an early hour, and the men stood to arms until their hasty breakfasts were prepared, and partook of the meal with accoutrements strapped about them. In the camp of the NINETY-SIXTH, as soon as breakfast was over, the tents were taken down, and the men set about the camp ground on their knapsacks or on old logs awaiting orders. At seven o'clock it began to rain. It was not one of your gentle semi-pleasant showers, that is rather enjoyable than otherwise, but a fierce and prolonged deluge. The very flood-gates of heaven seemed to be opened, and the torrents poured down upon the devoted heads of the thousands of soldiers in the Army of the Cumberland who had just started upon their active campaign. It was nearly noon when the column on the right finally moved. The direction taken was not toward Murfreesboro, but at first directly south along the pike leading to Middleton, and thence easterly, across the fields, to the Murfreesboro and Shelbyville pike. All through that dreary afternoon the men plodded

slowly onward through the mud, the sound of cannon at the front, in the vicinity of Middleton, giving them the idea that they would shortly be engaged with the enemy, although the firing receded as they advanced. Stone River was forded, but the water was not so deep as to give serious trouble, although all got their feet wet. It was one o'clock at night when the Regiment bivouacked near Walnut Church, on the Shelbyville pike. There it was learned that Willich's Brigade had taken Liberty Gap, and that Wilder's Brigade had taken Hoover's Gap. The distance traveled by the Regiment was only about seven miles, although the column had been on the road for fully twelve hours. The skirmishing at the front, and the delay caused by the miring or breaking down of the heavy army wagons made the trip a very tedious one. The rain had ceased falling during the evening, and most of the men lay down without putting up their tents. Before daylight it was again raining, but a large part of them were so tired as to sleep soundly, and when they woke in the morning many found themselves laying in an inch or two of water.

Thursday, June 25, the column started out early, but only marched a mile or two, taking a position near the pike, and waiting the result of the contest at the front. The roar of artillery was continuous a greater part of the day. Orders came that all knapsacks should be loaded into such of the wagons as had been previously emptied by the distribution of rations, and sent back to Murfreesboro. Most of the men retained their woolen blankets, but a few kept only their ponchos. It was thought that there would be a battle right away, and the soldiers were generally glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to lighten their loads. The NINETY-SIXTH stood in line for an hour or two on the pike, and then relieved the 115th Illinois on the picket line, but did not have any skirmishing with the enemy, as the Union cavalry, still further at the front, kept them at a safe distance. Picket duty was continued all the next day, the other Regiments of the Brigade moving to the front. The headquarters of the Regiment was at the very house where Vallandigham, the notori-

ous southern sympathizer from Ohio, had been, by order of the President and the War Department, turned over to the tender mercies of his Southern brothers, only a few days, before. The occupant of the house said that Vallandigham declared his belief that he would be elected as the next Governor of his State, notwithstanding his enforced absence; a prediction that did not come true, as he was beaten by more than one hundred thousand majority. There were in the neighborhood a large number of long, lank, lean hogs running about the woods, and, being out of pork, the boys made sad havc among them. One sentinel said that fifty dead hogs passed the post where he was standing in a single day. Blackberries were quite plenty in the neighborhood, so that the living of the men was quite good. It may have seemed like sacrilege, but the church was turned into a grand cooking house, and the incense of frying pork filled the atmosphere.

On Friday the right of the army kept substantially the same position, the Regiment still doing picket duty, and listening to the reports of cannon and small arms a few miles southward.

Saturday, June 27, there was a forward movement toward Shelbyville, but the NINETY-SIXTH, together with the 5th Iowa cavalry, was left to guard a wagon train. A very heavy column of troops passed the position occupied by the Regiment, requiring between three and four hours to file by. It was said that there were seventeen regiments of cavalry, seven of infantry and two batteries of artillery. After they had filed past, the Regiment moved back a mile to a point where the wagon train was in park. Companies B, G and K were on picket that night. At about ten o'clock in the evening a courier brought word that Gen. Wheeler, with a large force of Rebel cavalry, was hovering in the near vicinity and contemplating a night attack upon the supply train. The Regiment was called out and remained in line for about two hours and a half. There was a little firing on the skirmish line, but nothing serious occurred. It was afterward learned that the position of the Regiment was critical at that time, as the enemy were about to attempt the capture of the train when

they were called off to assume defensive operations at another point.

Saturday, June 28, the train remained in the same position, and the Regiment was held in readiness to march at any moment, but it was not until three o'clock in the afternoon that any movement occurred. At that hour the other Regiments of the Brigade came marching back from Shelbyville, distant some eight miles, having in charge 489 prisoners, taken at that place the day before by the Union cavalry. They represented a half dozen different regiments. The charge upon the Confederate force had been led by the 3d Tennessee cavalry, many of whom had their homes in the neighborhood. Much of the fighting took place right in the village. Shelbyville was quite a strong Union centre, and the citizens, who still loved the old flag, and who had suffered through the long months the persecutions of their enemies and the enemies of their country, came out to greet the Federal troopers as they dashed through the town, often bringing flags with them that they had kept securely through the months when the Rebel forces were among them. The charge was a most gallant one, and sabres were freely used. Perhaps at no other time during the war did the Regiment see so many men who had been cut with sabres in a cavalry charge as on this occasion. Besides the prisoners taken, a large number of the enemy were killed in the charge or drowned in attempting to swim Duck River, the number thus losing their lives approximating two hundred. Quite an amount of artillery was also captured.

The Rebel prisoners were halted near the wagon train, and rations issued to them, Capt. Espy, of the 115th Illinois, who was then the acting Commissary on the Staff of the Brigade Commander, even prepared hot coffee for them, and gave them an abundance of hard bread and bacon. There were among the prisoners a Colonel, a Lieutenant Colonel, a Major, an Adjutant and about thirty-five line officers. At four o'clock P. M. the NINETY-SIXTH took the prisoners in charge, and escorted them back to Murfreesboro. The prisoners seemed quite happy and jolly, and were apparently familiar with the

ground over which they were passing. At one place a lady came out and shook hands with some of them, one of the prisoners remarking: "I have stood guard here many a time, and while I would go into the house and eat, on the invitation of the lady, she would come out and stand guard for me until my meal was finished." At another place a matron with two or three blooming daughters came out to the road side and threw kisses to the prisoners, expressing the hope that they wouldn't be gone long. The old lady expressed the wish that all the negroes might be killed, and that all the white boys, north and south, might be saved. The trip was a very tedious one. The prisoners were all cavalrymen, unused to marching, and many of them became very foot-sore. There were several ambulances in the rear of the column, and those who gave out were permitted to ride. The members of the NINETY-SIXTH marched, with guns loaded and bayonets fixed; along the edge of the pike, the prisoners traveling in the centre. The distance traveled was not more than ten miles, but Murfreesboro was not reached until after ten o'clock, and both the guards and their prisoners were thoroughly tired. The prisoners were turned over to Gen. Van Cleve, and at a little before midnight the Regiment bivouacked in an open field or yard, hoping to have a quiet night's sleep. Hardly had they got comfortably settled and fairly asleep before the rain came pouring down in torrents. There was a scramble on the part of the majority, and under the lead of Major Smith, who had been reconnoitring the locality, those who were first roused made their way to a large warehouse. This building consisted principally of a roof, and was piled full of boxes of hard bread. The men crawled to the top of the vast pile of boxes and slept close under the roof. Many of the Regiment were so worn out, however, with their long nights on picket and the hard marching in the rain and mud that they were not awakened by the storm, although it was raining hard, until the water was standing all about them, and they were thoroughly soaked. A few even slept through until morning, but before daylight nearly all were in the warehouse.

Sunday, June 29, the Regiment moved to the baggage train and drew rations, and at ten o'clock set out from Murfreesboro for the front again, first strapping on their knapsacks, parted with four days before. About a mile out a Company of Federals were met, having in charge thirty or forty prisoners, and about five miles out another Company with about an equal number. Following this latter squad were three pieces of captured artillery and a lot of captured horses. Arrived at the camp from which the Regiment had started the day before, it was hoped and expected that a halt would be made and the troops given an opportunity of securing some much needed rest, but it was found that orders were awaiting the arrival of the NINETY-SIXTH for the Brigade to immediately march on, which it did, finally camping at eight o'clock in the evening eighteen miles south of Murfreesboro and about nine miles from Shelbyville. This was about the first night since leaving Triune that it did not rain, and the Regiment enjoyed a good night's sleep. It should be stated, however, that there had been heavy showers during the preceding afternoon. The members of the Regiment appreciated this season of quiet, for all were greatly fatigued with their long march, and worn out by the severe night duty imposed on them.

Monday, June 30, the Brigade started at seven o'clock in the morning and marched about seven miles. On the road Guy's Gap was passed. There was a strong line of fortifications, and the trees and fences bore marks of the sharp fighting on the part of the cavalry. Shelbyville was reached, and a camp made on the ground which but two or three days before had been occupied by a large force of the enemy.

On Tuesday, July 1, word having been passed through the line that the Brigade was to remain at Shelbyville, the men set about fixing up the camp in good, comfortable shape. After an hour or two of hard work the assembly was sounded and they were called in line, marched to the other side of the town and camped near Duck River. The distance traveled was not more than a mile or two, but the weather was of that peculiar, sultry character, occasionally encountered in

warm latitudes, which is thoroughly enervating and depressing, and the men suffered greatly before they had completed the march and the erection of their tents.

Wednesday, July 2, the Regiment was permitted to lie idle and enjoyed a good rest. They explored the town and examined the fortifications, finding numerous forts and a very heavy line of breastworks extending partially around the pleasant village, either flank being protected by the river. Many refugees came into town, most of them being men who were known to sympathize with the Union, and who had been forced to leave their homes during the period when that region was occupied by the Confederates. Many and hearty were the greetings as families came together for the first time in long months. Quite a number of the Tennessee cavalry had enlisted from Shelbyville, and when they charged the Rebels on the Friday previous, one of them shot a man as he was riding past his own house. Some of the men left the ranks for a moment and rode up to their homes, kissed their wives or parents, or children, as the case might be, and then rode off again into the battle. Fortunately the casualties were not very numerous, and most of these men were permitted to remain at their homes for a day or two.

Major J. C. Smith was here assigned to duty as Provost Marshal, on the staff of General Baird, with headquarters at Wartrace, which were subsequently transferred to Shelbyville, and then to Murfreesboro, where he remained until the forward movement of the Division, in September.

Thursday, July 3, the Regiment marched to Wartrace, a distance of about eight miles. Rain fell in torrents at times, and every little creek and stream was swollen to unwonted size. As a consequence the soldiers were often compelled to wade in water two or three feet deep, and once at least they forded a stream waist deep, being obliged to take off their accoutrements and carry them on their bayonets. When it rained the hardest the troops seemed the happiest, shouting and singing and making merry, even though the surroundings were hardly such as to make it easy to account for such hilarity. However, all were in high spirits at the news of the

capture of Tullahoma, and rejoiced at the substantial progress made by the army. Strange as it may seem, most of them regarded the rain as rather favorable to campaigning, as it served to cool the air, which otherwise would have been intolerably hot. At times, on this short march from Shelbyville, the sun came out and the weather was oppressive in its sultriness. Wartrace was a little station on the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad, and not an important point except that there were two or three railroad bridges to be guarded in the neighborhood. Camp was reached early in the afternoon, and all set at work to make themselves comfortable. The ground selected was a little to the east of the village, and had formerly been occupied as a camping ground by the enemy. It was filthy in the extreme, and much labor was required to put it in order.

This campaign of less than a fortnight had been a remarkably successful one. The enemy had been forced to abandon its strong line of fortifications and retire to the mountains, yielding a country of vast size, much of which abounded in supplies useful to the troops that occupied it. The strategy of Gen. Rosecrans had been of a high order. With a loss of less than six hundred men, and in a country naturally rich in defense, he had outflanked and forced backward from their chosen lines an enemy almost, if not quite, equal to his own, and would have gained still further advantages had not the streams been so swollen as to make rapid pursuit impossible. Tullahoma was occupied by the Union forces June 30. Some of the troops were at once pushed out toward the mountains, and the cavalry penetrated to the Tennessee River, behind which Bragg's main army retreated. The two armies at this time occupied almost the same relative positions and the identical territory held by them exactly a year before, when the Confederate invasion of Kentucky was planned and the race for the Ohio River began between the forces led respectively by Gens. Buell and Bragg. During the month that followed the main body of the infantry of the Army of the Cumberland was comparatively idle, camping in the neighborhood of Dechard and Winchester. The cavalry was active,

however, and kept the line of the Tennessee River patrolled. Work was also begun on the railroad, so that the supplies should not have to be brought through on wagons.

The NINETY-SIXTH now came to know that being in the Reserve Corps meant that they were to be stationed at various points along the railroad guarding bridges, wagon trains and prisoners. The Reserve Corps was widely scattered from the neighborhood of Fort Donelson to Duck River,—a Brigade, a Regiment or a Company in a place, according as its importance demanded. For the time being the First Brigade of the First Division, to which the NINETY-SIXTH belonged, remained at Wartrace.

Saturday, July 4—a memorable day at Vicksburg and Gettysburg—the Regiment lay idly in camp. Tired with their long march in the mud and rain, most of them slept a considerable part of the day, and there was no attempt at anything like a celebration except that Capt. Hicks and Col. Atkins, with a few invited guests, had a banquet, with after-dinner speeches. There were very heavy guard details from the Regiment, a line of pickets extending around the camp, and quite a distance out, in all directions. Blackberries were abundant, and the men feasted on this luscious fruit.

Sunday, July 5, there was preaching in the camp. The blackberry crop inside the picket line being about exhausted, permits were given to a few men in every Company to go outside the lines in search of fruit. New potatoes and apples were found in the neighborhood and supplemented the army rations. The men had learned the art of soldiering pretty well, and as soon as they arrived in camp, if there was a prospect of remaining longer than for a single day, would set about constructing bunks, raising them above ground by means of posts or crotchets. For the construction of these bunks, barns, abandoned houses or board fences were used, and if the supply gave out small poles would be substituted. On these would be laid a few bundles of corn blades, or some cedar boughs, straw or leaves. Sometimes the officers interfered, in the endeavor to prevent the destruction of buildings, but in such cases the first dark night the building was pretty

sure to disappear. In this way the men made themselves comfortable, and the beds were dry and well ventilated.

Monday, July 6, there were heavy details from the Regiment for the purpose of chopping wood. Now, chopping wood at any time is not especially easy work, but take it in Middle Tennessee, on a hot July day, and the average American soldier rather rebels against this class of labor, and regards it as almost drudgery. It was explained, however, that it was absolutely necessary to procure fuel for the locomotives to be used on the railroads. At this announcement there was an entire change of sentiment, and the work was cheerfully performed. The amount of wood cut by any one man was not large, but in a few days there was a goodly pile at every station. For the first time in months the men were allowed to remain in bed until sunrise, a privilege that they appreciated after the long period of three and four o'clock réveillés.

At this time the 92d Illinois was sent to a point on Duck River, about seven miles toward the front, to build a wagon bridge. Col. Wilder's Brigade of mounted infantry, then camped at Wartrace, furnished an escort, the Colonel himself accompanying the expedition. Col. Atkins, of the 92d, had been commander of the Brigade for about six months, and it was well understood that there was anything but a cordial feeling existing between him and Gen. Granger, the commander of the Reserve Corps. On the return of that Regiment, toward the close of the week, announcement was made that the 92d and NINETY-SIXTH, which had been together almost constantly from their organization, must part company, the former having been assigned to Col. Wilder's Brigade. Word passed through the camp immediately, and within an hour every Regiment in the Brigade was clamoring for horses and a transfer. Not that the dissatisfaction regarding Gen. Granger was so universal, but the men of a sudden seemed to be seized with the idea that it would be a fine thing to march on horseback and go to the front, rather than to tramp around on foot, chop wood for the railroad, and be on picket about every second or third night.



GEORGE W. PEPOON,

FIRST LIEUTENANT, COMPANY K.

1971

The "nine months' fever" had, of course, been dropped, but for some weeks there was an almost equal rage in the camp, the new disease being the "cavalry fever." Only the 92d received the coveted transfer, however, and it was with great difficulty that they succeeded in procuring horses and saddles.

Tuesday, July 7, there was great excitement throughout the day, dispatches having been received from the Secretary of War, Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, announcing that Vicksburg had surrendered to the army under Gen. Grant, and that the Union forces under Gen. Meade had won a great victory at Gettysburg. The successful advance of the Army of the Cumberland had made them all hopeful, and now that such good news was received from other departments there was the wildest joy. These dispatches were read to each Regiment, and the remainder of the day was spent in a grand informal celebration.

Wednesday, July 8, the officers concluded that, as the men were feeling so elated over the recent victories, they would not object to resuming the routine of camp duties, which had been in a measure omitted since leaving Triune. Accordingly there was a dress parade in the early evening, and orders for a resumption of drill next day. The bridges between Murfreesboro and Tullahoma having been repaired or rebuilt, a locomotive, with a baggage car or caboose attached, passed southward through Wartrace, and was the signal for hearty cheering. Next day it returned with about three hundred prisoners, captured by Gen. Rosecrans' command a few days before. Additional dispatches were received confirming the good news of Tuesday. It was stated in the dispatches that Gen. Meade had captured 35,000 prisoners; that Gen. Lee's army was hemmed in along the Potomac, his pontoons being swept away by the high water, and that his capture was inevitable. Word was also received that Gen. Prentiss had captured a large number of prisoners at Helena. These dispatches were read to the Regiments, and were the signal for the most vociferous cheering, but unfortunately their statements were not fully verified by the facts.

Friday, July 10, the first passenger train from the North passed through the camp, bringing a large letter mail and the Nashville daily papers. As there had been great irregularity about the mails for nearly a month, all were eager for papers, and the newsboys were able to sell, at almost any price they chose to ask, all that they could carry. Fifteen cents was the price usually obtained.

The diary for the following month would be rather monotonous than otherwise. The weather continued warm, with frequent rains, and guard duty was very heavy. On the fifteenth there was a visit from the Brigade Inspector, and the same day a large amount of clothing was issued to the Regiment. From the arrival at Wartrace there had been a great amount of sickness in the camp, the cases puzzling the surgeons of the Regiment, as they were unable to define the cause. At times almost one-half of the command was unfit for duty, nearly all suffering from dysentery. It happened about this time that a physician, who was a resident of the neighborhood, but who had long been a refugee because of his Union sentiments, returned from his wanderings. Coming to the camp he reported to the officers that the spring from which they were obtaining water was regarded by the inhabitants as a poisoned spring, and he stated that not less than 400 Rebels had died from the effects of using it. Whether the report was strictly true or not, it was deemed best to move the camp about one-fourth of a mile to a field near which was another spring. The first camp was behind a range of hills where the sun did not reach until nine o'clock or later, and was consequently somewhat damp. Certain it is that the health of the men very materially improved as soon as its location was changed.

Word reached the Regiment about this time that Corporal Worthy S. Taylor, of Company D, had been killed in action near Camp Denison, Ohio, July 14. He had been sick in hospital for some time, but having partially recovered was called out, with other convalescents, to repel the Rebel raiders then sweeping through Southern Ohio under the lead of the notorious Gen. John H. Morgan, and met his death at the

hands of the enemy, far away from the comrades with whom he had enlisted.

July 21, the Regiment received two months' pay, Maj. Williams being the Paymaster. This closed all accounts to the first of the month, and made money very plenty in camp, although large amounts were sent home. The same day Colonel Champion took command of the Brigade, Col. Atkins having gone to the front with Col. Wilder. In a few days Gen. Walter C. Whittaker relieved Colonel Champion, the latter returning to the command of the Regiment. About the same time Gen. James B. Steedman succeeded to the command of the Division, relieving Gen. Baird, who went home on sick leave, subsequently returning and taking a command at the front.

On the twenty-seventh there was a grand review of the Brigade by Gen. Whittaker, who expressed himself as delighted with his new command, and was especially profuse in praise of the **NINETY-SIXTH**.

On the twenty-sixth Jacob Harwick, of Company F, died in hospital at Nashville. On the twenty-eighth Hamden Huntington, of Company C, died in the regimental hospital. Huntington was a mere lad, but seventeen years of age, but of quiet yet happy demeanor, and had greatly endeared himself to his comrades. At the earnest request of his brother, Sergeant Huntington, his remains were enclosed in a metallic casket and taken home to Lake County for interment. On the thirtieth William D. Sells, of Company D, died in the same hospital. He left a family at home to enter the service. A pretty spot near the camp was chosen for his grave.

Captain Black, who formerly commanded Company E, but who had resigned some months before, visited the Regiment. During all this long stay at Wartrace there was more or less excitement regarding threatened raids on the part of the enemy, and heavy guard details were kept at each of the railroad bridges along the line. Occasionally a scouting or foraging party would go out, and once or twice they encountered Rebels, but no serious collisions occurred.

August 3, Gen. Rosecrans and staff spent part of the day at

Wartrace, inspecting the troops and looking over the ground, and in the afternoon having a grand review. As the General rode along the line he made many remarks that were quite amusing. Referring to Lieutenant Colonel Clarke, who was quite portly, he remarked: "There is a Colonel who doesn't live on salt pork altogether." Pointing to a very short Corporal in Company E, he said: "That Corporal ought to be fed on soup a while to see if he wouldn't grow." To others he made similar remarks, keeping the line in excellent humor. He declared that he could tell, by the looks of the men, what kind of cooks they had. On the whole his visit created a very favorable impression. A conspicuous figure on his staff was Brig. Gen. James A. Garfield, then his Chief of Staff, and afterward President of the United States. Gen. Garfield's reception by the 40th Ohio, of the First Brigade, which had been in his command in Eastern Kentucky in 1862, was especially cordial. For a time there had been but little drilling, but now strict orders were issued to resume battalion drill. The weather was hot, and the drilling was consequently done early in the morning, being kept up for a week or more.

Thursday, August 6, occurred a special Thanksgiving day, under a proclamation from President Lincoln, the recent victories of the Union army being deemed such as to call for especial thanksgiving on the part of the people, both citizens and soldiers. The day was observed by abstinence from drill, and also by formal religious services, which were participated in by large delegations from each of the Regiments encamped at Wartrace.

CHAPTER IX.

The Chattanooga Campaign—The Difficulties and Delays Attending its Inauguration—Conditions Named but not Complied with—Gen. Bragg Outwitted and Outflanked—The “Gateway of the South” Opened with Unexpected Ease—The Part Taken by the Reserve Corps in the Campaign—The March to Estill Springs—Scouting Experiences—An Anniversary Celebrated by a Portion of the Command—Forward—Climbing the Cumberland Mountains—A Brief Halt at Bridgeport—A Forced March over Lookout Mountain to Rossville—The Conflict at Hand—Preparing for the Sacrifice.

THE student of military science will find few more interesting chapters in all the world's history than those which give the particulars of the brilliant movement by which Gen. Bragg was forced to abandon the line of the Tennessee River. Behind this line he had retired at the close of the brief but spirited campaign which ended in the abandonment of Tullahoma by the Confederates and its occupancy by Gen. Rosecrans' command. That movement was begun in August, and in less than one month the stars and stripes were waving over Chattanooga. Prior to its inception there was a spirited and almost bitter correspondence between Gen. Halleck and the commander of the Army of the Cumberland. Gen. Rosecrans insisted that he must have a larger cavalry force; that he must wait for the ripening of the corn, unless larger provision should be made for a supply of forage than there had been up to that time; that he must wait for the completion of the railroad to the Tennessee River, and that a movement must be made by other forces on his right and left flanks, in order that a diversion might be created in his favor, and even though troops might not be drawn from his front, at least that the enemy in East Tennessee and Northern Mississippi might be kept diverted and occupied so that they could not go to the support and assistance of Gen. Bragg. A portion only of these demands were complied with. • Before the close of July the

railroad was rebuilt and trains were running to Bridgeport, Alabama. Meanwhile the corn was approaching maturity, and some gains were made in accumulating provisions at Nashville, Murfreesboro and points nearer the front. On the fifth of August imperative orders were given from Washington for the army to advance. Gen. Rosecrans, claiming that he was the better judge as to when a movement should be made, delayed the advance for some days. Despairing of the asked for diversion on the part of other commands he sent a portion of his cavalry to Huntsville, on the right, with instructions to move along the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, protecting it so far as possible, and guarding the line of the Tennessee River from Whitesburg to Bridgeport. After a time Gen. Burnside moved into East Tennessee, but succeeded in holding only a small force of the enemy in that region.

These preliminaries attended to, an active and brilliant campaign was inaugurated. August 16, the Army of the Cumberland was on the move, the main body—which had been in camp in the vicinity of Winchester and Dechard—climbed the Cumberland Mountains, and was soon feeling for the enemy, whose main force was at Chattanooga. With numerous ranges of mountains and the mighty Tennessee to protect his rear and flanks, Gen. Bragg deemed himself secure, and fancied it impossible that Gen. Rosecrans should ever drive him from his seemingly impregnable position. Indeed, he had promised the Confederate authorities that, if given certain reinforcements, he would soon take the offensive and drive the Federal forces from Tennessee. At this time began the brilliant strategy which was to disconcert the over-confident Confederate leader and compel him to quit his stronghold without a battle. Moving a considerable force of cavalry and infantry into the Sequatchie valley, Gen. Rosecrans made a bold push, as if intending to force a crossing of the river in the near vicinity of Chattanooga and attempt to take the city by direct assault. So bold and aggressive were the troops, and so skillfully were they maneuvered, that Gen. Bragg seems to have believed that the entire Federal army was concentrated in that immediate vicinity. Meanwhile the greater part of it

had moved, by various routes, to Stevenson and Bridgeport, where the long pontoon trains were gathering behind the hills, and on the fourth of September had laid bridges and was crossing, undisturbed, and making its way toward the railroads in rear of Chattanooga. The demonstrations against the doomed city were continued, and it was at least a day or two after the main army was south of the river before Gen. Bragg became fully aware that it was not Chattanooga, but the communications leading to it, that were in danger. The Federal army was now moving in three columns from the neighborhood of Stevenson and Bridgeport; one, under Gen. Crittenden, going directly toward Chattanooga, as if intending to cross the point of Lookout Mountain; a second, under Gen. Thomas, moving over the mountain to the right and penetrating nearly to La Fayette; while the third, under Gen. McCook, bearing still further to the right, marched to Valley Head, a portion of the force even reaching Alpine. The cavalry pushed still farther, raiding the country to the Coosa and Oostenaula Rivers. Early on the morning of the eighth the enemy evacuated Chattanooga and retreated southward. Gen. Rosecrans seems to have been convinced that Gen. Bragg would continue his march southward, and make a stand only when another strong defensive line was reached. He therefore directed that a vigorous pursuit be made with the view of striking Bragg in flank, and, if possible, battering his army to pieces outside of any fortifications. But this was not to be accomplished. The advancing columns soon found their way opposed by a defiant enemy, and Gen. Rosecrans learned, almost too late, that the army of Gen. Bragg had been largely reinforced and was turning at bay, not only prepared to defend itself but also to assume the offensive.

While these movements were being planned and carried forward, the NINETY-SIXTH had been bearing a less conspicuous, but no less essential part. It was at first continued in the work of guarding the long and slender line of communications, over which must come the provisions of the large army operating at the front. Even before the campaign was inaugurated the Regiment was ordered forward from War-

trace. The movements of the main army having been thus briefly outlined, it is now in order to take up the narrative of the doings of the command of which this work is a history.

Wednesday, August 12, without previous warning, the Regiment was ordered to strike tents and be ready to march. Soon afterward the 113th Ohio and the 98th Ohio, which had been stationed at Shelbyville, marched into camp, and at three o'clock the same afternoon the NINETY-SIXTH started southward, marching five miles and going into bivouac.

Thursday, August 13, *réveille* sounded very early, and at daylight the Regiment was on the move. The road lay through a deep ravine, or creek bottom, and the unbridged stream was crossed a dozen times or more before Tullahoma was reached. A halt was made at this place about 10 o'clock A. M., a distance of nine miles having been traveled. At two o'clock in the afternoon the march was resumed, the column traveling through a more level country, making about eight or nine miles, and camping on the bank of Elk River, near Estill Springs, in the early evening. The 40th Ohio was left on duty at Tullahoma. From August 13 until September 7, the Regiment remained at Estill Springs. Life there was too monotonous to call for a daily diary. The First Division of the Reserve Corps was now strung along the railroad from Murfreesboro to Elk River, the NINETY-SIXTH being the nearest to the front. At this point the 1st Michigan Engineer Regiment was at work getting out timber for railroad bridges. A negro regiment was being organized on the south bank of the river, recruits coming from the neighboring plantations.

August 16 the 115th Illinois was sent back to some station in the rear, and a few days later the 84th Indiana followed. About one-third of the Regiment were on picket duty all the time. The weather being hot and the flies very abundant, there was but little opportunity for sleep in the daytime, so that the men were kept pretty well tired out. Heavy details for various duties were called for every few days. Once a large number of men were sent to Tullahoma to guard a wagon train, and later a still larger force was sent to Stevenson for a like purpose. The men composing these details had severe

duties to perform, the marches being long and disagreeable. Almost daily a considerable number of prisoners were seen to pass toward the rear on the cars, giving assurance that matters were going well at the front. Toward the close of the month the weather, which up to this time had been very sultry, became quite cool,—the nights almost cold. Camp was moved a short distance on the twenty-third, the new grounds being admirably located near the bank of the river.

August 26, pursuant to orders received before leaving Wartrace, a number of non-commissioned officers went to Stevenson, Alabama, by train, for the purpose of being examined with reference to their fitness to receive commissions in negro regiments, then forming in that Department, and a few weeks afterward four or five commissions came to the Regiment for those who had passed the most satisfactory examinations.

August 28 a scouting party of between thirty and forty men went out some twenty miles, under command of Captain Taylor, of Company E. They were all mounted, their horses having been picked up in the vicinity of camp. At about one o'clock A. M., while passing through some timber, they surprised and captured two prisoners and three horses. One of the prisoners proved to be a noted bushwhacker named Weaver, and the other a man less famous but not less infamous. Further on three additional prisoners were taken, but all of them claimed to be, and probably were, deserters from the Confederate army, trying to get to their homes in the rear of the Federal lines. All were sent to Nashville under guard.

Two days later another scouting party was sent out to investigate rumors that a Rebel regiment was being organized in an adjoining county. Their investigation did not confirm the truth of the rumors. The officer in charge was considerably chagrined, a few days later, to learn that a noted rebel had escaped his clutches by the very means subsequently adopted by his notorious leader,—Jeff Davis. While the scouting party were at a house, where were a number of women, an elderly person, dressed in female attire, including a huge sunbonnet, and carrying a young child, said that she

must go home. The Lieutenant was as polite as he was brave, and called a soldier to hold the horse and assist the supposed woman to mount, while he held the baby, passing up his charge when she was safely in the saddle. A day or two later it was learned that it was not a woman, but a man, whom Lieutenant Richardson had so gallantly assisted, and his explanation that the night was dark and the light in the house extremely dim, did not save him from considerable chaffing on the part of his brother officers. Two or three times it was reported that Forrest was in the near vicinity with a large force of cavalry, and that the bridge at Estill Springs was to be burned by him if he could possibly gain access to it. As a consequence the pickets were kept constantly anxious and vigilant, and there was no sleeping on the outposts.

Saturday, September 5, was the first anniversary of the muster-in of the Regiment. Company A celebrated the event by a grand dinner, provided by their officers, and had an exceedingly jolly time. Other Companies observed the day with less formality, but the cash receipts of the sutler were considerably larger than on ordinary days.

Sunday, September 6, there were again rumors of a move, and all the men unable to march were sent back to Tullahoma by train. There were a large number from each Company, for the hot weather and the almost constant guard duty, supplemented by green peaches, unripe vegetables and bad cooking had put many men on the sick list, and there had been several deaths in the command. Charles Jennings, of Company K, died August 20; John Vaughn, of Company G, August 22; James Bottom, of Company B, August 23; Isaac Addudle, of Company H, August 31; and John Baker, of Company G, September 6. All of these deaths occurred at Estill Springs, in camp or at the regimental hospital, and the effect upon the survivors was by no means favorable. In addition to these Corporal James O'Connell, of Company B, died at Nashville, August 24, and a little later Wm. Trudgian, of Company F, died at Tullahoma.

Monday, September 7—the day before the Union advance

occupied Chattanooga—orders were received for the Regiment to proceed to the front. For the first time in some weeks drill had been resumed, but while the companies were out the order came, the assembly sounded, and by half past eleven o'clock the Regiment had broken camp and was filing out toward the south. Not far in advance were the low ranges of the Cumberland Mountains, and the men knew that their road was to be a hard one, for it lay directly over these ranges. The distance traveled that day was about ten miles; Dechard was passed on the way and the camp being made about dark, at Cowan Station. The weather was exceedingly warm. Several other Regiments joined the column on the march, coming up from the rear.

Tuesday, September 8, *réveille* sounded at half past two o'clock. By four o'clock the column was on the road, and immediately commenced the ascent of the mountain, crossing over the tunnel and past Tantallon, camping near Anderson. The distance traveled was said to be fifteen miles, but the men declared that this must have been measured by the railroad, and that the wagon road was not much, if any, less than twenty miles. The climb was a very severe one, and all were greatly fatigued with the long, hard day's journey.

Wednesday, September 9, *réveille* was heard sounding at half past two o'clock, and again at four o'clock the column filed out upon the wagon road and pushed rapidly southward. Anderson was passed early in the morning, and the camp was made soon after noon at a point about a mile distant from Stevenson. The weather was hot and the road terribly dusty—so dusty in fact that it was almost impossible to recognize the men or the officers. Through the narrow, wooded roads the column filed mile after mile, the stifling dust, created by the numerous trains that for a fortnight had been pushing back and forth over the wagon roads, rising in such clouds that at times it was impossible to see more than a few rods. The men were fairly choked, and as they toiled on, their sweaty faces became as black as the negroes at the occasional houses by the roadside. On portions of the route water was very scarce. At one time, after a very long interval, a magnificent

spring gushed out from the mountain side, and the thirsty men gathered about it as eagerly as ever cattle rushed to a watering place, hundreds crowding around and almost pushing their associates into the water in their haste to procure the precious fluid.

To many of the command this was a first experience in the mountains, and the ever changing panorama as the column passed along the tortuous roadway was most pleasing. The year had grown prematurely old, and the forests were taking on their autumnal hues. As the clouds of dust were wafted to one side so that the outlines of the wooded mountains could be seen, there were few so weary that they did not share in the enjoyment afforded by the magnificent view.

Thursday, September 10, the Brigade marched from Stevenson, starting at six o'clock in the morning and camping near Bridgeport about one o'clock in the afternoon. All were thoroughly tired out with their four days' march through the dust and over the mountains, and many of them extremely foot sore. In the distance, less than half a mile from camp, could be seen the waters of the Tennessee River. Hardly had guns been stacked and knapsacks unslung when the entire command, embracing almost every man in every Regiment in the column, started for the river. All seemed to forget their blistered feet in their eagerness to wash off the dust and dirt accumulated on the march. It was a spectacle to be remembered, when that two or three thousand men, hurriedly stripping off their clothing, sprung into the waters of the Tennessee. It must be left to the imagination to picture the scene, for words cannot describe it. A half hour later, refreshed and revived by their plunge in the water, they made their way back to camp, near the ruins of the bridge, and prepared their dinner, after which they rested for the day.

Friday, September 11, was spent quietly in camp. Some strong earthworks were observed in the neighborhood, and the point was deemed an important one by the military authorities. There was an island in the river on which the piers of the large railroad bridge were still standing, although the bridge itself had been burned when the Rebels retreated south-

ward a few days before. The command was again moving to the front, and an occasional artillery salute could be heard, indicating that active operations were going on not far from Chattanooga.

Saturday, September 12, the Regiment marched at seven o'clock in the morning, moving directly across the river, and going into camp upon the southern bank. The men were directed to fix up the camp nicely and given some assurance that they would remain at that point for a time. Accordingly the grounds were carefully policed, and large quantities of straight pine poles, with which the region abounded, were cut for the construction of bunks. After some hours had been spent in hard work of this character, they were notified to send back all their extra baggage, as they would be required to go directly to the front. The camp and garrison equipage, including tents, knapsacks, blankets and mess-chests, were packed up and sent to Stevenson, Captain Pollock, of Company C, being detailed to accompany and take charge of them. Quite a number of men, who were unfit for the long march, were sent back with him. A few came up from the rear to take their places, keeping the number of the Regiment up to nearly 500 men.

Sunday morning, September 13, between six and seven o'clock, the column filed out in the direction of Chattanooga. The Regiment was near the rear of the column, and as there were several hundred wagons ahead of them loaded with twelve days' rations and a large amount of ammunition for the command, progress was very slow. Shellmound was passed early in the day, the column halting for a time near the entrance to the famous Nick-a-Jack Cave, from whose rocky depths a mammoth spring poured out its cooling waters. Some extensive saltpetre works, from which the Rebels had obtained large quantities of material for gunpowder, were near by and attracted much attention. A large squad of prisoners, on their way to Bridgeport under guard, were met during the afternoon.

All day the scenery along the line of march increased in grandeur, and as night approached was truly magnificent.

Sand and Lookout Mountains were bold peaks, and loomed up as if near at hand. Whiteside was reached just at dark and the tired troops went into bivouac, having marched about fifteen miles. But their rest was not to be a long one, for at eleven o'clock the sleepers were aroused and ordered to resume the march. That night trip, over the rugged mountain road, was one to be remembered. Great boulders lay in the roadway, and frequent ledges of rock cropped out to make the path uneven. Through the long hours the column toiled wearily onward, up and down, over the hills and through the narrow valleys, hindered by the artillery and wagon trains in front, and yet not allowed to tarry more than a few moments at any point for rest. Men fell asleep as they marched along, and, stumbling over the rocks and ledges, partially fell, while ever and anon a musket would drop from the unconscious hands and go rattling down the stony ravines. Some sank down from exhaustion and declared they could not go another step. Others, chafed and blistered, fell to the rear of the column, but still kept on. Shoes wore through, and many were the feet whose every step left on the rocks a trace of blood. Through the uncertain light the outline of Lookout could be dimly traced against the sky. The lines were shortened as the hours wore away, for many could not bear the strain of continuous marching over the rugged roads and fell to the rear. At last the gray of morning came, but still the silent, sullen column, like a huge serpent, wound its way along. Then came daylight, and as sleepiness disappeared with the darkness, the men grew more cheerful and ventured to talk again. At sunrise the wearied column halted, and the soldiers set about preparing coffee and toasting meat over the quickly kindled bivouac fires. They were rather jolly than otherwise, for their spirits rose as they partook of the exhilarating coffee and the satisfying hard-tack. The pluckier stragglers came up in goodly numbers and resumed their places, but the lines were by no means full when the bugle sounded the order to move on.

The halt had been made at the base of Lookout, and the long climb over the nose of the mountain was at once begun.

Stiffened and sore, the troops made slow progress, and the forenoon was well advanced when the highest point of the wagon road was reached. The scene which there opened out was one of beauty. Chattanooga was in the distance. The broad Tennessee seemed like a silver ribbon winding in and out among the timbered hills which lined its banks. Missionary Ridge lay at the front, and seemed hardly more than a rifle-shot away. Beyond this were the fields and forests where the main bodies of the two armies were soon to be engaged in the first mighty struggle which was to make that region famous, and in which so many of the tired feet then toiling across the mountain should halt forever at the bugle call of death. To the left, and near at hand, were alternately deep, ragged chasms and huge ledges, and just beyond, where a glance would say a boy might throw a stone, was Moccasin Point, where a remnant of the Regiment were to shortly watch for showers of iron from the mountain sides. To the right, across acres where the crops had been naught but rocks, and these ungathered through all the centuries of the past, loomed up the palisades, crowned by the crest of that soon to be historic mountain. None knew it then, but over these rocks, and up against those palisades, the Regiment, in a brief two months, was to make its way, in the flame and smoke of battle.

The halt on Lookout's side was not a long one, for soon the bugles sounded again and the column wound down into Lookout Valley, and across the intervening plain to Missionary Ridge. It had been supposed that the march would be directed toward Chattanooga, but instead the line passed on to the southeast, leaving the city to the left, and camping a little before noon at Rossville Gap, four miles away. All through the afternoon and until the evening was well advanced, the tired stragglers came limping in. The trip had been an exceedingly tedious one, not alone because of the natural difficulties of the route, but also because of the annoying delays occasioned by the heavy wagon train accompanying the command, and in whose rear the Regiment, with other portions of the command, had been obliged to travel.

There were now at Rossville three batteries of artillery and fourteen regiments of infantry. Most of these were troops that had never been under fire, except at long range. As for the NINETY-SIXTH, it had been gathering strength through all the months for the mighty conflict of arms that was now so near. It had listened to distant artillery in Kentucky ; it had seen a nearer view of war at the second Fort Donelson ; it had been in the outer margin of the fray at Franklin ; it had been closer to the front at Triune, where for many hours it lay under an annoying artillery fire, and where the bullets pattered along its line ; it had heard the roar of shot and shell at Guy's Gap and Shelbyville ; it had taken part in frequent scouting expeditions and picket forays where there was enough of danger to try the nerves of its members, but it had never been in heavy battle. During the year excellent discipline had been maintained, and the men had been getting ready. Now it was to know—and that right speedily—of what material it was composed, and whether it should do honor to the hopes of those who had sent it forth to battle. Chickamauga was less than a week distant.



ROSS HOUSE.

Headquarters of the Brigade, at Rossville, Ga., just prior to and on the morning following the Battle of Chickamauga.

PROPERTY OF THE
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CHAPTER X.

Chickamauga—Preparations for the Impending Battle—Collecting the Scattered Forces—The Enemy not in Retreat—Bragg's Lost Opportunity—The Lines Forming Along Chickamauga Creek—A Reconnoissance from Rossville—Under Fire with Unloaded Guns—Cold Nights in Line of Battle—Saturday's Battle—The Fighting Renewed on Sunday—The Reserves to the Rescue—The March to the Right—Three Desperate Charges—Repulsing the Enemy—Desperate Fighting and Terrific Losses—Both Armies Baffled—Again at Rossville—The Long Casualty List—Companies C and H Captured—Arrival at Moccasin Point—Official Reports—The New York *Tribune* Letter.

CHICKAMAUGA ! Though long years have passed since that name was hurled into history from the smoking throats of a hundred cannon and a hundred thousand muskets, yet the hand trembles and the pen falters as the word is written. It is a theme too vast to be fully discussed in a work like this. It was a battle of tremendous proportions and fraught with mighty import. It extended over miles of territory, through fields and woods embracing thousands of acres. It occupied two full days, beside the preliminary skirmishes attending it. The nature of the ground occupied by the opposing armies was such that often but little could be seen by the General officers,—and much less by line officers or enlisted men,—except of their immediate surroundings. Divisions, brigades, even regiments, at times became detached and had engagements that seemed wholly their own, for the heavy timber on many parts of the battle-field so covered and concealed them that movements could neither be seen nor anticipated ; and they fought, independently and alone, giving and taking terrific blows, often without support, and until exhausted and out of ammunition. Commanders have discussed and grown angry over it, disagreeing widely as to their locations and the work accomplished by their commands. They all agree, however, that it was a desperate battle, and the soldiers

of the Army of the Cumberland, whenever they meet to talk over their experiences,—as old soldiers will,—almost invariably end up with Chickamauga.

The movements of the main armies, in the campaign by which Gen. Rosecrans wrested Chattanooga from the enemy, have been briefly outlined in the preceding chapter,—the events there alluded to occupying until about September 10. Before taking up the narrative of the NINETY-SIXTH, in connection with the battle, it will be proper to describe, briefly, the movements of the three main columns of the Federal army, and also of Gen. Bragg's forces, during the week that intervened between the date named and the opening of the mighty struggle.

Drawing his forces back twenty-five or thirty miles, to the neighborhood of La Fayette, Gen. Bragg repeated the appeals for reinforcements,—made to the Confederate authorities when he first discovered Gen. Rosecrans' strategy,—promising, if certain troops were sent to him, to retake Chattanooga, and drive the Federals northward into or across the Tennessee River. The troops were sent,—two divisions from Mississippi, Gen. Buckner's command from East Tennessee, Gen. Longstreet's Corps from Virginia, and several thousand of the Georgia Militia; and thus was concentrated, before the opening of the battle, a force much superior in point of numbers to that commanded by Gen. Rosecrans.

Hardly had the Federal commander formulated his plans for pursuit when evidences began to multiply that the enemy, instead of being in retreat toward Rome, as had been supposed, was concentrating between La Fayette and Lee & Gordon's Mills. This fact was not definitely ascertained until dispositions for pursuit had been made and the advance had been well begun. Crittenden's Corps, after crossing Lookout Mountain into Chattanooga, had moved on Ringgold, driving the enemy from that place and pushing southward, the cavalry going beyond Tunnel Hill, and a portion of the infantry nearly to that point. Those farthest to the left soon became aware that they were actually in the rear of the right wing of the main body of the Confederates, and in great danger. As

soon as practicable they were withdrawn, returning to the neighborhood of Ringgold, and then,—two Brigades having been previously sent to cover the roads leading into Chattanooga from the southward,—moving more directly toward La Fayette. In this latter movement they encountered unexpected opposition, and were obliged to move by the right flank, finally joining the two Brigades mentioned near Lee & Gordon's Mills. From this point reconnoitring parties were sent in various directions, the one going toward La Fayette encountering two corps of the enemy, under Gen. Polk, moving to the attack of Crittenden's position. This reconnoitring party made a vigorous and noisy resistance, which so disconcerted the enemy that they abandoned their advance movement and assumed the defensive, supposing that they had been mistaken in believing Gen. Rosecrans' army still divided. Within a day or two,—a portion of the Reserve Corps having reached Rossville and being within supporting distance,—a part of Gen. Crittenden's force was sent to the right to cover the road leading to Chattanooga through the valley to the east of Lookout.

While the movements just described were in progress, Gen. Thomas, in command of the centre column, attempted to pass through Dug Gap, but, finding it occupied by a large force of the enemy, withdrew his lines, and by a dextrous movement avoided a general engagement and reached a position more suitable for defense. He had a lively skirmish at McLemore's Cove, however, but was not so involved but that he was able to fall back without a battle. Owing to the distance to be traveled and the rugged and tortuous roads in the rear of the Union forces, much difficulty was experienced in communicating with Gen. McCook, who, from his position at Alpine, had also found that the enemy was preparing for battle. On the thirteenth, pursuant to orders received the night before, Gen. McCook began the movement to his left which was to concentrate the Union forces. The march was a most toilsome one, the column being encumbered with considerable artillery and heavy wagon trains, which were moved with difficulty, owing to the mountainous roads.

The enemy controlled the direct roads, and the troops and trains had to cross and recross the mountain before effecting a junction with Gen. Thomas. The march was made almost continuous, fires being kindled at night to light up the road at the more difficult points and allow the teams to continue on their course. On the seventeenth the three Corps were within supporting distance of each other. For nearly a week the situation had been critical in the extreme. Gen. Bragg had it in his power during all of that time to strike any one of the three Corps with his entire army without fear that either of the others would reach the column attacked until a battle could be fought. It is matter of history that he more than once gave positive orders to his subordinates to make the attack; but some unexpected move of the Federal forces, or some division of counsels on the part of his corps or division commanders, cost the Confederates their opportunity, and delayed a battle that was to be desperate enough, even after the Union forces were united.

Having failed to take advantage of the opportunities offered during this long period in which the Federal forces had been separated, General Bragg changed his plans, and decided that the battle must be nearer Chattanooga. General Rosecrans' army was mainly to the right and rear of Lee & Gordon's Mills, and not yet well in hand. The Confederate leader now began moving his forces by the right flank, in order to make easy connection with such of his reinforcements as had not yet arrived and must make the march from the railroad, intending to strike the left flank of General Rosecrans' command, and interpose his own army between them and Chattanooga. But here again divided counsels, a slight delay in the arrival of Longstreet's Corps, and the positive timidity on the part of his immediate subordinates conspired to cost Bragg another golden opportunity; for the attack, positively ordered on Thursday evening to be made the following morning, was deferred until Saturday, the nineteenth. The dust, which had so stifled the Union troops in their long marches, now came to their assistance, for it rose in great clouds off to the east, betraying the movements of the Confederates, and thus en-

abling the Army of the Cumberland to meet this unexpected change of plan. The Union forces were moved to the left as rapidly as possible, but as the enemy was pressing in the vicinity of Crawfish Springs, the utmost caution had to be observed, and the movements were made at some disadvantage. Then, too, the distance was considerable, and the route lay through tangles of forest and along narrow and difficult roads, so that the close of Friday found the Union lines but partially formed, while many of the troops were still some miles from the position chosen for defense, and must march long hours in the darkness before they could be assigned to positions and given opportunity to catch a little sleep before the battle of the morrow. Indeed, large portions of the army were in motion throughout the entire night, while others were thrown into bivouac because of the impracticability of moving them over the fields in the darkness, and resumed the march at daylight of Saturday morning; those farthest to the right not closing up on the main army until the afternoon was well advanced, and then, after a double-quick of some miles, going immediately into action. The lines of the main army, as formed during Friday and the early part of Saturday, were on the west bank of Chickamauga Creek, and extended from Lee & Gordon's Mills to Reed's Bridge, a distance of about five miles. A portion of McCook's Corps was still farther to the right, occupying a position near Crawfish Springs, so that the extreme right and left wings were almost twelve miles apart. The several bridges and fords along the stream were guarded by cavalry, with infantry in support. Three or four miles in rear of the line was Missionary Ridge, an irregular range of hills, parallel with the general line of battle, and so steep and high that it would almost pass for a range of mountains in a country less rough than Northern Georgia. Through this Ridge were but two roads over which wagons or artillery could pass. One led through Rossville Gap on the left of the main army; the other through McFarland's Gap, nearly in rear of the left centre.

Having described how the main armies were ranged on

either bank of Chickamauga Creek, it will be in order to again take up the narrative of the NINETY-SIXTH.

The previous chapter left the Regiment at Rossville, four miles distant from Chattanooga, and nearly eight miles from Lee & Gordon's Mills. There were with Gen. Gordon Granger, at Rossville, the First Brigade of the First Division of the Reserve Corps,—to which Brigade the NINETY-SIXTH belonged,—under the command of Gen. Walter C. Whitaker; the Second Brigade of the same Division, under the command of Col. J. G. Mitchell, and which had marched from the neighborhood of Wartrace and Shelbyville; the Second Brigade of the Second Division of the same Corps, commanded by Col. Daniel McCook, which had marched from the neighborhood of Columbia; the 89th Ohio, of the Fourteenth Corps, which had marched from Tracy City; and the 22d Michigan, of the Second Division of the Reserve Corps, which, having been on provost duty at Nashville, had been brought to Bridgeport by rail and marched from there with the rest of the command. Few who were on that march will fail to remember the appearance of this last named Regiment. Their ranks were full, their clothing new and tidy, and many of them wore white shirts and paper collars. There was some good-natured chaffing on the part of the troops that had been in more active field duty, but these men showed themselves admirable soldiers, and those who survived the battle were ever afterward held as worthy to be called brothers by their veteran comrades. Although the Corps Commander was present, it is understood that all of the orders sent to to the command were addressed to Gen. J. B. Steedman, who was the commander of the First Division, and to whom the Brigade of Col. McCook and the two detached Regiments had been assigned. This was all of the troops that could be spared from the rear to assist the main army at the front. It was a paltry number, a beggarly reinforcement compared with the scores of regiments that had been sent at the call of the Rebel Commander, but enough, thank God, to save the day. They did not know their peril—perhaps it was better that they did not.

From the fourteenth to the seventeenth these troops lay idly in their camps, resting from the long march. Rossville Gap was well picketed, and a lighter line of guards was put out along the valley and toward Chattanooga. Gen. Gordon Granger, the commander of the Corps, exercised his authority by causing a number of foragers, who had been outside the picket lines, to be arrested by his guards and tied up by the thumbs near his headquarters. Instantly there was "music" in the camp. Captain Hicks and other officers from the NINETY-SIXTH walked deliberately to the line and demanded the release of their men. A crowd of soldiers gathered near by, and officers from other regiments imitated the example set by Captain Hicks and his associates. Gen. Granger was profane, and made terrible threats, but the murmur that ran through the crowd indicated that he could not misuse intelligent volunteers in an active campaign, and he slunk away into his tent, damning everybody. Shortly afterward, upon the demand of Gen. Steedman, the Commander of the Division, all were released and quiet restored. It was better so, for the feeling among the soldiers was so intense that nightfall would have seen a raid upon headquarters and the release of the foragers, even though it might have inaugurated a tragedy.

Thursday, September 17, the Second Brigade and the 22d Michigan and 89th Ohio, all under Gen. Steedman, leaving Rossville at three o'clock A. M., went out on the Ringgold road some twelve or fourteen miles, driving a light force for the last half mile or so. From the high ground overlooking the village of Ringgold they could plainly see large forces of the enemy, on the march and in bivouac. The temptation to give them a surprise was too strong to be resisted, and a section of the battery was taken to the ridge and begun a vigorous shelling of the camps. This was soon responded to; but the purpose of the expedition was to reconnoitre and not to fight, and as the clouds of dust indicated that the enemy was moving to the right and left of their little force, as though intending to surround and capture it, they withdrew, the rear guard skirmishing as they fell back. At nightfall they formed their lines on either side of the road, not far from Greysville,

and went into bivouac. At eleven o'clock the enemy opened upon them with a gun which had been placed in position near their picket lines. Ordering the men to maintain silence and extinguish their fires, Gen. Steedman awaited an attack, but the enemy soon ceased firing and withdrew.

Next morning they resumed the march, retiring leisurely to Rossville, and going into their former camp at a little past noon. Gen. Steedman at once communicated with Gen. Rosecrans, giving the latter the startling information that Longstreet's Corps had arrived to reinforce the Rebel army, as learned from prisoners taken on the reconnoissance. He also gave assurance that the Rebels were concentrating near the left of the main Union force. These facts, coupled with others gleaned from citizens and scouts, determined Gen. Rosecrans to move his army still farther to the left. He also ordered Gen. Steedman to move a portion of his troops to the front. At four o'clock that (Friday) afternoon Gen. Whittaker's and Col. McCook's Brigades were called in line, the understanding being that they were to go out on a reconnoissance similar to that made by other portions of the Division the day before. There was little to do by way of preparation, as the baggage had been parted with at Bridgeport some days before, and the column soon filed out through the Gap. A few of the sick, those who had been worn out by the march, and some who had worn out their shoes in crossing the mountains, and were consequently barefoot, were left in camp. A detail from the NINETY-SIXTH, consisting of about thirty men, had been sent to guard a wagon train that morning, and were not relieved, but remained on duty for three days, joining the Regiment only after the succeeding battle had been fought. Company A was on picket duty on the side of Missionary Ridge, and did not go out with the command.

The NINETY-SIXTH was given the head of the column, Gen. Whittaker and Staff riding just in front. Contrary to custom no advance guard was thrown forward. Strict orders had been issued that all guns should be kept unloaded in camp, and, as no instructions had been given to load, every musket was empty. The column filed out through Rossville Gap,

taking the right hand, or La Fayette, road for a mile or more, and halted. There was a brief consultation at the front, and then the Regiment was countermarched and crossed over to the Ringgold Road, by which Gen. Steedman had returned from his expedition four hours earlier. Col. McCook's Brigade kept on by the direct road, however, going nearly to Reed's Bridge.

The First Brigade marched forward at a good, swinging gait, not apprehending any danger, and chatting merrily as they passed along. Two or three miles out a soldier ran to the door of a house near the road, and conversed for a few moments with a woman, whom he found greatly agitated. She repeated, over and over: "There's going to be a battle;" "there's going to be a battle," and stated that a "critter-back company" followed the Yankees as they retired to Rossville, and turned back near her house. The soldier reported what he had heard, and word was sent to Gen. Whittaker, but no attention was paid to the matter, and the somewhat rapid march continued.

It is understood that the original intention was that Whittaker's Brigade should march out five miles to Red House Bridge, on the Ringgold Road, and McCook's Brigade to Reed's Bridge; but events transpired which prevented either destination being reached. Whittaker's Brigade had lost some time in the march and counter-march upon the La Fayette Road, and it was after five o'clock when they filed past McAfee's Church and entered the heavy timber which lined either side of the roadway. Here a little stream—best known as the Little Chickamauga, but down on the maps as Spring Creek—was encountered. It was, perhaps, twenty or thirty feet wide in the highway and unbridged, except that a fallen tree just at the right of the road, in some bushes, served the purpose of a foot bridge. Gen. Whittaker, followed by his Staff, rode into the stream and gave his horse the reins that the animal might drink; the men broke to the right in some disorder, looking for points where they might cross without wetting their feet. The right Company had just commenced crossing on the log, when, like lightning from a clear sky, the sharp

crack of a rifle rang out, and a bullet whizzed past the General's head, apparently barely missing its mark. A second bullet came an instant later, striking the rolled up blanket and poncho of a drummer boy—Thomas Reynolds—with such force as to penetrate it and throw him backward into the arms of a comrade, but fortunately giving him no greater injury than a severe bruise on the breast and shoulder. Instantly the men on the log dropped back to the shelter of the bushes, and those who had scattered to the right fell into line. A glance at the front revealed a little column of smoke in the bushes just at the left of the road, and it was evident that a Rebel sentinel, stationed to give warning of the approach of any forces, had been cooking his coffee, unaware of the nearness of his opponents until the splashing of the water attracted his attention. It was the work of but a moment for him to seize his carbine and fire the shots that had startled the command. Instantly Gen. Whittaker shouted out his commands to deploy a Company as skirmishers, and Colonel Champion called, "Attention!" and gave the command to load at will. Another shot or two was heard, but the bullets did no harm. There was a moment's delay, owing to the absence of Company A—which would most naturally have been sent to the skirmish line—and then Companies D and F were deployed; the latter going to the right. Upon the order of Captain Blodgett, commanding Company D, his men faced to the left and began to deploy. The first man to start to cross the road was Corporal Elisha Haggart, but the moment he emerged from the bushes he fell, his brain pierced by a bullet. Five minutes later Captain Blodgett had caught a bullet in his shoulder, but did not at once go back, although the wound was painful. The 40th Ohio moved to the left of the road, and in line with the NINETY-SIXTH, also throwing out two companies of skirmishers. The fire of the enemy was quickly replied to, the skirmishers moving gallantly forward for a half mile or more, the main body of the two regiments following closely in line of battle. The bullets cut wickedly through and over the line, and Robert C. Allison, of Company E, received a wound from which he died a few days later. The 18th Ohio Battery,

which was with the Brigade, took position in rear and began firing, bringing a speedy response from a Rebel battery posted in the timber just beyond an open field, to the edge of which the skirmishers had advanced. Pickets were thrown on the flanks, and as night was now closing in the lines halted, although the firing continued for a time. The men lay in line all through that chilly night, without removing their accoutrements, every one clutching his rifle and thinking of the morrow. Few had any but rubber blankets; no fires could be built; even the solace of a cup of hot coffee was denied them. How the teeth chattered as the long hours rolled slowly by! It seems almost incredible in that latitude, and at that time of year, but old letters and diaries assert that there was a heavy frost on that and the following night. Certain it is that the cold was sufficient to cause intense suffering, and forbid sleep to the unprotected soldiers. At intervals of an hour or two the men on the skirmish line were visited by the officers in charge, and one of the latter declares that he found some of them holding their bayonets in their mouths to prevent their teeth chattering together so loudly as to attract the attention of the enemy. Every sound from the front was listened to with the closest attention, but no movement was discovered, and it is probable that the Rebels were shivering with the cold much as were the Yankees in their front.

Col. McCook's Brigade, which had gone toward Reed's Bridge, had an experience similar to that of Gen. Whittaker's command, encountering the enemy and having a lively skirmish. Most writers assert that McCook reached and burned the bridge, but such was not the case. The cavalry had undertaken to destroy the bridge an hour or two before, but only succeeded in tearing up a few planks when they were driven off, and the enemy had crossed in large force before the infantry reached the vicinity. Next morning McCook withdrew, under orders from his superiors, and covered the roads leading toward Rossville, remaining within supporting distance of Whittaker on his left and Brannan on his right.

The morning of Saturday, September 19, was at hand, but 'ere its first glimmer had lightened up the east, word was

passed from man to man to move to the road. Silently, hardly a bayonet or a cup rattling to give the slightest sound, the crouching soldiers passed through the forest to the roadway, and marched back a mile or more, to a field near McAffee's Church. The march had stirred the blood and aroused the troops so that they were more like themselves. Fires were kindled, and hot coffee,—added to the relief afforded by the removal from the close proximity to the enemy,—made all quite jolly again. Breakfast over, the line shifted position once or twice, and was then moved slightly to the front, the Regiment being placed upon a ridge at the left of the road, a position which it occupied for the following twenty-four hours. During the day the Rebels advanced upon the new line, but at the right of the road, and while there was heavy skirmishing on the part of the other Regiments of the Brigade, and numerous casualties, the tide of battle did not cross the road. Two or three times the enemy sought to drive the forces from this position, but in vain. The Rebel artillery fired over the hill held by the Regiment occasionally, and overshot bullets hummed across the field. A heavy skirmish line was maintained on the front and flank all day and throughout the night. Early in the day Company A came up from Rossville, and took its place in line. The Second Brigade and the two detached Regiments also came up and took position near by. Gen. Granger and Gen. Steedman spent a great part of the day in the immediate vicinity. During the afternoon Captain Charles E. Rowan, of Company F, who was at the time serving on the staff of Gen. Whittaker, was sent with orders to one of the Regiments near the right of the Brigade. He had left them but a few moments before, but during his absence they had retired to a more favorable position, and the Rebels having advanced, he galloped directly into the enemy's lines, when, being confronted by half a hundred muskets, from all directions, he surrendered. This was the only loss to the NINETY-SIXTH on Saturday.

While the day had been by no means uneventful at the extreme left of the army, farther to the right a terrible conflict had been raging, the noise of which soon reached the

Reserve Corps and added to their anxiety, and the nightfall shutting in was most welcome to them, as well as to the tired troops of the main army. From those who had come up to the Regiment from Rossville only meagre particulars could be gathered, but it was reported that large numbers of wounded had passed that point all through the afternoon on their way toward Chattanooga, and that the valley was filled with wagon trains, sent back from the front.

The history of that eventful Saturday can be but briefly described. Gen. Rosecrans, in forming his line of battle on the west bank of Chickamauga Creek, had expected that the stream would serve an admirable purpose for defensive operations. With this expectation he had ordered that every bridge and ford should be securely guarded by cavalry, with infantry in support, and that the strongest possible resistance should be offered to the passage of the enemy. But it transpired, early on Saturday, that the stream was not a formidable barrier. Indeed, on Friday evening, While Col. McCook's* Brigade of the Reserve Corps was marching to Reed's Bridge, the cavalry posted there had been driven back, and a large force of the enemy had crossed before dark. Col. McCook believed it to be but a single Brigade, and so reported; but when, at about ten o'clock Saturday morning, Gen. Brannan attempted to move his Division to the bridge and capture it, he found himself confronted by a force greatly outnumbering his own. Simultaneously with his advance the enemy were moving to the assault, and the two forces met and began a terrible struggle for the mastery. Speedily the roar of battle ran to the southward, as division after division of the Rebel army took up the charge. The order of Gen. Bragg had been for a series of charges, beginning on his extreme right, each Division to move as rapidly as it should appear that the Union lines withstood the contest at their right, until *some* weak point should be found and penetrated. Such a point was found, but farther to the southward and later in the day. As the

* The reader should not confuse Col. Daniel McCook with Gen. A. McD. McCook. The former commanded a Brigade in the Reserve Corps, and the latter was the commander of the Twenty-first Army Corps.

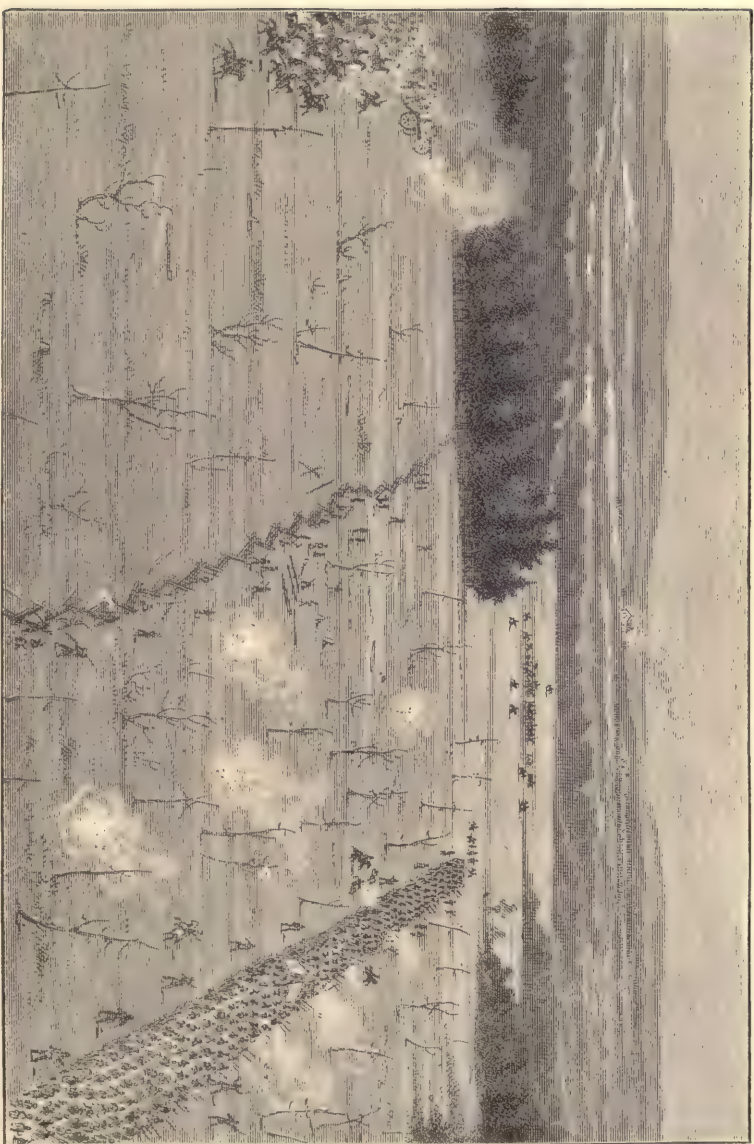
terrible roar of musketry gave evidence that the contest was to be a full-fledged battle, and that the plan of the Rebel leader was to break back the Union left if possible, troops were hurried from the right centre and thrown into the maëlstrom where Brannan's Division, and subsequently Baird's and Johnson's Divisions, were striving, with desperate courage, to withstand the terrific efforts of the enemy. Some ground was lost, and a half dozen pieces of artillery had to be abandoned; but the left was by no means routed, and the losses of the brave battalions in gray that had opened the battle were such as to render them cautious in their subsequent advances. Gen. Rosecrans soon ordered that portion of Gen. McCook's Corps that had been left in the neighborhood of Crawfish Springs to move toward the left, closing up on the forces at Lee & Gordon's Mills. This movement was not begun until afternoon, and when the tide of battle had swung far toward the Union right. The assaulting columns found more than one weak place in the Union lines before the right had been reached, but the Brigades and Divisions in reserve had been able to move into the breaks in the lines, and but little ground was lost along the centre. Near the Mills the Union forces were driven backward, before the arrival of the troops from Crawfish Springs, and these latter, after a long double-quick, and under the order, "On the right, by files, into line!" went at once into action; in a few cases the right of a regiment being actively firing and moving to the front before the left had come into line. Some disorder resulted, but a gallant defense was made, and the right wing, although borne backward somewhat, met no serious disaster. Night closed with no great advantage gained by the Confederates and no serious loss, so far as position was concerned, to the Union forces.* True, the losses had been heavy, and both the right and left were forced to yield ground, but the lines had been fairly maintained, and the situation at dark was not critical. Nearly

* Gen. Hood, who commanded the right of the Rebel army on Saturday, in his work entitled "Advance and Retreat," says that a majority of the Confederate corps commanders, at their council that evening, were rather dispirited than otherwise at the result of Saturday's battle, and by no means a unit in favor of renewing the contest on Sunday.

every Regiment of the Fourteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps had been engaged, and most of them had sustained heavy losses, but all had maintained their organizations, and were ready for the conflict that all knew must be renewed on the morrow.

The soldiers of the NINETY-SIXTH, occupying the extreme left of the infantry forces of that great army, shared in the general anxiety as to the result of the contest, and—it is but the truth to say it—were almost disappointed that they had borne so inconspicuous a part in the battle. They did not know as well as did the troops at the right, that the conflict was only well begun. There was an expression, common enough in those days, but which, in the lapse of years, may have in a measure lost its significance, that to the old soldier who reads these pages will exactly describe their condition: They were “spoiling for a fight.” Half in hopes that they might be spared the dangers of the battle, and half in fear lest they might not share in its honors, they saw darkness settle down upon the fields and forests. Then they sought such comfort as might be secured. They were still blanketless, but they had been provided with hot coffee and were in much better condition for securing rest than on the previous night. Large details were upon the picket lines, and were compelled to remain in position, unrelieved, all through the chilly hours, for it was deemed imprudent to attempt to change guards in the face of an active and vigilant enemy. To these sentinels the night was one of much suffering. On the main line, however, the soldiers gathered up the leaves, or picked pine boughs from the young timber covering the ridge, and “made up their beds.” A dozen would lay down close together with the command “by the right flank spoon!” and three or four ponchos covered the squad. For a time everything was all right, but after a little the outside ones began to freeze out, and by midnight all were up. Small fires were kindled in a ravine in rear of the line, and there they sat through the lonely hours and tried to keep warm. Before daylight breakfast was eaten, and the men were ready for their work. A few had been made ill by the two nights’

exposure and were sent back to Rossville, while a few others came up, so that 419 men and officers were in line. Early in the day Gen. Steedman, accompanied by Major Smith of his Staff, and followed by a few orderlies, rode out upon the open ground near the skirmish line to look over the situation, and soon drew the fire of the enemy's pickets. The shots were at widely separated points, and experience and soldierly instinct told the commander that the force in front must be a light one, merely held there as a party of observation, or to detain the force in their front and keep up a show of battle. Riding leisurely back to the high ground near the main line, Gen. Steedman expressed this belief to Major Smith. Presently Gen. Granger and a portion of his Staff rode up. The usual morning salutations were passed, and other conversation followed. As the morning wore away, the sounds of battle at the southward were wafted to them, indicating a renewal of the conflict of the main armies. The roar deepened, and both musketry and artillery could be plainly heard. They listened for a time and then Gen. Granger said: "Steedman, they are pushing our forces; we are needed badly over there, and are not needed here. I can't order you to go; you are ordered here by the General commanding the army." Gen. Steedman replied: "I know we are needed over there, and if satisfied there is no considerable force in our front I'll take the responsibility and go." A little later clouds of dust off to the southeast indicated that the enemy had left the Ringgold road and were pushing down toward the main army, when Gen. Granger again spoke: "Do you see that cloud of dust? That shows where they are." "Yes," said Gen. Steedman, "they are going where the fight is thickest, and I'll go too." Gen. Granger interposed: "It's a fearful thing, General, to disregard orders and abandon a position in the face of an enemy." "I know it is," said Gen. Steedman, "but everything is changed since we were ordered here. I'll take the responsibility and go." Meanwhile staff officers and orderlies had been sent to the right to ask that the command be relieved from the irksome duty of guarding a wagon road on which there was no enemy. One of these orderlies



AT CHICKAMAUL, GA.

Gen. Forrest disputes the movement of the Reserve Corps from the left to the right. Lieutenant Clarkson and several others were wounded at this point.

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA

was William M. Perry, of Company I, and his experience was a thrilling one. With a comrade he galloped along, only to find, at a sudden turn, that the road was full of Rebel infantry. Putting spurs to their horses they galloped through the crowd, Perry escaping, although his horse was wounded, but his companion falling, doubtless killed. The survivor reached the main army, but the General to whom he reported would not ask him to return. It is probable that still others were captured or killed in the attempt to reach Gen. Rosecrans, as none came back to the left.

Meanwhile a reconnoissance in force had been ordered by Gen. Steedman, and the lines were advanced for a half mile or more, but without developing any considerable force of the enemy. It was a splendid sight as those battalions moved across the fields in line of battle on that beautiful Sabbath morning, their colors kissed by the breezes and their muskets gleaming in the bright September sun. The troops, having been in reserve, were under strict discipline, exceptionally well drilled, and their swords and muskets all as bright and clean as though they were moving out for an inspection instead of for a battle. Moving back to the lines, they still waited while the battle sounds came, wafted from the southward. Would the orders to move never come? Was the battle to be fought to its close, and the Reserve Corps to have in it no part save the insignificant one already played?

It was at this time that the final conversation between Gen. Granger and Gen. Steedman, alluded to above, occurred, and staff officers rode along the line with orders to move. Col. McCook's Brigade was ordered to remain on the line, while Gen. Whittaker's and Col. Mitchell's Brigades, at a little past eleven o'clock, filed out from the position at McAfee's Church, and, with the sound of battle for a guide, moved southward. The 22d Michigan and the 89th Ohio had been assigned to Gen. Whittaker's Brigade, so that the column comprised ten regiments of infantry and two batteries of artillery. Again the NINETY-SIXTH was given the lead, the three right Companies, alternately, taking the front and left flank in line as skirmishers. There were frequent corn fields

and occasional open meadows, but the greater part of the country was heavily timbered. The march was a rapid one. A wooded road was followed for a time, and then the fields were taken, until the La Fayette road was reached. This highway was followed for quite a distance, and until the enemy's cavalry was seen in front, when the fields were again resorted to, and the troops moved in a more compact mass, in order that they might the better resist a cavalry attack. The din of battle was growing louder. Cartridge boxes, muskets, knapsacks and other abandoned articles were seen. An occasional straggler or wounded man was encountered, who told pitiful stories, and claimed to be about the only survivors of their respective commands. Deflecting to the right to avoid the cavalry now appearing in force, they found themselves still with the enemy between them and the Union line of battle. The commanding officer now sent a staff officer with orders to Col. McCook to move his Brigade from the Ringgold road to the La Fayette road, and cover and protect this line of retreat to Rossville. Then a hollow square was formed, and in this way, with Rebel cavalry hanging on front and flank, the two Brigades moved on. But valuable time was being consumed, and when the enemy sought the cover of the woods the formation was changed. Soon the hospital, near a spring, and which had been used by the left wing of the Union forces, was reached. It had fallen into Rebel hands two or three hours before, and a number of Rebel soldiers were guarding it. These were surprised and captured, and such as were under arms were sent to the right and rear, across Missionary Ridge, under charge of Sergeant Berg, of Company A, three or four guards accompanying him. Through the trees near the hospital the soldiers caught glimpses of a long row of Union dead, and thus had additional evidence of the bloody work going on near by. Passing to the right of this hospital they hurried along, and, making their way through a terrible snarl of tangled vines, emerged into an open field, across which they passed on the double-quick. A Rebel battery galloped into the field at the left and unlimbered its guns, not more than three or four hundred yards away. The soldiers saw the puffs

of smoke and heard the hiss of the shells, like the sound of a rocket as it leaves the pyrotechnic stand, a hundred times intensified. Section after section unlimbered and joined in the terrible work, until the air seemed full of iron and the ground was seamed and furrowed. It was a fitting introduction to the still more terrible scenes through which the command was soon to pass. Strange to say, only a few were hurt. A shell burst above Company D, and Lieutenant Theodore F. Clarkson fell, terribly wounded in the head, John Swindells had a hand shattered, Alza M. Stewart was badly wounded in the leg, Edmund S. Stevens was seriously bruised on the leg, and Corporal O. V. Young had a heel considerably cut. The two last mentioned remained with the command, but the others were taken to the right and rear. Some not mentioned were struck by flying fragments of the shell, but none seriously hurt.

The regiments following also sustained some loss. But through it all the troops kept straight forward, never furling their banners nor deflecting from their course. The commanders knew that here was not the place where they were most needed, and hurried forward. The air was full of smoke, the fences and fields burning in many places and adding to the more sulphurous smoke from the burning powder. Wounded men were frequently met, and dead bodies lay here and there, giving evidence that the ground over which the columns were passing had been the scene of a hot contest. After crossing this field, they bore still farther to the west, and succeeded in passing the Rebel right without encountering serious opposition.

They had traveled almost continuously for two hours, fully one-half of the time at a double-quick. The distance, if measured in a direct line, would not have exceeded five miles,—possibly it was not more than four,—but they had resisted the several times repeated attempts of the enemy to engage them, although suffering themselves to be somewhat delayed. At last they had reached and passed Gen. Thomas' lines. Halting near the burning out-buildings, of the Snodgrass farm, where Gen. Thomas had his headquarters, they

rested for a moment. Near by were two or three other General officers with their Staffs, and the field seemed full of couriers, stragglers and wounded men.

The arrival was most timely. Until eleven o'clock the principal fighting had been on Thomas' left, not far from the ground over which the Reserves had passed, and the enemy had again and again assaulted the lines with the view of turning the Union left, and thus cutting off retreat from the gaps through Missionary Ridge. They had not fully accomplished their purpose, but had gained repeated slight advantages. Gen. Rosecrans had fully appreciated the situation of affairs, and, anticipating exactly the movement that Gen. Bragg would make, had shortened his lines somewhat, during Saturday night, retiring both his flanks and arranging to have supports thrown from his right to his left, as needed. The Corps had not been formed in regular order, and the continuous shifting of troops to the left during Saturday had seemingly disarranged the army; the order of formation Sunday morning being Baird's Division of Thomas' Corps on the left, then Johnson's Division of McCook's Corps, Palmer's Division of Crittenden's Corps, and Reynolds' and Brannan's Divisions of Thomas' Corps, in succession. Still farther to the right were Sheridan's and Davis' Divisions of McCook's Corps, and to their rear, in support, Wood's and Van Cleve's Divisions of Crittenden's Corps. Some of the cavalry and mounted infantry regiments were sandwiched between the Divisions near the right. Gen. Negley's Division was in reserve, with orders to move to the extreme left, at the time the battle opened. Light breastworks covered a portion of the lines, but none were as formidable as would have been constructed a year later.

Gen. Bragg, having reorganized his lines and received numerous reinforcements, ordered Gen. Polk, commanding his right wing, to attack heavily at daylight. Fortunately for the Union cause, delays occurred, the enemy making no general assault until after nine o'clock. But even at that hour Gen. Negley had not reached Baird's left, and when the charge was made the line of gray overlapped the Federals,

and Beatty's Brigade of Van Cleve's Division, which had been hastily thrown out to meet the movement, was swept backward in disorder. It was on the grounds passed over by the Reserves on their way to Thomas, that this opening engagement of the morning had occurred. The advantages gained by the Rebel forces at this point were not important, and they withdrew,—having been repulsed in Baird's front,—after sustaining heavy losses. A second assault resulted as did the first. Following these sanguinary struggles, and deceived by the quiet on his right into the belief that Gen. Bragg was massing his troops for a still further effort to turn the left, Gen. Rosecrans had ordered a large body of troops from his right centre to go to Thomas' support, the others to close up the gaps thus made. Just at this critical moment, the enemy, apparently despairing of turning the Union left, were moving forward, under cover of the hills and woods, to assault the Federal right. Coming in large force and catching the right wing in the midst of these movements, they had forced the greater part of Sheridan's and Davis' Divisions of McCook's Corps, Van Cleve's and a portion of Wood's Division of Crittenden's Corps, and the cavalry and some artillery and trains to the rear and right in much disorder, and with heavy losses in artillery and prisoners. Gen. Rosecrans and two of his Corps Commanders—McCook and Crittenden—had been caught in the confusion which ensued, and made their way across Missionary Ridge to the Crawfish Spring Road, going thence by way of Rossville to Chattanooga. There is a conflict of testimony as to the hour at which this disastrous break occurred, but it was probably not long after eleven o'clock, or almost at the moment that the Reserves left McAfee's Church. Nor is it entirely clear as to who was responsible for the irregular movement by which the gap was opened and the opportunity given for the Rebel columns to pierce the right centre. The rapid driving of a battery of artillery that had been forced to retreat from an advanced position, and which struck a division as it was marching to the left, breaking the column, throwing it into disorder and injuring many men, doubtless played an important part. At all events the army was

cut in twain, and Gen. Brannan's Division occupied the right of that portion of the line which still remained firm. Owing to intervening hills and woods, Gen. Thomas, who was now the only Corps commander on the field, was not aware of the extent of the disaster on his right. He did not know that his Commander had left the field and that the Rebels had gained, with but little fighting, on his right, what they had failed to accomplish, with heavy slaughter, on his left. Gen. Brannan soon became aware that he was flanked, and drew back his right to a position favorable for defense, and threw up a light barricade.

Gen. Longstreet, after his exultant troops had pierced the Union lines, pushed his advantage for a time, but dared not wholly pass the new Union right without reorganizing his forces. He therefore halted and formed his troops in a succession of strong lines of battle, meanwhile consulting with Gen. Bragg and caring for his prisoners and the numerous cannon that had fallen into his hands. He then determined to again strike the Union right a terrific blow and seek to shatter it by force of numbers. But the Rebel assaults were repulsed, and other tactics made necessary. A show of fighting was kept up along the ridges where the Federals were posted, while the main portion of Longstreet's force was pushed northward, confidently expecting to reach and pass the rear of Gen. Thomas, and surround and capture the well-nigh exhausted forces still remaining on the field. Almost two hours had passed since the disaster on the right. It had been improved by the Confederates, and they were now ready for the movement which was to encircle the broken battalions still fighting under the Old Flag. The situation was growing critical. The Federal forces occupied an irregular half circle, either flank being a little west of the Lafayette and Rossville road. There were portions of seven Divisions, but all had been heavily engaged and sustained severe losses. They were irregularly grouped, and the commanders were disconcerted by the movement of Rebels to their right and rear, from which direction, if at all, reinforcements rather than an enemy had been expected. To add to the anxiety the

cartridge boxes of Thomas' men were well-nigh empty, and the ammunition train had disappeared, some unauthorized person having ordered it to Rossville, as was afterward learned.

Gen. Longstreet was now moving his heavy lines of infantry to some ridges, from which he could compel the Federal forces to form a final "square" where they must exhaust themselves with defensive operations or cut their way out at a frightful cost of life. At one o'clock his methodical movements were well advanced. With his forces well in hand, he was preparing to swing in his Division, like a ponderous gate, and completely envelope Gen. Thomas' army. A half hour more and the movement would be complete.

It was just at this critical juncture that help arrived. Gen. Thomas had observed a cloud of dust off to the left, and was alternating 'twixt hope and fear, thinking, until a staff officer, sent for the purpose, brought him other word, that the chances were that it was Rebel and not Union reinforcements. It was just at this supreme moment in the battle, and while the enemy was preparing to take advantage of the favorable positions they had obtained with unexpected ease, that the Reserves arrived, hot, dusty and fatigued with the long march at double-quick. There was a hurried consultation between the Generals and their Staff Officers, a brief inquiry as to the number and condition of the reinforcements, and then the First Brigade was faced toward the right centre of the semicircle with orders to move to the support of Gen. Wood and fill a gap in the lines. Before the proposed forward movement had begun the heavy masses of the enemy on the right became visible, and the commander knew—what he had but guessed before—that his right was gone, and that a great danger was confronting him from an unexpected direction. Instantly the order to move to Wood's support was countermanded. The battalions were faced and filed to the right, moved across an open field into the woods and halted. The NINETY-SIXTH still had the lead, and a company of skirmishers preceded it. On the way the Division Commander and his Staff, who realized something of the work before them, were discussing the situation, when Capt. Moe, then A. A. G.

to Gen. Steedman, said, in substance: "There are often disputes as to the time when important military events occur, and as this is likely to be an important event, gentlemen, just remember that it is now ten minutes past one o'clock."

After a short march the column was commanded to halt and come to a front. The NINETY-SIXTH thus formed the extreme right of the line. Directly at its left and separated from it by a brief interval was the 115th Illinois, and at their left the 22d Michigan. A second line was formed, the 40th Ohio being directly in rear of the NINETY-SIXTH, and the 84th Indiana and 89th Ohio at the left of the 40th. On a ridge at the front several Rebel skirmishers were seen, who fired a few shots and then ran back. But they had fired to some purpose, for there was a dull thud as a bullet struck a man in the Regiment just in rear of the NINETY-SIXTH, and a sickening sensation came over those who heard it. "There is a 'Reb' on the hill," said one of the skirmishers just in front. "Why don't you shoot him, then?" calmly replied Colonel Champion, and the man responded with a rifle shot. In a moment the skirmishers had been sent to the right, guns were hastily inspected, the men were counted, and the double line moved forward. There were fallen trees, which served to break up the lines somewhat, but the movement was, in the main, admirably executed. A series of little ravines were passed, and the soldiers broke into a double quick. Ascending a longer ridge, there came the pattering of shots, like the first drops of a shower; then the ragged, tearing report of an irregular skirmish volley; then the constant, deafening roar, as regiment after regiment took up the deadly work. The first line of Rebels gave way, and the lines of blue pressed on down the long slope, with a wild cheer, bounding over logs and stones, through the hollow and up to the crest of another ridge. The noise was deafening. The enemy was but from six to ten rods distant, but through the smoke and bushes they could hardly be seen, although the guns belched forth a terrible fire seemingly right in their faces. Halting there, from ten to twenty shots were fired by each of those not disabled. Scores of brave men had been shot, and were either lying silent

in death, or making their way to the rear in such manner as their wounds would permit. Every moment thinned the ranks. A half dozen cannon in front of the right centre of the Regiment poured a destructive fire diagonally across the line and into the left of the 40th Ohio and the right of the 84th Indiana. The hot breath from their terrible throats seemed like a blast from the infernal regions, and the dense smoke hung like a pall above. "Fire at the battery!" was the order, and presently most of the guns were silenced. But there were other batteries and a cloud of infantry coming, line after line, and all above those trodden across the air screamed with merciless bullets. Lieutenant Colonel Clarke sat calmly on his horse near the left of the Regiment, speaking words of cheer to the men as they met the terrible fire. A moment later a bullet struck him, inflicting a mortal wound. He was assisted from his horse and carried to the rear upon a blanket. Colonel Champion's horse was twice wounded, but its rider stood unscathed behind the centre of the line.

At times the number of wounded going to the rear was such as to create the impression that the line was giving way, but for a time there was no break. There came a lessening of the terrible roar. A regiment at the left was giving ground. The regiments comprising the second line, although they had halted some distance in the rear, were unable to endure the terrific storm, and fell back. Then came the indescribable "Rebel yell," as fresh battalions of the enemy came through the opening at the left. Men looked into each other's faces as if to read their thoughts. Officers blanched as they took in the situation. The left was gone. The troops in rear had gone. There was as yet no support or protection on the right. The incessant fire from the front was being supplemented by enfilading shots from left and right as the lapping lines passed both the flanks. Mingled with the roar of musketry rose the hated yell of the exultant enemy as they swarmed after the retreating battalions. To remain longer meant the absolute destruction of the entire Regiment; to give ground was the only alternative, as there were no indications of support, and the NINETY-SIXTH retired; slowly at first, some of the officers back-

ing down and the men loading and firing in retreat ; but as the waves of Rebel gray swept after them, they ran back in some confusion, through the hollow, up the long slope, while shot and shell screamed and hissed and exploded all about them. But the Rebels had been so terribly punished that they did not follow far. The ridge passed, the Regiment again formed, most of the men rallying on the colors. But Oh, the lines were terribly shortened. Lieutenant Colonel Clarke, to whose fatherly care and strict discipline the Regiment owed so much of its effectiveness in that supreme hour of its history, was being borne to the rear. Captain Blodgett had been struck down and badly injured by a heavy treetop torn from its place by a Rebel shell, and was, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner, being held by the limbs while the Rebel lines passed over or around him and then retired, and only being released from his position when the Union lines advanced in a second charge, some of the men then helping to remove the tree and get him up. Lieutenant Blowney had a shot across his head, from which the blood was flowing freely over his face, but he was bravely rallying his command, and doing gallant service. Captain Taylor had been wounded, but remained with his command. Captain Pierce and Sergeant-Major Quinn were among those hit,—the latter being so severely injured as to cause his capture. Lieutenants Simms and Barnes were being assisted to the rear, each with a mortal wound. A hundred officers and men must have fallen in that first half hour. Other regiments had suffered scarcely less. Gen. Whittaker being slightly wounded, Colonel Champion took temporary command of the Brigade, and as Major Smith was on Gen. Steedman's staff, the command of the Regiment devolved upon Captain Hicks, of Company A,—as gallant and brave a man as ever wielded a sword. Most of the men responded promptly to the call to reform the lines. Stepping to the front, Captain Hicks spoke as follows : “Comrades, you have made one charge—a gallant charge. On yonder hillside lie the bodies of your fallen comrades. Forward to avenge their deaths !” The men responded with a cheer and again moved to the front, bearing somewhat to the right, to cover

the extended Rebel lines and support a section of artillery that had been moved to that part of the field. In the brief interval while the lines were forming some of the wounded had been carried to the rear, but those who fell at the extreme front could not be reached. In all of the succeeding movements of the afternoon the Union lines did not penetrate so far, and these men lay between the fire of the two armies much of the time, although occasionally the Rebels advanced a few rods past them.

As the lines moved forward there was again a swift charge and a wild cheer, and again the leaden messengers sped across the field. Both lines were charging, but this time it was the Confederates who first hesitated, halted and fell back, while Union shots momentarily lessened their number. But again there were other Rebel lines and other batteries, and the Brigade, whose line, working still to the right, had grown to be scarcely more than a skirmish line, was compelled to halt. Officers sheathed their swords and took up muskets. The color guard of nine were all gone but two or three. Sergeant Bruner, who carried the Stars and Stripes, was terribly wounded. Corporal Swanbrough, who had already had the staff of the Regimental flag shot off twice in his hands, caught the National colors as they fell, and gallantly bore both flags aloft. Later, he, too, was struck down by a falling limb, stunned for a moment, and recovered his senses barely in time to save the flags from capture, after the Regiment supposed them lost. But who can describe those terrific charges and counter charges, as the Rebels again and again sought to drive back the Reserves and gain possession of the roads leading through McFarland's Gap. The fighting, in each of the advances, was severe,—intensely so,—and yet there was not the noise or the impetuosity that attended the first grand onset. But if the men did not keep the perfect lines observed on grand reviews, they at all events took good aim and did remarkably effective work. There were those whose boldness and enthusiasm led them to the front, and others whose timidity kept them a little in the rear. But all the time that dreadful afternoon they hardly once sought cover, rarely even

going behind a tree, but stood out, manfully, as if courting death, while the dread storm of shot and shell raged over the timbered ridges, and the hills and valleys reverberated with the roar of battle.

So the battle raged, with occasional intervals, from before two o'clock until dusk, the men advancing and driving the Rebels, only to be in turn driven back over substantially the same ground. Sometimes there were two lines, but by some strange fate, the NINETY-SIXTH was always in the front one. Always there seemed a cloud of Rebels, far outnumbering the Union troops, and rarely, if ever, did the enemy charge with less than two lines and often with three or four. Once the NINETY-SIXTH advanced so far as to receive an enfilading fire from the other regiments of the Brigade, and Colonel Champion declared his belief that with five hundred fresh troops he could have driven the entire left wing of the Confederate army from the field. The ground seemed almost fairly covered with the bodies of the killed or desperately wounded of the enemy over acres across which the Regiment advanced. Gen. Hindman, commanding one of the Rebel Divisions with which the Reserves fought, in his report says of the engagement on that part of the field, that he had never before seen Confederates fight better or Federals fight so well. In some of the advance movements a few Rebels were captured, and from them it was learned that the troops were not Bragg's men, but Longstreet's veterans from the Potomac, who had rarely known defeat, and who boasted, as they came upon the battle field, that they had been sent to show Bragg's army how to fight.

The left of the line moved less than the right; in fact, the left of the Brigade seemed to be the pivot on which the Reserves swung, like a great pendulum, for four terrible hours. In the retreats there was a deliberateness and stubbornness seldom equalled. Colonel Champion was as cool and courageous as man could be, and his bravery, seconded by that of the line officers, acted like an inspiration.

Two Regiments of the Brigade—the 89th Ohio and 22d Michigan—being out of ammunition, met a charge of the

enemy with their bayonets, but were overpowered and surrounded, most of them being made prisoners. This was near the close of the fighting and after most of the troops at the left had moved to the rear. It was a terrible sacrifice, for they had made a gallant fight, but probably necessary in order to the protection of the retreating column.

At a little before night-fall the enemy, baffled and discouraged, drew back their lines a little, and the fighting ceased except that an irregular skirmish fire was continued for a time. And it was well that it was so, for the Union forces were well-nigh exhausted and almost out of ammunition, except as they took it from the cartridge boxes of the dead and wounded. At one time a few boxes were brought upon the field. Were gold thrown out in handfuls among a crowd of Chicago newsboys it could not be more eagerly seized than were the coveted cartridges on that afternoon. Gen. Thomas was not slow to take advantage of the lull in the terrific storm, and at sundown or a little before he ordered his men to move quietly but quickly back through McFarland's Gap and out toward Rossville. But the right of the line was the last to be withdrawn, and the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois and 121st Ohio still kept up a desultory musketry until the fire grew red and the short southern twilight had almost deepened into night. Then they drew back, a little band of resolute men, the last organized body to leave the field. The four or five miles to Rossville was made in sullen silence. Between eight and nine o'clock the camp was reached, and the men threw themselves down on the "bunks" they had left less than three days before. Oh, how weary they were. For two nights they had hardly slept at all. Since before daylight of that morning they had eaten nothing except an occasional bite of hard-tack from their haversacks. For hours many had had no water. They were dusty, powder-grimmed, so hoarse that they could hardly speak above a whisper; so tired that they could hardly rise after they had lain down. But darkness and distance had relieved them from the terrible strain induced by the deadly peril of the battle, and no wonder that one soldier, as he seized a cup of hot coffee and threw himself down beside

a camp-fire, exclaimed: "Boys, this is heaven." And he felt it, so great was the relief experienced.

As they gathered around the camp-fires—the unhurt and some of the wounded who had been able to get back—and discussed the incidents of the day in undertones, the groups were sad, for so many were gone. All of the dead and many of the severely wounded were lying unprotected and uncared for on the battle-field. Each Company had its list of heroes. Almost every man had narrowly escaped some imminent peril, and fully one-half of the survivors had bullets through their clothing or equipments. Colonel Champion, who had proved a very lion in the fight, was unharmed, although he rode his third horse, two having been shot under him.

The Brigade had lost forty-four per cent. of its entire number; the Regiment almost fifty per cent. But the Reserves had saved the right; and in saving the right had saved the army; and in saving the army had, perhaps, made final victory possible, and thus saved the Union of the States.

In withdrawing from the field there had been some breaking up of commands, and daylight of Monday, September 21, found the army in much disorder. Col. McCook's Brigade had been drawn back toward Rossville, and picketed the Gap through the night. Shortly after sunrise Sheridan's Division of McCook's Corps moved out on the Crawfish Spring road, along the west side of Missionary Ridge. Other commands soon formed and were sent into the Gap and upon the Ridge at its right and left. The troops of Steedman's Division were moved a little toward Chattanooga, shifting position here and there for a time, and then marching to the top of the Ridge at the left of the Gap, and near the extreme left of the main army. Throughout the day it was expected that the enemy would move forward and attack this position, but their losses had been so heavy that they were not anxious to renew the battle, and they contented themselves with a reconnoissance along the new line. During the skirmishing the only casualty in the NINETY-SIXTH was the wounding of C. W. Graham, of Company H, and one or two others. The troops did not fortify their position until toward evening, when a light barricade was con-

structed of rocks and logs. There was no despondency among the troops, but on the contrary a feeling of confidence and a belief that they could resist any direct attack the Rebels could make.

The position of the army, although admirable for defensive operations, providing that the enemy were to make a direct assault, was such that a force might pass its right and cut it off from Chattanooga. It was therefore determined to move back to the city soon after nightfall. Meanwhile engineers laid out a line of works, either flank of which rested on the Tennessee River, and to this line, commencing at nine P. M., Division after Division was withdrawn. At eleven o'clock Steedman's Division was in motion, the main body, after a slow and tedious night march, reaching Chattanooga, where the First Brigade, including the NINETY-SIXTH, was detached and sent across the river, and thence to Moccasin Point, confronting Lookout Mountain.

But in this movement a serious disaster befel the Regiment. Company H, under Lieutenant Yates, had been posted in front upon the skirmish line, during the day. In the early evening, it being reported that the line was too weak, Company C, under Lieutenant Earle, was sent to reinforce them. When the main line was drawn back into Chattanooga these Companies were not relieved or ordered back, and with several other Companies found themselves surrounded, and were captured about ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, after making a brief resistance, in which James Forsyth, of Company H, was killed, and two or three from other commands were wounded. Thus the Regiment lost two gallant officers and thirty-four brave men, more than one-half of whom were to perish in the foul prison-pens to which they were committed. For a more circumstantial account of the experiences of the men captured at this time, the reader is referred to the chapter on "Prisons and Prisoners of War," in another part of this work.

It was not until Moccasin Point was reached that an opportunity was given to attempt to fully measure the losses of the Regiment in the terrific experiences of Chickamauga, or to estimate the services it had performed. From all sources

came unstinted praise for the heroic action of the Reserve Corps on Sunday afternoon. It had fought more than three times its own numbers. Three times it had hurled itself against the solid lines of the enemy when attack seemed hopeless, and each time it had broken and driven back their front lines. Repeatedly it had withstood the assaults of the doubled and quadrupled lines of gray, fighting, at fearful odds, until the night had come and given Gen. Thomas opportunity to withdraw his forces. And in all this dreadful fighting the NINETY-SIXTH had been in the front line and at the right, where the work was most severe and the danger most intense. It had charged the most frequently, penetrated farthest to the front, held its advanced positions longest, and was always slowest in falling back. Its losses in killed and wounded had been the heaviest of any Regiment in the Reserve Corps, and, considering the number of hours it was engaged, the heaviest of any Regiment in the Army. Of 419 who went into the fight 200 were killed or wounded, while the total loss, including those captured on Missionary Ridge, was 234, or fifty-eight per cent. of all who took part in the battle,—a percentage rarely reached by any command in a single battle. The following is

THE CASUALTY LIST.

Field and Staff.

KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.—Lieutenant Colonel Isaac L. Clarke; Quarter-Master ^{Sergeant} William S. Bean.

WOUNDED.—Sergeant Major Francis P. Quinn,* shot through lungs.

* Captured.











Company A.

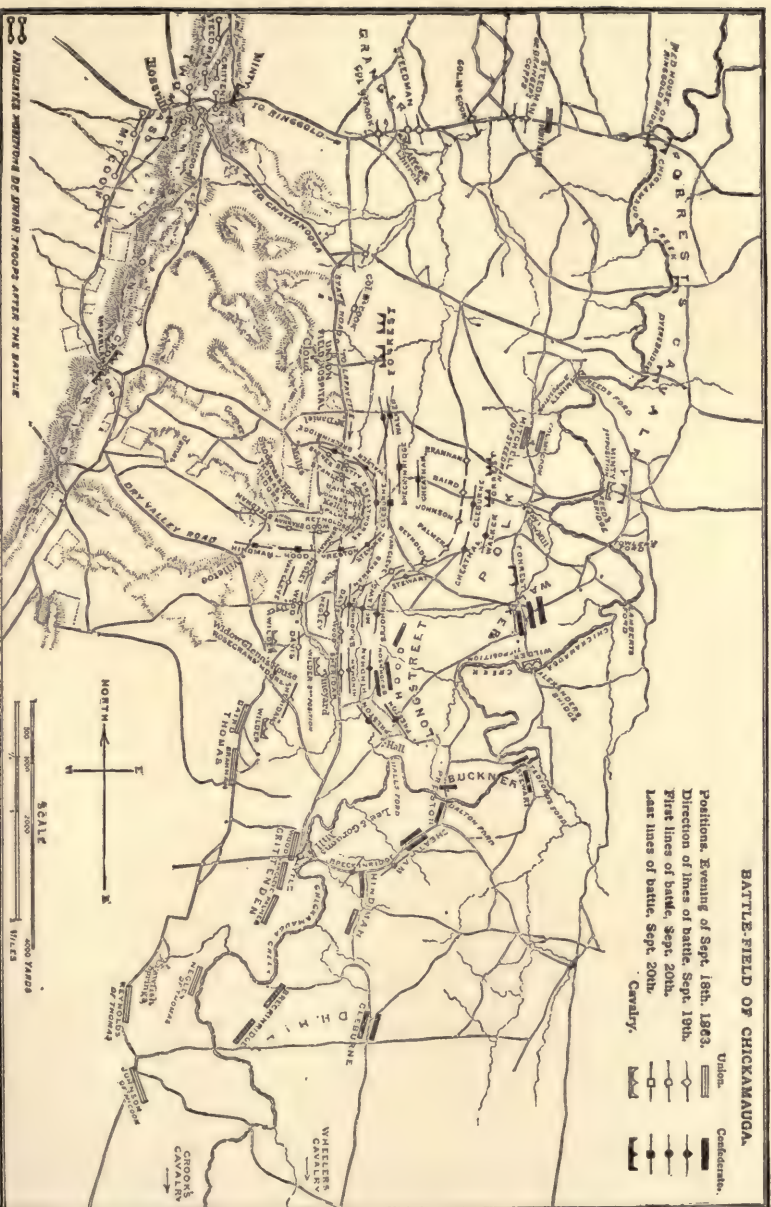
KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.—First Sergeant John G. Schaefer, Corporal William Price, Color Corporal David Isbell, Christian Kaufman, John H. Witman.

WOUNDED.—First Lieutenant William Vincent, leg; Sergeant Frank A. Weir, arm; Corporal Jason B. Isbell, shoulder; Gottlieb Beck, face; John W. Connor,* side; John Einsweiler, thigh; Milton Glover, head; Edward Reubeno, finger shot off; Edward Simpson, head; Joseph D. Young, leg; Josephus Metcalf,* head.

* Captured.

BATTLE-FIELD OF CHICKAMAUGA.

- Union.  Confederate. 
 Direction of lines of battle, Sept. 18th.  
 First lines of battle, Sept. 20th.  
 Last lines of battle, Sept. 20th.  
 Cavalry.  



For positions occupied by the NINETY-SIXTH see the names Steedman and Whittaker.

BY THE
COMMISSIONER OF LANDS

Company B.

KILLED.—Emery Dart, Charles Fox, William Kimball, Thomas Potter.

WOUNDED.—First Sergeant A. A. Bangs,* head; Sergeant William D. Whitmore, shoulder; Color Corporal Hamilton Whitney,* † side; Corporal Caleb Whitney, foot; Henry Annis, leg; John H. Cruver, † arm; John Cashman, † foot; W. W. Tower, leg; Charles McCusker, shoulder.

* Captured.

† Disabled for further field service.

Company C.

KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.—Corporal John Y. Taylor, William Bonner, John H. Ehlers, John Fidler, Acting Color Corporal Squire Inman.* †

WOUNDED.—Second Lieutenant Charles W. Earle, arm and wrist; Sergeant Edward Murray,* † shoulder, hip and arm; Sergeant Charles A. Partridge, hip; Corporal George C. Dodge,* † ankle; Corporal William B. Lewin, shoulder; Corporal Lewis H. Bryant, both legs; Corporal John McGill, right arm; Henry P. Barnum, face; John W. Bailey, arm; Henry Bater, shoulder; Henry H. Cutler, arm; Ira Cribb, shoulder; Leonard S. Doolittle,* † right leg; William Diver, arm; William H. Ehlers, arm; Norris Hamilton, face; Orrin Howe,* † leg; James McCredie, leg; Oscar Rector, right shoulder and lung; Michael Umbdenstock, right arm.

CAPTURED SEPTEMBER 22, 1863.—Second Lieutenant Charles W. Earle; Sergeant Harrison Huntington; † Privates John Bensinger, † Henry H. Cutler, Henry C. Green, † James Kearney, William McClellan, † William McCreadie, † Laughlin Madden, † Henry C. Payne, † Hugo Rodenberger, † Joseph Schweri, Joseph Savage, Charles Sturm, † Christian Weistoff.

* Captured.

† Disabled for further field service.

‡ Died while a prisoner of war.

Company D.

KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.—Sergeant William W. McKey; Sergeant Isaac Quigley; Corporal Elisha Haggart; Elias Hosley, James Rich.

WOUNDED.—Captain A. Z. Blodgett, shoulder and back; Second Lieutenant Theodore F. Clarkson, head; First Sergeant John H. Collier, thigh; Corporal Charles Ellis, leg; Corporal Orson V. Young, foot; ~~Walter Crape,~~ arm; Edward Rix, head; Joseph A. Roth, left hand; H. G. Levagood, † arm; Edmund S. Stevens,* † leg and body; John Swindells, † hand; William Sabin, † left thigh; Alza Stewart, hip; Robert E. Stanley, face; John C. Thompson, knee; Jacob Van Patten, knee and breast; Eli Thayer,* † head; James T. Guppy, head.

* Captured.

† Disabled for further field service.

‡ Died while a prisoner of war.

Company E.

KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.—Corporal Henry Cashman, Corporal Edgar Warner, Robert C. Allinson, Alfred Elderkin, William Edge, James A. Thomas, Joseph Tinkler, Daniel Harrington, Stephen F. Blackstone,* Thomas B. Martin,* Henry Mack,* Dennis O'Leary.*

WOUNDED.—Captain Wm. F. Taylor, ear; First Lieutenant Halsey H. Richardson, thigh; Second Lieutenant Sidney B. Funk,† face and shoulder; Sergeant Wm. H. Robbins,*† arm and lung; Sergeant Royal J. Cooper, foot; Color Corporal Wm. F. DeGraff, leg; Corporal William Hill,† leg; John A. Bush, leg and side;* Solomon Bixby, arm; James Cole,† arm and body; George W. Dimick,*† head and hip; John H. Pooley,† thigh; George Teal, arm; Andrew King, wrist and side; Thomas Scott, knee; Charles F. Hayth,*† ankle.

* Captured.

† Disabled for further field service.

‡ Died while a prisoner of war.

Company F.

KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.—First Lieutenant Nelson R. Simms; Corporal John R. Oatey, Color Corporal Walton Reed, Corporal Augustus Armbruster, Hiram L. Bostwick, James Pimley, Frederick W. Miller.

WOUNDED.—Corporal John A. Robinson,† lost right arm; James Brown, back; William Calvert, leg; Patrick Conway, hip; Joseph Gammon,† chest and leg; Thomas Graham, face; John Hocking,* thigh; Bennett Holtkamp,*† Edward Wearne,*† thigh; John Kneebone, leg; Hugh Williams, hand.

CAPTURED.—Captain Charles E. Rowan.

* Captured.

† Disabled for further field service.

‡ Died while a prisoner of war.

Company G.

KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.—Thomas Davis,* William H. Wheeler, William H. Whaples.

WOUNDED.—First Lieutenant Benjamin G. Blowney, head; First Sergeant Aaron Scott, hand; Sergeant B. F. Shepard, thigh; Corporal Walter Drew, side; Corporal James Hickox, side and leg; Corporal H. H. Gage, hand; Daniel Benson,* thigh; George Butler,† foot; Jared O. Blodgett, Myron J. Brown, groin; John A. Corbin, thigh; Joseph Darby,*† left arm; Daniel H. Gail, leg; William Joyce, foot; John Ladd, thigh; Lewis Miller, hip.

* Captured.

† Disabled for further field service.

Company H.

KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.—First Lieutenant George F. Barnes ; Color Corporal Ward L. Morton, Corporal Henry Simons, Corporal Thomas Morris,* James J. Curry,* Albert Farley, James Forsyth, Thomas K. Johnson.*

WOUNDED.—Captain J. L. Pierce, right arm and side ; First Sergeant J. A. Francisco,† leg and side ; Sergeant Michael Hileman, Color Sergeant M. M. Bruner,† arm and breast ; Sergeant H. S. Vandervoort, leg ; Sergeant Charles P. Howard,† arm ; Corporal Charles L. Mettz, hand ; Corporal H. F. Hastings, arm ; Edward McGinniss,† wrist ; James Rees,† arm ; Patrick Farrell, 1st, leg ; Patrick Farrell, 2d, arm ; Hiram W. Nelson,† shoulder ; Geo. W. Andrews, foot ; John H. Foster, face ; Norman P. Ward,† thigh ; James McCafferty, face and neck ; Charles W. Graham,† hand ; Charles D. Bunce,* Henson Moore, arm ; Samuel Wilcox, arm.

CAPTURED SEPTEMBER 22, 1863.—Second Lieutenant Charles H. Yates, Sergeant Michael Hileman, Corporals John A. Boothby,† Patrick Flannery† and Alphonzo Marshall,† and Privates George W. Andrews,† Richard Cullen, Daniel W. Dowd, John H. Foster, Peter Hawkes, William Ingersoll,† Andrew Johnson, John Kurby,† Nathaniel McWain, George H. Stanchfield,† James M. Sallee, Edwin Van Dyke, Adam Vrowman,† Alberto Wheelock,† John V. Wilkerson.

* Captured.

† Disabled for further field service.

‡ Died while a prisoner of war.

Company I.

KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.—John Adams, Truman F. Bennett, Henry Bonitell, John Bowman, Gains W. Young.

WOUNDED.—John Fablinger, shoulder ; James Hutchinson, side ; Francis S. Koontz, breast ; Frank M. Pogue,† leg ; August Stemlie, shoulder ; Hugh Williams, side ; Benjamin B. Wilson, shoulder ; Thomas Reynolds, shoulder ; Daniel Malone, scalp.

† Disabled for further field service.

Company K.

KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.—Corporal Thomas Porter, Anson Brinkerhoff, Joseph Bowker, Mathew Dunbar, Michael Fox, Darius W. Kenney.

WOUNDED.—First Sergeant C. C. Cowen,† right shoulder ; Sergeant Garrett W. Luke, scalp wound ; Sergeant Charles N. Elston, right leg ; Corporal Wm. E. Tilton, side ; James E. Black, arm ; Acting Color Corporal Thomas A. Conlee, shoulder ; James F. Champlin,* Thomas C. Graves,* foot ; Edward Graham, arm and thigh ; Hiram H. Hamilton,* left leg ; Cyrus Pomeroy,† leg ; Curl Richardson, leg ; Henry Schultz,* left breast and arm ; Charles Smith, left leg hurt by the fall of a horse.

* Captured.

† Disabled for further field service.

The casualties among the troops in Gen. Steedman's command in this memorable battle were as follows :

Second Brigade, Second Division, Reserve Corps; Col. Daniel McCook commanding :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Captured.	Total.
52d Ohio.....	0	2	3	5
85th Illinois.....	1	6	0	7
86th Illinois.....	1	5	1	7
125th Illinois.....	1	2	4	7
Total.....	3	15	8	26

First Brigade, First Division, Reserve Corps, Gen. Walter C. Whitaker commanding :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Captured.	Total.
96th Illinois.....	45	130	40	215 *
115th Illinois.....	24	137	6	167
40th Ohio.....	18	94	11	123
84th Indiana.....	20	87	11	118
18th Ohio Battery.....	0	9	0	9
Total.....	107	457	68	632

Col. Heber Le Favour's Demi-Brigade, attached to and fighting with Gen. Whittaker's Brigade :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Captured.	Total.
22d Michigan.....	36	89	247	372
89th Ohio.....	23	64	140	227
Total.....	59	153	387	599

Second Brigade, First Division, Reserve Corps, Col. John G. Mitchell commanding :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Captured.	Total.
78th Illinois.....	17	74	55	146
98th Ohio.....	7	38	18	63
113th Ohio.....	26	90	40	156
121st Ohio.....	12	73	7	92
Battery M, 1st Illinois Artillery... 2	11	0	13	
Total.....	64	286	120	470

The total casualties were 1,727 out of a command not exceeding 4,000 men, excepting Col. McCook's Brigade, which was not with Gen. Steedman on the right.

The detail of men who had been guarding a wagon train during the battle—numbering about thirty—those who had

* This total of 215 was exclusive of the slightly wounded who remained on duty with the command.

been left at Rossville sick, a few detached men and several of the slightly wounded joined the command on Monday and Tuesday, so that there were, including musicians and the medical staff, about two hundred and forty men with the Regiment on the arrival at Moccasin Point. But the thinned ranks closed up, and all resolved to do their duty and retain, to the last, the bright name won on the field of Chickamauga.

Military writers vary widely in estimating the results of the battle of Chickamauga. The campaign had for its object the possession of Chattanooga, and that was still occupied by the Federal forces. Nor had the battle itself been a complete victory for the Confederates, for their army had about spent its strength before the fighting closed, and at the very moment Gen. Thomas was drawing back through McFarland's Gap they were moving to a defensive position. Even when they discovered that the Union forces had fallen back they made no attempt to follow, and did not occupy that portion of the battle field where the two Brigades of the Reserve Corps fought until the forenoon of Monday was well advanced. This statement is made upon the testimony of the severely wounded of the Regiment left upon the battle field, and also upon the fact that at least two—James Guppy, of Company D, and William Joyce, of Company G—remained upon the battle field all night and left it some time after sunrise next morning, without seeing any organized force of Rebels. In his official report of the action Gen. Bragg admitted a loss of two-fifths of his army. Gen. Longstreet, who commanded the left wing of the Rebel army, reported 1,080 killed, 6,506 wounded and 270 captured, on Sunday. It is known that ten Brigades were directly in front of Whittaker's and Mitchell's Brigades and the right Brigade of Brannan's Division, and several of them were very full when the engagement opened. The Rebel right wing suffered hardly less. The enemy was confident of victory, and fought most desperately, but without achieving the result promised by their chieftain. The best authorities place their total strength at 70,000, while the Federal force was but 56,000, and it is doubtless true that the entire Federal force on the battle field during Sunday after-

noon was not more than one-half the number of the Confederates. The troops under Gen. Thomas embraced portions of every Corps in the army, the emergencies of the battle widely separating Brigades and Divisions, and breaking up commands to an extent hardly equalled in any other great battle of the war. As a victory to the Confederates it was most barren. The total loss to the Union arms was reported at 16,336, of whom more than two thousand were killed. Fifty-one cannon, 15,000 muskets and a large number of wagons and ambulances fell into the enemy's hands.

The campaign had ended, and on the morning of Tuesday, September 22, the Union forces occupied an entrenched line about the city of Chattanooga, while Missionary Ridge, Look-out Mountain and the intervening valleys swarmed with the men in gray, who calmly waited for the Federal forces to be starved out of a position that seemed well nigh untenable.

The following is Colonel Champion's

OFFICIAL REPORT.*

On Friday, the 18th instant, the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois Regiment left camp at Rossville, with the balance of the Brigade, about three o'clock P. M., and went out on a reconnoissance about three miles on the Ringgold road. As the head of the column (the NINETY-SIXTH being in the advance) arrived at the Little Chickamauga, and was about crossing the stream, we were fired upon by the enemy. Four companies were immediately thrown forward and deployed as skirmishers. The NINETY-SIXTH then crossed the stream, and formed in line of battle on both sides of the road and advanced to meet the enemy. A sharp skirmish ensued, lasting about forty-five minutes, during which time we drove the enemy about three-fourths of a mile. We lost one killed—E. Haggart—and three wounded. The Regiment lay on their arms during the night, and at daylight on the 19th, in obedience to orders, took up a position on the ridge, north of McAfee's Church, where it lay in line of battle until about noon of the 20th, when orders were given to move, with the balance of the Brigade, in a southwest direction, toward Missionary Ridge. Going to the assistance of Gen. Thomas, we arrived on the field of battle about two o'clock P. M., and immediately went into action. The NINETY-SIXTH occupied the extreme right of our front line. We charged the enemy's left in the face of a murderous fire of infantry and artillery, at

* Colonel Champion's first report was of much greater length, and made numerous personal mentions, but being warned that it must be brief he condensed it as herewith given. The original report is not now obtainable, a fact to be regretted, as it was a very full and interesting document.

short range, and maintained our position until every regiment on our left and in our rear had given way. We then fell back about five or six hundred yards and re-formed. In the meantime a section of our artillery had been planted about six hundred yards to the right of our previous position, and we were ordered up to repel the charge of the enemy. We repulsed the enemy after about twenty minutes' desperate fighting. We then moved to the left of the battery and again charged the enemy, driving him down the ridge running nearly parallel with our first line, nearly half a mile, until we received an enfilading fire from the 84th Indiana and 115th Illinois, and were compelled to retire. Our officers seem sanguine that with five hundred more men we could have driven the enemy completely from the field. We then fell back and re-formed, with the remnant of the regiment on the right of the first line of the Brigade, and as the left of the line successively gave way, we fell back with it until night ended the contest. Officers and men behaved with great gallantry, and where all did so well discrimination would serve to be invidious. Among the most conspicuous in rallying and encouraging the men during the entire conflict were Captain Geo. Hicks, Company A, and Lieutenant Charles W. Earle, Company C. Our loss was heavy in both officers and men, including Lieutenant Colonel Isaac L. Clarke, killed on the field. He behaved with great gallantry.

The Regiment went into action on Sunday with four hundred and nineteen men, including the field, line and staff officers.

The losses of the NINETY-SIXTH (exclusive of captures and slightly wounded) at last reports stood as follows :

Killed	42
Wounded	121
Missing	11
Total	174

The following is an extract from the official report of Major-General Gordon Granger, Commander of the Reserve Corps :

* * * The position of my forces on the morning of the twentieth, and up to the hour of battle, was as follows : Col. McCook's Brigade was moved to a point near the McAfee Church, and was placed in such a position as to cover the Ringgold road ; Gen. Whittaker's Brigade, together with Col. Mitchell's, retained the same position that they had the evening before, and Col. Minty, who reported to me at daylight on the morning of the twentieth with a brigade of cavalry, was posted at Missionary Mills, which positions completely covered our extreme left flank.

The enemy did not make his appearance in our immediate front during the morning, but large clouds of dust could be seen beyond our position arising from the Lafayette and Harrison roads, moving in the

direction of the sound of battle. At 10.30 A. M. I heard very heavy firing, which was momentarily increasing in volume and intensity, on our right, in the direction of Gen. Thomas' position. Soon afterward, being convinced, judging from the sound of battle, that the enemy were pushing him hard, and fearing that he would not be able to resist their combined attack, I determined to go to his assistance at once. It was now about eleven o'clock A. M. I started with Gen. Whittaker's and Col. Mitchell's Brigades, under the immediate command of Gen. Steedman, and left Col. McCook's Brigade at the McAfee Church, in position to cover the Ringgold road. Gen. Thomas was at this time engaging the enemy at a point between the La Fayette and Dry Valley roads, in the vicinity of ——— house, about three and a half miles from our place of starting. We had not proceeded more than two miles when the enemy made his appearance in the woods to the left of our advancing column, about three-fourths of a mile from the road. They opened upon us quite briskly with their skirmishers and a section of artillery. I then made a short halt to feel them, and becoming convinced that they constituted only a party of observation, I again rapidly pushed forward my troops. At this juncture I sent back and ordered up Col. McCook's Brigade to watch the movements of the enemy at this point, to keep open the La Fayette road, and cover the open field on the right of the road, and those that intervened between this point and the position held by Gen. Thomas. As rapidly as possible, Col. McCook brought up his Brigade, took the position assigned to him, and held it until he marched to Rossville from the field of battle, at ten o'clock P. M. At six o'clock the enemy opened an artillery fire upon Col. McCook, but he soon silenced their battery, which had done little or no damage to his troops.

At about one o'clock P. M. I reported to Gen. Thomas. His forces were at that time stationed upon the brow of and holding a "horse-shoe ridge." The enemy were pressing him hard in front, and endeavoring to turn both of his flanks. To the right of this position was a ridge running east and west, and nearly at right angles therewith. Upon this the enemy were just forming. They also had possession of a gorge in the same through which they were rapidly moving in large masses, with the design of falling upon the right flank and rear of the forces upon the "horse-shoe ridge."

Gen. Thomas had not the troops to oppose this movement of the enemy, and in fifteen minutes from the time we appeared on the field, had it not been for our fortunate arrival, his forces would have been terribly cut up and captured. As rapidly as possible I formed Gen. Whittaker's and Col. Mitchell's Brigades, to hurl them against this threatening force of the enemy—which afterward proved to be Gen. Hindman's Division. The gallant Steedman, seizing the colors of a Regiment, led his men to the attack. With loud cheers they rushed upon the enemy, and after a terrific conflict, lasting but twenty minutes, drove them from their ground, and occupied the ridge and gorge. The slaughter of both friend and foe was fruitful. Gen. Whittaker, while rushing forward at

the head of his Brigade, was knocked from his horse by a musket-ball, and was, for a short time, rendered unfit for duty; while two of his staff officers were killed, and two mortally wounded. Gen. Steedman's horse was killed, and he was severely bruised, yet he was able to remain on duty during the day. This attack was made by our troops,—very few of whom had ever been in an action before,—against a Division of old soldiers who largely outnumbered them. Yet with resolution and energy they drove the enemy from this position, occupied it themselves, and afterward held the ground they had gained with such terrible losses. The victory was dearly won, but to this army it was a priceless one.

There was now a lull in the battle; it was of short duration, however, for within thirty minutes after we had gained possession of the ridge we were vigorously attacked by two Divisions of Longstreet's veterans. Again the enemy was driven back, and from this time until dark the battle between these two opposing forces raged furiously.

Our whole line was continually enveloped in smoke and fire. The assaults of the enemy were now made with that energy which was inspired by the bright prospect of a speedy victory, and by a consciousness that it was only necessary to carry this position and crush our forces to enable them to overthrow our army, and drive it across the Tennessee River. Their forces were massed and hurled upon us for the purpose of terminating at once this great and bloody battle. But the stout hearts of the handful of men who stood before them quailed not. They understood our perilous position, and held their ground, determined to perish rather than yield it. Never had a commander such just cause for congratulation over the action of his troops.

The ammunition which was brought in our train to this part of the field was divided with Gens. Brannan's and Wood's Divisions early in the afternoon, and we soon exhausted the remainder. All that we could then procure was taken from the cartridge boxes of our own and the enemy's dead and wounded. Even this supply was exhausted before the battle was over, and while the enemy was still in our front, hurling fresh troops against us. It was almost dark; the enemy had been driven back, but we had not a round of ammunition left. All now seemed to be lost if he should return to the contest. Anticipating another attack, I ordered the command to be given to the men to stand firm, and to use the cold steel. After an ominous silence of a few minutes the enemy came rushing upon us again. With fixed bayonets our troops gallantly charged them and drove them back in confusion. Twice more were these charges repeated, and the enemy driven back, before darkness brought an end to the battle. Night came and the enemy fell back, whipped and discomfited. At three o'clock P. M. Gen. Garfield, Chief of Staff, appeared upon that part of the field where my troops were then hotly engaged with the enemy. He remained with me until dark, animating and cheering both officers and men. * * * At seven o'clock P. M. I received orders from Major-General Thomas to withdraw my troops from the position they held at dark, to march back to Rossville, and to cover the

rear of the forces falling back upon that place with McCook's Brigade. These instructions were promptly carried out, and I went into camp that night in accordance therewith.

My two Brigades numbered 216 commissioned officers and 3,697 men when they went into the action. Between the hours of one p. m. and dark there were killed, wounded and missing 109 commissioned officers and 1,623 men—a total of 1,732. These losses are subdivided as follows : Killed, 234 ; wounded, 936 ; missing—all of whom, with the exception of a very small fraction were taken prisoners—461.

* * * It is with pleasure that I call the attention of the Commanding General to the bravery and gallantry displayed during the battle by Brigadier-General James B. Steedman. He fearlessly rushed into the midst of danger, and was ever present with his troops, handling them with ease and confidence, rallying and encouraging them, and establishing order and confidence. Gen. Whittaker and Col. Mitchell, commanding Brigades, were also conspicuous for their bravery and activity. They managed their troops well, and contributed much to our success during the day. Col. Daniel McCook, commanding the Second Brigade, Second Division, properly and promptly carried out all orders and instructions I gave him. Although his Brigade was not engaged in the battle, it held a very important position, protecting the rear of those who were fighting.*

Shortly following the battle, Lieutenant Wm. M. Loughlin, then on detached service with the Pioneers, wrote a letter to Colonel Champion, congratulating him upon the good name won for himself and the Regiment, and received the following reply :

HEADQUARTERS NINETY-SIXTH REGT. ILL. VOL. INF'T.,

CAMP OPPOSITE LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, NEAR

CHATTANOOGA, October 10, 1863.

LIEUTENANT WM. M. LOUGHLIN :

Dear Lieutenant,—I received your very welcome and kind letter of the 3d instant. So far as it relates to myself personally I am inclined to think the encomiums are, perhaps, hastily bestowed. But so far as the NINETY-SIXTH Regiment is concerned it is deserving of all praise. Its record on the terrible and bloody field of Chickamauga entitles it to rank as one of the truest and bravest of any in the field, or that ever defended the Old Flag. When it is remembered that the NINETY-SIXTH Regiment went into the fight at two o'clock p. m. of Sunday with 415 officers and men, and before sundown had lost 42 men, killed on the field, 121 wounded and 11 missing, and that of the missing all thus far heard from were either killed or wounded, making our loss in killed and wounded 174, and that of the wounded so many have since died that our total loss in killed will

* A long list of officers conspicuous for their bravery is published in Gen. Granger's report, included with which appear all of the field officers of the NINETY-SIXTH ; also, Captain Hicks, of Company A.

be 55 or 60, you may rest assured that the NINETY-SIXTH did not fail to do its whole duty. Three several times we charged upon and drove the enemy, once laying down on the crest of a hill, and for half an hour pouring a heavy fire into the enemy so near his guns that every discharge from them, the hot air was literally blown into our faces, holding our position until every Regiment in our rear and on our left had given way. We occupied the extreme right of our lines, and for some reason or other, when there was any hard work to do we were called upon to do it.

I have not time to write you at length. Suffice it to say that other Regiments were in that fight for two whole days and did not lose, comparatively nor actually, what we did in the two hours fighting.

My regards to all.

Very respectfully yours,

THOS. E. CHAMPION.

The following letter, written by Major George Hicks to the *New York Tribune*, is a graphic account of the part borne in the battle by Gen. Steedman's Division :

THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

GEN. STEEDMAN'S DIVISION—THE RECORD IT MADE ON THE TWENTIETH.

[From our Special Correspondent, in the field, opposite Chattanooga, September 30, 1863.]

Among the many Divisions of the Army of the Cumberland which acquitted themselves nobly in the battles of the nineteenth and twentieth the First Division of the Reserve Corps, commanded by Brig. Gen. James B. Steedman, deserves some mention.

On the eighteenth the First Brigade of the Division, commanded by Brig. Gen. W. C. Whittaker, was sent from Rossville to the Little Chickamauga, on the road to Ringgold. Here, after sundown, a brief skirmish was had with the enemy, in which neither party suffered any considerable loss.

On the afternoon of the nineteenth the tide of battle, which had been running heavily on our right during the day, reached this Brigade, and an engagement of some fierceness was had with the enemy. The position held by the Brigade was on the extreme left of our lines, and the key to Rosecrans' line of retreat. The position was much coveted by the enemy, and they made repeated assaults to obtain it, but were handsomely repulsed, and suffered quite severely, especially from our artillery.

During the night of the nineteenth the Second Brigade, commanded by Col. J. M. Mitchell, of the 113th Ohio, was sent to the aid of Whittaker; also, Col. Dan. McCook's Brigade, of the Second Division of the Reserve, and the 22d Michigan and 89th Ohio, which two Regiments were attached to Whittaker's command.

During the forenoon of the twentieth these forces, under the command of Gen. Steedman, held their position at that point, in line of battle, awaiting a more formidable effort, which it was supposed the enemy

would make to turn our left. But no assault was made, for the enemy had withdrawn his troops from that point to mass them against Thomas. While waiting there pursuant to orders from Gen. Rosecrans, the troops listened with anxious impatience to the heavy cannonading and sharp musketry which resounded along the line on the right, and which, approaching nearer and nearer, begat fearful suspicions that it was not Rosecrans but the enemy who were driving the opposing forces. Our suspense was broken, and our fears confirmed when, about noon, urgent orders were received to hasten to the relief of Thomas, who was in great danger.

The troops did not then know in how critical a condition the Army of the Cumberland was compelled to meet, unassisted, the flower of three large armies which the Rebels had assembled, intending to overwhelm it. They did not then know that while they were hastening to turn the tide of battle, if possible, portions of Crittenden's and McCook's Corps were retiring from the field. But they did know the time had come when the Reserve must be tested, and the question determined whether or not it were worthy of its honorable position in the great Army of the Cumberland.

Steedman's Division, followed by McCook's Brigade, was speedily put in motion, and the columns moved forward at a rapid pace, sometimes breaking into a double-quick. The sun shone hot, and the dust in the narrow road rose in dense, suffocating clouds; but all thought of heat, and dust, and fatigue was lost in the eager anxiety to relieve our brave comrades who were in peril. After thus marching some three miles, the head of the column reached a portion of the battle field from which our forces had retired, and which the enemy occupied with his mounted infantry. Formed hastily in line-of-battle, Whittaker's Brigade advanced upon them. They did not await our approach, but gave up the ground, retreating in a direction which, had we followed, would have diverted us from the main purpose. In passing over this portion of the field the dead and dying of both armies were seen in considerable numbers, and some Rebels, separated from their commands, were encountered on the right and taken prisoners by the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois.

Soon a point was reached directly opposite to and about three-fourths of a mile distant from Gen. Thomas, and the whole Division turned square to the right. Here they formed in close columns by regiments, with division front; and, with a line of skirmishers thrown forward and along the left flank, the Division resumed its march. It was through an extensive stretch of meadow land, overgrown with weeds almost breast high, that our course lay. Heavy batteries of the enemy's artillery were posted in the woods on our left, and as we advanced through the meadow to form a junction with Thomas they opened upon us a fearful fire. But few troops in the Division had ever seen more of war than is encountered in brisk skirmishing, and none had ever been under such a fire. But Whittaker, with his staff, and Col. Mitchell and staff, rode steadily in front of their Brigades, and their troops, although the shells and shot fell fast

and thick around and among them, wayered not in their march, but kept right on, leaving many of their comrades dead and wounded on the field. At that moment the spectacle, to one not inured to all the pageantry of war, was intensely grand. The brigade and regimental colors floated gaily in the light of the midday sun. The far-stretching columns of troops, with glistening weapons, moved forward with uniform motion, presenting, at a distance, the appearance of one compact mass. On the left dense masses of sulphurous smoke hung just above the trees, and in front and along the lines the shells were bursting in the air, while the solid shot, seemingly imbued with infernal energy, plowed the ground, bounding and plunging over the fields, leaving all over the meadow little clouds of dust to mark their course. That march, through that storm of shell and shot, was a fit introduction to the scenes upon which that Division was about to enter. But little time was occupied in reaching Thomas, where Gen. Granger, commanding the Reserve, and Gen. Steedman were already holding consultation with him. As we approached, Gen. Whittaker, whose Brigade was in the advance, was told that it was absolutely necessary that he should drive the enemy from the ridge on our right, where heavy forces had been massed, as if for the purpose of flanking Thomas. Indeed, the occupation of that ridge was so threatening that if the enemy continued to hold it Thomas must have retired. Whittaker said he would take the ridge, and he did it.

This is the way it was done: The six Regiments of the First Brigade were formed in two lines—the first comprising the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois, Colonel Thomas E. Champion, on the right; 115th Illinois, Col. J. H. Moore, in the centre, and the 22d Michigan, Col. Le Favour, on the left. Then came the order to advance. With a yell the first line bounded forward on the double-quick. Up and down the little hills and through the narrow valleys which intervened they pressed hastily forward until they came within short range of the Rebel musketry, which opened upon them furiously, while the grape and cannister from the battery on the ridge swept cruelly through their ranks.

Almost exhausted with their hurried march and their long continued double-quick, the troops recoiled for a moment under that withering fire, but ere the most timid could think of retreating, Colonel Champion promptly gave the command to halt, lie down, and fire, which was obeyed on the instant. There the line lay for five minutes, responding resolutely to the fire of the enemy. That five minutes was a terrible ordeal for our soldiers, for during that short period their ranks were more than decimated. Then came the order to fix bayonets and charge upon the enemy. The ardor of the men overcame their fatigue, and, tired as they were, they resumed the double-quick march as they advanced up the ridge, right in the face of a galling fire. If a man fell—and many did—he was left to enrich the soil of Georgia with his life's blood, or, if able, to creep, alone and unassisted, to the rear; for none who were able, to march left the ranks, which were kept well closed up, and the line was firmly maintained.

By this time the 78th Illinois and 121st Ohio, of the Second Brigade had come up and were advancing on the right of the first, and a little to the rear. Never was support more opportune, for while Whittaker's men were charging up the ridge, the enemy received a well-directed fire from Col. Mitchell's forces, and, when the crest of the ridge was gained, the enemy was discovered retreating in confusion, and their battery had disappeared. With a loud huzza we followed them, but not far. Fresh troops were sent against us, and the fire became as scathing as ever. We halted in our advanced position, and held it, while the contending musketry, sharp and incessant, almost stunned the ear. The enemy constantly strengthened his lines, and their fire became hotter and quicker. The first line was ordered to fall back. The second line took its place and held the position a short time, when the forces were ordered to retire to the crest of the ridge from which the enemy had been driven.

That was the way the fight, on the part of Steedman's Division, opened on that day. It had gained a great advantage, but it was not to maintain it without a severe struggle. Bragg's Reserves—the flower of the Potomac Army—were sent to dislodge us from our newly gained position. But it availed them not. Battery M, 1st Illinois Artillery, was planted far to the right, in a commanding position, and such was the conformation of the ground that, as the Rebel lines advanced to the assault, they came under the sure and effective range of our guns. Their battery had been planted in a new position, bearing upon ours, and the continued roar of artillery soon was mingled with the sound of musketry.

Our lines were extended to the right so as to reach and support our battery, which the Rebels were threatening to attack. A general assault was soon made upon our lines, but it proved disastrous to the Rebels. Our grape and cannister made great havoc in their ranks, while our soldiers took careful aim before pulling the triggers of their Enfield muskets. The Rebels were badly repulsed, and as they retreated we followed, pursuing them a considerable distance. But while this move exposed us to the fire of their artillery, they were much less in danger from our battery. Other troops, in heavier force, took the place of those whom we had driven, and the battle waged fiercely again until we were ordered to retire.

Let the simple truth be told. That retreat, in fact, that whole battle in which our Division was engaged, was not conducted with precisely the same order observed on a dress parade. I have read of such things; I have heard of troops acting with arctic coolness and impassability under the most galling fire, minutely observing every direction of the tactics. It may be so, but it was not so with our Division on that day. When the men were ordered to advance they kept their line pretty well, but there were many whose eagerness carried them ahead of it, and some whose timidity kept them in rear of it. In retreating, the men paid but little attention to keeping their lines well dressed, and had the appearance of a mass rather than a line. Nay more; some of the troops on the left actually broke, and were thrown into some disorder. But it is also

true that when the desired point was gained the troops were readily halted and rallied with but little difficulty. Once, the 115th Illinois—which did exceedingly well that day—seemed unable to rally; but Gen. Steedman was near at hand, and, seizing the colors from the standard bearer, advanced toward the enemy, saying to the men: “Boys, I’ll carry your flag if you’ll defend it!” They rallied around him and did noble deeds. There was not one instance of failure to rally the troops, though the leaden hail fell so thick and fast among them that nothing but their native heroism and the animating courage of their officers could have kept them up to the work. Let it not be forgotten that on that afternoon there was but little fighting, except upon Thomas’ lines, whose right Steedman held, and on the right the fiercest fighting apparently was done. There was nothing to prevent the enemy from sending almost overwhelming forces against us, and we learn from prisoners, and we judge from the incidents and character of the contest, that they were fighting Steedman with the odds of at least three to one in their favor. Thomas was holding their whole army in check, saving from irretrievable disaster the Army of the Cumberland; and there was nothing akin to a holiday parade in the terrible momentum of their assaults to break through that bulwark, or the heroic endurance with which our soldiers met and repulsed them. More depended upon the individuality of the soldier than upon the harmonious movements of regiments and brigades. This was felt by our officers and soldiers. There was little manœuvering, but there was a great deal of fighting. There was no waiting for commands in detail—no firing of volleys by platoons and companies. When we had gained a position in advance, and the line was halted in view of the enemy, the men fired at will, each intent only on doing his own duty well. After that repulse another assault was made, and with the same result. The Rebels advanced, were checked; we drove and followed them until fresh troops were arrayed against us, and we in turn were forced to retire. But this time we drove them further, and kept them at bay longer than before. One of our regiments, the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois, pursued them nearly half a mile, and held that advanced position until it began to receive an enfilading fire from some of our own troops.

Thus the contest continued until dark, and all the time we held the ridge. Sometimes a regiment or more would fall back beyond the ridge, but enough always remained to hold it. At last Gen. Thomas gave the order to retire, but it failed to reach a portion of the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois and a remnant of the 121st Ohio, who at the time occupied a position on the right, somewhat advanced beyond the line, and there, for a considerable time, they continued to fight with unabated vigor. The order to retire was at last given to this devoted band, who reluctantly left their position. That closed the fighting for the day. We retired from the field, not knowing that the enemy was at the same time also retreating, baffled and discouraged, in fact, beaten. So the bloody field was left unoccupied that night. No, not wholly unoccupied, for James T. Guppy, a private of Company D, NINETY-SIXTH Illinois, not knowing that our

troops had fallen back, slept upon the battle field, and, next morning, as he awoke, found a Rebel surgeon near him looking for Rebel dead, and who advised him, if he ever wished to see his Regiment again, to hurry on to Chattanooga. The fight was over, and while the Union army was sad the Rebels were not exultant. The fight was over, and Steedman's Division had made its record. It had done more than that. Said Gen. Thomas to Gen. Steedman: "You have saved my Corps."

That was a deed worthy to be proud of, for, from what disaster did not that Corps save our army and our cause!

But there was little feeling of pride that night among the troops of the First Division of the Reserves. We were busy reckoning up our losses, and they were appalling! The long list of killed and wounded is a sad proof of the trial by fire to which, that afternoon, our Division was subjected.

Was ever such havoc made with a staff as that which Gen. Whittaker's suffered? There were eight of them, including the General. Three were killed, three wounded, one captured or killed, and only one escaped. How often has it happened that a Regiment, in one afternoon's engagement, has endured a greater loss in killed and wounded than the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois? It took into battle 415 men. It lost 42 killed and 121 wounded—considerably more than one-third. Of its 23 field, staff and line officers engaged, 11 were killed and wounded. It happened that that Regiment, during the fight, was always in the front line, and was greatly exposed to the enemy's artillery, but, under the cool and able leadership of Colonel Champion, it maintained its place, and, with the 121st Ohio, was the last to leave the field.

Whittaker's Brigade of six Regiments lost nearly one thousand men, killed and wounded, and Col. Mitchell's Brigade of four Regiments lost nearly four hundred.

There were many noble men who fell on that hard-fought field—many who deserve special mention. I know but few of the many, yet let me speak of two or three.

Capt. S. B. Espy, Assistant Commissary on Gen. Whittaker's staff, was a very lion that day. He was advised to remain with his trains; but, too noble spirited for that, he remained on the field, fearless of danger, doing wonders in cheering and rallying the men under the destructive fire of the enemy. He was one of Illinois' noble sons, and his loss is severely felt.

And there was a Quarter-Master Sergeant, William S. Bean, who, like Capt. Espy, chose the field of danger rather than the post of safety. He might have remained in the rear, and the breath of censure could not have touched him; but he was right where the bullets flew thickest and fastest, and did the work almost of a General in encouraging the bold and animating the timid. He was a genuine hero.

Capt. Wells, of the 113th Ohio, and Lieut. Col. Kinman, of the 115th Illinois, were two of the best men and bravest soldiers who yielded up their lives on the twentieth on their country's altar.



JOHN G. SCHAEFER,

FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY A.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

And the scores of privates, corporals and sergeants, men of families, who had left all—wife, children, home—for their country, from a pure sense of duty ; young men, who left college walls and the merchant's desk, and the plow, and the anvil, all because their country called them, to face death on a battle field ; darling sons, the hope and stay of widowed mothers, whose early death will break more than one sorrowing heart—what of these ? Alas ! too many such there are—as brave, as heroic, as truly martyrs as ever died in the cause of humanity—to mention here by name. Would you know them ? Read the list of the killed !

We will not, in our sorrow for the heroes dead, forget the surviving brave. These, thanks to a merciful Providence, are even more numerous than the dead. Among the many who did well, Gen. Steedman, and Major Smith, and Capt. Moe, of his Staff, merit special praise. And Gen. Whittaker and Col. Mitchell, and their Staff Officers, and the Regimental Commanders, are most highly honored by the soldiers, for they were brave and unflinching leaders.

Let me refer to two men in humbler positions. One is Lieutenant C. W. Earle, commanding the Color Company of the NINETY-SIXTH. He stood by the colors throughout the fight, and, though all but two of the Color Guard were killed and wounded, and the colors were cut to pieces by the bullets and grape and cannister that pierced its folds, he faltered not one instant. He is a Second Lieutenant, and but a boy, yet few full-grown men, in much more exalted positions, excelled him in cool, cheerful courage.

The other is Capt. Clason, of the 121st Ohio, who, with the little remnant of the Regiment, fought so stubbornly and unyieldingly to the very last, preserving their colors and keeping them afloat proudly in the face of the enemy, until the last shot was fired.

And Col. Le Favour, who led his 22d Michigan on a bayonet charge, after they had expended all their ammunition, should not be forgotten when the roll of honor is made out. But time and space would fail to name every man who flinched not from his duty on that memorable day. The 84th Indiana, the 40th, 98th and 89th Ohio, and the 78th Illinois—all of Steedman's Division—has each its list of heroes.

Enough that, at that critical hour, the Reserve failed not. And it could have done more had it been necessary, for Col. McCook's Brigade was not engaged. As to our Division, it has confidence in its officers, while they are proud of their men ; and it is now ready to test its mettle again with a Rebel foe. It is with not a little of pride that I can write of such a Division, and its fight on the twentieth, *parva pars fui*.*

MILES.†

* Of which I was a small part.

† A soldier.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE.

NOTE.—To write fully of the experiences of each of the members of the Regiment who participated in the battle of Chickamauga is impracticable, if not impossible, for it would require a volume to record what would be of interest. And yet, it does not seem best to omit these personal incidents altogether, even though but a few can be rescued from the oblivion into which the years are rapidly passing them. Naturally those which are the best known to the writer are such as occurred in the Company of which he was at the time a member, or to individuals whom he knew most intimately or has met most frequently in the years that have intervened. These, if any, must be recorded. It is hoped that no one will attribute the mentions to favoritism or the omissions to a want of appreciation on the writer's part of the genuine merit of those whose names do not appear. It was simply impossible that any one man should know more than a minor portion of the incidents that would be of interest while a battle was raging, or that,—entertaining no thought at the time of writing of them,—he should cherish any considerable portion for a score of years, or gather more than a fraction of them in the limited time now at the command of

THE EDITOR.

Early in the engagement the horse ridden by Gen. J. B. Steedman was shot. As the animal fell the General was thrown violently forward, and badly bruised on the head and face, the injuries being such as to cause the blood to flow freely and give the commander the appearance of having been badly wounded. Gen. W. C. Whittaker, commander of the Brigade, was struck in the abdomen, his injury being painful but not so serious as to take him from the field for more than a half hour or so. He thought himself mortally wounded for the moment, and his words,—which he supposed were his last on earth,—were of good cheer to his command, and an encouragement to them to do their duty. Rarely has a Staff fared so roughly as did that of Gen. Whittaker. Capt. S. B. Espy, of the 115th Illinois, Acting Brigade Commissary, and Lieut. Mason, of the 84th Indiana, who was serving as an Aide, were killed outright. Capt. James Allen, of the 40th Ohio, who was in the English army at the siege of Lucknow, and who had been decorated by the Queen for bravery, was severely wounded through the arm. Lieut. John M. Moore, of the 84th Indiana, and at the time A. A. A. General of the Brigade, was shot through the thigh and crippled for life. Lieutenant G. W. Pepoon, of the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois,—then an Aide, and who, although continually riding the lines, was the only one who escaped unharmed,—left the field at dark in charge of Lieut. Moore, walking or riding beside him, and

helping to hold him on his horse until Rossville was reached. Captain Charles E. Rowan, of the NINETY-SIXTH, was captured on Saturday afternoon, and Lieut. Jesse Hannon, of the 115th Illinois, was captured just before the battle closed on Sunday.

In the Regiment no mounted officer escaped except the Colonel, and he was twice dismounted. The gray horse which he took from Illinois, but which had been disposed of some time previously, was finally brought and bore him safely from the field. Toward the close of the fight, and when the line had been reduced to a mere skirmish line, the Colonel took a musket and used it for a time, the soldiers loading it for him. Always his presence was an inspiration, and his position so conspicuous that it was marvelous how he escaped. Major J. C. Smith, on staff duty, had many thrilling experiences and narrow escapes, but rode safely through the storm. Sergeant-Major Quinn rode into the battle a horse from which a Rebel Major had been shot at Franklin. Early in the fight Quinn was wounded, a bullet passing through his shoulder and lungs, and so disabling him that when the lines retired he was left in the enemy's hands. He was subsequently paroled and furloughed home, meeting death by drowning a few months later. Quarter-Master Sergeant Bean was shot from his horse while bravely riding the lines, and instantly killed.

The experiences of the Color Guard were almost without precedent. Nine men moved forward under the flags in the first charge on Sunday afternoon, and a tenth subsequently joined them. Only one retired that evening, all of the others having been killed or wounded. Color Sergeant M. M. Bruner, of Company H, was disabled by a raking shot across his breast and through one arm. Corporal David Isbell, of Company A, had an arm shattered. Turning to leave the field he was again struck and doubtless killed, as he was not afterward heard from. Corporal Hamilton Whitney, of Company B, escaped until almost night, but was then shot through, and left for dead upon the field, but fortunately survived, being paroled and sent to Chattanooga ten days later. Acting Color Corporal Squire Inman, of Company C, was badly wounded in the leg, and left on the field, where he died within a week. Cor-

poral William F. De Graff, of Company E, was severely wounded in the leg, but survived, only to be mortally wounded in a subsequent battle. Corporal Walton Reed, of Company F, was killed. Corporal John A. Robison, of Company F, lost his good right arm. Corporal J. W. Swanbrough, of Company G, carried the regimental flag into the fight, and bore both flags from the field, being uninjured, except from the bruises occasioned by the falling branch of a tree, although the flags were literally riddled and the flag-staffs splintered in his hands. Corporal Ward L. Morton, of Company H, who was sent to act with the Color Guard after the disabling of Sergeant Bruner, was killed. Acting Color Corporal Thomas A. Conlee, of Company K, was wounded in the shoulder. It must ever remain a mystery how Corporal Swanbrough escaped that day. In every advance the colors waved at the very front, and whenever the line became in any way scattered the flag was the rallying point. Once, after the line had been forced backward, there seemed a disposition not to halt just where ordered, but to form a line a little to the rear. "John," said the Colonel, addressing Corporal Swanbrough, "can you carry the colors a little farther up the ridge?" and the resolute color bearer started forward, while the men quickly gathered around him and formed the line even farther to the front than had first been planned. His example, and the fact that the line was moving, gave them courage, and they made ready response.

Lieutenant Vincent, of Company A, was severely wounded in the leg while using a musket. Josephus Metcalf, of Company A; Eli Thayer, of Company D, and George W. Dimick, of Company E, were each struck on the head and stunned, regaining consciousness only to find themselves prisoners. Each endured a long confinement, and the two last named died without ever rejoining the Regiment.

In Company B, Charles Fox fell while calling encouragingly to his comrades to go forward. Near him fell Thomas Potter and William Kimball—all fatally shot in the first charge. Emery Dart was among the bravest, but suddenly disappeared, and was doubtless killed outright, although no

one noticed him as he fell. John H. Cruver had an arm shattered at the elbow early in the afternoon, which disabled him for further service. W. W. Tower was severely wounded in the leg, and long disabled, but returned to receive a fatal wound a few months later. Sergeant Bangs tarried too long when the Regiment fell back, and, in the momentary confusion, missed his command and found himself with the 22d Michigan. Taking part with them in a charge, he became a prisoner with a large portion of that regiment. Sergeant Whitmore was badly wounded in the shoulder, but returned in a few months, and was subsequently killed.

Lieutenant Earle, commanding Company C, was wounded in the arm, but did not leave his command. On Tuesday morning, before the surrender of the skirmish line on Missionary Ridge, he was again hit, this time on the wrist, but not disabled. John Fidler, of Company C, was wounded in the hand or arm, and turning to leave the line was again hit and instantly killed. Sergeant Murray was struck in the shoulder near the spine, and so badly paralyzed as to render him entirely helpless. He lay between the lines all through the afternoon, and in this trying position was subsequently twice wounded. His great fear was that, in his helpless condition, he would be burned to death from the fires catching in the woods, and at his earnest request a Rebel soldier scraped away the leaves and drew him upon the bare ground. Corporal Lewis H. Bryant was at one time of the opinion that the lines were retreating too far, and thrusting the butt end of his musket against the ground, began reloading, muttering between his teeth that he wasn't going back another step. In a few moments a bullet passed through both his legs, and he was compelled to go to the rear. Henry P. Barnum was terribly shot through the face, and for a few moments was inside the Rebel lines. He was bleeding profusely, and terribly thirsty, when a soldier in gray, at his request, gave him a drink from a canteen. Fearing that he would bleed to death, and remembering that some one had told him that if ever severely wounded he must cord the injured member, he tried to devise some way by which he might tie a handkerchief or canteen strap

about his neck and stop the hemorrhage, but before his experiment had proceeded far the Union lines again advanced, and he was sent to the rear, but received very little attention for some days. Leonard S. Doolittle was very severely wounded through the leg, below the knee, in the last advance movement. George Farnsworth, of Company G, assisted him to his feet and fairly carried him until he had fainted from pain and loss of blood. The Rebels were close upon them, and reluctantly the brave soldier laid down his unconscious burden. Doolittle was a prisoner for about ten days. William Bonner was shot through the body in the first charge, and subsequently carried a short distance to the rear, where he doubtless died. Corporal Lewin had a long, raking shot on the shoulder and back, but rejoined the Regiment next day, and after the capture on Missionary Ridge was the sole representative of the Company with the command.

In Company D, Sergeant McKey was instantly killed. Sergeant Quigley, who had previously served for many years in the Regular Army, was fatally shot, doubtless dying in a few hours. Elias Hosley was shot through the body. That night some of his comrades assisted him to the rear a long distance, and until he begged them to desist, saying that he could not endure the pain. Making him as comfortable as they could, they left him, with other wounded, at a house, where he died a few hours later. Edmund Stevens, who had been hurt by the shell that disabled Lieutenant Clarkson, fought on until shot through the body. He was left for dead upon the field, but subsequently revived; was exchanged in a few days, and eventually recovered, although never again able to take his place in the field. Corporal Orson V. Young, whose heel was severely bruised by the fragment of a shell, limped around all of the afternoon, fighting bravely to the last, although his injury was such that he would have been fully justified in going to the rear. Lieutenant Clarkson, whose face and jaw had been terribly cut, and whose wound was thought at the time to be fatal, was carried to the ridge and placed in an ambulance. He recovered in time, but bore serious scars to the day of his death. John C. Thompson's

injury was not of the regulation pattern, he having his knee-cap knocked out of position by a fall from a fence which the command was crossing while on the way to the right. After Captain Blodgett was obliged to leave the field, First Sergeant Collier took command of the Company. Soon he was shot through the thigh, and the command devolved upon Sergeant Linklater.

In Company E, a large proportion of the casualties resulted from a single charge of grape shot, which cut out almost every man for several files near the centre. No less than twelve were killed or mortally wounded during the battle,—the largest number of fatalities in any one Company. Several of those most severely injured fell into the enemy's hands. Charles F. Hayth, whose wound was not serious, remained at a house near the battle-field to care for the wounded, and was taken prisoner the next day, enduring a long confinement. Lieutenant Funk was struck in the face, his jaw being fractured, and the missile passing downward into his shoulder. He was disabled for further field service.

In Company F, Lieutenant Simms, who had served safely through the Mexican War, was desperately wounded in the hip, and died at Nashville shortly afterward. William Buchanan and William S. Nash bore him from the field and literally carried him to Rossville, part of the time supporting him between them, and part of the time taking him singly on their backs. James Pimley, who had but just returned from imprisonment,—having been captured at Franklin,—was one of the many killed outright. Thomas Shannon captured a Rebel Major, and was proudly conducting him to the rear, when an officer from some other command sought to relieve him of his charge and ordered him to the front. Shannon objected, and triumphantly walked away, with the remark that there were plenty more at the front, and suggested that if the officer wanted any he should go up where the fighting was and get one.

In Company G, the first man hit was William Joyce, a musket ball cutting his foot. In a very tempest of bullets he deliberately removed his shoe, examined the wound, and

then, as if disgusted with himself at having spent so much time with so trivial a matter, replaced the shoe and resumed firing. A moment later Daniel Benson and Thomas Davis fell, each shot in such a way as to be disabled. Both were assisted to the rear for quite a distance, but not so far but that they were captured next day, and held by the enemy about ten days. Davis died soon after being paroled. William H. Whaples was killed early in the fight. William H. Wheeler was also among those hit in the first charge. It was rumored ten days later that he was alive and had been paroled, but the report could not be verified, and it is probable that he was killed outright or died in a few hours. Corporal Hickox was twice quite severely wounded in the second charge, and Daniel Gail, received a bullet wound in the leg. George Butler was disabled near the close of the fight, and has never fully recovered. First Sergeant Aaron Scott lost a finger during the afternoon, his musket being shattered by the same bullet. He was in a kneeling posture, and in the act of capping the piece. Turning to Lieutenant Blowney, he coolly remarked that he could be of no farther service, bade him good-by and left the field. Corporal Walter Drew, although quite seriously hurt, refused to leave the field, and fought bravely to the last. John Corbin, when shot through the leg, insisted that he should stay and continue to fight ; but the persuasions of his comrades and the loss of blood soon induced him to accept the opportunity offered of riding back on a caisson. Sergeant Shepard was severely injured in the thigh, and got back to the rear with great difficulty, being disabled for many months.

In Company H the losses, exclusive of the captures of the following Tuesday morning, were very severe. Lieutenant Barnes was hit early in the engagement, receiving a mortal wound. Lieutenant Yates was one of the most conspicuous line officers in the Regiment, doing gallant service. Being captured two days later, he endured a long imprisonment, returning to the Regiment in the spring of 1865. First Sergeant Francisco was three times hit, the first bullet clipping his leg, the second his side, and the third his ankle.

When the second bullet struck him he fell to the ground, and supposed himself mortally wounded. Springing up, he started to run, but quickly fell for want of breath; at the same time he thought he could feel the blood running from his side upon his hand. Turning to look, as he got breath again, he discovered that it was not blood, but the water from his canteen that was running out through a pair of holes, and that the bullet had struck his waist-belt but had not penetrated his side, although for a time he was badly "winded." However, he resumed his place, and fought on until hit a third time, when he received a wound that disabled him for further service. Corporal Simons was kneeling when shot, being just in the act of firing. Turning to a comrade he said, as cheerfully as it is possible to conceive, "'Tis sweet to die for one's country," and closed his eyes. The two Patrick Farrells did not forget their native politeness, but each saluted their commander when hit, and asked permission to retire.

Company I did excellent service, notwithstanding the demoralization of its Captain, and had five men killed or mortally wounded. Among the most severely wounded who survived was James Hutchinson, who at the time was believed to be fatally hurt. Sergeant Thomas J. Smith was sent to the rear with Colonel Clarke after the latter was wounded, remaining with him until his death, which occurred Tuesday afternoon while crossing the Tennessee River in an ambulance. He escorted the body to Bridgeport, and attended its shipment to friends at the North.

In Company K, Sergeant Elston found himself confronted by a soldier in gray, near the close of the fight. They were but a few yards apart, but Elston demanded the surrender of his opponent with an air of authority that the Rebel was compelled to recognize. It happened that Elston's musket was empty at the time, but as the man who stood in front of it was not aware of that fact, it was just as well. A moment later the plucky Sergeant was badly wounded, and demanded of his prisoner assistance to the rear, which was readily given until a wounded artillery horse came along, when the Ser-

geant turned his prisoner over to some retreating troops, and rode back to camp.

Following the battle Jacob Elberth, of Company F, who had been detailed at the camp and taken no part in the engagement, on learning of some of the strange and terrible experiences of his comrades, uttered a cry of surprise and fell to the ground, dying instantly, of heart disease it was supposed.

Often the gun barrels became so hot that they could hardly be handled, and so foul that it was difficult to load them. There were a dozen instances at least in which muskets were shattered in the hands of the soldiers. Henry C. Payne, of Company C, had two guns ruined and used his third. Two days later he was captured, and subsequently died in prison. W. V. Trout, of Company B, was also among those who had a gun shattered. Trout assisted in carrying Colonel Clarke to the rear a short distance, and then resumed his place in the ranks.

There was no organized force of stretcher-bearers in the Reserve Corps, and as a consequence those who were disabled by wounds had to be left where they fell, unless helped from the field by comrades. As a consequence the ranks were at times somewhat thinned by the going to the rear of those who assisted their friends to a place of safety, although in some Companies not a man left from first to last, those who fell at the extreme advanced positions passing into the hands of the enemy. The bodies of all of those of the Regiment killed on Sunday were left upon the battle field unburied. But, still worse, more than thirty of the severely wounded were also left to endure the sufferings from their wounds, with the attendant thirst, and from the chilly night air. It was impossible to remove them, as nearly all had fallen in the very front of the battle, when the situation was so desperate that men could not be spared, and where the positions taken could not be maintained until the injured could be carried to the rear. To them the night seemed like an age, and the survivors still recall it as a hideous nightmare. Most of those who were able to travel at all made their way to Rossville.

The few ambulances at hand were crowded to their utmost, but could accommodate only a mere fraction of the severely wounded. Wounded horses were compelled to carry one or two persons, as their strength would permit. A few ammunition wagons were halted and filled with human wrecks. Artillery caissons were taken possession of by wounded men. Many walked, fatigued and faint, back through the weary miles. Some, exhausted from the terrible strain, halted at a wayside house to rest, and, becoming too sore to resume the march, were made prisoners next day. There were many touching scenes along the way, and no one can fittingly describe the devotion manifested by comrades for their wounded friends. In some instances men were carried in blankets for miles; in other cases they were borne upon the back, or two comrades would support a third between them, toiling on yearly through the hours, and along the road that was at once so strange and so long. None had ever been over the road before, and they only knew in a half-certain way that it led to Rossville and rest. And many of these were not strong, robust men, but boys, tired, hungry, campaign-worn, slender in stature, though mighty in courage and devotion to duty. They had been lions while the battle lasted, but now that the night had come and the fighting was over, tenderly hunted up their fallen comrades and, at fearful cost of nerve and strength, aided them back along the road to safety. A score of men lost their haversacks or canteens, bullets having cut the straps that held them; others had bullet holes through their accoutrements, or found their cartridge boxes shattered, while a majority could point to bullet holes through their hats or clothing. Nearly every one had shared the narrow escapes of the battle, and the killed and wounded by no means embraced all of the real heroes of that eventful day.

Of the 419 who went into the fight more than 130 never again marched with the Regiment; for, in addition to those killed, many were permanently disabled, or died in Rebel prisons. Toward night on Sunday the flag of an Alabama Regiment was passed over by the troops of the Brigade, and it is claimed that its capture is entirely due to the NINETY-

SIXTH, but so eager were the soldiers in pursuing the Rebels that it was not cared for at once, and fell into the hands of other troops or of some officer who never officially accounted for it. The work of the Surgeons was most trying. Sometimes a half hundred wounded would be clustered about them, each needing attention. There were but few ambulances, and when the battle closed and the troops fell back to Rossville, some of the severely wounded could not be carried. Warned by the officers to do so, Surgeons Pearce and Evans went back to Rossville, where they resumed their work, spending most of the long night in extracting bullets and binding up the lacerations of the scores of victims of their own and other Regiments. Next day they went to Chattanooga and thence across the river. Their work was most trying, but patiently and tenderly, for days together, they plied their humane task, sleeping little until all were made as comfortable as the untoward circumstances would permit.

The experience of the wounded after the battle was often trying. During Monday the buildings in Chattanooga were crowded to their utmost capacity, but word was sent that all who could walk or ride should be taken to the north side of the river, and by Tuesday only a few of the seriously wounded remained. On Monday night hundreds of the maimed lay in the grove just above the river bank without other shelter than their blankets. Next morning an ambulance train was ordered to Bridgeport, and a wagon train followed, each vehicle being loaded with wounded. But many were still left. Some made their way back on foot to the hospital tents, stationed from one to three miles in the rear, and a day or two later those thought to be able to make the trip were taken by teams to the railroad. The first teams were able to go by the river road, a distance of about thirty miles, but within a few hours the Rebels held the opposite bank, and made this route impracticable. As a consequence, the trains were obliged to make a circuitous route, traveling more than sixty miles. The road was exceedingly rough, and the trip usually occupied the greater part of three days, two nights being spent in camp. Thousands of wounded soldiers

were jolted over this long, stony road, and at nightfall, when a halt was made, or next morning, before the train started, shallow graves were dug in which to bury those who had died *en route*. From Bridgeport rude hospital cars were provided, most of the wounded being sent to Nashville, but a few to points farther north. The sufferings on the long trip and in the hospitals were severe, but, as a rule, they were borne with a cheerful fortitude, as remarkable as had been the bravery of the heroes in the battle.

The Regiment had fought its first and greatest battle. In the supreme moment it had been found able and willing to meet the demands made upon it. Its long casualty list could be pointed to as an evidence of its valor. Its survivors were battle-tried, and worthy of the high name accorded the command. It was now ready for the hard service still before it, and resolutely it again set its face to the enemy, resolved to defend as gallantly, in the future battles, its tattered battle flag and the cause of which that flag was the emblem, as it had at CHICKAMAUGA.

CHAPTER XI.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CHICKAMAUGA. BY GEO. HICKS, CAPTAIN
COMPANY A, NINETY-SIXTH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS. EXTRACTS FROM
AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN KINGSTON, JAMAICA, WEST INDIES.

Prefatory Note to the Editor.

KINGSTON, ISLAND OF JAMAICA, January 12, 1886.

DEAR COMRADE :

It would give me great pleasure to prepare, for the forthcoming History of our Regiment, as requested, a full and complete account of the important part the Regiment bore in the great battle of Chickamauga ; but it will be quite impracticable to do so in a manner at all adequate and satisfactory. I should need to refer to many general and special reports, to which I have not access, and, especially, I should wish to go over the incidents of the engagement with representatives of each Company,—which is utterly out of the question.

Instead, therefore, of attempting what, at the best, would be very defective, I beg to send you, as a contribution, simply, toward an account of the action of our Regiment in that battle, some extracts (revised) from an address delivered here twelve years ago, in which I gave my personal recollections of Chickamauga.

You will notice how much is omitted that should enter into a full statement of what was done and what was suffered by the Regiment in that battle ; for I have made no attempt to describe in detail what was meritorious and worthy of special note in each Company. Of necessity, my recollections deal specially with the soldiers of the Company of which I was then the commander ; and you and all of our comrades will understand that when I make particular mention of any of these it is because they come vividly within the scope of my recollections, and not because I wish them to be considered more eminently worthy of mention than soldiers in other Companies. In fact, in all that is commendable they are to be regarded as types of forth to be found in every Company.

I have endeavored to be so faithful in what I have set forth that I trust those who read my recollections of the battle will feel that there is no occasion to make any abatement from such words of praise as my heart and judgment have prompted me to utter.

I am, yours sincerely,

GEO. HICKS.

C. A. PARTRIDGE, Esq., Waukegan, Ill.

PRELIMINARY.

* * * * *

SHALL I tell you what sort of men were the Volunteers who enlisted with me ? Some were farmers, owning and cultivating their own homesteads ; many were stalwart sons of farmers ; a number were clerks in public offices and in mercantile houses ; others were mechanics ; several were school teachers ; some were studying for a profession ; a few were day laborers. Some were heads of families, leaving wife and

children at home ; but the majority were young men from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. Nearly all were men of intelligence and character. Doubtless some, partaking of the general excitement and moved by the popular impulse, enlisted without seriously counting the cost ; but by far the greater number volunteered from an imperative sense of duty to their country and to the cause of humanity, both of which they felt to be imperiled. What noble hearts they were ! How worthy of highest eulogium !

Of the many, let ~~me~~ we speak especially of two, with whom I had become intimately acquainted prior to the war. These young men were bosom friends, heart companions--much alike in their outward circumstances of life, as well as in their principles, sympathies and tastes, and closely associated in Christian labors. Both were educated, intelligent, cultured ; and their presence would have graced any drawing-room in the land. Each was the eldest son in a large family, with brothers and sisters looking up to him for guidance, and each was the stay and staff of a widowed mother. It was not without serious thought, and many an anxious prayer, and the most solemn conviction of duty, that those widowed mothers could give up their first-born, and those young men could break away from such home ties, and abandon the bright prospects of life opening before them, to venture all upon the field of battle. The Governor of the State and the President of the Republic were pleased, in the course of the war, to honor me with military rank ; but the highest honor I received was when such mothers entrusted their sons to my charge and such sons chose me to be their Captain in the war. One of these young men was made my First Sergeant* and the other was chosen to be Quarter-Master Sergeant of the Regiment.†

* * * * * * *

Ten such Companies as mine constituted a Regiment, ours being the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois Infantry. As a rule, from three to six Regiments constituted a Brigade, three Brigades a Division, three Divisions a Corps, and three Corps an Army. The Army of the Cumberland, in addition to its three Corps,

* John G. Schaefer.

† William S. Bean.

comprised a Reserve Corps of three Divisions, and to this Reserve Corps our Regiment was attached.

For nearly a year we were soldiers without seeing a battle. We had enough of marching over the hard pike roads of Kentucky and Tennessee; we had plenty of drilling; plenty of rough campaigning; now and then a little skirmishing; but no hard fighting. Our turn came at last, and after that it came often and continuously. Our turn came at the battle of Chickamauga—a battle which the soldiers of the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois will remember as long as they remember anything.

If we judge by the number of killed and wounded, the battle of Chickamauga was the severest battle in the West, and, next to Gettysburg, the severest battle of the war. For us of the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois it was, beyond all comparison, our great battle.

I shall try to tell you something about that battle—to describe that which is well-nigh indescribable. What I saw of the great battle was confined to a limited part, for the battle was fought in the woods, and no one actively engaged with his Company or Regiment could see much beyond his own Regiment or Brigade. For one, during the battle, I found I had very little leisure for any observation beyond the range of my own immediate duties. Therefore, if I attempt to describe what I saw of the battle, I must speak chiefly of my own Company and Regiment; and if I venture to speak of a soldier's feelings in entering into and going through a battle, I must of course rely chiefly upon recollections of my own personal experiences. So I must beg that, for the time being, you will kindly allow me to forget that I am a stranger in a strange land, and permit me to speak as freely and with as little reserve as if I were addressing a private circle of indulgent and intimate friends.

MARCHING TO THE FRONT.

Gen. Bragg, with his Confederate Army, had retreated from Tennessee into Georgia, where he occupied the stronghold of Chattanooga. Gen. Rosecrans, commanding the Army of the Cumberland, followed with three Corps under Gens.



WILLIAM F. TAYLOR.

CAPTAIN COMPANY E

UNIVERSITY OF THE
STATE OF NEW YORK
LIBRARY

1917

Thomas, McCook and Crittenden, while the Regiments of the Reserve were stationed at various distances in the rear, guarding railway lines. By dividing his forces and executing a flank movement, threatening the enemy's communications, Rosecrans compelled Bragg to retreat from Chattanooga. While the enemy was retreating, followed by Rosecrans, reinforcements from the East and South were hurried forward to strengthen Bragg, who soon was able to turn at bay and assume the offensive. Rosecrans, falling back toward Chattanooga, endeavored to bring together again the three Corps, which were widely separated, and urgent orders were sent to the Reserve to hasten to the front.

As soon as the orders were known we were all on the alert, and speedily put ourselves in marching order. We made forced marches over the Cumberland mountains and down into the Tennessee Valley. I well remember how weary at one time were the soldiers, plodding on from early dawn until long after dusk; then, after a hurriedly prepared supper, lying down upon the ground to snatch two or three hours of sleep; then, aroused by the bugle, cheerfully resuming the march, pushed steadily on through the hours of the night and into the new day. So we hastened to the front, eager to bear our part in the conflict and share in the anticipated victory. Skirmishing along the slope of Lookout Mountain, leaving Chattanooga a little to one side, we passed on a few miles further to Rossville, at the foot of Mission Ridge, about midway between Chattanooga and Chickamauga Creek. We had reached an important point, for Rossville Gap was one of the two available avenues of approach to Chattanooga from our front. Here we halted and rested for a day or two, while the three Corps to the front were endeavoring to form a junction and establish a line of battle on the bank of Chickamauga Creek, where they might withstand the confident onslaught of Bragg's largely reinforced army.

On Friday, the 18th of September, 1863, the distant cannonading indicated that the expected battle had begun. During the day our Regiment was ordered to prepare for action; the sick and those disabled by the long march were left at

Rossville, with the tents and luggage ; our musicians also left drums and fifes, that they might be free to assist the wounded ; the soldiers took three days' rations in their haversacks, and forty rounds of ammunition in their cartridge boxes, and marched out to feel for the enemy. My Company being on picket duty, and not relieved until next day, did not participate in this movement. The Regiment encountered a small force of the enemy's cavalry, and suffered some loss in the brief skirmish which took place. The Regiment lay in close proximity to the enemy that night.

On Saturday my Company rejoined the Regiment. The Brigade was deployed in line-of-battle, taking up a defensive position to repel any assault that might be made with a view to obtain possession of Rossville Gap. Some of the Regiments had, for a brief time, a sharp encounter with a force of the enemy, but the attack was successfully repulsed, and was not repeated. During the day we were under the spasmodic fire of artillery, which inflicted no loss upon us. We remained in line of-battle, prepared to resist any attack, and the hours of Saturday wore on, uneventful to the Regiment ; but the distant cannonading, heavy and continuous throughout the day, gave evidence that the battle elsewhere was severe.

WAITING FOR ORDERS.

We lay upon our arms through the chilly hours of that night, out under the open sky of heaven, without tent or blanket. Long before sunrise the men were ordered to be in readiness to form line-of-battle at a moment's notice.

Our breakfast was speedily despatched. Every soldier had his oyster can, or tin can of some sort, in which he roughly pulverized his coffee grains with the butt end of his bayonet ; then filling the can with water, and holding it upon a stick over the bivouac fire, a good draught of coffee was soon ready for him. A piece of bacon, fastened upon a forked stick, held over the fire, was broiled in a few minutes, the drippings being carefully caught upon his hard biscuit. Then, with his biscuit and bacon and coffee he made as good a breakfast as heart of soldier could wish. Next, the Enfield

muskets were carefully cleaned, extra ammunition was dealt out, and we formed line-of-battle and rested and waited.

While we waited we began to hear the distant rumbling of artillery. A little later the cannonading had greatly increased in violence—was multiplied at many points—grew more continuous. Evidently a great battle was in progress, and as the morning hours drew on we made sure that we should have a part in it; for the tide of battle was surging toward us, the noise of battle was becoming louder, the sound of the artillery was drawing nearer. But the battle was not in our immediate front. We shifted our position now and again, sometimes moving a little distance forward in line-of-battle, sometimes moving in column to the right, and again to the left, but most of the time simply resting and waiting until it should become known where we were needed.

Perhaps I should tell you that when a Regiment is formed in line-of-battle the men are in two ranks. Those of the front rank stand side by side, close enough to touch each other's elbows. The men in the rear rank form a similar line, standing just behind the men of the front rank. In the rear of the second rank are the Sergeants and the Officers. In the centre of the front rank are the Colors and the Color Guard—a guard composed of a chosen Corporal from each Company of the Regiment. The skirmish line consists of one rank of men, not close together, but from five to ten feet apart. When moving by the front, in line-of-battle, the soldiers form a continuous line, marching side by side in the two ranks. In moving by the right flank, or the left flank, they march in column, following one another, four abreast.

The morning was wearing slowly away, and, as the cannonading grew continuously fiercer and more vehement, the nerves were drawn to a sharper tension and the pulse began to throb with a quicker beat,—and we still rested and waited for orders.

In was a beautiful, cloudless Sabbath day,—one of the famous battle Sundays of the war. While we rested, the Sabbath hours were variously employed. The two sergeants I have mentioned had been accustomed to meet on Sunday

for united study of the Bible, and I noticed that on this day they were seated together on a fallen tree, with their muskets beside them, reading from the New Testament, as was their wont. One—the Quarter-Master Sergeant—might have remained idle and safe in the rear with the wagon train ; but he enlisted to be a soldier, and his heart would not permit him to shrink from the toil and danger which fell to the lot of his comrades. So he never gave up his musket, and often managed to find time from his duties to take part in the Company drill ; and now he was with us, to share in the duties and the dangers of the battle-field. Like them, many other soldiers also had their Testaments open, and were reading in them, reclining upon the ground, waiting for orders to enter into the battle. Others were conversing in low tones, and a few boisterously ; but the tone of bravado was rare, and was not long maintained. Others simply waited—listened and waited in silent expectation. There was an intense earnestness, a soberness, a thoughtfulness expressed on the countenances of the men which I had not seen before. I noticed that some, who had been accustomed to relieve the tedium of camp life with games at cards, had strewn their cards upon the ground, preferring not to take them into battle.

I spoke of the impending battle to our Lieutenant Colonel Clarke. I remember that some one has said : “ I am afraid of nothing but fear,” and I believe it was some such feeling as that which I expressed to him. I said to him that I was extremely solicitous that my Company and myself should acquit ourselves well ; that, while I felt great pride in their acquirements in drill and their discipline and soldierly bearing, all this would count for nothing, would be absolutely worthless, if now, at the supreme moment, in the hour and the test of battle, we should fail. Colonel Clarke said : “ I have no fear for our men. They will do their duty, every man of them. And I have no fear for myself. I shall go into this fight, and go through it, and come out of it all right.” Alas ! that for himself, and for so many, the result was otherwise. I spoke to my men, wishing to gauge their temper. As the ominous boom ! boom ! boom ! of scores and hundreds

of cannon near and far distant burst continuously upon the ear, I said: "Well, boys, that sounds as if there would be some work for us to do to-day." "Yes, Captain." "Well, I hope Company A will do well whatever it has to do." "We'll try, Captain." "One thing, boys—we must all try to keep together." "We'll stick by you, Captain, as long as you stick by us."

Still, we waited; and the sun got up high in the heavens and poured down its rays straight and hot upon our heads, and the pealing thunder of the guns was incessant.

The battle was going against us. As we afterward learned, the day was already lost and the army was in a very perilous situation. Gen. Rosecrans had left the field and was making his way into Chattanooga,—had left the field, and the Reserves had received no orders. Portions of Crittenden's Corps were retiring from the field. McCook's Corps had been driven back and was in retreat, and, excepting Sheridan's Division, was retreating in much confusion and disorder. Thomas only was left to bear the whole brunt of the battle and prevent what was already defeat from becoming irretrievable disaster.

We waited for orders, but no orders came. Staff officers and orderlies had been sent during the forenoon to find Rosecrans or Thomas to report the position of the Reserves and to ask for orders. Some were taken prisoners on the way; some found their way blocked, and they returned; and if any finally reached Thomas they could not find their way back to us. At last Gen. Steedman, commanding our Division, fully satisfied that the Brigade of the other Division which was with us was sufficient to guard the point where the Reserves were stationed, determined to move, without orders, to where the main army was evidently fighting a desperate if not a losing battle.

MARCHING INTO BATTLE.

Before the movement began, Company A was sent some distance to the left to extend our skirmish line and ascertain if any force of the enemy was concealed there in the woods. I had barely succeeded in placing my men in position when

word came that the Division was in motion and that my Company must rejoin the Regiment with all possible speed. All the troops were moving rapidly, and we exerted ourselves to the utmost to rejoin our comrades. We found the main road thronged with artillery and ammunition wagons, all hurrying on, while the hot dust, inches deep, rolled up in volumes. Leaving the road we pushed our way through the fields, passing Regiment after Regiment, until, hot and weary, we reached the NINETY-SIXTH, which was at the head of the column. Just as we arrived, the column was halted, for the enemy's cavalry were threatening to dispute our progress. Company A was again thrown forward on the skirmish line; but the cavalry retreated, and the march was resumed at almost double-quick time. We found ourselves in a field over which a wave of battle had already passed, leaving, as traces of its progress, abandoned muskets and knapsacks, here and there dead and wounded soldiers, a straggler or two in blue, and a few soldiers in gray or butternut, whom we sent as prisoners to the rear. Once more we halted, and prepared to encounter an opposing force of cavalry, but the cavalry speedily retired, and again we were in motion, hastening forward in the direction of the heaviest fighting. We passed near a large farm house, which had been converted into a hospital, filled with the wounded, while scores of wounded soldiers lay stretched on the sward near by. Hurrying on through the wooded fields we emerged into a large open plain of meadow land and stubble field, with an extensive field of corn to the right and woods to the left.

We were nearing the conflict, and the sharp crack of musketry began to be heard amid the din of the batteries. We halted on the edge of the open field until the troops could come up and be properly formed for the march forward. The Regiments of the First Brigade were massed in column doubled on the centre to march abreast, each Regiment presenting a front of two Companies, the intervals between the several Regiments being sufficient to permit the Brigade to be deployed into a continuous line with the least possible delay. The Second Brigade was formed in like manner in

rear of the First. At the head of their respective commands were the General and Staff Officers, and Regimental Field Officers. In front of all, advanced to some little distance, was a line of skirmishers, consisting of one Company from each Regiment of the leading Brigade,—my Company being on the skirmish line in front of the NINETY-SIXTH, occupying the extreme right of this line, which extended some rods into the field of standing corn.

At the word of command the troops moved forward in this order, afterwards changing, while still in motion, into columns by fours. We had but fairly begun the march over the open field when we heard a sudden screaming, shrieking sound in the air,—a sudden boom above our heads,—and there was a cloud of white smoke where a shell had burst, and rising up from the field near our feet a dozen little cloudlets of dust, where fragments of the shell had struck the ground. And then came another—and another—and another—a host of them, hot and quick; for over there on the left, just in the edge of the woods, a battery had been moved into position to break our ranks and stop our march. The heavy, constant booming of the cannon to our left, the sharper boom of the bursting shells all about us, the thud of the solid shot as it struck the ground and ricocheted over our heads, plunging on and far away through the corn field,—all this was fearfully exciting. How the shells did fly toward us and about us! And with what a Satanic vim, with what an infernal energy, they seemed to come, with an indescribable scream, and a shriek and a rushing whizz, as if each shell were a malignant demon, with a will of its own, determined to tear us to pieces! It was exciting and fearful,—a fitting prelude to what was before us. But, looking back from the skirmish line upon the massed columns of our Brigade, while the air was filled with little clouds of sulphurous smoke, and innumerable clouds of dust were springing up all over the field, it was a magnificent spectacle to see those thousands of soldiers, with flags proudly flying, marching steadily through that storm of shot and shell and never a break in the ranks! Or, if there was a moment of confusion, as when a shell burst in the midst of the NINETY-

SIXTH, disabling some of our men, the broken ranks were at once closed, and the march was not interrupted.

As we approached the farther end of the open field the continuous piercing clang and racket of musketry sounding in front gave sure token that the battle was raging fiercely not far from us. On a distant knoll we observed a group of officers watching our advance. It was Thomas and his Staff. A very anxious group it had been when the movement of our troops in the distance was first noticed; for, whether friend or foe, it was impossible to tell. "If that is the enemy," said Thomas, "we're lost; if the Reserve, the army is saved."

IN THE BATTLE.

Gen. Steedman had galloped forward and reported himself to Thomas. As we approached nearer the troops were halted, the skirmishers were called in, and the Brigade was deployed in line, the NINETY-SIXTH holding the right, my Company having the extreme right of the line. We had halted barely long enough to recover our breath, and wipe the perspiration from our faces, and wash the dust out of our throats with water from our canteens, when word came that the enemy was moving in large force to turn the right of Thomas' line, and that the Reserve must hasten into position to protect the flank. Our Brigade moved quickly to the right for a considerable distance, and then faced to the front. Company A was again deployed as skirmishers, and began to advance, when immediately was heard, here and there, the sharp crack of the rifle. The men advanced, returning the fire, but were met with a rattling volley. "Ah, this is no skirmish work!" I thought, and I shouted to the men to rally together as quickly as possible. By the time the Company could be formed, the Regiment, with the Brigade, was abreast of us, and we resumed our place at the right.

Facing the fire, the line pressed forward on the full run, keeping the ranks tolerably well—closing up the ranks as men and officers fell dead or wounded upon the field—driving the enemy before us over the rise of ground, over the slight depression, and up toward the top of the ridge—still driving the

enemy and gaining the top of the ridge—encountering a withering fire—halting and lying down—firing a few rounds—then forward once more, running, and yelling, and again driving the enemy—on and over a little valley—on and on and up to the summit of another rise of ground—when our advance was suddenly checked. “Lie down!” ran along the line, and instantaneously the men prostrated themselves upon the ground. For we were right in the teeth of a battery that opened upon us a fearful storm of canister and grape, and the showers of Minié balls from the doubled or trebled lines of infantry that now confronted us made the fire terrific—horrible—murderous! By lying close to the ground the men were somewhat protected, most of the balls and shot flying over them. And our men were not idle! They made good use of their Enfields—firing—turning upon their backs and reloading while still lying down—then turning and firing again. So they kept up the dreadful fight, while with clenched teeth and bated breath and stiffened sinews, and nerves strung to the highest tension, they received and endured and returned the terrible fire of the enemy. How appalling the din of battle! How fiend-like the screech of the iron missiles, rushing forth with deafening roar from the savage throats of the artillery! How furious the rattling clangor of musketry,—without stop,—without a moment’s pause,—without any let up or respite,—persistent,—incessant,—unremitting! How unceasing the whistling of the bullets—tzip! tzip! tzip!—speeding with continuous whizz through the branches of the low oak shrubs that thinly covered the ridge, denuding them of their leaves, which fell dissevered in flakes of green constantly dropping, dropping, upon the jackets of blue lying beneath! Ever and anon would be faintly heard the soldier’s muttered cry, “Oh!” or “I’m hit!” And some would leave the ranks to seek a surgeon or hospital in the rear,—and some, wounded in leg or foot, but not in arm, would resolutely continue to reload and fire their muskets until, weak and exhausted, they would crawl away to find shelter behind any friendly tree,—and some would remain helpless where they lay, bravely suppressing every groan,—and some would lie

still and stiff and motionless! And, without cessation, the missiles of death still flowed in two deadly streams from us and toward us, and the thought would force itself upon me,—“Oh, my God! is any cause so righteous and holy as to justify such work as this!”

Clouds of powder smoke began to gather over us and to envelop us. We breathed nothing but powder! Clouds of powder smoke hung heavily, like a dark curtain, between the two armies, hiding them from each other's sight;—but through the smoke the streams of bullets still made their way. Then the enemy's fire slackened a little. Probably a portion of the line opposed to us was yielding under our fire, and the battery was being removed to a less exposed position. Masses of fresh troops, however, were hurried forward to strengthen the enemy's line, and another battery was brought into action. When the fire slackened, it seemed to us that the enemy was giving way, and our men instinctively began to get upon their feet, and, with a rousing cheer, were about to dash forward in another charge, when they were met by a fire fiercer and hotter than ever. “Lie down!” was the word. On the right of the Brigade it was promptly obeyed; but on the left the line recoiled from the fire of the new battery and the redoubled fire of the infantry, and gave way. The word was passed along the line that our men were retreating. Some one called out, “Fall back!” Then we heard the voice of Colonel Champion—“Don't move, men! Who is it that says, ‘Fall back?’ Keep where you are! Hold your position!” But the Regiments on the left were falling back, and it was useless, as it probably would have been unwise, to attempt to hold our position isolated from the rest. “Fall back, then, but keep in line. Keep to your colors! Don't scatter! Keep to your colors! Keep your line!” The line, however, was not kept. The Brigade line was already badly broken, and we could not keep the Regimental line intact. Some of our men retreated on the run; others less rapidly; still others more slowly, keeping more with the colors and our Colonel. Soon, instead of a well-preserved line, marching with regular uniformity, one saw an irregular mass, moving back in not a

little disorder. The retreat was checked as soon as we had repassed the ridge from which we had driven the enemy at the first charge. Here our men were halted, and our officers began to form them into line again.

The supporting line, which, upon our advance, was placed in position a little to our rear, had partially given way even before our line in front; but Gen. Steedman, with some of the Brigade and Division Staff Officers, promptly rallied it, and it now moved forward in gallant style and took position on the summit of the ridge which we had just passed, and kept up a brisk fire, but not at such close quarters as had made the conflict so destructive to us—destructive also to the enemy. Our battery, too, had come up, and was sent forward toward the right, and began to take an active and effective part in the fierce contest.

While the forces now in front were keeping up the battle strenuously, we were recovering from our disorder. But, first of all, before anything else, we sought to quench the intolerable thirst incident to the battle field. Our throats were parched, and the canteens of our men were soon emptied. I sent back one of my men with a dozen empty canteens slung over his shoulder, with orders to find water somewhere—anywhere—and rejoin us as soon as possible. It was late in the afternoon before he could again find the Company. I sent two others back to the ammunition wagon for a supply of cartridges. Not a few of the men had expended every cartridge they had taken into battle. Some had obtained a new supply by cutting off cartridge boxes from dead comrades, and others had picked up cartridge boxes which the wounded had thrown away. Those who had cartridges shared with those who had none, and when our men returned, as they did speedily, with the box of ammunition, each man was fully provided with a double supply.

While I was thus absorbed in looking after my Company and getting it into fighting trim again, giving little heed to what was going on with the rest of the Regiment, a Staff Officer came up hurriedly, with arms outstretched, a sword in one hand and a revolver in the other (he had been rallying

stragglers), his manner and tone indicating intense excitement. Doubtless I was equally excited; probably we all were. "Captain! why in thunder don't you form this Regiment?" "I am forming my Company, sir. Where's Colonel Champion?" "He's taken command of the Brigade; Whitaker's wounded." "Well, where's Colonel Clarke?" "Why, don't you know? Clarke was killed at the first fire!" As our remaining field officer, Major Smith, was with Gen. Steedman, on staff duty, I at once assumed command of the Regiment. "Attention, NINETY-SIXTH! On the colors, right and left, dress!" That is the command prescribed in the Tactics, and I gave it; and then followed others not found in the drill book. "Officers, get your men into line! What are you men about? Why don't you dress up there, on the colors? Oh, you men, get into line! Hello, Sergeant, where is your Captain?" "We haven't seen anything of our Captain." "Where's your Lieutenant? Isn't there any officer with this Company?" "He is wounded or killed; I don't know which." "Well, Sergeant, take command of the Company and do the best you can with it. * * * You Corporal, back there! Where are you running to?" "I'm looking for my Regiment." "Here it is. Come up here. Bring those men with you." I noticed that the Color Guard was greatly reduced in number. Very few officers were with our shattered Regiment; but those who were present were doing splendidly. One officer had tied his handkerchief around his head, bandaging his ear, which had been pierced by a Minié ball. Another had wrapped his handkerchief around his hand, from which the flesh had been partly torn. Having roughly dressed their wounds they were busily preparing their men for further action. The officers spoke to the men in cheery tones, and the Sergeants were nobly filling the place of officers left dead or wounded on the field, and the men in the ranks were active and eager, providing themselves with a new supply of cartridges, wiping out the barrels of their muskets, fouled by repeated discharges, and forming the line to renew the contest.

We were getting to look like a Regiment again, and officers

and men were encouraging one another and pledging faith to each other, with determination intensified tenfold because of the great gaps in our ranks, when a Staff Officer came riding up at full gallop. "Who commands this Regiment?" "I do." "Move to the right as quick as you can; the devils are outflanking us!" "Battalion! Right face! Forward—double-quick—march!" Other Regiments of our Brigade followed. When we had gone so far to the right that no part of the column was covered by the line already engaged in action we turned to the front, forming an extended line of battle. Again it was a charge—a running and yelling and rapid discharge of musketry. Ere long we again encountered a heavy fire—halted—lay down and returned the fire. It was almost the same thing over again that we had had at the former charge, only the enemy had not now a battery close upon us pouring its shot into our ranks. A few men seemed inclined to fall back at once, but a word or two from the officers and sergeants kept the line unbroken. The battle raged fiercely, a very tempest of fire; nor was it less fiercely tempestuous on our left, at the point where we had made our first charge. The strength of the Division had been brought up to hold that ridge, and so vigorous and unflagging and well directed was the fire of our infantry and artillery that the repeated furious assaults of fresh forces of the enemy failed to break the line. After a while the enemy's very severe fire in our front and to the left slackened. For the time the extreme fury of the tempest was abated. The foe had been repulsed. In vain had Bragg hurled against us the reinforcements of confident veterans who had come to him flushed with victories gained in the East. The effort to drive us back had failed; we held the ground and the right flank was still secure. Here our hearts were cheered by our Major Smith, who, having traversed the line to our left, brought us glorious tidings of the battle; how victoriously the Division had withstood the desperate onslaught, and the whole line remained intact. Soon a Staff Officer came along the line, urging us for heaven's sake to maintain our position, telling us that Burnside had just arrived with his Corps and was only halting behind some hills

until he could form his men into line, and then he would be up to support us. We had heard rumors that Burnside was to join Rosecrans, and this report of his arrival was very cheering.

The enemy made one more and final effort to turn the right of our line. Additional troops had been brought up to extend his lines and overlap us on our right flank. Our Second Brigade was put in motion to check this new movement, and had orders to form line-of-battle on the right of the NINETY-SIXTH. But the danger was imminent; there was not a moment to lose; and once more the NINETY-SIXTH was moved by the right flank at the double-quick. I observed that our Colonel was now with us, near the left of the Regiment, but I supposed he was there as Brigade Commander, not knowing that Whittaker's wound had proved to be slight, and that he had resumed his command. As we marched, our direction was changed so as to move obliquely to the front,—gaining ground to the right and to the front at the same time. The Second Brigade, moving rapidly, was up with us, when the order was given to change direction and move direct to the front, the intention being that that Brigade should pass us and form its line on our right. Colonel Champion, with a portion of the Regiment on the left, heard the order and changed direction accordingly; the rest of the Regiment failed to hear the command, and continued the oblique march. This left a gap, and the foremost troops of the Second Brigade pushed into it. Then I began to hear, "Give way to the right! Give way to the right!" And I gave way to the right; and kept on giving way to the right, until the Brigade had formed its line, sandwiched between the severed parts of our Regiment. I had discovered that the Regiment was broken; but it was utterly out of the question to leave the front to hunt for any missing Companies. So a portion of the Regiment still continued to occupy the extreme right of the whole line,—a position which during that Sunday afternoon had been the critical point of danger. When the line of the Second Brigade was fully formed it charged forward gallantly, and we joined in the charge and ran as fast and as far, and

yelled as loud and fired as rapidly as any. This was a very successful charge, and was continued half a mile or more, the enemy not making such strenuous fight as in the earlier part of the afternoon, and we took a number of prisoners. Then the line fell back to a more advantageous position, where we could more easily repel an assault. My Regiment occupied a little hill, heavily timbered. Here the men were allowed to scatter themselves as if upon the skirmish line, taking position behind trees about as they pleased, and keeping up a slow, irregular fire upon the enemy, all being cautioned not to run themselves out of ammunition.

It was now not quite an hour to sunset. Never did I long for sunset as on that Sunday at Chickamauga. With us it was not "Night, or Blucher," but "Night, or Burnside!" But no Burnside came, and our single line was left to hold its own without support. The firing now was not very severe, and gradually grew weaker, sensibly slackening all along the line. At length it grew so still on our left I went out of the woods to see what was going on. One of my Sergeants called out, "Captain, you're not leaving us?" "Oh, no; I'll be back in a moment." I discovered that the whole line was in motion, retiring leisurely, and it was already at some distance to the rear. I gave the word to call in our men and fall back with the rest. I found that I had now but a very few men with me; and I should have thought that I had wholly strayed from my Regiment were it not that I had with me the colors of the Regiment, together with the commander of the Color Company—the intrepid boy-lieutenant, lion-hearted, fearless, unflinching—Charlie Earle, whose name must be inscribed high among the highest on the roll of Chickamauga heroes.

The line fell back half a mile or more, and halted. Most of our Division had already retired still further to the rear. Soon after halting we saw our Colonel coming up, looking for us. He, with the portion of the Regiment separated from us, had joined in the last forward advance of our own Brigade, once more encountering the foe, and successfully holding the advanced line until ordered to retire. When he discovered

his lost command, he exclaimed,—“Oh, Captain! there you are!” “Yes, Colonel, here we are!” “I feared you were lost,” said the Colonel; “how many men have you got with you?” “About fifty or sixty.” “Well, I’ve got twenty-five or thirty. Let’s get them together.” So we tried to bring the men into Regimental line again. “Where’s Company E?” said one of the men, seeking to find his Company. “Here it is—I’m Company E,” replied another. It seemed that the reply was not far out of the way—so few of the Company could be found. “Never mind your Companies, boys,” said the Colonel. “Let us get into line, somehow—what there is left of us! Get into line anywhere! Dress up on the colors!” There didn’t appear to be much left of us to get into line, and certainly there was but little left of the colors to align ourselves upon. Of the ten picked men forming the Color Guard, nine had been killed or wounded. One flag-staff had been quite shot away, and the other was cut and badly splintered. The two flags were riddled with Minié balls and grape shot, but what remained of our Color Guard had gallantly clung to them. Our Color-Bearer had tied the fluttering shreds about the splintered staff, which he now held aloft as a guide for us in forming our line. Here our troops formed their last line-of-battle to resist any attack that might be made. Our foes had also retired a little and formed their last line. Neither side molested the other. Both had had enough of fighting for that day!

RETURNING FROM BATTLE.

So that long, long Sunday afternoon at last came to an end, the sun slowly disappeared, night closed down upon us, and we breathed more freely, with a sense of infinite relief. Not long afterward we received orders to retire from the field. We soon reached the main body of our Division, and here we began to gather up our missing men of the NINETY-SIXTH. Some who had courageously borne their part in the heaviest fighting of the day had followed other Regiments of the Brigade as they fell back, thinking the NINETY-SIXTH was also retreating. Some had been sent back to help the wounded



Gen. W. T. SHERMAN.



Gen. U. S. GRANT.



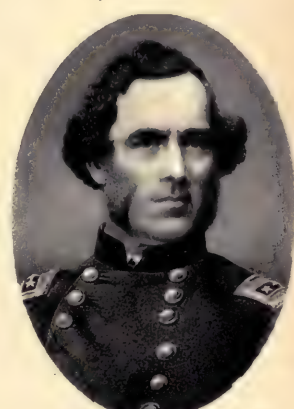
Gen. GEO. H. THOMAS.



Gen. O. O. HOWARD.



Gen. D. S. STANLEY.



Gen. J. B. STEEDMAN.



Gen. W. C. WHITAKER.



Gen. JOS. HOOKER.



Gen. NATHAN KIMBALL.

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

off the field. Others had been sent back for water or for ammunition, and when about to return had heard that it was useless to go forward again,—that our whole line was in full retreat, and that there was nothing left of the Regiment! We learned that most of our wounded had been conveyed to the rear, on their way to Chattanooga. Others of the wounded were placed on the caissons of the artillery, or on the ammunition wagons, or on horses—for the ambulances were crowded—and we got them along somehow, as best we could, as we moved back toward our camp at Rossville. The ambulances and the artillery and the wagons clogged the road, and it was too dark to move across the fields; so we plodded along slowly and wearily, and with frequent tiresome interruptions. When we had gone two or three miles we came upon acres of troops in bivouac, gathered about myriad fires, cooking their supper. “Ah! there’s Burnside’s men!” we said. “What Corps?” we asked. “McCook’s.” No Burnside there; he must be farther on. After awhile we came upon other acres of troops in bivouac. “What Corps?” “Crittenden’s.” Nothing of Burnside! It was all a myth about Burnside. Burnside, with his Corps, was at Knoxville, a hundred miles away! There was really no foundation for the camp rumor that Burnside was on his way to reinforce us; and the extended cloud of dust which had been seen rising at a distance, and which was supposed to be caused by the tread of Burnside’s approaching columns, was in fact occasioned by a force of cavalry charging to protect a wagon train.

It was nearly ten o’clock that night when we reached our camp. The wounded were cared for as best we could. At our Company tents we found the small squad of men which had been sent to the rear in charge of prisoners. “Hurrah! Here’s our Captain! He isn’t killed, after all! Why, we heard there wasn’t a man left of Company A!” “Some of us are left, boys. But do get us some coffee as soon as you can.” The coffee, which was soon prepared, and some hard biscuit, furnished a supper most welcome after the day’s long fast. Then, with the sensibilities of the mind and the heart stunned by the dreadful work of that afternoon, and with

physical powers almost utterly exhausted, we were glad to throw ourselves down upon our blankets and obtain rest and sleep. There was but one break to the night's rest. At midnight the officers of each Company were aroused by our Quartermaster, who told us that a Brigade of the Second Division was wholly destitute of rations, the Brigade wagon train having been captured by the enemy's cavalry, and he asked if we would divide our rations with them. We kept awake long enough to say "Yes," and fell asleep again.

OUR LOSS IN BATTLE.

At *réveille* next morning we assembled for roll-call. Those who had become separated from the Regiment came in during the night, and we could now count up our loss.

The Regiment went into battle a few more than four hundred strong. When we left Illinois we numbered 1,000 men, but a year of marching and drilling and roughing it in camp had sifted out a great many. Some had died; some had been discharged; many were in hospital. Many, also—the less robust—had been sent from the Regiment,—detailed to garrison forts, to guard baggage wagons and provision trains, to protect railway trains, to aid in building bridges and in repairing roads. Our 400 with us on the morning of Chickamauga were nearly all young men, who had endured the severe strain of active military life much better than the middle-aged. The battles of the war were fought chiefly by the young men. The nation was saved by the boys!

We went into the battle of Chickamauga with 400 men; we came out with a loss of about two hundred killed and wounded. We could well spare half our rations! Our loss was extraordinarily large. When the reports of the battle were all in from Rosecrans' entire army I carefully examined the tabular statements of the numbers engaged and the losses, and it appeared that, in proportion to numbers, no Regiment had suffered so heavily in killed and wounded as the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois. We afterwards bore our part in Sherman's Atlanta campaign of a hundred and twenty days, and nearly every other day were engaged in skirmish or battle, and every

day, with hardly an exception, were under fire; but in all that long campaign our entire loss did not exceed the loss we suffered during those few fateful hours on the field of Chickamauga!

I had looked forward to the test of battle with not a little solicitude, lest our men should fail fully to meet the stern demands of duty when the supreme hour of trial came; but how nobly they bore themselves throughout the fearful ordeal of that Sunday afternoon, enduring a test such as rarely falls to the lot of any Regiment in its first battle! How many of the men—the boys—in the ranks proved themselves to be true-born heroes that day! And the officers shared with the men alike the danger and the loss. Of the twenty-three field and line officers of the Regiment on duty that day eleven were killed or wounded. Were all equally undaunted? Was there no exception? The terrible storm of plunging shot and exploding shells, bursting suddenly upon us as we marched over the open meadow field to enter into battle, seemed to unnerve and quite bewilder one of our Captains, who, in our subsequent rapid movements, lost his Regiment, and was not again seen that day by his soldiers. His Company was worthily led in the battle by a Lieutenant, who, a few days afterward, was promoted to fill the vacancy caused by the Captain's resignation.

The morning roll call disclosed how heavy had been our loss; yet we dare not indulge ourselves in any tender, relaxing emotions of grief. The heart must remain still firmly braced to meet the peril of another day. The danger to our army—with the cause of our country closely linked to that army's fate—was still imminent; for we were in the presence of a foe who was marshaling against us greatly preponderating numbers. We were yet on the battle field, as it were, and must steel our hearts to bear, if need be, still further loss. And the loss was not delayed, for our picket guard sent out that night did not return to us; only a few of them, long afterward, were seen again, when they rejoined the Regiment as returned prisoners of war. We were yet on the battle field, and on the battle field there is no room for emotions of grief.

In battle there is an exaltation of feeling which lifts one quite above the plane of all ordinary sentiments and feelings. I recall an incident: During the few moments when my Company was rallying from the skirmish line, just as the battle opened upon us, my leading Corporal*—the man who always marched so proudly at the head of the Regiment—generously shared with me the scanty store of water in his canteen; the next minute, as we were advancing, he fell lifeless before me, and I pressed forward with the men with but half a glance at his prostrate form, without being conscious of the slightest feeling of pity, or sympathy, or any gentle, kindly emotion. The supreme duty of the moment overwhelmed all else! Nor did our wounded soldiers yield to any feelings of self-pity. We heard little groaning from their lips. When my Color Corporal† was struck in the arm he came to me and said, in quite his ordinary tone of voice: "Captain, I'm hit; this arm is useless." "Go to the rear, Corporal; take your musket with you if you can; if not, drop it." I remember what a noble type of manhood he was—tall, upright, square-built, broad-shouldered, keen-sighted, clear-toned, always manly in bearing, trustworthy to the core, and every inch a soldier. Alas! I never saw him nor could hear of him again!

In connection with that memorable battle the soldiers of the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois had, in the person of some of its members, nearly every experience of hardship that can fall to the lot of a soldier. We all shared in the forced march by day and night, and in the skirmish, and the shock of battle. Some met instantaneous death. Others, less fortunate, lay upon the field, fatally wounded, uncared for, suffering untold agonies, until death came to their relief. Some, wounded and retiring from the field, were struck a second time, and fatally. Some of our wounded fell into the hands of the enemy. Others lay for many miserable hours upon the field before they were brought into our hospitals. Many died while in hospital. Some others—sent to a hospital over the mountains because our hospitals could not receive them—died on the way. Some of our men, taken prisoners, endured all that

* William Price.

† David Isbel.

could be endured, and cannot be described, of the miseries and horrors of Libby and Andersonville. How many of the wounded, how many of the prisoners, were never in line again with the Regiment !

When we had fortified Chattanooga, and lay within its besieged lines, waiting for the coming of Grant and Sherman, we then had leisure to estimate how great had been our loss at Chickamauga. It seemed to us—nor was it all illusion—that we had lost our best and bravest. The Regiment mourned the death of its Lieutenant-Colonel—staunch and true, a firm commander in camp, a brave leader in battle. Each Company had its list of heroes, beloved by their comrades and worthy of all honor, the memory of whose patriotic devotion, even to the sacrifice of their lives, shall never, never fade. For myself, I mourn a host of true-hearted soldiers, my comrades of the NINETY-SIXTH, who upon the field of Chickamauga gave to their country a soldier's last and supremest offering. Among them are numbered the two Sergeants of whom I have spoken, who rest upon that battle field, somewhere, in unknown graves. Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. My First Sergeant, valiantly engaging in the battle with his chosen rifle, was really entitled (unknown to all) to exchange the rifle for a sword ; for his commission as Captain, granted to him because of his superb soldierly acquirements, had been duly signed and was on its way to him, while his life blood was ebbing away, enriching the soil of Georgia. The other Sergeant was prominent in the battle, performing notable deeds—now joining in the onset where the peril was the greatest, and now rallying the men along the line of the Brigade wherever there appeared signs of faltering ; but before the close of the battle he had shared the fate of his bosom friend. Both had fought with a magnificent heroism beyond all praise. Never was battle field consecrated to humanity by the sacrifice of worthier soldiers.

THE SACRIFICE AND THE GAIN.

The vast armies of the Union, gathered from every town and village and neighborhood throughout the East and the West, comprised patriots and heroes innumerable. During the protracted years of that great war, waged on a scale stupendous and destructive beyond all precedent, it happened time and again that at some critical juncture occurring in a battle of almost decisive consequences, the gallant work of some Regiment, some Brigade, some Division, saved an army, and went far to save the cause. Honoring all heroic souls in the armies East and West, rejoicing in all that was gloriously achieved by other soldiers, by other Regiments and armies in many great battles now listed among the famous battles of mankind, the soldiers of the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois feel that at Chickamauga they earned the right to claim kinship with all soldiers who braved much and accomplished much for their country. All honor to Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga!" All honor to Thomas and his Corps, grandly holding the whole opposing army at bay! But there came an hour when Thomas was reaching the utmost limit of his power of resistance. Unless speedily aided he would have been unable to withstand the accumulating forces, which, overwhelming him, would have brought immeasurable disaster upon the army, would have made incalculably more difficult the subsequent task of Grant and Sherman, and would have had a far-reaching effect, which one shrinks from estimating, upon the issue of the war. At that hour, at that critical juncture, our Division reached the field and gave that aid which was imperatively needed. Our Brigade was the leading Brigade, and being first on the field the severest task fell to its share. Our Regiment, leading the Brigade and the Division, was placed at once in the front line; and while other Regiments during the battle alternated their position between the front and the supporting lines, the exigencies of the battle kept the NINETY-SIXTH, with the briefest intermission, continuously in front. It happened, therefore, that at the most critical juncture of the battle of Chickamauga, the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois had a most important part to play.

The simple record is, that it did not fail; and it can justly claim its share of that high praise bestowed upon our Division, when Thomas, at the close of the battle, said to our General, "Steedman, your Division has saved the army!"

In that battle we paid a heavy price; but how inestimable the value of what we purchased. If we consider—as we reasonably may—that our few tragical hours at Chickamauga constituted one of those critical periods of the war when a different result might have long delayed, if not quite changed, the final issue of the years of contest, we cannot murmur at the sacrifice required of us. We are to think of the new nation, of the South and the North, redeemed, disenthralled, united, marching forth buoyantly among the nations, erect as never before,—entering upon a career transcending all former possibilities and conceptions, in the blessings of whose onward progress universal humanity shall share,—inspiring the people of Europe with higher aspirations for freedom and loftier ideals of the worth of simple manhood,—and touching the remote peoples of Africa and Asia and the neighboring peoples of the western hemisphere with influences whose beneficent effects, multiplied with the years, only the ages to come can fully disclose; and then, if it be asked, "Was it worth the while? Was the cause so righteous and holy as to justify such sacrifice of life?"—we would seek the answer from the lips of those who, in their desolated homes and sorrow-burdened hearts, have most painfully realized the full measure of that sacrifice. Shall we ask the widowed mothers, whose first-born sons now lie mouldering somewhere on that deadly field of Chickamauga, whether, if they had the power, they would cause the wheels of Time to roll back over the intervening years, that they might have restored to them their sons as they were in the full flush of their young manhood, leaving undone all that was dared and endured and suffered and accomplished by them and their comrades that fatal Sunday afternoon? What is their reply? "We rejoice more in our dead sons lying there in unknown graves, than we could in all the living sons of Christendom who at such an hour would shrink from like peril and sacrifice in such a cause."

Time does its own work ceaselessly and silently, without beat of drum or blare of bugle, and each succeeding year is carrying over to "the great majority" survivors of the battle field. Meantime, those who remain are wont to meet at intervals in reunion with each other ; and at each latest reunion the magnitude of what was attempted and the vastness of what was achieved are seen more and more clearly ; and the heart swells with increasing pride in beholding the growing strength and benignant greatness of the beloved country at whose call they went forth, in her hour of need, to do battle for her and for humanity.

" Be proud ! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her !

She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,

She of the open soul and open door,

With room about her hearth for all mankind !

Oh, Beautiful ! my Country ! ours once more,

What words divine of lover or of poet

Could tell our love and make thee know it,

Among the Nations bright beyond compare ?

What were our lives without thee ?

What all our lives to save thee ?

We reck not what we gave thee ;

We will not dare to doubt thee,

But ask whatever else, and we will dare ! "

CHAPTER XII.

BY A. R. THAIN, OF COMPANY D.

The Situation after the Battle of Chickamauga—In Camp on Moccasin Point—Artillery and Skirmish Fire—Bragg's Starvation Policy—Wheeler's Cavalry Raid—Short Rations for Men and Mules—Corn—The "Wusser"—Arrival of Gen. Hooker—Gen. Grant Placed in Command—Bridging the River at Brown's Ferry—Supporting Hooker in Lookout Valley—Corn and Shells—The March to Shell Mound—Nicajack Cove—Building Winter Quarters—Strange Architecture.

AFTER the battle of Chickamauga, Gen. Rosecrans withdrew his army to the immediate neighborhood of Chattanooga, and threw up a strong line of earthworks to protect his position. He had a large bend of the Tennessee river behind him, in the hollow of which the city lies, and on his front a line of works crescent in form, the flanks resting on the river above and below the city. The objective point of the campaign had been Chattanooga, and that was in our hands; and we now prepared stubbornly to hold the prize which had been so gallantly gained, and at so fearful a cost.

Lookout Mountain was abandoned to the enemy, and with it the railroad and our direct wagon road to Bridgeport; a measure which nothing save the plea of military necessity could justify, for it subjected us to constant annoyances, and compelled us to transport supplies over Wallen's Ridge* by a long and difficult road, open to attacks from the enemy's cavalry.

Our Brigade withdrew from Missionary Ridge on the night of September 21, and on the 22d we marched through Chattanooga, crossed to the north bank of the river, and encamped on Moccasin Point. This memorable piece of ground lies within a loop of the Tennessee at the northern extremity of

This is variously called Waldon's, Waldron's and Wallen's Ridge, but there seems to be the best authority for the last.

Lookout Mountain, its shape bearing some resemblance to an Indian moccasin, the toe being thrust between Lookout and Chattanooga, and the heel lying down toward Brown's Ferry. Judging from the size of the foot, and the length of stride which must have gone with it, the next impression of that gigantic moccasin must be searched for in some loop of the Chattahoochee many miles toward the south. The side of the point which lies next to the mountain is low and fertile, and prior to our occupancy had been covered with a fine crop of corn and beans which, fortunately for us, had been somewhat carelessly harvested. Our camp was situated several hundred yards from the river, nearly opposite the northern base of the mountain, and a little distance behind the camp rose a considerable ridge—the instep of the moccasined foot—on which was posted the 18th Ohio Battery. This loud-mouthed neighbor occasioned us a good deal of anxiety during our stay on the point. As soon as it was securely sheltered by strong works it began to talk to the mountain in a very emphatic way, and Lookout wrinkled his rocky brows and began to talk back. These occasional dialogues would not have troubled us in the least if the principal parties had kept the conversation exclusively to themselves, but the Boanerges who held forth from behind Pulpit Rock on the crest of Lookout had an inconvenient way at times of talking at large to the whole camp. At such times he had many listeners, who paid very close attention to his remarks, but who fervently wished that he would bring his fire-and-brimstone preaching to a speedy close. The northeast side of a tree was the favorite point for listening, and a puff of smoke on the point of the mountain was the signal that a monosyllabic remark, in the shape of a shell, would, in a few seconds, utter itself somewhere on the point, and the question was—*where!* The 9th Ohio and 10th Indiana Batteries were sent to assist the 18th Ohio, and all were bomb-proofed by the infantry,—the NINETY-SIXTH on one occasion working an entire night with picks and shovels. But the artillery on Lookout, beyond its disquieting effect, did us very little injury. The distance was considerable, the elevation of the guns above the river was

great, the marksmanship was not good, and to this should be added not only the saving fact that owing to poverty the Rebels were sparing in their use of ammunition, except in hours of close conflict, but the farther fact that our artillery was superior to theirs and responded very promptly to each salutation. Indeed, the second shot from the point took down their signal flag, and the admirable practice occasionally indulged in by our artillerists was doubtless the means of putting the enemy on their good behavior. After showing us a few times that they could throw shells into our camp, the battery on Lookout let us alone, and, with the exception of the skirmish fire along the river, our camp was as peaceful as though there had been no enemy in our vicinity. We maintained a strong skirmish line along the bank of the river, and at first many sharp shots were exchanged with the rebel skirmishers, sheltered by rocks on the side of the mountain; but as the river is several hundred yards wide, their fire did us little bodily harm, and served only to develop watchfulness and caution. After a few days these two lines fell into the regular routine of picket duty; and, by that mutual understanding which soon arises between opposing pickets, they seldom exchanged shots except when an unusually tempting opportunity offered itself. Occasionally, however, the severe artillery duels were renewed, and more than once the soldiers sought their bomb-proofs and the officers vacated the log building occupied as a Regimental headquarters. Once a bullet passed between the logs of the building where the chinking was out and spoiled an inkstand upon the Adjutant's desk. In riding between the camp and Brigade headquarters one day, the Adjutant found himself the target for Rebel sharpshooters, but escaped injury, although the horse ridden by him was disabled by a bullet.

Gen. Bragg had decided to force Gen. Rosecrans out of Chattanooga by the gradual process of cutting off his supplies, maintaining in the meantime as close a siege as possible, with the expectation that we must soon abandon the place to avoid starvation. Gen. Longstreet favored a flank movement, as bolder, speedier and more likely to lead to success; but the

Southern army had suffered so severely in the battle of Chickamauga that his more cautious chief preferred the slower but less hazardous methods of a siege.

The pretense of a siege was little more than a farce; but the question of how to obtain a sufficiency of supplies in the face of a watchful enemy who held our direct line of communication, soon became serious enough. Our base of supplies was at Bridgeport and Stevenson, close at hand by rail, and easily reached by steamer; but the possession of Lookout and Raccoon Mountains gave the enemy full control of this short and easy line, leaving us only the route over Wallen's Ridge on the north side of the river, over a road so bad that transportation was extremely difficult, and so long that it could not be effectually guarded against cavalry raids. The difficulty of supplying our army over this route was soon demonstrated. On October first, Gen. Wheeler, with a large force of cavalry, started on a raid toward our rear, with the intention of interrupting, and, if possible, of destroying our communications. On the second he captured a large wagon train in Sequatchie Valley, coming from Bridgeport, laden with supplies. Being closely pressed by Gen. Crook, with a force of cavalry, and threatened by an infantry command under Gen. McCook, he burned several hundred wagons, with their contents, and took with him a large number of mules. Our cavalry gained some advantages over him, recapturing eight hundred mules; but he carried his raid as far north as Murfreesboro, doing an immense amount of damage before he recrossed the Tennessee, in a badly demoralized condition, on the eighth. The effect of this raid and other efforts of a similar nature soon began to appear in our camps. The animals showed the effects first. It is calculated that ten thousand horses and mules died of starvation and of hard usage on the terrible roads. Forage in the neighborhood of Chattanooga was soon exhausted, and the watchful Rebel cavalry were ever lurking on our flanks, seeking to capture or destroy trains sent to a distance to obtain corn or fodder. So many draft animals died that the task of supplying the army became more and more difficult.

Hon. H. W. Blodgett, of Lake county, on learning that

the Regiment had suffered very heavily in the recent battle, started at once for the front, and, on arriving at Bridgeport, took a horse and followed after the wagon train which was burned by Gen. Wheeler, overtaking it and being near its head when the Rebel cavalry made their attack. He had an exciting experience, but escaped, as did most of the train guard. Mr. Blodgett reached the Regiment in safety, and spent several days in the camp and hospitals. On the occasion of one of these cavalry raids, Hamilton D. Crane, of Company K, while driving a team, was fatally shot, being taken to McMinnville, where he died from his wounds October 10. At one time a number of men from the Brigade were captured, but all were paroled within an hour or two, being first stripped of everything possessed by them which their captors either needed or fancied.

During the early part of this period trains passed along the river road, but at great peril, several men being wounded and the mules killed, so that a blockade was created. On one occasion First Assistant Surgeon Moses Evans, of the NINETY-SIXTH, accompanied an ambulance train of wounded. While passing "The Narrows," he was wounded by a bullet, which cut his ankle, but was not seriously injured.

The daily ration issued to the men was reduced, not to the point of starvation, but to such a degree that we hung on the edge of hunger for a number of weeks, and sometimes we dropped over the edge, and found great difficulty in climbing back again. The field of corn on the point delayed this result in our camp for a time, a large ear of corn being about equal to the daily ration then issued to us; but soon the vast hunger of the mules stripped the fields so bare that one might search for hours and be rewarded with only a few poor "nubbins." Corn near the bank of the river was worth its weight in Rebel lead. One man of Company D can testify that he drew the Rebel picket fire four times one forenoon while gleaning a few handfuls of corn.

The members of the Regiment usually alluded to this camp as "Starvation Point" in after months. At no other time during our entire period of service were the rations as

low as here. On one occasion soap, candles, pepper and vinegar comprised the bill of fare. The comments made upon this occasion would be entertaining could they be reproduced. Later, corn alone was issued on a few occasions, and the men would ask the officer issuing it, in a semi-serious way, how they could be expected to eat corn without any soap or candles, or if they would not prefer to keep the corn and give them some pepper and vinegar. But notwithstanding the short rations, the lack of blankets and clothing, the continuous exposure, the constant danger, and the anxiety, felt if not expressed, lest retreat should become necessary, and disaster to the army and the cause result, the men were cheerful and uttered few complaints. They were by no means discouraged, but each had an abiding faith that help would come from some source, and that the army would succeed in driving from the strongholds in their front the then exultant enemy.

When the hungry quadrupeds were fed, the teamsters had to mount guard over the feed-troughs; for if they did not, hungry bipeds clad in blue, who were ever on the watch for ways and means to eke out their scanty rations, would filch corn from the very mouths of the mules, regardless of the silent glances of reproach cast after them by those much-abused partners in adversity.

The corn, when obtained either by fair means or foul, was first parched, then ground in a coffee-mill, or grated upon the perforated sides of a tin canteen, and when made into mush and fried in pork fat it was a dish fit for a king,—that is a very *hungry* king.

The following episode took place at the hungriest point of the quarter-ration period. Two members of Company D were on guard in the woods some distance north of our camp. They were very hungry, and had not between them so much as a grain of parched corn. Inspired by hunger, their imaginations made out endless bills of fare, and their memories recalled the many appetizing things which they had eaten before leaving home. When by these mental exercises they had whetted their appetites to a keenness which was almost unbearable, they saw, to their great joy, a quadruped ap-

proaching through the bushes. It was one of those long, lean, hound-like Southern hogs, which were known among the soldiers as "wussers." It looked like the genius of starvation, wearing a swine-like form. Indeed, if it had been the sole survivor of that Gadarene herd into which the devils entered, and had eaten nothing during the intervening centuries, it could not have been much leaner. A whole herd of such swine could hardly have cast one respectable shadow.

It is probable, however, that this particular "wusser" had been born and bred on Moccasin Point, and had been eaten out of house and home by Uncle Sam's men and mules. In the struggle for existence then going on around Chattanooga, his fitness to survive had been for some time a constantly decreasing quantity, and it had almost reached the vanishing point. But he still lived; and hunger being uncritical, he seemed to those two soldiers a prize worthy of a vigorous campaign.

But how to secure such shadowy game was a difficult question. As well attempt to catch a grayhound by direct chase; and a bullet, though aimed with the greatest skill, might easily miss an object which was so thin that you had to look twice before you could see it,—except the head, which, owing to its bony structure, stood out distinctly in all the unlovely angularity of its osseous outlines. But something must be done, and done quickly; and so one of the soldiers shot at the shadow and hit it,—in the head of course, for it was nearly all head,—at the junction of the jaws, for it was mostly jaw;—and then began a chase which, for vigor and speed and the urgent nature of the interests involved, has rarely been equaled. The lower jaw of the pig dropped square down, but otherwise it held its forces well together; and with a continuous squeal issuing from its throat, it started through the bushes at a high rate of speed, followed by the comrades in hard pursuit. An epic poem might be written on the chase, if a bard could be found worthy of the theme. It might be entitled, "Hunger in Pursuit of Famine's Master-piece."

"Long time in even scale the contest hung;"

but at last one of the pursuers seized a large iron bolt which had fortunately been dropped by some passing wagon, and threw it with such strength and skill that the porcine prize soon lay at their feet.

Panting and triumphant, they bore it to the picket post; skinned it, roasted it bit by bit at their fire, and ate it all at one meal. But then they were very hungry, and it was very lean. If the proverb, "The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat" is true, that was the sweetest meat, as it averaged, ever eaten by man.

But soon after this gastronomic episode reached such a happy termination, our direct line of communication was opened up, and the reign of hunger came to a close. The way in which this was done deserves special mention, not merely because the NINETY-SIXTH helped to bring it about, but also because it was executed with a skill and boldness which took the enemy by surprise, and at once put an end to the fiction that Chattanooga was in a state of siege.

Early in October Gen. Hooker, from the Army of the Potomac, arrived in Nashville, bringing with him the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps. He did not at once march to our relief, for, having come the entire distance by rail, he had no wagon train; but he effectually protected our line of communication from Nashville to Bridgeport, and we lived in daily hope that some bold movement would soon enable us once more to assume aggressive operations.

Following Chickamauga there was a reorganization of the army in and around Chattanooga. In this reorganization the troops of the old Reserve Corps were scattered through the various commands. Of the Brigades which had fought at Chickamauga, Col. Mitchell's became the Second, and Col. McCook's the Third Brigade of the Second Division of the Fourteenth Corps. Gen. Whittaker's Brigade, to which the NINETY-SIXTH was still attached, became the Second Brigade of the First Division of the Fourth Corps. Besides the NINETY-SIXTH, there was the 115th Illinois, 40th Ohio, and 84th Indiana,—these Regiments having comprised the old Brigade,—and the 51st Ohio, 99th Ohio, 35th Indiana, and

COMPANY D.



CORP'L ALEXANDER R. THAIN.
SERG'T OSBORN V. YOUNG.

GEORGE E. SMITH, JR.
CAPT. THEODORE F. CLARKSON.
FIRST LIEUT. J. H. LINKLATER.

RICHARD S. THAIN.
ROBERT J. DOUGLAS.

THE
LIBRARY
OF THE
MUSEUM OF
COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY
AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

8th Kentucky, these last Regiments having been formerly the Third Brigade of the Third Division of the Twenty-first Corps. All of these Regiments had lost heavily at Chickamauga, and the eight had for duty but about two thousand men. The Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps were for the time being discontinued, the Fourth and Fourteenth Corps absorbing all of the troops that had been actively engaged in the battle.

October 18, by an order of President Lincoln, the Military Division of the Mississippi was created, and Gen. Grant was placed in command. Pending the arrival of Gen. Grant, Gen. Thomas assumed command of the army at Chattanooga; and Gen. Rosecrans withdrew from his position as leader so quietly, that for some days it was not generally known that he had been relieved from command. He was favorably regarded by his men; but the smoke of Chickamauga had clouded his reputation as a commanding General, and, justly or unjustly, he went to the rear.

Gen. Grant arrived at Chattanooga October 23, and with characteristic promptitude and vigor he addressed himself to the task of changing the military situation. But with justice to others, it should be said that before his arrival a bold and promising measure for our relief was nearly ready for execution. For some time Gen. Smith had been building pontoon boats, with a view of establishing a bridge at Brown's Ferry, a few miles north of our camp at Moccasin Point, thus opening a way into Lookout Valley, preparatory to the advance of Gen. Hooker on the direct road from Bridgeport.

On the morning of the 27th, at three o'clock, a fleet of pontoon boats left Chattanooga, loaded with a force of 1,300 picked men under command of Gen. Hazen. Their intention was to float down the river under cover of the darkness, glide past the enemy's pickets unseen, capture their post at Brown's Ferry, and transform the fleet of boats into a bridge before the enemy could rally a force strong enough to resist the movement.

The distance from Chattanooga to Brown's Ferry by the river is nine miles, but across the neck of the point it is only four miles. For some distance below the city the force on

the pontoons had nothing to fear, for both banks of the river lay within our lines; but where the river turns northward along the base of the mountain, they knew that a line of Rebel pickets extended along the left bank of the stream for miles, and past these they must glide unseen and unheard. Closely hugging the right bank of the river, and under the shelter of a friendly fog, the movement was executed so successfully that the first boat reached the appointed place at dawn, captured or dispersed the Rebel force stationed at the Ferry, and by ten o'clock the bridge was stretched from bank to bank.

This brilliant movement was not accomplished without opposition. Our guns on Moccasin Point and the Rebel guns on Lookout had a violent quarrel about the new bridge. The guns on Lookout sent their protests down the river in the shape of shells; but a line of boats miles away, and rising only a foot or two above the water, is hard to hit, so Lookout protested in vain.

On the twenty-seventh we left our camp and passed the night near the eastern end of the bridge, and on the twenty-eighth we crossed over to form a junction with Hooker's column, which was advancing toward Lookout Valley from the west. The enemy resisted Hooker's advance with great vigor at first. A heavy fire from Lookout assailed the head of the column as it pressed into the valley on the twenty-eighth, and at one o'clock A. M. on the twenty-ninth a fierce assault was made on Geary's Division of the Twelfth Corps, at Wauhatchie. This desperate night attack seemed to call for our presence on the scene of action, and at sunrise we began to advance toward the western base of Lookout; but it soon became evident that "Fighting Jo," as Hooker was popularly termed, would be able to take care of himself, and our reinforcing column sought shelter behind a range of hills from the annoying artillery fire which from the crest of Lookout had disputed our advance.

At this point occurred the only disaster of the day in our entire command. A shell exploded near a tree behind which a number of men were standing, mortally wounding a member

of the 101st Illinois, severely wounding George Shaw, of Company D, NINETY-SIXTH Illinois, and inflicting slight wounds on Henry J. Ring, Walter Crapo, and D. G. Stewart, of the same Company. That unlucky shell spoiled George Shaw's marching step, and has ornamented him with an honorable limp ever since.

On the thirtieth we recrossed the river and returned to our camp on Moccasin Point.

This dash into Lookout Valley will be remembered by our men, personally, as being remarkable chiefly for two things—corn and shells. To our hungry men it seemed almost like an entrance into paradise to find corn; not poor, occasional ears such as we had lately gleaned after long search or at the risk of our lives, but large, golden ears, stored away in cribs. We began to draw rations of corn with a celerity which soon emptied the cribs and filled our haversacks. Corn was King all along the line. Ears were passed from hand to hand as gifts worthy of being tests of true comradeship. Corn was eaten from the cob with apparent satisfaction, and parched corn was regarded as a luxury.

But with an over-generosity which we did not at the time appreciate, the Rebel artillerists on Lookout offered to *shell* our corn; at any rate they shelled us with great vigor, and much to our discomfort. A fragment of a shell actually made its way into Henry Ring's haversack, in search of corn,—a kindness which called forth anything but thanks from the Antioch soldier.

But this movement, crowned with such entire success, brought speedy relief to our entire army. With the exception of a short detour to avoid the guns on Lookout our direct line to Bridgeport was once more open; and abundant supplies came to us by wagon train, and up the river by steamboat, demonstrating the fact that Bragg's attempt to reduce Chattanooga by siege was a failure. But the reign of plenty did not come to us on Moccasin Point. On October 31st, at an early hour, we bade good by to that memorable camp, and moved in the direction of Bridgeport. We did not, as was usual when starting on a march, draw three days' rations, but

each man received three small squares of hardtack. The "cracker line" was open, but very little had come over it as yet. But we began the march with hearts as light as our haversacks; for he is a poor soldier who cannot provide for the partial supply of his wants when on the march, and hunger had taught us that there is much virtue in an ear of corn. Corn continued to be King until we arrived at Shell Mound, on the afternoon of the second day, but there he was ignominiously dethroned, for again we drew full rations for the first time in many a day.

The principal natural curiosities at Shell Mound are a large mound of shells on the bank of the Tennessee, and Nickajack Cave, which furnished nitre for a powder factory until the advance of our army put a stop to operations. This cave has a splendid entrance hall, some three hundred feet wide, four or five hundred feet long, and thirty or forty feet high. Beyond this noble hall the cave turns to the left, becomes narrower, and extends into the mountain for a great distance.

According to an Indian tradition, one of their braves made a wager that he would ride through the cave on his pony, and find an exit at a distant point. He entered the cave full of bravery and bad whisky, and after a considerable length of time he and his pony came out on the other side of Raccoon Mountain, sixteen miles away. It may be; but that pony must have been web footed, for a stream runs through the cave, and, in exploring it, much of the distance has to be made by water.

To the left of this cave Nickajack Cove cleaves its way into the mountains in a southerly direction. It is of considerable width at its entrance, but narrows as it advances, and ends abruptly against the side of a mountain about three miles from the entrance.

About half way up this sheltering cove, on an easy slope of the left hand mountain, we went into winter quarters, with wood and water right at our doors. Only the NINETY-SIXTH and the 40th Ohio occupied this cove, the other Regiments of the Brigade being camped near Shell Mound. For a week or more after the camp was laid out, an epidemic of architecture

raged in the cove, with most astonishing results. If the four winds of the earth had brought strange structures from all quarters and had set them down on the hill side, there might have been greater variety in materials, but hardly greater variety in styles. No particular order of architecture was followed, for the reason that each man was an original architect and did not wish to cramp his individual genius by conforming slavishly to conventional styles. So each man did what was well pleasing in his own eyes ; and the result was a picturesque combination of all known orders of architecture, with a strong dash of dis-order.

A description of one Company D mansion will give a faint idea of one structure, which was like nothing else on the whole mountain side, and the same might be said of every other structure in the camp.

It was about twelve feet square, built of three-inch planks split from the heart of straight-grained trees, notched together at the corners, with one opening for a door and another for a window. The roof had a single slope from front to back, and was covered with "shakes." At one end was a large fireplace and chimney, built of mud and stones at the bottom, and mud and sticks at the top. A description of the interior might demoralize the dictionary, and so will not be attempted ; but at night, when a large fire burned in the fireplace, and the boys sat around it on bunks and benches, that cabin contained a vast amount of comfort.

CHAPTER XIII.

BY A. R. THAIN, OF COMPANY D.

The March to Lookout Mountain—Before the Battle—The Colonel's Speech—Nature of the Battle Field—The Forces Engaged in the Battle—Crossing Lookout Creek—Climbing the Mountain—Rough Nature of the Ground—Our Advance—Skirmishing—Artillery Fire—The Charge—The Rebels Fall Back—The Battle in the Clouds—A Modern Sinai—Doubling Point Lookout—Cheers of Victory—Steep Charge over the "Nose"—Writing on the Wall—Last Stand of the Enemy—Was it a Battle?—Facts Say Yes—Rebel Loss—Our Loss—Our Captures—The Bivouac on Lookout—Planting the Flag on Point Lookout—Cheering the Flag—The NINETY-SIXTH on the Summit—Description of the Scenery—Battle of Missionary Ridge—Return to Nickajack Cove—The Winter.

BUT it was decreed by the military powers that we should not settle down to the full enjoyment of our shanty city until we had taken part in stirring scenes at the front. On November 19 we drew six days' rations, and were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to march. Sherman's troops were passing by the Cove on the way to Chattanooga, and everything indicated that Gen. Grant was preparing for an aggressive movement on a grand scale.

The column that filed out from our camp was not a long one, for notwithstanding the return of a number of those slightly wounded, the hardships had been such as to break down many men, and there were less than two hundred and fifty for duty. Colonel Champion was in command. There had been several changes among the officers since Chickamauga. The vacancy caused by the death of the lamented Lieutenant Colonel Clarke had been filled by the promotion of Major J. C. Smith, but the latter was still on staff duty. Captain George Hicks, of Company A, had been promoted to Major and was with the command. First Lieutenant William Vincent, who was still absent nursing wounds, had

been promoted to Captain, and Second Lieutenant Pool to First Lieutenant. Second Lieutenant William Dawson had been commissioned First Lieutenant in Company F, to succeed Lieutenant Simms, who had died from his wounds. A commission as First Lieutenant had also been issued to Second Lieutenant Charles H. Yates, of Company H, the intention being that he should fill the vacancy caused by the death of Lieutenant Barnes, but as Yates was a prisoner of war he could not be reached, and the commission was subsequently recalled. In Company I Captain John Barker had resigned, and Lieutenants Tarpley and Moore had each received promotion. No Second Lieutenants were commissioned at this time, as the Companies were all below the minimum number. As the column started out for a renewal of the campaign there was but one Captain along the line—Captain Taylor, of Company E—and but a dozen line officers in all.

We marched from the Cove on the twenty-third, leaving everything standing, with the expectation of returning to pass the winter there. We arrived at Wauhatchie late in the evening, and bivouacked for the night.

The morning of the twenty-fourth was misty and disagreeable. The elements seemed to frown on us as we lay in the valley, but the elemental frown which lay between us and the summit of Lookout in reality turned a friendly side to us and a frowning side to the enemy. That foul day was the fairest day of all the year for the execution of the purpose which our leaders had in view.

The mist which had clung closely to the contour of the valley had lifted somewhat when we fell into line after a hasty breakfast. While we stood in regimental line facing the mountain, Colonel Champion took station on our front, seated on horseback, as if for a parade. Each man seemed to divine that something unusually serious was before us, and silence fell along the line. From the back of his horse the Colonel made a speech, the shortest, perhaps, that he ever made on a public occasion, but it is doubtful if he ever made one which produced a deeper impression. He said: "Boys, I have a few words to say to you. Before night I expect we will have

to climb the side of yonder mountain. You all know that at Chickamauga the NINETY-SIXTH covered itself with glory, and I hope that to-day we shall do nothing that will lessen the fair fame of the Regiment. I expect every man to do his duty ; I shall try and do mine." That speech gave us the first intimation of the arduous task which lay before us. For a few moments not a word was spoken, but we thought volumes. All eyes were lifted toward Lookout, and the rugged giant seemed to be answering the Colonel's speech. Standing on his bema of rock, with his cloudy toga wrapped about him, he seemed to say to his audience of five States and to the two armies at his feet, that human valor could not avail against his natural strength.

We knew something about the difficulties of the proposed battle ground. From our former camp on Moccasin Point we had become familiar with the rocky outlines of the mountain, and knew something as to the position and strength of the Rebel works ; and that morning, through occasional breaks in the clouds, we caught glimpses of Point Lookout, with its crowning battery ; we could see the sheer descent of the palisades, declaring, with cold, stony logic, that the crest of the mountain could not be carried by direct assault, and lower down we knew that there were steep ravines, rock-strewn slopes, terrible tangles of felled timber, and strong lines of works filled with watchful foes. We were willing to face men, but were we not asked to do that and to fight with the elemental forces of nature at the same time ? Very little time was left us, however, to debate the chances of success or failure. The time for action had come, and at once we set out to make, if possible, a secret side entrance on the lofty stage of that splendid theatre of war.

The troops commanded by Gen. Hooker in the battle of Lookout Mountain were, Gen. Geary's Division of the Twelfth Corps, Gen. Osterhaus' Division of the Fifteenth Corps, and Gens. Whittaker's and Grose's Brigades of the Fourth Corps. The Reserve Corps, to which we had belonged until within a few weeks of this time, had been incorporated into various commands, and we now belonged to the Second Brigade, First

Division, Fourth Army Corps, our Corps commander being Gen. Granger, with Gen. Charles Cruft as Division commander for the time being, and Gen. Whittaker as Brigade commander.

The general plan of the battle was that while Gen. Hooker was making a direct attack on the mountain in the face of the Rebel works, a flanking force under cover of this attack and concealed by the fog, should cross Lookout Creek, scale the side of the mountain, advance in line-of-battle along the side of the mountain, with their right resting on the palisades, and strike the enemy on the flank and rear.

Gen. Geary's Division and our Brigade formed this flanking force; Gen. Grose's Brigade of our Division being left in the valley to seize the road bridge just below the railroad crossing, repair the bridge, cross over and form a junction with our line when we should have advanced that far.

From Wauhatchie we marched up Lookout Valley under cover of the fog, and before crossing Lookout Creek to make the direct ascent of the mountain we laid aside our knapsacks and all the dead weight that we could possibly spare. In our coming struggle with altitude and gravitation we must carry no needless burdens. The man, his musket, and something to put in it, was about all that such ground permitted. Even the horses of the field and staff were left behind. Lookout Creek was so high from recent rains that it was not easily crossed. Our Regiment clambered across on an old dam which was in part overflowed, reaching the right bank at about 8 A. M. The direct ascent of the slope was effected with no opposition save that offered by the difficulty of the ground. When the right of our column neared the palisades we formed in line-of-battle, our right resting near the perpendicular rocks which rose grimly above us, our line stretching far down the slope toward the creek, and then we advanced toward the Rebel works, sweeping the entire side of the mountain. Much of the ground over which we advanced was rough beyond conception. It was covered with an untouched forest growth, seamed with deep ravines, and obstructed with rocks of all sizes which had fallen from the frowning wall on our right.

The ground passed over by our left was not quite so rough ; but, taking the entire stretch of mountain side traversed by our force in driving the enemy around Point Lookout, it was undoubtedly the roughest battle field of the war.

At first our Regiment was in the second line, but soon we were ordered to take the right of the first line, as close under the palisades as possible, which position we retained during the day. This necessarily required us to face the steepest and roughest ground along the whole line, and brought us nearest the sharpshooters, who were posted along the crest of the ridge ; but that which seemed to threaten our destruction was, in fact, our safety, for the guns of the upper battery could not touch us, even when their depressed muzzles almost kissed the rocks ; and though the steep, raking shots of the sharpshooters, fired from the edge of the cliff, had a very wicked sound as they went whizzing down the regimental line, most of them were too high to do any injury.

But our advance at first was unopposed and seemingly unnoticed. The attention of the enemy was centered on Osterhaus, who was engaged in forcing a crossing directly on his front. The silence was almost painful for a time. Every moment we expected to hear it broken by sharp shots from the rocks overhead, or by a rattling volley from behind the innumerable boulders in front of our advancing line. But nothing was heard save the tramping of many feet, and the hard breathing of men unused to mountain climbing.

But soon heavy skirmishing began on our left toward the base of the mountain. Grose was forcing his way across Lookout Creek and preparing to bring his right into alignment with Geary's left, and farther down the creek Wood was ranging his battle front, with the intention of climbing into the clouds over the rebel works.

At 11 A. M. our left connected with Osterhaus' right, and the line-of-battle was complete from the palisades to the mountain's base, thence curving away toward the northern end of Lookout ; a sickle of Mars, whose blue blade and fire-tipped edge was that day to sweep around its point as a pivot, and reap a glorious harvest.

The upper slopes and northern end of the mountain were now assailed by a fierce artillery fire from batteries in Lookout Valley and on Moccasin Point. A number of commanding hills in the valley took a strong interest in the topography of Lookout, and began to drop shells in advance of our line in places where they were likely to do the most good—for us—and over the shoulder of the mountain we could hear Brannan's guns on Moccasin Point, defying their old antagonist with a fury which boded ill for all who lay within the range of that upsoaring tempest of iron.

And the batteries of the enemy were prodigal of powder, now that the hour of conflict had come. The guns on the side of the mountain swept the slope, along and up which our troops were making their toilsome advance, and the high-perched battery on the crest of the mountain threw iron gages at the feet of its circle of antagonists in both valleys, challenges which were promptly accepted and gallantly answered.

The auricular effect of this artillery fire on us, who were close under the palisades, was grand and startling beyond description. The rocky sounding board rising on our right tossed back the reports of our own guns, and multiplied them into a continuous roar, and when the guns above our heads made answer it seemed as though the entire vault of the sky had exploded with each report. A little later in the day, when this battery was thundering out of the clouds which densely shrouded the crest of the mountain, it would have required but little stretch of the imagination to have supposed that "cloud-compelling Jove" had appeared as champion of the Confederacy, and, from a new Olympus, was hurling thunderbolts of modern make with more than his old-time vigor. But alas for the cause which no champion could save! for the blue-coated Titans needed no Ossa on Pelion to aid them in their upward climb, and in a few hours they would pluck the thunderbolts from the cloud. This artillery fire quickened our advance along the side of the mountain, and opposition was soon developed on our immediate front. It was a skirmish fire at first, but it became more and more spirited as we advanced. A Rebel soldier came running toward us with

uplifted hands, in token of surrender, and taking this as an earnest of victory, our men clambered over the rocks with cheers, driving the advance line of the enemy before them. Soon we came in sight of their works, but to our joy we saw that they had been constructed to resist a direct attack from below, and that from our position we could rake them with an enfilading fire, or even pass around their refused flank and attack them in rear.

No doubt our leaders ordered a charge, but with such advantages in plain sight, to charge and capture the works hardly called for a formal command. Soldierly instinct was enough; or, if anything more had been necessary, the yet fresh memories of that bloody field, lying eight or nine miles on the other side of Lookout, would have made us irresistible had the opposition been twice as great.

Col. W. F. Dowd, of the 24th Mississippi, who commanded this part of the Rebel line, says, in a description of the battle published in the *Southern Bivouac*, that his orders were "to hold his post till hell froze over;" and, thinking at this juncture that the ice was about five feet thick, he ordered his men to fall back.

But the gallant Colonel does not seem to have been well informed as to the temperature of the infernal regions at that particular time, for the resistance which he opposed to our advance was such as a thin skin of ice would oppose to a Cunarder when under full headway. Our charge on the entrenchments was like the rush of an avalanche. The enemy forsook their works and retreated along the side of the mountain toward the Craven House, leaving many prisoners in our hands.

No regular line-of-battle confronted us after this until we reached the eastern side of the mountain; but the broken Rebel line maintained an active skirmish fire, and the rough nature of the ground afforded them such ample cover, and at the same time made our advance so difficult a task, that our progress, though steady, was not rapid.

The cloud, which had not been very dense when we charged on the enemy's works, now settled very densely along the side

of the mountain, and was at once a source of perplexity and a great protection. Wrapped in a seamless mantle of vapor, we became confused as to locality, direction and distance. Some of our men became entangled in the felled timber, which, at this point, obstructed the slope, and were separated from their command. But the cloud effectually concealed us from our unassailable foes on the upper part of the mountain, who could have inflicted severe loss on us had the day been clear.

This battle has been poetically termed "The Battle above the Clouds," but literally it was a battle *in* the clouds. It seemed like a war waged by the elements rather than a battle fought by men. The viewless artillery of the skies seemed to bellow above our heads and beneath our feet, and the bursting shells were dread thunderbolts. To some minds it seemed like cloud and fire capped Sinai, when God came down on its dread top to give the law. From the veiled summit burst thunderings and lightnings, and the mountain quaked as though the feet of Jehovah were treading its high places; and, as of old, a vast concourse of spectators in the valley below were anxiously waiting to see what results would come forth from the clouds. And did not God, by the results of that day and the day following, say to the States which lie around that commanding summit, "Let the oppressed go free?" The original Emancipation Proclamation was written by the God of Battles with fire and steel, and President Lincoln somewhat tardily copied it with pen and ink.

At 12 o'clock our line was swinging around Point Lookout, the right of our Regiment being the pivot, and the left of the line sweeping around toward Chattanooga. Is it too much to say that the clock of history struck high noon when that mighty index finger pointed due north on that rocky dial face? Certainly the afternoon of the Southern Confederacy began to decline from that hour.

The cloud now began to lift, and spectators in Chattanooga Valley could dimly see our advancing line. They needed no courier from the mountain side to tell them that those advancing flags meant victory; and as we had little breath for cheer-

ing, they cheered for us with all their might. The Brigade Bands in the valley began to play, and we wrote the score which inspired them.

Before 2 p. m. we had reached the eastern side of the mountain, and were driving the enemy toward the Summer-town Road. Members of the NINETY-SIXTH will never forget the headlong charge over the "nose" of Lookout to the relief of the 40th Ohio, when in the eagerness of their advance they were actually in the rear of part of the Rebel line, and were in danger of being crushed by superior numbers. The descent between us and the enemy was almost as steep as a Gothic roof, and down this declivity we slipped and rolled—rather than charged—on the astonished foe. Bullets and shells they had expected, and had become somewhat accustomed to, but when we threw a whole Regiment of *men* at them they promptly retired. This movement on our part was a most timely and telling one, for the position of the 40th was perilous. Colonel Champion grasped the situation in an instant, and, with the instinct of the true soldier, gave orders for a left wheel. The Regiment executed his orders unhesitatingly, and, gaining a position along a rude fence, poured a destructive fire into the ranks of the startled enemy. Instantly the 40th saw the movement, and not only ceased to retreat, but instantly rushed forward across the opening and charged the foe, capturing a section of artillery and a large number of prisoners. As soon as their relief was assured the NINETY-SIXTH swung to its former position, still occupying the extreme right of the army and again advancing.

Our lines were now plainly visible to the Army of the Cumberland in Chattanooga Valley, and as they saw the flash of guns and the gleaming of steel brought out distinctly by the dark background of rock above us, it required no Daniel to interpret the meaning of that stern writing on the wall. It said of Bragg, whose headquarters lay directly over against us on the crest of Missionary Ridge, "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting." One libration of the scales the day before had shown his weakness before Chattanooga; and now Lookout, which was expected to weigh heavily

against us in the hour of conflict, was being lifted lightly in air by the ascending beam of another victory, its vast bulk and great natural strength being outweighed by the courage and audacity of our attack; and on the morrow—the sharp crest of Missionary Ridge being the pivot of the beam—the broken fragments of Bragg's army—"weighed and found wanting"—would be tumbled out of war's dread scale in the confusion of utter defeat.

There was no severe fighting on the mountain after 2 p. m. The Rebel line, reinforced by Gen. Jackson's Division from the upper part of the mountain, occupied a very strong position some distance south of the Craven House, and there they made a determined stand to retain possession of the Summer-town Road, the only road by means of which they could speedily withdraw their forces and artillery from the mountain. By this time our ammunition was almost expended, and exhausted as we were by our hard climb up and around the mountain, we were in no condition to drive the enemy from their last position by dint of bravery and bayonets. Later in the day reinforcements came to us from the Chattanooga side of Lookout, bringing such supplies of ammunition as they could carry on their persons, but the battle was not renewed. A skirmish fire was maintained until late into the night, varied by a considerable demonstration made by the enemy between nine and ten to cover their intended retreat. They withdrew during the night so cautiously and silently that the mountain was in our possession for some time before we became aware of it.

There has been some dispute among military critics as to whether that rough-and-tumble fight over the shoulder of Lookout was a battle or not. Some say that though it was striking in spectacular effect, affording abundant materials for the use of the artist and poet, yet from a military stand-point it hardly deserves to be called a battle. But if these adverse critics had viewed the battle from the front rank of the force which fought it, they might have been converted to the contrary opinion. This strange misconception arises in part from the smallness of our loss on that eventful day, and in part

from the dwarfing effect of the grand movement which rolled the Rebel lines from the crest of Missionary Ridge on the day following. But the smallness of our loss was due to favorable natural conditions, and Missionary Ridge has glory enough of its own without reaching across the valley to rob Lookout of its laurels.

Had the day been clear our loss would have been very heavy. So great were the natural advantages possessed by the enemy, that, could they have overlooked the movements of our forces, they would not have been driven from their natural fortress except by an engagement which would have reddened the rocks of Lookout with the blood of many brave men. A captured Colonel declared that if it had not been for the cloud their sharpshooters would have riddled our advance like pigeons, and would speedily have left our command without leaders. The men who took part in that engagement *know* that it was a formidable undertaking, and let no one attempt to take their glory from them. It is true that General Fog commanded on the side of the mountain, while Gen. Hooker commanded in the valley, and the former covered our advance so effectually with his cloudy battalions that our loss was comparatively slight; but even with this advantage in our favor we earned our battle laurels by hard climbing and gallant fighting. The glory of a battle should not be measured by its mortality list, but by the courage of the men engaged in it, and by the measure of their success.

And the battle was by no means a bloodless one on either side, as may easily be gathered from the loss suffered by one Rebel Regiment, the 24th Mississippi. According to the report of their Colonel they had three hundred and fifty-six men and officers present for duty in the morning, of whom one hundred and ninety-nine were killed or wounded during the day. The 40th Ohio, of our Brigade, suffered a considerable loss, both in killed and wounded, including Maj. Acton, who was killed. The loss in our Regiment was small, because we were so close to danger that much harm passed harmlessly over us.

The following is the



BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

The position of the NINETY-SIXTH was close to the palisades near the top of the mountain. See Chapter XIII

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT BERKELEY

LIST OF CASUALTIES.

KILLED.—Esau Rich, of Company B.

WOUNDED.—Adjutant E. A. Blodgett, hand ; First Lieutenant Robert Pool, Company A, head ; Sergeant John Vincent, Company A, ball entered just below right eye and passed out back of left ear, but he recovered ; Harry Menzemer, Company A, slightly ; Nicholas Wearmouth, Company A, left side ; Harlow D. Ragan, Company A, hand ; Second Lieutenant George H. Burnett, Company B, scalp wound ; James Litwiler, Company B, face ; W. V. Trout, Company B, foot and leg ; Corporal Henry A. Webb, Company D, head ; R. S. Thain, Company D, leg ; Sergeant R. J. Cooper, Company E, hip ; James Junken, Company E, side ; William S. Nash, Company F, chin and left shoulder ; Corporal John W. Swanbrough, Company G, foot ; Joseph K. Clark, William Joyce and John King, all of Company G, were each wounded in the head ; First Lieutenant George W. Moore, Company I, leg ; Harrison Gage, Company I, arm ; Daniel Malone, Company I, leg ; First Lieutenant E. E. Townsend, Company K, foot ; Corporal Henry W. Goding, Company K, head ; Thomas Carleton, Company K, leg ; Oscar W. Cowen, Company K, body.

Some of these wounds were slight, and did not disable the recipients. A few, however, proved severe. When Sergeant Vincent was shot, all thought that his wound was necessarily fatal, and supposed they would never see him again ; but he was so full of courage and manly strength that he soon recovered, and, notwithstanding the loss of an eye, returned to the Regiment, doing gallant service and carrying the colors in several engagements. Corporal Swanbrough's wound was received while carrying the colors. He had been the only one of the Color Guard to escape at Chickamauga, and was now among the first hit. His wound disabled him for only a few weeks. Lieutenants Moore and Townsend were each disabled for a time, but not permanently. Indeed, not one of the entire list of wounded was absent from the command for more than a few months.

Our Brigade captured two pieces of artillery and a large number of prisoners ; and when we reached the top of the mountain the next day, we found in the abandoned camp of the enemy a great variety of stores and supplies which they had left behind in their precipitate retreat.

That night bivouac on the "nose" of Lookout will never be forgotten by the men who tried to court sleep amid a chaos of rocks, swept by a keen northwest wind. We longed for our knapsacks, but they were miles away and a thousand feet below us in Lookout Valley. Camp fires seemed indispensable, but they were a dangerous luxury, for certain sharpshooters on the rocks above us, like the "King of Shadows," loved "a shining mark," and more than one camp-fire group, while cooking their much-needed supper, were disturbed by officious offers of the enemy to settle their coffee with lead. But shots in the dark are uncertain; and, in spite of Rebel protests, we speedily promoted old Lookout, putting shining stars on his shoulders and decorating his rugged breast with a sloping sash of camp fires, very comforting to us, and a blazon of victory to our comrades in the valley.

But when we sought sleep that night we were made to realize that rubber blankets form a poor protection against cold; that rocks are uncomfortable pillows, and that though a slightly sloping bed may be favorable to slumber, yet when it rises fifteen or twenty degrees above the horizontal line, sleep will be in inverse ratio to the steepness of the slope. But so great had been the fatigues of the day that though our pillows were no softer than those pressed by the head of Jacob of old, and our bivouac was rougher than the ancient Bethel, yet we snatched sleep enough for a soldier from the jaws of difficulty, and were ready in the morning for whatever might lie before us.

The morning of the 25th dawned clear and beautiful. Boreas had wielded his windy besom so diligently during the night that not a wisp of fog or cloud clung to the crest of the mountain, nor cobwebbed a corner of the rocky ravines. But fog had served us so well the day before that we were almost in love with it, and we began to wish that the vapory army which had departed during the night might return again to assist us. All illusions as to distance and danger were now dispelled. From where we lay the crest of the mountain was startlingly near, and the unassailable strength of the position was only too evident. Point Lookout and the palisades on

either side frowned above us, and so close at hand that to all appearance an army of schoolboys might have stoned us out of our position. As the light increased we watched anxiously for some evidence of hostile presence on the rocks above us, but as we saw neither flutter of flag nor flash of steel, nor glimpse of moving gray, and heard not so much as the snapping of a twig on that summit which had been the especial seat of battle thunder the day before, we began to suspect that the eagles of war had forsaken their eyrie, and that by a bold climb we might gain the deserted nest.

The NINETY-SIXTH might properly have claimed the honor of making that climb, for they had hugged the base of the precipice during the battle. But time and the elements, supplemented by the tornado of shot and shell at Chickamauga, had so riddled the regimental colors that they could hardly be distinguished from the flag of the enemy; and as there was at hand a regiment with a stand of colors new and bright, our Brigadier, who was a Kentuckian, with pardonable partiality, gave the honor to his native State. General Whittaker asked for volunteers from the 8th Kentucky to plant the Union flag on the mountain by climbing a narrow rocky stairway which leads up to the point through clefts in the rocks. Fifteen men at once volunteered, and began the ascent. Looking back on events we now know that there was no danger in the enterprise; but looking up at the little band of brave men as they reached the base of the upright rocks that morning and began to climb that stony stair, we feared that they might be devoting themselves to captivity or death.

But our suspense was short. Our eyes were soon gladdened by seeing our flag waving from Point Lookout. Never did it seem so grand as when the sun kissed its silken folds on the apex of that ragged cliff, and never was our national banner greeted with such cheers as then stormed the mountain from all sides to hail our victorious flag. All the breath which we had spent the day before in climbing the mountain seemed to come back to us, and we poured it out in cheer after cheer, which surged around the crest of Lookout, and rolled down into the valley in cataracts of sound.

But the men who had fought the battle had many comrades who united with them in cheering over the victory. The multitudinous shout of a great army came up to us from below. Fifty thousand throats hailed Lookout under his proper flag, and the mountain monarch seemed proud of his new honors, and nodded to all the hills around to prolong the shout and multiply it with echoes. The shout ran up the Tennessee to our extreme left, and told Sherman, who was then preparing to attack the northern end of Missionary Ridge, that another victory had been gained.

To our Regiment and the 8th Kentucky was assigned the honor of holding the mountain, while the rest of our Brigade went with Gen. Hooker toward Rossville Gap to assist in storming Missionary Ridge. In a short time we were comfortably reposing on the upper part of Lookout, near its northern end, taking in the magnificent view which it commands.

At your feet lie parts of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, while in the blue distance far to the east dim summits loom up, whose rocky roots strike under the soil of the two Carolinas. Here, on your left, is Lookout Valley, out of which we climbed yesterday. Over against you is Sand Mountain, standing on a line with Lookout, the two mountains looking like mated monsters, who, if properly yoked, might draw a whole State after them. Yonder, toward the north and west, is Raccoon Range; and here, beneath you, a great loop of the Tennessee incloses Moccasin Point with beadwork of silver, and within that loop lies our former camp ground, so close at hand that we wonder the Rebels did not shell us out of it.

To the right of the Point the river sweeps northward in a semi-circle as graceful as Ulysses' bow of shining horn; and Chattanooga, the fair Penelope who has been so rudely wooed of late by Southern suitors, grasps the bow near its centre, and stands waiting for deliverance. She will not have long to wait, for *Ulysses is here*, and before night that inverted bow will flame from tip to tip with bolts more terrible by far than those which sped from the twanging bowstring of the ancient hero, and at sunset *our Ulysses* will stand in this mountain hall without a rival.

Off toward the east stretches Missionary Ridge, frowning like the wrinkled front of Mars. It is a false and schismatic gospel which is now preached from that ridge, but before daylight shall fade, the feet of them that bring good tidings shall climb its smoking sides, and their evangel, though turbulent and fierce in its utterance, will yet bring liberty to the oppressed and peace to our land.

Chattanooga Valley, which lies between us and the Ridge, seems calm and level, as viewed from this elevation; but go down into it and it breaks into a ground swell of hills and ravines, a battle field which carpet knights would not care to tread.

Two-thirds of the distance across the valley from where we stand rises Orchard Knob, a fortified hill somewhat higher than its fellows, and on it Gen. Grant now stands to direct the battle which has already begun. Gen. Sherman, having crossed the river on a pontoon bridge near the mouth of North Chickamauga Creek, is now assailing the northern end of Missionary Ridge. The distance is so great, and the obstructions to vision are so many that we cannot see the movements of the troops; but Lookout is busy catching battle sounds in his rocky palms, and tossing them back across the valley; and we know that in the midst of that tumult men are climbing the outlying hills at the northern end of the ridge, with a storm of iron and lead beating in their faces.

It is noon, and with occasional pauses the storm of battle on our left still rages. It is three o'clock, and our centre begins to stir a little, as though impatient of so long a delay. Gen. Hooker has been toiling across Chattanooga Valley all day, repairing burned bridges and overcoming various obstructions; and now he is ready to strike the ridge at Rossville Gap, and roll the Rebel line back toward Sherman.

It is half-past three, and the centre has not yet moved; but the air over Orchard Knob seems tense with suppressed thunders, and they must soon utter their voices.

It is twenty minutes to four—and hark! Bridge's Battery over yonder is speaking in a very significant way. Six guns,

fired in regular order, like the tolling of a mighty clock, say to listening ears, "*The time has come.*"

The valley below us gives birth to an army. Arising from the entrenchments, where they have been lying for hours, our men, with cheers, begin a charge, which, if successful, will carry them over a mile and a half of uneven ground, exposed at every step to a terrible artillery fire, and then up a ridge eight hundred feet high, seamed with three lines of works filled with resolute foes.

For a little distance a screen of timber conceals our advancing line, but now it appears in the open valley, stretching in a magnificent line from Rossville Gap off toward the Tennessee. And now Missionary Ridge becomes volcanic along its entire crest. Seventy pieces of artillery are playing on our line, and the air over their heads is dotted with white, circular clouds, born from the fiery hearts of bursting shells; making that "the valley of the shadow of death" to many who will not climb the ridge with victorious feet. Brave boys! it was in their hearts to do it; and we will crown them as victors though they fall in the early stages of that glorious race.

But our artillery is not silent. Orchard Knob, which gave the signal for the battle to begin, confronts its huge antagonist with miraculous audacity, and slings shells as though it were little David standing in the valley of Elah, and yonder wrathful ridge were the forehead of Goliath. Forts Wood and Negley fire their guns so fast that they seem bent on emptying their magazines along the enemy's line before sundown; and Moccasin Point, though almost out of the fight on account of distance, sends its compliments over the heads of our troops, done up in hard packages, to be distributed by "free delivery" when they reach their proper destination. Fort King speaks with a royal voice; Fort Palmer shouts like a giant, and every gun along our line hurls iron defiance at those flaming batteries, which pay no attention to anything save that line of Blue which is steadily sweeping towards the base of Missionary Ridge.

Well might the heroes of all time covet the privilege of standing here to view the grand spectacle. Here is all the

pomp and magnificence of a great battle within easy view, and yet so far removed that all the horrors of wounds and death are eliminated from the scene. Here is a panorama of war four miles in length, a panorama where the guns paint their own smoke as it rolls in sulphurous clouds from their hot mouths ; where the fire is not streaks of pigment on canvas, but leaps and flashes like the live lightnings of heaven ; where lines of men move forward, and battle flags flutter, and the sound of the battle—ah, who can paint *that!*—filling the valley with unceasing roar, and enlisting every echo lurking in surrounding hill or mountain to add its voice to the astounding tumult. If we could forget that our comrades are marching under those sulphurous clouds which are now flecking the whole valley and raining jagged fragments of iron out of their deadly bosoms on the defenceless heads of our brave men, we could enjoy to the full the scenic grandeur of the spectacle. But with the close sympathy of comradeship we join in the charge ; the hot breath of the batteries blows into our faces ; the iron hail of battle smites against the rocks of Lookout ; and Missionary Ridge is not four miles away, but close at hand, daring us to climb its embattled sides.

Look at that line now ! for we cannot join it except by sympathy. It moves forward as though the guns in front of it were firing blank cartridges, and it were taking part in a harmless sham battle. There is no straggling, and the line is nearly continuous from right to left. No doubt conflicting emotions agitate thousands of panting breasts along that line ; but to us it moves forward as though not a man of them all could feel fear, and nothing could stop them save the hand of God.

Now they near the base of the ridge, and with a triumphant dash they capture the first line of works. If their endurance were equal to their courage they would climb the ridge at once, but even heroes must take breath, and they pause for a time before putting their lives in jeopardy on the high places of the field.

Sense of time is lost at such hours, and seemingly before the heart can beat sixty strokes they are on their feet again,

and have begun the perilous ascent. And now there comes across the valley the quick, sharp rattle of musketry, which soon deepens into a continuous roll, more dreadful to experienced ears than the loudest cannonade. It tells us that the tug of war has come at last ; that foemen are looking into each others' faces ; that angry eyes are glancing over deadly tubes and selecting individuals out of the struggling mass to aim at ; that every man who faces that slope will have to pass a score of bullets on his way to the crest, and that many of them will never reach the crest through that downrushing tempest of lead. The marvel is that any of them dared to face it and lived through it ; for twenty-eight balls were counted in one small tree after the battle.

But to us who view the battle from Lookout, that grand line moves slowly but steadily up the ridge, takes the second line of works, and, as though that were not worth a pause, presses resolutely up towards the third and last line. That line is not at all like the trim lines-of-battle often seen in pictures, but irregular, scattering, bent upward here and downward there ; a very crooked line drawn across a very rough page, dotted with flags at the points of highest elevation—an altogether unmilitary line—except that it *will* go forward.

The sun is now balancing level rays across the back of Lookout, and what our men do to win the day they must do quickly. Yes, and they are doing it ! The grand old Army of the Cumberland are bent on taking a look over towards Chickamauga from the crest of Missionary Ridge before the sun goes down, and though Bragg himself is putting men into the entrenchments above them they will not be denied.

Yonder is a flag within a few rods of the works ! It flutters and disappears ! Another Color Sergeant is added to the honorable roll of the many who have fallen to-day carrying the flag. Now it is up again in new hands and forward it goes—it is at the works—on them—and part of our line goes surging over the crest of Missionary Ridge. But not at that point alone, for the whole line gains the crest at nearly the same time, and when all have done so well it would be invidious to make comparisons.

As our Regiment did not take part in this engagement except by viewing the picture which has been faintly outlined on these pages, a general description of the battle is not necessary. Suffice it to say that it completely delivered Chattanooga from the presence of the enemy, and shattered their strength to such a degree that we enjoyed nearly two months of almost unbroken quiet.

We remained on Lookout Mountain for a full week after the battle. For summer weather ours was an ideal camp; but winter was now at hand, and when strong winds played leap-frog over the back of the mountain, and cold clouds trailed their gray hair through the trees which sheltered our camp, we began to think longingly of our comfortable cabins in Nickajack Cove. There were plenty of tents and blankets, as the camp equipage of two Rebel Brigades had fallen into our possession, but the position was too exposed to permit of comfort. During a severe wind storm one night a tree was blown over, falling across one of the tents and fracturing a leg for Lieutenant Pool, of Company A, and disabling him for several months. Corporal W. H. Richards, and one or two other members of the Company were also considerably bruised.

We soon took up our line of march for that sheltered nook among the mountains, going down the west side of Lookout, and early in December we were back in our shanty city and snugly established in winter quarters.

The winter was unusually severe, both North and South; but we had abundance of wood close at hand, we were well housed, and as we had direct railroad communication with the North, our men fairly reveled in boxes from home filled with a bewildering variety of articles.

Shortly following the battle of Chickamauga, the mails brought a Captain's commission to one of the many whose lives had passed away,—First Sergeant John G. Schaefer, of Company A, one of those who had successfully passed the examination of the Board designated to choose officers for the Regiments of colored troops then forming in that department. During the autumn and winter, Sergeant Wallace Tear, of

Company K, who, after the battle, had been acting as Sergeant Major of the Regiment; First Sergeant Richard Garrett, of Company E; First Sergeant John H. Collier, of Company D; First Sergeant J. M. Woodruff, of Company I, and Lovett S. Rivenburg, of Company E, were each accorded promotions as Lieutenants in Colored Regiments. Quartermaster Jeffers was also assigned to duty at Chattanooga, and subsequently, on the recommendation of Gen. Grant, appointed an Assistant Quartermaster in the Regular Army. A little later Captain Allen B. Whitney, of Company B, resigned, and First Lieutenant E. J. Gilmore was promoted to Captain, and Second Lieutenant George H. Burnett to First Lieutenant.

During the early part of September, Mrs. J. C. Smith, wife of Major Smith, went south, intending to visit her husband, then on duty at Murfreesboro, but as the army was advancing she remained in Nashville for some weeks. Accompanying her were their three little boys. Following Chickamauga she spent much time in the hospitals, rendering such service as a thoughtful, patriotic woman could to the many sick and wounded in that city. She was startled, in October, to find that her own children were prostrate with the dread disease of small-pox. Her experience was a most trying one, and one of the boys—little Freddie Parker Smith—died November 4. The father could not leave the front, and alone she consigned her loved one to the ground. Late in December she took the two remaining boys with her to Nickajack, spending about a month at the headquarters of the Regiment.

Among the incidents of the camp at Nickajack were the wounding of Captain Taylor, of Company E, and J. E. Clarkson, of Company D. A negro, found outside of the lines, was arrested and taken to camp. At headquarters he was searched and a revolver taken from him. The gun was of a peculiar make, and as Lieutenant Colonel Smith took it out it was discharged, the bullet striking Captain Taylor, passing through one leg and into the other, lodging in such a way that it could not be removed. The Captain was disabled for quite a time, and still feels some ill effects from the wound. The injury to Clarkson, which was of a similar nature, but less serious in its effect, was received while cleaning a revolver.

Colonel Champion obtained a leave of absence early in the winter, and spent some weeks at his Illinois home. Several line officers and enlisted men also obtained furloughs, usually for thirty days, and visited their families or attended to business matters at their homes.

During the period covered by this and the preceding chapter, the losses to the Regiment were not wholly incurred in battle, or as the result of wounds. George J. Cooper, of Company B, died of disease at Louisville, Ky., November 18; Mason C. Beecher, of Company D, died at Nashville, Tenn., September 27; Arnold Willett, of Company D, died at Nashville, Tenn., October 28; Andrew Farrier, of Company D, died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 2; Samuel Fenn, of Company E, died at Stephenson, Ala., October 10; John Harding, of Company E, died at Evansville, Ind., December 24; William Mathew, of Company E, died at Chattanooga, Tenn., October 14; George Sidner, of Company F, died at Nashville, Tenn., November 12; John G. Thrasher, of Company G, died at Shellmound, Tenn., December 11; L. C. Crowell, of Company H, died at Chattanooga, Tenn., November 3; William J. Forbes, of Company I, died at Pleasant Valley, Ill., November 20; Butler Newton, of Company K, died at Nashville, Tenn., November 7.

January 1, 1864, a pair of new flags from Lake and Jo Daviess Counties were presented to us by a committee consisting of Judge J. D. Platt, L. P. Woodworth and Edgar Seace, of Jo Daviess, who received in return our tattered battle flags, which were separated and taken one to each county. It was a matter of regret that, owing to some disarrangement of plans, the Lake County members of the committee were not present. The new flags were very beautiful, with their gilded lettering shining on their unsullied silken folds; but the old flags, though torn and soiled, had a beauty which the new did not possess, for had they not passed through Chickamauga, and had they not led us over Lookout? We parted with the rolls of glorious rags with regret, and resolved to make our new flags famous when we should enter on another campaign.

CHAPTER XIV.

Good-by to Nickajack—A Leisurely March over Historic Ground—The Camps at Tyner and Ooltewah—Building Houses for a Day—Blue Springs Reached—Frequent Scouting Expeditions—Engagement Near Dalton—Sergeant Harriman Killed—More Wounds and Captures—Taunts from the Skirmish Line—Ten Hours under Fire—One Hundred Miles in Six Days—An Accidental Shot—A Ready-Made Camp—Frequent Furloughs—Captain Rowan and Lieutenant Earle Return from Prison—Drilling Renewed—Reading Clubs Formed—Vaccinating the Regiment—Scurvy and the "Potato Squad"—Deserters Drummed Around the Lines—The Army Concentrating—Waiting for the Order Forward !

TOWARD the end of January the weather became mild and pleasant, and on the twenty-fifth the Regiment was not greatly surprised by an order to be ready to march next day, the reported destination being Cleveland, Tenn. The health of the Regiment had been excellent, and many even of the severely wounded from the recent battles were again with the command. The prospective excitement of a new campaign helped in some degree to overcome the regret at leaving that camp in the mountains, but as the column marched out of the cove at nine o'clock of Tuesday, January 26, many a lingering look behind was cast at that strangely built city on the hillside. The other Regiments of the Brigade being at Shellmound, the NINETY-SIXTH and the 40th Ohio marched only about four miles and camped on the banks of the Tennessee. Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Smith was still in command of the Regiment. Col. Jesse H. Moore, of the 115th Illinois, was temporarily in command of the Brigade, Gen. Whittaker having gone to Kentucky to take his seat in the Legislature of that State. Gen. D. S. Stanley was in command of the Division. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that the Regiment left Nickajack just one year from the day they marched from Danville, Ky.

Wednesday, January 27, the march was not resumed until about noon, a delay being made to allow the wagon trains to pass through that purgatory of transportation known as "The

Narrows." The road through this portion of the route, which is bad enough at best, was worse than usual, and so trying upon both teams and wagons that but a half dozen miles were traversed by the infantry in rear, the camp for the night being near the high trestle bridge at Whiteside or Falling Waters. On the twenty-eighth the march was a leisurely one, the camp for the night, which was reached at three P. M., being at the base of Lookout Mountain. Lookout greeted the command with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and seemed to promise the soldiers a gracious reception if they would honor him with another visit.

The invitation was accepted at seven o'clock on the morning of the twenty-ninth. The gay and easy march over the "nose" of Lookout was in striking contrast with the toilsome climb over the same "nose," several hundred feet nearer the rocky eyebrows, two months before, for the engineers and pioneers had built a fine macadamized road of easy zig-zag slopes and ample width, and though not at that time entirely completed it was an Appian Way compared with the former road, and made the march over the mountain seem like a triumphal procession. The march through Chattanooga was with drums beating and the new colors unfurled. Passing Orchard Knob a halt was made for the night at the foot of Missionary Ridge. There were visible many traces of the November battle, bullets being picked up here and there, while fragments of shell were so frequent as to indicate that there had been a somewhat lavish use of iron on the part of the Union batteries in Chattanooga, both during the siege and in the battle. Those of the men not too weary with the march wandered along the slopes, halting at intervals to count the bullet holes in trees or stumps, or picking up relics of the sanguinary contest, until nightfall shut out the view, and the bugle warned them back to evening roll call.

Saturday, January 30, the command crossed the historic ridge, halting to rest upon its summit, and when the extreme strength of the Rebel position was seen, all admired, more than ever before, the valor which had driven a determined enemy from such a natural stronghold. At noon it began to

rain, making the roads very disagreeable ; but the march was not a long one, for before night the column halted and went into camp at Tyner Station, nine miles from Chattanooga, on the Knoxville railroad. A good camp was fixed up, and although Sunday brought a severe rain storm the men made themselves comfortable. Several Rebel deserters came to this camp, each telling a pitiful tale of short rations and general dissatisfaction in the Southern army, reports that subsequent events did not confirm. These deserters were sent under guard to Chattanooga and thence to Nashville or farther north. The railroad was being rapidly repaired toward Cleveland, and on Monday the first train passed Tyner. Mrs. B. G. Pierce, wife of Surgeon Pierce, came to the Regiment, remaining for some weeks.

Wednesday, February 3, the Regiment again broke camp, marching six or eight miles, and halting at Ooltewah. It was given out that this was to be a permanent camp, and much pains was taken in the erection of cabins, small, straight pine poles being used for the walls, and the canvas tents being spread over them for roofs. Inside were bunks, and fireplaces were improvised beside the doorways. Boards were not abundant, but cracker boxes made a partial supply of material for doors, and, where other material could not be obtained, blankets or pieces of tent were used to shut out the wind or rain. Guard duty was quite heavy, as Rebel cavalry hovered in the neighborhood and threatened the camps of the scattered troops. But the camp, which Thursday had seen so carefully erected, was abandoned on Friday, the Regiment marching eight miles, going in the direction of Cleveland. Colonel Champion, who had just returned from leave of absence, assumed command of the Brigade, and Adjutant Blodgett acted as Assistant Adjutant General.

Saturday, February 6, the command marched four miles in a rainstorm, camping at Blue Springs, not far from the railroad which runs from Cleveland to Dalton, connecting the Chattanooga and Knoxville with the Chattanooga and Atlanta railroad. The next day was spent in fixing up a camp in the grubs upon a side hill. There was not a little apprehension

at this time for the safety of this part of the line. Quite a large proportion of the members of many of the regiments organized in 1861, and who had served more than two years, had "veteranized," as the act of reënlisting was called, and were absent on furlough, so that the army was, for the time being, greatly weakened, and it was thought that the Rebels might take advantage of this fact and seek to break the lines in the vicinity of Cleveland. Several recent demonstrations on the part of their cavalry had tended to confirm this belief, and the troops at Blue Springs were kept well in hand and ready for any emergency that might arise. Revéille sounded early each morning, but the old practice of standing in line through the damp and chilly morning hours was not revived, although the men kept on their accoutrements and were instructed to have their canteens and haversacks filled, so that they could march at a moment's notice.

There were few measures during the war that gave evidence of greater wisdom and forethought than the originating and adopting of the act under which the reënlistment of the volunteers of 1861 was secured. Nor was there any event that gave more eloquent testimony to the devotion and courage of the American volunteer soldier. The men who reënlisted in Tennessee had experienced all the hardships incident to severe campaigning, and all the dangers of repeated and terrible battles. They had, during the autumn and early winter, fought three desperate engagements. For weeks they had been on short rations. Even at that time they were, at many points, subsisting on such provisions as could be obtained in the war-worn and not over-populous region about Knoxville and Loudon. The weather was desperately cold. Indeed, many of them were enduring hardships and severities such as were hardly equalled at Valley Forge. But in the face of these hardships, with the certainty that it meant more toilsome marches and terrible battles, these brave men, at the call of the President, responded,—in some Regiments almost unanimously,—and reënlisted for another three years. As promised, these veterans were given a thirty days' furlough to their homes, and at the time now written of only the non-veterans,—

as those who did not re-enlist were called,—and the troops that could not “go in again,” not having yet served two years, were at the front. Hence it was necessary that the utmost watchfulness should be observed. Consequently the country between Cleveland and Dalton was tramped over almost daily by reconnoitering parties.

Monday, February 8, the NINETY-SIXTH was ordered out to scout the country toward Dalton, and left their camp at Blue Springs about four o'clock P. M., marching eight miles and going into bivouac. Next morning the march was resumed, the command going four miles farther, and to within two miles of the Rebel lines, and then returning to camp. No organized force of Rebels was encountered, but there were evidences that they were not far away. It was remarked by soldiers that most of the citizens along the route were loyal, and at one point the ladies came out and sang patriotic songs. The weather was pleasant, and while the march was rapid and fatiguing, the men seemed to enjoy it rather than otherwise. On their return the camp at Blue Springs was nicely policed, and many cabins were erected during Wednesday and Thursday.

On Friday, February 12, the NINETY-SIXTH, the 84th Indiana and a Battery were again out on a scout, going to Red Clay, on the Georgia line, and halting for dinner on the very spot where the Rebels had breakfasted. That afternoon they returned to Blue Springs, and on the following Sunday Companies A, F, D, E and K were again out, going over nearly the same ground. The weather was rainy and their trip an unpleasant one. The troops now threw up some entrenchments at Blue Springs.

Tuesday, February 16, the Paymaster came to camp, and each of the men received a small handful of crisp greenbacks. A rain storm prevailed for a day or two, and was succeeded by severe cold weather.

On Saturday Companies B, C, G, H and I went out on a scout, under command of Captain James, marching about thirteen miles and returning the same night. The resignation



JOHN H. HOLDEN.

COMPANY A.

1871 (1872)
1872 (1873)
1873 (1874)
1874 (1875)
1875 (1876)
1876 (1877)
1877 (1878)
1878 (1879)
1879 (1880)
1880 (1881)
1881 (1882)
1882 (1883)
1883 (1884)
1884 (1885)
1885 (1886)
1886 (1887)
1887 (1888)
1888 (1889)
1889 (1890)
1890 (1891)
1891 (1892)
1892 (1893)
1893 (1894)
1894 (1895)
1895 (1896)
1896 (1897)
1897 (1898)
1898 (1899)
1899 (1900)
1900 (1901)
1901 (1902)
1902 (1903)
1903 (1904)
1904 (1905)
1905 (1906)
1906 (1907)
1907 (1908)
1908 (1909)
1909 (1910)
1910 (1911)
1911 (1912)
1912 (1913)
1913 (1914)
1914 (1915)
1915 (1916)
1916 (1917)
1917 (1918)
1918 (1919)
1919 (1920)
1920 (1921)
1921 (1922)
1922 (1923)
1923 (1924)
1924 (1925)
1925 (1926)
1926 (1927)
1927 (1928)
1928 (1929)
1929 (1930)
1930 (1931)
1931 (1932)
1932 (1933)
1933 (1934)
1934 (1935)
1935 (1936)
1936 (1937)
1937 (1938)
1938 (1939)
1939 (1940)
1940 (1941)
1941 (1942)
1942 (1943)
1943 (1944)
1944 (1945)
1945 (1946)
1946 (1947)
1947 (1948)
1948 (1949)
1949 (1950)
1950 (1951)
1951 (1952)
1952 (1953)
1953 (1954)
1954 (1955)
1955 (1956)
1956 (1957)
1957 (1958)
1958 (1959)
1959 (1960)
1960 (1961)
1961 (1962)
1962 (1963)
1963 (1964)
1964 (1965)
1965 (1966)
1966 (1967)
1967 (1968)
1968 (1969)
1969 (1970)
1970 (1971)
1971 (1972)
1972 (1973)
1973 (1974)
1974 (1975)
1975 (1976)
1976 (1977)
1977 (1978)
1978 (1979)
1979 (1980)
1980 (1981)
1981 (1982)
1982 (1983)
1983 (1984)
1984 (1985)
1985 (1986)
1986 (1987)
1987 (1988)
1988 (1989)
1989 (1990)
1990 (1991)
1991 (1992)
1992 (1993)
1993 (1994)
1994 (1995)
1995 (1996)
1996 (1997)
1997 (1998)
1998 (1999)
1999 (2000)
2000 (2001)
2001 (2002)
2002 (2003)
2003 (2004)
2004 (2005)
2005 (2006)
2006 (2007)
2007 (2008)
2008 (2009)
2009 (2010)
2010 (2011)
2011 (2012)
2012 (2013)
2013 (2014)
2014 (2015)
2015 (2016)
2016 (2017)
2017 (2018)
2018 (2019)
2019 (2020)
2020 (2021)
2021 (2022)
2022 (2023)
2023 (2024)
2024 (2025)
2025 (2026)
2026 (2027)
2027 (2028)
2028 (2029)
2029 (2030)

of Lieutenant Funk, of Company E, who had been disabled at Chickamauga, was accepted on the twentieth.

Sunday, February 21, there was a heavy snow squall, and the weather was very disagreeable, making the order to march the following morning a most unwelcome one. Three days' rations were issued, with orders next day to have them last four days. On Monday the camps were early astir, and the First Division, which was encamped about Blue Springs and Cleveland, took the roads leading southward, camping for the night near Red Clay Station. The NINETY-SIXTH did not leave camp until about nine o'clock A. M., and halted at three o'clock. The march was not directly to the destination mentioned, but in a roundabout way; the purpose being to scour the country and prevent any force of the enemy from getting in the rear of the marching column. The Regiment was on picket at night. Simultaneously with this forward movement of the First Division of the Fourth Corps, the Fourteenth Corps moved forward farther to the right, going by way of Ringgold. At this time Gen. Sherman was on his famous Meridian expedition, and this movement on the part of these four Divisions from the Army of the Cumberland was intended as a diversion in his favor. It had been reported by deserters and captured Rebels that Gen. Johnston, who had relieved Gen. Bragg in command of the forces in Northern Georgia, had dispatched two Divisions from Dalton to reinforce Gen. Polk, at or near Meridian, and it was the purpose of Gen. Thomas to either capture Dalton or compel Gen. Johnston to recall these forces.

Tuesday, February 23, the command began fixing up a camp, but were shortly ordered forward, and at two o'clock P. M. again took the road, marching until nine o'clock in the evening and making nearly fifteen miles. The cavalry had some brisk skirmishing at the front, and the Fourteenth Corps met with some resistance farther to the right. The Union citizens were quite demonstrative, some of them even bringing out flags, which had doubtless been hidden for at least three years. Women swung their bonnets and men hurraed for the Yankees and the Union, manifesting great delight.

One man, who claimed to be ninety-eight years old and to have been a Captain in the war of 1812, was almost frantic in his ejaculations when the Old Flag came in sight.

Wednesday, February 24, rumors were abundant, and every one seemed anxious, for it was reported that the enemy was in heavy force near at hand, and partially in their rear, while the Union forces were apparently scattered. The Brigade, under command of Colonel Champion, retraced its steps, leaving their advanced position at ten o'clock A. M., marching three miles and halting near Lee's Cross-roads for a short time, and then, with other portions of the Division, pressing off toward Tunnel Hill, nearly four miles. Heavy skirmishing on the part of the Fourteenth Corps was heard, but when the column arrived in sight of the fortifications the Rebels fled. During the afternoon the Brigade counter-marched to Lee's, and went into camp at dusk, having marched about twelve miles.

Thursday, February 25, réveille sounded at two o'clock A. M., and at four o'clock the troops were on the road. Crossing a long ridge the column turned southward, marching toward Dalton, at first in column, and then in line-of-battle. The Division of Gen. Baird and other Union troops were passed, and as soon as the formation was complete the entire army pressed forward. The lines began to move about nine o'clock A. M., the NINETY-SIXTH at first having position on the left of the second line of the Brigade. The advance was very rapid for a mile or more, the ground passed over being a series of low hills, most of them heavily timbered. The Rebels were soon encountered, but the skirmishers pushed them back in an admirable manner, keeping up a rapid fire and hardly halting at all. While the lines were thus advancing, Josiah Moulton, of Company G, was wounded in the face. Francis T. Robinson, of Company A, was wounded in the foot. Henson Moore, of Company H, was wounded in the hand. It became apparent that the Rebel main line was nearly reached, and the troops halted at the crest of a wooded ridge, the skirmishers keeping up a rapid fire. This position was occupied throughout the entire day, and at no time for

ten hours did the firing cease. The Rebel skirmishers at intervals would tauntingly call from their pits: "Chickamauga!" or "Here's your Dalton! Come and take it!" The Union skirmishers would shout in reply: "Here's your Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge." From behind trees and logs they continued to send their leaden compliments back and forth. The soldiers in the main line lay upon the ground, just enough at the rear of the ridge to be protected. It is all very pleasant to lie upon the grass in the shade for an hour or two if the surroundings are agreeable and the weather pleasant, but when the ground is bare and damp, the weather chilly, the danger considerable and the time prolongs itself into many hours, a prostrate position becomes monotonous; and so it proved on this occasion, for the day seemed interminable.

While Lieutenant Pepoon, of the Brigade Staff, was reconnoitering directly in front of the Regiment he drew the fire of the Rebel skirmishers, but escaped injury. One of the bullets, however, sped past its mark, striking Sergeant Henry J. Harriman, of Company K, in the head and causing his instant death. The Sergeant was a gallant soldier and worthy to command a Company or even a Regiment, and his death caused great sadness in the command. Toward night light lines of breastworks were thrown up, the men using fence rails, stones and logs. These works were not to be used, however, for at eleven o'clock that night, it was determined that Dalton should not be attacked with the force then under Gen. Thomas. The army marched back ten miles, bivouacking at four o'clock near Lee's house, after a continuous march of about twenty-four hours, nearly one-half of the time under fire. The distance traveled during the time had been about twenty miles. When the line left its position at Dalton, Charles C. and Harry Menzimer, of Company A, were asleep behind a log a little in the rear of the pickets, and were not missed until daylight. Neither happening to hear the column move they slept on, unconscious of danger, until daylight, when they were awakened by the Rebel cavalry and made

prisoners. Charles subsequently died in prison, and Harry escaped after enduring many terrible experiences.

Friday, February 26, camp was broken at about noon, the Brigade to which the NINETY-SIXTH was attached marching in the direction of Tunnel Hill, and forming line where the halt was made on Wednesday. This position was maintained until nine o'clock P. M., when a retreat was again ordered. Fires were kindled along the road, by direction of the officers, to deceive the Rebels into the belief that the troops were going into camp. The march was a rapid one, the final halt being made on Chickamauga Creek about one o'clock A. M. The distance traveled was about eight miles.

Saturday, February 27, the troops remained in camp until afternoon, when they again moved, marching to within two miles of Ooltewah. The distance traveled was about ten miles, and the column did not halt until after dark. The Rebels followed closely, and near the Ringgold road considerable skirmishing could be seen and heard on the left across Chickamauga Creek. An attempt was made to decoy the enemy into an open field by sending a wagon train toward them, but without avail. A sad accident occurred during the afternoon, Lieutenant Havens, of Company G, being very seriously wounded by the accidental discharge of a musket in the hands of a soldier in Company B. The bullet passed through his shoulder, and it was at first feared that the wound would prove fatal. All regretted the occurrence, but none more sincerely than the non-commissioned officer who chanced to have the gun in his hands. The Lieutenant recovered, but was disabled for several months, and still suffers from the effect of the injury.

Sunday, February 28, the column marched to Blue Springs, reaching there at noon and occupying the old camp ground. The Rebels did not follow. The distance traveled was about twelve miles. The Regiment had now been out for a full week, and its service had been very trying. The marching, which had been rapid at times, had aggregated one hundred miles, and as there had been an unusual amount of night

work, the men were glad to be in camp again and given a little opportunity for rest.

Monday, February 29, a severe rain set in, and the day was a very disagreeable one, but most of the men were permitted to remain in camp and made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Quite a number of men, most of them having honorable scars, were arriving daily from the various hospitals. A leave of absence had arrived for Major Hicks just before the reconnoissance, but he pocketed it until the campaign closed, starting for home on the return to Blue Springs.

Tuesday, March 1, the NINETY-SIXTH left Blue Springs at nine o'clock A. M., and marched to Cleveland, a distance of about four miles, going into camp a little outside the village on a side hill close by the railroad track. For almost the first time in its experience the Regiment made a very fortunate move as regards a camp ground, finding the winter quarters recently vacated by the 84th Illinois in excellent condition. They had but to put their shelter tents on these buildings for roofs and clean up a little litter, and they were in excellent condition for living. If the 84th Illinois boys knew how thoroughly their comrades of the NINETY-SIXTH appreciated this unusual state of things, they must certainly have felt compensated for any loss of pleasure they might have enjoyed had they pursued the usual custom, and upon being ordered to leave camp burned up their lumber. The day was rainy and cold, and the men regarded themselves as extremely fortunate. From that time until the 23d of April the Regiment continued to occupy this camp. Every few days the heart of some one was made happy by the receipt of a twenty days' furlough. Generally these favored ones were men having families at home, but occasionally the rule was varied and single men were given leaves of absence. A heavy line of rifle pits were dug around camp, details of men being at work almost daily strengthening it. A number of recruits came to the Regiment from Lake and Jo Daviess Counties about this time.

On the 8th of March the members of the command were

made to rejoice by the receipt of the intelligence that Captain Rowan, of Company F, and Lieutenant Earle, of Company C, both of whom had been prisoners of war since the battle of Chickamauga, had escaped from prison and reached the Union lines. Both of these officers were very popular in the Regiment, and the news of their escape was enthusiastically received.

Gen. Whittaker having returned from Kentucky and assumed command of the Brigade, Colonel Champion took command of the Post, with headquarters at Cleveland. Adjutant Blodgett was assigned to duty as Post Adjutant. For some time before his injury, Lieutenant Havens had acted as Adjutant of the Regiment. He was succeeded by Lieutenant Dawson, and Lieutenant Earle took the position on returning, serving until the return of the Colonel and Adjutant.

The position of Post Commander at Cleveland was by no means an ornamental one. Many of the citizens in the vicinity were intensely loyal. The armies had taken all of their live stock and provisions, and in many instances left them absolutely destitute. If they remained outside the lines they were continually subjected to unpleasant experiences, as scouting parties from either army were raiding the country. As a consequence they flocked to the town and were assigned to the houses of absent Rebels. Upon the Post Commander devolved the delicate task of selecting the loyal and worthy and provisioning them. The disloyal were temporarily cared for, under guard, and either sent to Chattanooga, where they could be more carefully watched, or placed outside the lines where they could go to their Rebel friends. Almost the entire population of the three or four counties contiguous to Cleveland and Chattanooga were fed at Uncle Sam's expense for a number of months. Many were sick and had to be treated by the Post Surgeons. An aged citizen, who had been a soldier in the Black Hawk war, died at Cleveland in March, and was buried with military honors, Corporal Gage, of Company G, having charge of the funeral escort.

On the 11th of March the Regiment had its first dress parade for several months. Drill was resumed with consider-

able vigor, the Companies or the entire Battalion being out whenever the weather would permit. A general order from Division Headquarters required all of the troops to drill not less than three and one-half hours every day. The Regiment still retained the old habit of getting up before daylight, forming line, stacking arms and wearing accoutrements until seven o'clock.

On the 18th of March the Regiment marched through town and back. Gen. Whittaker being temporarily absent in Kentucky, Col. Price, of the 21st Kentucky, assumed command of the Brigade, and on the 20th had a grand review in the afternoon.

The 22d is memorable for a very severe snow storm, prevailing throughout the day and covering the ground to the depth of nearly a foot. Commands that chanced to be on the move at that time or that were merely in bivouac suffered greatly, but fortunately the NINETY-SIXTH was in comfortable quarters and not required to do very heavy guard duty, so that it enjoyed the storm rather than otherwise. The men indulged in some very vigorous snow-balling, and some of the officers improvised a sleigh and had a genuine sleigh ride.

About this time several reading clubs were made up, the men contributing a small sum each to a fund with which to pay the subscriptions to a large number of magazines and newspapers, and as a consequence reading matter was very abundant in camp. The leading dailies from New York, Chicago and Cincinnati were on the list, and as a result all were kept fully informed of the general news of the day. During the stay at Cleveland there was abundant time and opportunity for reading, but when the campaign which followed was fully begun, the papers were so irregular in reaching their destination and the time of the men so occupied, as to render the periodicals of less service; consequently most of the subscriptions were dropped at the end of three or six months. Captain Timothy D. Rose, of Company K, resigned March 21. First Lieutenant E. E. Townsend was promoted to Captain, and Second Lieutenant George W. Pepoon to First Lieutenant.

March 23d, Lieutenant Earle arrived in camp and was

given quite an ovation, and for many days he was compelled to tell over and over the story of his escape from Libby Prison. Captain Rowan rejoined the Regiment a week later and was most cordially greeted. An elegant banquet was given at Post Headquarters in honor of their return.

There had been more or less small pox in the army for some weeks, and as a precautionary measure every man in the Regiment who could not exhibit a satisfactory scar to the Surgeon was vaccinated.

On the eleventh of April the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps were consolidated as the Twentieth Corps under command of Major-General Joseph Hooker. Gen. Gordon Granger was relieved from the command of the Fourth Corps and succeeded by Major-General Howard. On the whole the change was well received by officers and men, for Gen. Granger had not been wholly popular, many feeling that his punishment of soldiers for trivial offences was unnecessarily severe. There was at first a little prejudice against Gen. Howard, but this was speedily overcome, and he was afterward extremely popular with the officers and men of the entire Corps. His first order was to stop Sunday inspections and reviews, and direct that camp duties on the Sabbath should be as light as was consistent with safety and cleanliness.

Wednesday, April 13, Sergeant Frank Wier, who had been acting Sergeant-Major for about five months, was promoted to First Sergeant of Company A, and Sergeant C. A. Partridge of Company C was detailed as acting Sergeant-Major, and subsequently appointed to the position which had been made vacant by the death of Sergeant-Major Quinn. The same day the Regiment marched to the railroad track and presented arms in honor of their late commander, Gen. Granger, as he passed on the train bound for Nashville. Gen. Howard visited the Regiment in the evening, making personal inspection of the camp.

Although there was little known of the matter in the Regiment, quite a spirited contest was going on to determine who should be appointed to the position made vacant by the promotion of the Quarter-Master, Stephen Jeffers, to be a Quar-

ter-Master in the regular army. A majority of the line officers signed a petition to Governor Yates asking that Lieutenant Blowney, of Company G, be given the place. Colonel Champion requested that his brother, Myron B. Champion, who had recently enlisted in Company K, be appointed. Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, then in command of the Regiment, asked that Lieutenant Moore, of Company I, who was temporarily filling the position, be regularly commissioned. Influential friends in Illinois asked that Hospital Steward Ferguson be promoted. Numerous papers endorsing the several aspirants were filed with the Governor, and after some delay the commission was issued to Hospital Steward Ferguson. Lieutenant-Colonel Smith appealed the case, and the Department Commander, Gen. George H. Thomas, decided that the commander of a regiment had the right to name his staff officers, and accordingly declared Lieutenant Moore to be the Quarter-Master of the Regiment. At the same time he recommended that Hospital Steward Ferguson be assigned to duty, with the rank of First Lieutenant, in any existing vacancy. The only vacancy existing when the decision came was in Company H, and to this Company he was assigned. So much time was consumed by the correspondence that Lieutenant Ferguson was not mustered until the following October, although his commission dated from the death of Lieutenant Barnes, October 2, 1863. Lieutenant Moore's appointment as Quarter-Master was dated April 16, 1864. Quarter-Master Sergeant George Jeffers, who had been appointed to the position upon the death of the gallant Bean at Chickamauga, voluntarily relinquished the position to accept a detail with his father, the late Quarter-Master. He was succeeded by Sergeant B. F. Shepard, of Company G, who, although still suffering from wounds received at Chickamauga, had recently rejoined the command. Corporal Swanbrough, who had so gallantly carried the Regimental colors at Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain, was made a Sergeant to fill the vacancy caused by Shepard's promotion.

There had been more or less scurvy among the men all through the late winter months, there being not less than

fifty well defined cases in the Regiment at one time toward the close of April. But by united efforts on the part of the officers, enough vegetables were secured, as a part of the rations of the men, to relieve this trouble somewhat ; but still there was considerable sickness, and one or two men from every Company had to be sent to the hospital, while others were hardly fit for active service. The vegetables received were generally potatoes and sour-kraut. The limbs of the men were swollen and became very sore, their gums would be swollen, their teeth loose, and they would suffer from general languor and depression. The Surgeons had what was known as a "potato squad," composed of men who were kept almost exclusively on a vegetable diet.

During the stay at Cleveland there was quite a religious interest in the Regiment, and also in the 40th Ohio, whose camp was near that of the NINETY-SIXTH. Preaching was held almost nightly in the camp of the 40th. These meetings were continued until the advance of the army, and were renewed whenever opportunity permitted all through the memorable battle summer that followed.

About this time a petition, asking the Governor of Illinois to again commission Rev. Horace G. Woodworth as Chaplain of the Regiment, was endorsed by nearly all of the officers of the command ; but through some delay or misunderstanding the appointment was not announced until May 20, by which time he had made other engagements and could not accept the place.

Saturday, April 23, in obedience to orders from Gen. Whittaker, the NINETY-SIXTH joined the Brigade at Blue Springs. Just before this move, Lieut.-Col. Smith was called to Chattanooga to serve upon a Board to examine the claims of citizens against the Government for property destroyed by the army. The command of the Regiment devolved upon Major Hicks for a few days and until Colonel Champion was relieved from duty as Post Commander, which occurred April 28. Colonel Smith remained on this duty only about a fortnight and rejoined the Regiment as it neared Resaca.

The camp at Blue Springs was in a plat of heavy timber

where there was but little material for building, and the camp was quite in contrast with the recently vacated quarters at Cleveland. The men knew, however, that it was but for a little while that they were to be in camp. For some time past applications for furloughs had come back disapproved, and the entire Fourth Corps had been concentrating about Cleveland. The Regiments that had been home on veteran furlough were coming to the front again, many of them recruited to the maximum number, the 35th Indiana of the Second Brigade having returned with about 1100 men. The Fourth Corps occupied the left center of the grand army now concentrating for the forward movement. Up to this time it had been undecided as to the campaign, it being expected that Gen. Johnston, who was in command of the Confederate forces about Dalton, would take advantage of the absence of the Regiments on furlough, and of the widely scattered condition of the Union army, and assume the offensive. Cleveland was known to be the weak point in the Union line, and it was thought by the Generals in authority that an attack might be made at that point at any time. But now this danger was passed; the army was reunited and strengthened until there were within supporting distance almost 100,000 men. It was stripping for its grand advance. All baggage that could possibly be dispensed with was ordered to the rear. Even the Company desks, which had always hitherto been kept within reach so that whenever a camp was made they could be brought up, were ordered stored, the officers being directed to carry blanks with them sufficient for all needs for some weeks to come. Four wagons were allowed to each Regiment for a time, but even these wagons were frequently unloaded, their contents being piled some where in the woods, and they sent to the rear for Quartermaster's stores for the supply of the army. On their return the teamsters would be sent to hunt up their original baggage, load it again and take it as near to the front as possible. The Soldiers knew that the enemy had an immense army in their front and were now certain that they were to be the attacking party, instead of being called upon to occupy the defensive, as had been

thought would be the case a month before. Drilling was kept up daily and camp regulations were very strict during the stay at Blue Springs.

Sunday, May 1, the Brigade was called out and formed in a hollow square. In the center of the square was a little group of men, two of whom were evidently prisoners. They were not Confederate prisoners, however, but men who had deserted from the Union army. One of these men was mounted on a box in view of the entire Brigade, when a soldier, detailed for the purpose, stepped up to him and shaved his head. The sentence of the other deserter was read, after which they were both marched around the lines bare headed and with cards pinned on their backs marked "deserter," the band accompanying them and playing the "Rogue's March." There could have been little fear at that time of desertions from among the veterans of the army, for the men who had fought at Stone's River, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge were not likely to desert at this time. But there were in many of the Federal Regiments a large number of newly enlisted men, of whom a small percentage had been influenced as much by the generous bounties, then offered for recruits, as by patriotic motives, and this episode was intended to serve as a warning for all who might want to leave the ranks and return home, to first obtain permission. One of the men who was obliged to submit to the indignity of being drummed around the lines was a member of the 40th Ohio. He fully redeemed himself in the estimation of his comrades by his bravery in subsequent battles, and lost his life at Kenesaw Mountain.

Up to this time there had been no organized detail of stretcher bearers, but before entering upon the campaign men were selected from each Regiment to act with what was known as the "Ambulance Corps," being provided with canvas stretchers, and instructed how to care for and remove wounded men from the battlefield.

Michael Meres, of Company I, died at Bridgeport, Ala., Feb. 15, and Louis C. G. Goatiea, of Company A, died at Cleveland, April 12. John Baker, a recruit who had enlisted February 24, died at Camp Butler, Chicago, Ill., March 20,

1864 ; and Wesley D. Manlon, also a recruit, who enlisted about the same time, died at Camp Yates, Springfield, Ill., March 2.

The Armies of the Union, East and West, were now marshaling for a grand advance. Gen. Grant had taken personal command of the troops in Virginia, and had assigned Gen. W. T. Sherman to the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi. The latter had, near the northern line of Georgia, the Army of the Cumberland, comprising the Fourth, Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps, under the immediate command of Gen. George H. Thomas, and numbering about 60,000 men. The Army of the Tennessee, comprising portions of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps, under Gen. J. B. McPherson, and numbering 24,000, was approaching from the West ; and the Army of the Ohio, comprising the Twenty-third Corps, under Gen. John M. Schofield, and numbering about 13,500 men, was marching from the vicinity of Knoxville. Guards were disposed to protect the long lines of communication in the rear against the depredations of local guerillas and bushwhackers or the raids of the enemy's cavalry. Gen. Sherman had been so fortunate as to obtain the plans and specifications of the railroad bridges between Chattanooga and Atlanta, and pioneers and engineers had about completed duplicates of every piece of timber in every structure. These were piled beside the track, ready to be loaded upon the trains and run to any point as soon as an advance was made and a bridge found to be destroyed. Immense supplies of food and ammunition were being piled up in the rudely constructed warehouses at Chattanooga. The preparations were stupendous. The vast army was possessed of a quiet confidence in the leaders whose master minds had planned the preliminaries so wisely and on so grand a scale, and calmly waited the order to advance.

CHAPTER XV.

The Army Concentrating—The Atlanta Campaign Inaugurated—From Blue Springs to Catoosa Springs—Obstructions in the Highway—Two Partial Sunstrokes—Advance on Tunnel Hill—The Strong Fortifications Found Empty—Looking Across the Valley—Early Réveille—Brass Guns *vs.* Brass Bands—The Demonstration Against Rocky Face Ridge—The NINETY-SIXTH Unslings Knapsacks and Takes the Skirmish Line—Moving Against the Palisades—To the Right and into Buzzard Roost Gap—A Gallant Advance—The Enemy Mistakes the Regiment for an Army—Almost out of Ammunition—A Bloody Sunset—Night Permits Retreat and Rest—Nearly a Half Hundred Casualties—Deserved Compliments—Shelled out of Camp—The Rebels Evacuate the Dalton Line.

MAY 5 had been fixed upon as the day for the inauguration of the active summer campaign of 1864, for the armies, both East and West. Gen. Grant had assumed command of all the military forces of the United States, but chose to personally operate with the larger army, then between Washington and Richmond. Gen. W. T. Sherman, by personal consultation and through correspondence with his chief, had discussed and formulated plans for the forward movement from Chattanooga, agreeing to keep the enemy in his immediate front so occupied as to prevent the sending of Rebel reinforcements from Georgia to Virginia. On the other hand, Gen. Grant had given assurance that the army under Gen. Lee should be given ample occupation in Virginia, so that they should have no troops to spare for the use of Gen. Johnston.

As the plans neared completion for what has gone into history as the Atlanta Campaign, and the day approached for its inception, all was activity along the line of the Tennessee River. That portion of the Army of the Tennessee which had been in the vicinity of Huntsville, Ala., moved, partly by rail and partly by marching, to Chattanooga, and thence, via Rossville, to Lee & Gordon's Mills, or a little farther south,

arriving in position as the right wing of Gen. Sherman's command during the early days of the month. The Army of the Ohio marched from the neighborhood of Knoxville, by way of Cleveland, to Red Clay, and became the left wing of the vast army simultaneously with the movement of Gen. McPherson's forces. At the same time the three large Corps comprising the Army of the Cumberland moved out to their assigned position as the centre of the mighty force.

On the part of the NINETY-SIXTH the movement began at noon of Tuesday, May 3, when, with other troops, it left its camp at Blue Springs and marched over the ground made so familiar by the numerous scouting expeditions of the previous February, halting for the night a mile south of Red Clay, on the Georgia line. The Regiment numbered a little more than four hundred men as it set out upon this memorable campaign. The route taken was the one known to the command as the "long" road, and the distance marched during the afternoon was twelve miles.

Wednesday May 4, the march was resumed shortly after sunrise, but the command being in the rear of an immense wagon train and the road obstructed by timber that had been felled by the Rebels, progress was slow, only ten miles being traveled, although nearly the entire day was consumed. The weather was excessively warm, and two of the soldiers—George A. Bangs, of Company B, and William S. Nash, of Company F—were partially sunstruck, but fortunately neither of them were so prostrated as to be disabled for more than a week or two. Throughout the day skirmishers or flankers were kept out, but there was no fighting, although Rebels were seen in the distance. That night the Regiment took its place in the long line-of-battle, its position being near Catoosa Springs. The next day there was no movement of the centre save a slight shifting of position along the general line occupied on Wednesday evening. Rebels were seen hovering at the front, and a few harmless shots were exchanged by the pickets. Toward night the enemy made a vigorous demonstration, forcing back the advanced line on the left. A barricade of rails was constructed, behind which the troops lay in line.

Each Company was required to have a roll call every hour or so, but despite this fact many of the curiously inclined ventured to make brief visits to the hotels and other buildings of the famous watering place a half mile distant from the position of the Regiment.

Friday, May 6, the NINETY-SIXTH was detailed as a picket reserve. The day passed without especial incident of note, although the enemy were several times in plain view. By night all of the forces were in line, and the grand army of Gen. Sherman ready to move toward Dalton and Gen. Johnston's veteran army. All knew that an advance meant a battle. True, the Union army largely outnumbered the Rebel forces, but the position at Dalton was an exceedingly strong one for defense; and, in a country where almost every citizen was an active scout or spy, and with the enemy's shorter lines of communication, the advantage of preponderating numbers was not so great as it would have been in a more level and less hostile country.

Saturday, May 7, the army moved forward in force. Réveille sounded at half past three o'clock, and before sunrise the troops were on the march. Very soon skirmishing began, the first gun being fired just as the sun was climbing over the eastern hills. The Rebels fell back and their fires were still burning as the Union forces passed their camps of the night before. Innumerable trees had been felled across the road, but men with axes and levers and teams cleared the way with a rapidity that was surprising. Company A was on the skirmish line, and expended considerable ammunition in forcing the Rebel rear guard back. At a little past nine o'clock line-of-battle was formed, the troops moving in this order to the top of a ridge, where a brief halt was made. The NINETY-SIXTH, which had been in the second line, now took the front line on the right of the Brigade, and again advanced. The formidable works of the enemy were soon in view, and the stubbornness of their skirmishers a little before created the impression that a stand would be made. It was therefore with some trepidation that the command left the timber and marched across the open field toward a line of heavy rifle pits



BATTLE OF ROCKY FACE RIDGE.

The Ninety-Sixth leads the movement into the Gap. See Chapter XV.

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
AND
ZOOLOGY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
1887

that all knew might be full of armed men merely awaiting the signal to pour a destructive volley, at short range, from behind their heavy intrenchments. But the suspense was not long, for as the skirmishers neared the works it became apparent that the enemy had fallen back toward Dalton. General and Staff Officers rode to the front, the line-of-battle following and occupying the abandoned works at eleven o'clock, the NINETY-SIXTH being the first to cross the parapet. A line of breast-works facing southward was at once begun, the men working industriously notwithstanding that the weather was excessively warm. Heavy timber was cut and the works became very formidable as the day wore away. The line was occupied throughout the afternoon and the succeeding night. Skirmishers covered the front, but were not seriously engaged, although musketry and artillery firing could be heard in the distance. The flags of the Signal Corps of either army were fluttering from the hill tops, and to right and left extended the long lines of blue, in plain view until nightfall, and easily traced by the gleaming camp fires as darkness closed in.

Sunday, May 8, had not dawned until the army was awake and standing to arms, for at three o'clock the *réveille* sounded. At eight o'clock the troops were marching toward the valley that lay between Tunnel Hill and Rocky Face Ridge, the latter being a long range of hills or mountains, whose name indicates the character of the side which faced toward the veteran Army of the Cumberland. Near the railroad the line halted, the Division to which the Regiment belonged remaining idle most of the day. Looking along the stony ridge, and to the right, a gorge could be discerned, through which the railroad wound its way and back of which was Dalton, where were Gen. Johnston's headquarters. The ridge itself was fortified, and along its crest and through the gorge lay the Rebel line-of-battle. The skirmishers of the enemy and several batteries of artillery were thrown out in advance of this narrow pass,—known as Buzzard Roost Gap,—and a lively skirmish fire, with frequent salutes from the Rebel artillery, gave evidence that it would be no easy task to drive the occupants of this strong line from their position by direct

assault. There was some manœuvering but no general forward movement on that part of the line until the afternoon was well advanced. At four o'clock Gen. Howard, commanding the Fourth Corps, rode along to view the position of his forces, and shortly afterward ordered a band to come out from the timber in the rear and play a few selections. The opening of this musical programme was "The Bonnie Blue Flag," which was followed by "Dixie,"—selections claimed at the time as the exclusive property of the alleged Confederacy, but rendered national when, with numerous other trophies, they fell into Union hands at Appomattox a year later. The men in gray, as if to manifest their appreciation of the opening numbers, swarmed from the groves that dotted the valley and from the heavy timber along the base of the ridge, and gave a vigorous vocal response. Then followed "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," to which the lines of blue made answer with a cheer that ran for miles to left and right. The latter tune was repeated in double time, which proved to be Gen. Howard's signal for a vigorous shelling from the batteries, continued for some moments. Then the infantry advanced down the valley, in magnificent order, the long lines sweeping forward toward the enemy. The occasional shots of the skirmishers grew into an almost constant clangor, and the Rebels were pressed back along the entire front for a mile or more. The artillery firing was by no means all upon one side, for shot and shell came plunging through the groves and along the fields with fearful sounds, but fortunately with little damage to the men toward whom they were hurled. For a time the band seemed to be the target, but the concert ended very abruptly when "the diapason of the cannonade" was so forcibly interjected, and the musicians betook themselves to the timber before the range had been secured by the artillerists from Dixie. But the forward movement was intended merely as a reconnoissance and not as an attack, and as the position of the troops was most uncomfortable, owing to the continuous and close firing of the Rebel artillery, a halt was soon ordered, and at dusk the main line drew back nearly to the works left in the morning. Throughout the night an

incessant skirmish fire was kept up, and there was little sleeping at the reserve posts.

Monday, May 9, was a most trying one to the NINETY-SIXTH. At three o'clock the men were again in line. Shortly after daylight the Division moved into the valley, sweeping forward to the position reached the night before. There was some moving to right and left, but at about eight o'clock the Regiment was taken from the line and ordered to pile its knapsacks. Companies A and B were deployed as skirmishers, and the others moved near them as a skirmish reserve. Soon Companies G and K were deployed, and moved to their assistance. From their elevated position the Rebels could plainly see every movement and they resolutely resisted this advance. But there was no wavering, the skirmishers going at a run to the timber at the foot of the ridge. A rail fence was encountered, the reserves throwing it to the ground; this passed, the timber offered some protection. Up the steep slope, running from tree to tree, halting a moment behind rocks and then pressing on, the skirmish line made its way until quite near the rocky palisades, which were readily seen to be wholly inaccessible. The main line kept near them, advancing as ordered, sometimes boldly and in line, and again crawling up the steep incline or moving to right or left a few rods to avoid the more exposed positions. From their sheltered position the Rebels could take deliberate aim at the men in blue below them, and the exposure of a head or foot from behind a tree or rock was the signal for a volley. But resolutely the line held its exposed place, giving shot for shot. Fred Brainerd, of Company B, and James Vaughn, of Company K, were killed in their places. Beri Serviss, of Company K, had a limb shattered, necessitating amputation. Every few moments some one was hit, but there was no faltering, and the Regiment did all and more than it had been ordered to do. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon orders came to move by the right flank. The march was promptly begun, the right bearing down the hill, as Buzzard Roost Gap was neared. When they had advanced so far that the left was fairly past the southern end of the northern ridge the line

halted and came to a front. Company K, being out of ammunition, was recalled and took place beside the colors. Other Companies were deployed and an advance ordered. Into the gap they pressed, additional men being sent out until only the single Company mentioned was in reserve. The line of the Regiment extended from near the foot of the ridge on the right almost to the upright crags upon the left. From the moment the advance was ordered the firing became rapid. Major Hicks had immediate command of the advanced line, with orders to make a strong demonstration, pressing the enemy back into their main line and ascertaining the character of their works. The effort was to deceive the Rebels into the belief that an assault was to be made at this point, while the main army, moving rapidly by the right flank, should force its way through Snake Creek Gap, a dozen miles to the southward, and secure, if possible, a foothold upon the railroad between Dalton and Resaca. Hence this movement on the part of the Regiment was a most important one. Nor could it have been entrusted to better hands. With rare nerve and skill the line forced its way to the front. Along the corrugated sides of that wooded ridge they resolutely moved forward, taking such shelter as they could, until the fresh clay of the Rebel breastworks was so near that there could be no farther movement except at a charge. How spitefully the muskets spoke from the front! With what vicious speed the bullets sped across the rugged battle-field! The works in front seemed to be crowded with men. The deadly fire was incessant from either side. Exposing themselves as little as possible the men of the Regiment fired from behind trees and rocks or over the natural embankments along the line. The air grew thick with smoke as the rapid and repeated discharges of the muskets sounded through the gorge. At the right and across the gorge the Rebels could be plainly seen, and a portion of the line turned their fire in that direction, compelling a precipitate retreat. For the time being the enemy seemed disconcerted. A stream through the narrow gorge had been dammed by them, so filling the ravine with water as to prevent a passage on lower ground. This labor proved to have

been expended in vain, for now the Rebels were being threatened from an unexpected point. At that very hour Gen. McPherson was threatening Resaca with a considerable force. Thus far Gen. Sherman's plans were being admirably carried out, but unfortunately the advance at the right was not pushed and the opportunity for a decisive battle was lost.

The afternoon was wearing away, and there was no cessation in the firing. Casualties became frequent. Sergeant Taylor, of Company C, was assisted to the rear with his good right arm so shattered that it could not be saved. Sergeant De Graff, of Company E, who, as one of the Color Guard, had been seriously wounded at Chickamauga, was taken back, mortally hurt. Sergeant Fowler, of Company F, was also mortally wounded. Corporal Powers, of Company B, had an arm useless. William B. Scace, of Company E, was likewise shot in the arm and permanently disabled. Companies E and F suffered most severely, among those wounded in the latter command being Joseph Shannon, the tallest man in the Regiment, who had a hand badly crippled.

Gen. Stanley, the Division commander, who had come up to the position occupied by the reserve, a few rods in rear of the skirmishers, sent word to the line that the 84th Illinois would be ordered at once to the assistance of the NINETY-SIXTH. But there was a long delay. The firing was kept up for a time, but soon the ammunition run low. To add to their anxiety—for the men knew that their position was one of extreme peril—there soon came enfilading shots to indicate that the Rebels were pushing out to see what this semblance of an attack could mean. On either flank they pressed. The men glanced over their shoulders at the sun. It had never seemed to move so lazily since that dread Sunday at Chickamauga; but it was now just going out of sight. "We are almost out of ammunition," was the word repeatedly sent back from the skirmish line. "Maintain your fire as long as possible, but keep one charge, to be used in case of an assault," was Gen. Stanley's reply, sent from the color line. This order was complied with, but of necessity the firing was greatly slackened toward the last. As the twilight was deepening into night

the Regiment ordered from the rear made its way along the slope near the reserves. The skirmishers quickly fell back through their lines and halted in support, forming upon the colors. Soon the Rebels sallied out and made some demonstration at the front. "Fix Bayonets!" was the order of Colonel Champion, as he prepared to aid the troops that had just taken position. But the enemy contented themselves with a slight advance, and soon the musketry slackened to a desultory skirmish fire. Then the NINETY-SIXTH marched to the valley and slung the knapsacks left when the advance was begun, moved a short distance to the right and rear, and bivouacked for the remnant of a night.

The men were well nigh exhausted. From before daylight until nine o'clock at night they had been clutching their muskets, with no opportunity to eat except as they munched a hard tack on the skirmish line. Even water was obtained with the utmost difficulty, and when secured it soon became so warm in the canteens as to be unpalatable. Nearly every man had fired from forty to one hundred rounds of ammunition. Their faces were powder-grimed and their clothing stained with the soil where they had hugged the hillside throughout the weary, weary day. And back in the field hospital a score or more were lying, while attendants bathed the pale faces and bound up the ragged wounds. In the camp almost an equal number resolutely cared for slighter wounds—some of them severe enough to have fully justified their recipients in going to the rear—bravely retaining their places in the ranks.

There was little fighting done by the First Division of the Fourth Corps on the ninth of May, save that of the NINETY-SIXTH. Farther to the left Harker's Brigade of the Second Division made a strong demonstration directly along the narrow crest of Rocky Face, meeting with considerable loss, and to the southward a portion of the Second Division of the Twentieth Corps made an attack upon a gap, but could do no more than keep the enemy occupied. The work accomplished by these demonstrations was important, for so completely were the Rebels deceived into the belief that the attacks were

preliminary to intended assaults, and not mere feints, that they made no move to protect their rear. Meanwhile Gen. McPherson had moved his command far to the right, through Snake Creek Gap, and was gaining a position close to the railroad running southward, at a point not far from Resaca. Gen. Stanley was profuse in his praise of the NINETY-SIXTH for the resolute manner in which they had made the advance against the frowning sides of Rocky Face and subsequently into the strongly defended position at Buzzard Roost Gap, and all who knew the difficult nature of the ground passed over and the nearness to the Rebel main line of the position maintained for an hour and a half before sundown, fully concurred in the opinion that the praise of the intrepid and experienced Division Commander was fairly earned and fittingly bestowed.

The following were the Regiment's

CASUALTIES:

Company A.

WOUNDED.—Joseph E. Consolus, face; Sergeant C. H. Berg, left leg; Sergeant Jason B. Isbell, right hand.

Company B.

KILLED.—Fred Brainerd.

WOUNDED.—Corporal Warren E. Powers, right arm; Erastus T. Cleveland, left ankle.

Company C.

WOUNDED.—Sergeant James M. Taylor, right arm shattered, necessitating amputation; Corporal Martin Efinger, hip; Franc Millheiser, arm.

Company D.

WOUNDED.—Frank Rahling, knee.

Company E.

WOUNDED.—Sergeant Wm. F. De Graff, mortally, dying five days later; William B. Scace, right arm, permanently disabling him; Geo. W. Jennings, right arm; George Teal, right leg; Joshua B. Going, left foot, losing a toe; Solomon Bixby, left hand; Sergeant George C. Bennett, slight wound; W. W. Jellison, temple, knocked down but not long disabled.

Company F.

WOUNDED.—Sergeant Robert J. Fowler, mortally, dying two days later; Corporal John Kneebone, back; Corporal Thomas Trevathan, hip; Joseph Shannon; hand; Erhard Dittmar, left side; Andrew Hind-

man, right leg ; John Miller, breast ; James Stewart, right hand ; John Stahl, shoulder and head ; Anton Shap, right leg.

Company G.

WOUNDED.—Sergeant Charles J. Miller, right shoulder ; William Joyce, face.

Company H.

WOUNDED.—Sergeant Chester J. Rees, right arm ; Wallace Andrews, right arm ; Oscar Robbins, breast.

Company I.

WOUNDED.—George Topping, face.

Company K.

KILLED.—James Vaughn.

WOUNDED.—Beri Serviss, left leg amputated ; Edward Graham.

Tuesday, May 10, although the other troops were early called in line the commanders were so considerate as to allow the NINETY-SIXTH to lay quietly, the word passing around as the bugle sounded to lay down and sleep a little longer, a favor that was fully appreciated, although it was by no means late when the last soldier was up. The position was in the valley and greatly exposed, as was soon learned, for when the Rebel artillery began to play upon the line, during the early afternoon, an orderly but somewhat hurried movement to the timber a little farther to the rear was found necessary, the entire Brigade participating. The new line was partially fortified and the men at once set about strengthening the works. The skirmishers kept up a constant firing throughout the night, but the Regiment was not disturbed. The night was rainy and uncomfortable, but the soldiers in reserve slept quietly. A detail of about eighty men, embracing three or four from each Regiment in the Division, was sent out late in the evening to build some works and set a battery as near as possible to the Gap. A torrent of rain was falling, and in the storm and darkness the trip was undertaken. A creek, swollen to unusual proportions, had to be crossed, and many of the men turned back,—in fact, when the single officer in charge of them reached the point where the work was to begin, but sixteen remained. One of those whose fidelity to duty kept him in place was Dighton Granger, of Company B.

The work was not only dangerous but laborious, especially on such a night ; but the little band worked like heroes and succeeded in putting up a strong fortification, leaving the works after daylight next morning, at great peril from the fire of the enemy. Many of the horses of the battery had been shot and the guns were finally drawn into position by the men, long ropes being attached so that they could pull them while partially protected by the works.

Wednesday, May 11, a severe rainstorm prevailed, and the weather was unseasonably cold. The Regiment retained its position nearly opposite the gap until eight o'clock in the evening, when, under cover of the gathering darkness, they moved to the right and front. In this movement it seemed as if the guide was uncertain as to the route or intended destination, for there was much marching and countermarching, with protracted halts in which all were thoroughly chilled. After a long tramp, in which but two or three miles were accomplished, the Brigade halted, relieving portions of the Fourteenth Corps, the latter troops moving to the southward. Heavy details were sent to the picket lines, where they shivered until morning. It was midnight when the reserves finally settled down for a brief rest.

Thursday, May 12, heavy details were kept at the front, the main line building breastworks nearly the entire day. There was considerable skirmishing and artillery was frequently brought into use. The advance line constructed heavy skirmish pits, and thus avoided casualties. During the period from the ninth to the twelfth all of the infantry forces except the Fourth Corps had been concentrating on the right. It subsequently became known that Gen. Sherman was greatly disappointed that a vigorous attack was not made at that point as early as the tenth or twelfth, with the view of destroying the railroad and compelling Gen. Johnston to abandon the line of the road and march eastward or come out and fight in the open field. Military writers unanimously agree that a like favorable opportunity did not again present itself to the Union forces during the campaign. The movement, however, compelled the enemy to abandon his strong position at Dalton.

At midnight of the twelfth lights were seen moving about upon the ridge where the batteries had been posted, and shortly afterward it became evident that the force had gone.

Friday, May 13, the Union skirmishers moved forward at daylight and occupied the abandoned works. Soon afterward the main part of the Fourth Corps was moving through Buzzard Roost Gap. The Rebel works were seen to be of great strength, and the wonder was that even a small force was not left to defend them. Still Gen. Sherman's flanking proclivities were well known, and the only safety for the Rebels was in concentration. At Dalton a brief halt was made, during which the men visited numerous stores, whose owners had fled without taking their stocks of goods. There was little of use to the soldiers, however, for the eatables had generally been removed, and few cared to add to their loads by taking with them articles of dry goods. Newspapers of the day before were found, in which were extravagant accounts of the battles of the ninth; the claim being that Gen. Sherman's forces had made five desperate assaults, in each of which they had been repulsed, with frightful loss. The statements were not warranted by the facts, but in this and many other instances the attempt was evidently made to bolster up the hopes of the people of the South by exaggerating Rebel successes and belittling Union victories. The march was soon resumed, with skirmishers in front, and continued until dusk, the halt for the night being near an old mill eight miles south of Dalton, and not far from Tilton. There was some skirmishing just at dusk, a few bullets flying harmlessly over the heads of the men as they took position, when the final halt was ordered. Immediately a line of breastworks was begun, rails being piled and shovels brought into use, so that a strong fortification was well advanced by nine o'clock. There was more or less picket firing all through the night, but no casualties resulted. The Rebels were concentrating at Resaca, and the morrow was to see another eventful day in the Regiment's history.

CHAPTER XVI.

Approaching Resaca—Passing the Cavalry—Another Line of Breast-works Built—Closing in Upon the Enemy—Gallant Advance of the Skirmishers—Fix Bayonets!—A Charge Proposed; but Never Made—The Enemy Massing on the Left—Their Lines Advance—Outflanked, the Regiment Retreats—Routed!—Fighting in Retreat—At the Battery—Hooker's Troops to the Rescue—Terrible Slaughter of the Enemy—Counting up the Losses—Hooker's Troops Charge—Partial Success of Their Assaults—Two Memorable Days—Successful Flanking Movements—The Enemy in Retreat—The Casualty List.

FIVE days following the bloody encounters at Rocky Face Ridge and Buzzard Roost Gap, the NINETY-SIXTH was again in the furnace of battle, Saturday, May 14, being the opening day, so far as the Fourth Corps was concerned, of the engagement at Resaca. The preceding chapter narrates the doings of the Regiment up to the evening of the thirteenth. Next morning the forces were in motion at six o'clock, Stoneman's cavalry being on the left of the infantry and McCook's troopers on the right. Even before the hour named the cavalry had reconnoitered the front and developed the fact that the Rebels were in force not far away, and heavy skirmishing began almost as soon as the camps were left. This skirmishing was at first wholly on the part of Gen. Stoneman's forces, the infantry, each Division in column, moving slowly forward in support. Halts were frequent, and after one of a little more length than usual the bugle sounded for the infantry to advance. A brief but rapid march brought them to where the cavalry horses stood in line or in groups. Every fourth man of the cavalry was holding the horses of his file, while his comrades were in advance on foot. The infantry soon reached a ridge along which the dismounted cavalry were deployed. The column broke to right and left, forming in the order of battle on either side of the highway. The officers of the different commands consulted as to the positions of their

respective forces and of the enemy, and two or three men from each Company ran to a creek or spring near by to fill their own and their comrades' canteens. Belts were buckled a little tighter, and the men peered forward to see what awaited them. The cracking of the carbines had nearly ceased, and the occasional bullets from the front had the peculiar humming sound which indicated that they had come a long distance. At this discovery there was some good-natured chaffing between the two arms of the service, the infantry ridiculing the cavalry for firing at such long range. This was soon terminated, for the troopers were ordered back to their horses and sent to watch the left flank. The NINETY-SIXTH, with other forces in the front line, advanced for a short distance and halted near the edge of an open field, a quarter of a mile in width. Skirmishers were thrown out into this field, and the main line immediately began to fortify its position. The Fourth Corps was on the extreme left of the general army, the First Division, to which the NINETY-SIXTH was attached, was the left of the Corps, and for the time being Whittaker's was the left Brigade of the Division. It required most of the forenoon to move the Corps into place and connect the lines with those of the Twenty-third Corps, on the right. During this period comparative quiet reigned upon the extreme left, but farther to the right, where the troops were swinging forward to develop the enemy's position, there was a volume of firing whose magnitude indicated that a battle was in progress.

At a little after two o'clock the left was ordered forward. Promptly the line moved out, Companies A and B deployed as skirmishers. Beyond the open field mentioned was a wooded ridge, from which came shots to indicate that it was held by the enemy. The advance to this ridge was resisted, but not with such force as to compel a charge. As the skirmishers neared its top they were greeted with a hot fire, indicating that the enemy were in heavy force a little farther on. As it proved the advancing line was not parallel to the enemy's works, the left of Company B being much nearer than the right of Company A. This fact was not at once appreciated,

and Captain Vincent, the ranking officer and hence the commanding officer of the line, repeatedly called out, as the men halted, "Forward on the left!" "Forward on the left!" Captain Gilmore repeated the order to his men, and most gallantly they responded, going at a charge, driving the enemy's skirmishers from their positions and halting only when the main works of the Rebels were in plain view and a volley warned them that to go farther would be extremely perilous. In this advance Herman Hoogstraat, of Company B, was killed by one of the Rebel skirmishers, the latter quickly paying the penalty, for before the smoke from his musket had cleared away, "Mack" McMillen's trusty rifle rang out its response, and when the line advanced the Rebel was found dead where he had fallen. John Binger, of Company A, was the target of the Rebels for a time, they getting range of the old stump behind which he had taken shelter and filling it full of holes. A bad bruise to his shoulder, a severely scratched face and a considerable amount of bark and dirt in his eyes constituted his inventory of physical damages. It being demonstrated that the left was as far advanced as was practicable, the right was swung around to conform and the reserves moved up until they stood confronting a field, a half mile in width. This field was broken with hills and seamed with gullies, with a timbered ridge at the left. Its farther side was fringed with timber, against which the fresh clay of a heavy line of breastworks could be plainly seen. The works were full of men, except at one point where a fort projected, which was readily guessed to be occupied by a battery of artillery. Instantly the Brigade Commander coveted that battery, and began to make plans for its capture. The NINETY-SIXTH, with two other regiments, were ordered to pile knapsacks and fix bayonets, preparatory to a charge. Officers and men looked at each other in amazement, and wondered if it was possible that this little force was to be asked to make an assault across such a field and against such formidable entrenchments with no support at hand? Colonel Champion, who was always careful of criticising his superiors, quietly spoke his disapproval to those immediately about him,

but added that if the order was made there should be no faltering. O'Connor, of Company K, peering from behind the thin screen of bushes that sheltered the Regiment, remarked: "If Gen. Whittaker will wait until next pay-day I will chip in a part of me wages and buy him a better battery than the one ferninst him on the hill."

The General seemed in high glee over the anticipated victory, his expressions being in marked contrast with the feelings of the officers and men assigned to the task laid out by him, as afterward ascertained, although at the time but little was said. Preparations were nearly completed, and in a few moments the order would have been given had not the Division Commander come from the right just at this time. A look to right and left, and he fully comprehended the situation. Masked batteries on either flank, silent as yet, but so posted as to be able to throw a converging fire upon every acre of that barren field, were detected by his eagle eye. He quickly decided that the charge would be unwise. The men fully concurred in the judgment of the senior officer as to the unwisdom of a charge on the part of three small regiments, with no supports in sight, against strong earthworks, with the certainty of a flanking fire from the moment an advance begun. At Chickamauga they had obeyed Gen. Whittaker's order and hurled themselves against a mass of Rebels outnumbering them three to one, and achieved success. At Lookout Mountain they had climbed into the very clouds, and won a victory where defeat seemed almost certain. At Rocky Face, five days before the date here written of, they had moved—although but a mere skirmish line—against an army and accomplished all that they were asked to do. So now, had the order been given, they would have gone against that frowning line, and, if possible, wrested a victory from the very jaws of defeat. But it is not too much to say that as the men stood in line that afternoon, and, peering from behind their thin screen of bushes, measured their chances in the proposed charge across that rugged field, the feeling was all but universal that before them lay the most difficult and desperate undertaking that had ever been assigned to them. It was therefore with a feeling

of infinite relief that the order was received to unfix bayonets. A hurried consultation of officers followed. A Brigade was moved into the woods at the left, and shortly afterward the NINETY-SIXTH, with two other regiments, moved quietly but quickly to the rear, and then, by diverging columns, across an obscure road and along a depression between two irregular ridges or hills, to the left of where the Brigade mentioned was going into position. Company B was sent in detachments on the left flank and to the front, with instructions to report any movement of the enemy that might be discovered. Company G was deployed to skirmish along the immediate front of the Regiment. The movement was through a tangle of underbrush for a hundred rods or more. When a halt was made the Regiment was in line almost at right angles to its former position, and practically isolated from any other troops, a gap several rods in extent separating it from the Brigade which had hastily moved on its right and slightly to the front, while a like opening lay between its left and the 51st Ohio. The 99th Ohio was halted some distance in the rear, and not far from the road. None in the ranks, and but few even among the field officers, knew the need that had called for this movement, the anxiety with which Gen. Stanley watched as they entered the jungle into which his order had sent them, or with what urgency he was asking Gen. Thomas for reinforcements for his left wing. His scouts had brought him word that the enemy was massing a Division or more for one of those desperate charges upon the flank for which the Confederates were noted.

The skirmishers upon the immediate front of the NINETY-SIXTH soon became aware of the purpose of the enemy, for as they halted at a low rail fence at the edge of the thicket and looked across an old field with its girdled trees, a sight in one sense grand came full upon their gaze. Stevenson's Division was just emerging from the timber and forming its lines in plain view, preparatory to a desperate assault. The enemy were in two lines, and formed in admirable order, their flags floating gaily, many of their officers mounted, and a light line of cavalry riding in rear and upon either flank. At a given

command two or three men stepped out from each Company and took position as skirmishers. The long lines extended far to right and left, and it was evident that the movement was one of no mean proportions. Captain James promptly reported from the skirmish line what had been seen, and was ordered to call in his men and form them with the main line. This proved a difficult task, for they were busily engaged in firing into the now advancing Rebels, and could hear the command with difficulty; indeed many of them did not hear the order, running back on their own judgment when they saw that to remain longer meant capture. A few did not leave the line at all, being so absorbed in their work of loading and firing as to fail to take thought for their own safety until too late, and when they were fairly run over by the cloud of skirmishers that covered the front of the moving lines.

The charging column, as it came over the higher ground, struck the Brigade at the right with fearful velocity. These troops were engaged in throwing up a barricade of rails and logs when the charge began. Seizing their muskets they made a brave fight for a few moments, but upon discovering that their flank was passed broke for the rear in wild confusion. The moments were of fearful import to the members of the NINETY-SIXTH. How anxiously they awaited the result of that onset. They could see little, but they could hear everything. It was but a moment and their worst fears were realized, for the firing slackened at the right, while the Rebel yell grew more exultant as the line of blue was rolled back from left to right. In a moment the storm had struck the Regiment. Hardly a shot had been fired at them as yet, and owing to the dense thicket not a Rebel could be seen. But they could be plainly heard as they threw aside the fence in front. The men were generally kneeling or lying prostrate on the ground, every one ready for his work. The voice of Colonel Champion rang out: "Steady, men! Hold your fire until I give the word!" Then, as the bushes began to weave to and fro, almost in their faces, he gave the command: "Fire!" A terribly destructive volley poured into the oncoming lines, and a great winrow of dead was afterward



WILLIAM B. SCACE.

Company E.

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
AND
ZOOLOGY
OF THE
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

found at this point. The front line of the charging column was halted and turned back for a regiment's length. Many of the Regiment began to reload their muskets, having no thought of leaving the line. Those at the right could see at once that the position was untenable, for the Rebels were rushing past their flank in solid ranks. A moment later the left was also flanked and a wicked fire was poured lengthwise of the line. A formal order to retreat was given by Colonel Champion, with directions to rally at the breastworks, but in the confusion and noise could not be heard by all. But the instinct of self preservation was strong enough to tell the experienced soldier what to do, and the movement to the rear was begun almost simultaneously along the entire line. In a moment the retreat had become a rout. The Rebels were past both the flanks, and yelling and firing with all their might. For the first and last time in its experience the Regiment was in utter confusion, and little or no effort was made to preserve order; indeed no effort was practicable from the start. For a time it was a race between the men in blue and those in gray to see which should first gain the open field. Fortunately the Regiment's course lay through a hollow or depression, and while the pines somewhat retarded the retreat it likewise delayed the Rebels and served an admirable purpose as a covering or screen. A majority of the command followed the natural depression, which took them a little to the left of Simonson's 5th Indiana Battery, making their way to the breastworks built in the morning, and when the enemy came in view doing admirable service. Others bore to the right, and as they emerged from the timber found themselves in an open field nearly in front of the Battery as it then faced. As soon as the infantry had moved to right and left, so that the cannon could be fired without endangering the lives of their friends, Capt. Simonson gave the word, and his six pieces of artillery began to play upon the timber. The Rebels had evidently slackened their pace somewhat, probably to reform that portion of their line shattered by the volleys from the NINETY-SIXTH and other Regiments, and to change direction so as to swing a little farther to the Union rear. On either

side of the Battery the most strenuous efforts were making to organize the men who had been borne backward in the terrific storm. Officers of every rank were shouting out their orders, and men of a dozen regiments were trying to form some semblance of a line, regardless of what flag they fought beneath so that it was the stars and stripes. Others, timid and uncertain as to duty, were hunting for their own commands. An irregular line was formed on either flank of the cannon, and the men stood there awaiting the coming of the Rebels and resolved to check and send them back if the valor of a few could avail. But all at that point felt that the result was doubtful, for what could two or three hundred do against the vast host soon to emerge from the cover of the timber?

It was marvelous to witness the rapidity with which the artillery was fired as the danger of capture became apparent to the cannoneers. Perhaps never were six guns made to do more rapid or destructive work. They were filled again and again, almost to the muzzle, and fired so rapidly that Rebel prisoners captured soon after refused to believe that but a single battery had played upon them.

It was said that five wagon loads of ammunition were expended within a half hour or less, and that 268 dead Rebels were buried from the front of the battery. A staff officer came riding down to where the scattered infantrymen were resolutely reforming, and begged them to hold the line for five minutes more, assuring them that a Division of the Twentieth Corps was close at hand, coming to the rescue at double quick. The promise was reassuring, although many did not need it, having determined to fight to the death beside the Battery. The Rebels had now emerged from the woods, and under orders not to shout or fire, but to keep their advance concealed if possible, were moving for the coveted artillery, hoping to gain it by stealth. So silent was their movement that some of the Federal forces almost believed them friends, and hesitated about firing upon them. "Why don't you return our fire?" was shouted towards them. "We don't care anything about you; we are after that Battery!" was shouted back. "If you want the Battery come and get it!" was answered in

chorus, and the firing grew more fierce and deadly, the muskets playing upon them and the cannon emptying grape and canister into their ranks. They were but a few rods away when a Brigade of Hooker's Corps, moving at double-quick, came up from the right and took place beside the guns. At the same time a portion of the NINETY-SIXTH was firing upon them at short range from the breastworks. The movements of the reinforcing column were admirably made, and they swept forward across the field, driving the Rebels back into the shelter of the forest. And with them, forming wherever they could, in the front line, moved many of the NINETY-SIXTH, halting only when the enemy had disappeared in rapid flight, and darkness had begun to settle over the terrible scene. The discomfiture of the Rebels was complete, their ranks being shattered and their rout even more marked than had been that of the most exposed Union forces. Numerous prisoners were captured, and the ground was strewn with arms and equipments. All of their dead and many of their wounded were left upon the field, and it only needed a few moments more of daylight to have made probable the capture of nearly the entire force. But even before the reinforcements had arrived darkness had begun to shut out the view, and the Union forces halted soon after entering the woods. Meanwhile word had passed along the line for the members of the NINETY-SIXTH, who were with Gen. Hooker's command, to return to the Battery and go from there to the breastworks, where the Field Officers, the colors and many of the men were awaiting them. At this gathering there was many a hearty hand-shake as comrades greeted those whom they feared had been killed or captured, and many an anxious inquiry for those not yet in line. The Regiment then moved to a position in the main line-of-battle, behind some heavy breastworks, and bivouacked, long after dark. At intervals throughout the night the missing ones arrived, and tired men from other commands were anxiously inquiring as they passed along the line, "What regiment?"

There were many exciting incidents during the retreat. Soon after leaving the line Sergeant Swanbrough found his

task of carrying the flag a most difficult one, for it would catch on the bushes and delay him. Once he fell down, and as the cord and tassels wound around a sapling was compelled to stop and untwist them. Those who were near him as he fell thought certainly that the Sergeant was killed or wounded, and the flag captured. Happily this proved incorrect, for he was unharmed, and by taking the colors in his hands and dragging the staff after him he managed to escape. The stretcher bearers had a hard task in carrying back Aralzeman Stanley, of Company D, who had been disabled by a wound, but succeeded, although narrowly escaping. Simeon Spencer, of Company F, remained with his brother Richard, when the latter was wounded, as long as he could safely, and then reluctantly left him to become a prisoner, knowing that if he remained they would be quickly separated. Richard was recaptured two days later. Lewis Miller, of Company G, might have escaped had he been willing to run with a loaded gun, but stopping to cap and fire his piece, was himself shot and became a prisoner. His right leg was shattered, rendering amputation necessary. When the Rebel surgeons examined him he asked if the leg could be saved. Receiving a negative reply he quickly said: "Cut it off then." The operation was skillfully performed. Two days afterward he was recaptured, and for a time seemed to be doing admirably, but later some complication set in and he died in thirteen days from the time of receiving his wound. First Sergeant Thomas J. Smith, of Company I, a brother of the Lieutenant Colonel, was shot through both legs, and, with Spencer and Miller, fell into the enemy's hands. At his earnest solicitation the Rebel surgeons consented that the three be left at a private house when the army fell back. A little later a letter came to his address bearing his commission as First Lieutenant of his Company, to succeed Lieutenant Moore, who had been assigned to duty as Quarter-Master, but it was too late, as his death occurred June 9. Three men in Company K,—Sergeant Leland, Charles Courter and John J. Vrowman,—fell dead near together in the thicket. First Sergeant Joseph B. Leekley, of Company F, and Corporal William B. Lewin

and Orange M. Ayers, of Company C, took a slightly wrong direction in the retreat, and emerging upon a road found themselves prisoners. Leekley and Ayers afterward died in prison, and Lewin reached home only at the close of the war. Those on the skirmish line had a most trying experience. Many of them, not hearing the command to fall back to the main line, remained near the fence until the enemy were within a few feet of them, and some of them were between the fire of both friend and foe. The fate of Edward Darby, of Company G, was never fully known. As his body was not found when the lines again advanced over the ground where he was last seen, it was believed that he was a prisoner, but no tidings ever came of him. It is probable that he was either killed, or, being mortally wounded, was taken to the rear, dying and being buried in an unknown grave. Corporal Rose and Myron J. Brown, of Company G, remained too long and were captured. Rose died in prison, and Brown, when he finally escaped, was too badly emaciated to permit of his return to the Regiment. William Flagler, of Company G, was sometimes laughed at for carrying a big knapsack, but on this occasion it served him a good purpose. A Rebel bullet, fired at short range, struck it fairly in the centre, passed through and cut numerous holes in his surplus clothing, and spoiled a quantity of letter paper and stamped envelopes, but came to a stop just before reaching his person. He was knocked down and his comrades thought him killed, but he quickly gathered and made good time to the rear. Lieutenant Hastings was so severely wounded in the foot as to make his escape most difficult, but with the assistance of some of the members of his Company he succeeded in getting safely back. James Litwiler, of Company B, was instantly killed in this retrograde movement. Lieutenant Colonel Smith, who had been on detached service at Chattanooga for two or three weeks, came on the field just in time to be caught in the panic, being in search of the Regiment when it was swept backward, and joining it that evening. In the advance S. F. Vose, of Company G, threw his arm out of joint, but as the same accident had happened before, it did not pain him

severely. Stripping off all of his clothing but his pants, the surgeon had just succeeded in pulling the dislocated arm in place when the stampede begun. Vose ran back "without many clothes on," an object at once pitiable and laughable, as he made his way to the rear. Adjutant Blodgett picked up a set of accoutrements that had been discarded by some wounded man, but when a bullet spatted against the cartridge box concluded to drop them. James Beck, of Company B, had a bullet through both trouser legs, and his musket was struck by a ball as he was capping it, but he escaped wounds. Henry Montgomery, of Company B, had a bullet through his coat; George Bowman, of Company A, had a bullet through his knapsack and another through his boot heel. Nicholas Wearmouth, of Company A, had a bullet through the rim of his hat. Many others had bullets through their clothing or equipments, and the marvel is that the actual casualties were so few. A large number of knapsacks, haversacks and hats were lost in the retreat, the bushes catching and tearing them off, and not all caring to risk their lives by stopping to pick them up with the yelling pursuers so close at hand. A very few—possibly a half dozen—became so demoralized as to drop their guns.

While retreat, as a rule, is supposed to reflect discredit upon a command, the retrograde movement at Resaca was wisely made, for to have stood longer must have resulted in the capture of the command. As it was, the Regiment was able to render an important service at the Battery and in the breastworks in checking the Rebel advance, and also in giving direction and encouragement to the reinforcing column.

Sunday, May 15, found the two armies still confronting each other along the rugged hills and narrow valleys about Resaca. General Sherman continued the work of pushing his right wing down the Oostenaula River, begun the day before, and succeeded in laying two pontoon bridges not far from Calhoun, and in such a position as to again threaten Johnston's rear. On the left there was some shifting of position, but no general movement on the part of the Fourth Corps. Skirmish firing, which had been kept up through the night, increased in

volume, and the artillery played upon the lines from either side. During the forenoon the three Divisions of the Twentieth Corps were moved to a position in the rear of the Fourth Corps, and it was whispered that they were to assault the works in front. The NINETY-SIXTH left its works and moved to the front, halting in line-of-battle at the right of the Dalton and Resaca road. Just in rear of this position two Brigades of General Butterfield's Division of the Twentieth Corps were massed, and a number of dispatches, detailing the advantages gained by the Army of the Potomac in their campaign, were read at the head of the lines. The good news was received with hearty cheering. It soon transpired that one purpose in having these dispatches read was to encourage the troops in the difficult work before them, for at a little after one o'clock they were ordered forward for an attack. One Brigade, commanded by Gen. Ward, moved diagonally across the wagon road, passing directly through, or over, the NINETY-SIXTH. Another Brigade advanced farther at the left. The NINETY-SIXTH soon found its position in support a most uncomfortable one. From the moment it occupied the line a heavy artillery fire had been showered down the road, and when the charging column began its advance the musketry firing instantly increased. For a time this force could be plainly seen climbing the ridge on the left, but soon the foliage of the trees and bushes hid it from view. A cheer burst from the lines; then a volley was given by them and returned by the enemy. A moment more and the musketry had become continuous, its roar deepening as it was echoed from hill to hill. Musket balls came pattering down to the Regiment's position in great numbers, pelting the ground, striking logs and trees, or cutting off the leaves overhead. Wounded men began to limp or stagger past; then groups of stragglers, the latter being halted and turned back or sent to where some officers were stationed to take charge of them. The stretcher bearers, who had gone to the front close behind the lines, soon returned with their ghastly loads; the canvas, so clean and white as they advanced, now crimsoned with the life-blood of those who had fallen. And still the dread

work went on. The troops in reserve had little to do except to stop the stragglers, but with the left of the NINETY-SIXTH this duty was not altogether light. But even doing nothing was trying work at such a time, for the pitiless shots struck all around and kept the men anxious for their own safety. The volume of sound lessened for an instant and then the Rebel yell broke out anew. The charge had only partially succeeded. The men fell back at many points, but rallied a little at the left of the road and again went forward. Farther over the ridge a terrible blunder occurred. Changing direction slightly, one column moved so as to partly come in rear of another. The woods were full of smoke so that they could not see what was before them, and as the bullets were coming from the front they fired into their friends. The effect was to disorganize both Brigades to some extent and make complete success impossible. Only a partial volley was fired, but not a few fell before it. Some of the officers knew the situation and soon made the men aware of their mistake. A portion of one Brigade made their way up to the Rebel works, and lay down outside, clubbing muskets with the foe. The bayonet was used in a few cases, and the enemy forced to abandon four pieces of artillery. These guns could not be drawn out until nightfall, but through that long afternoon the brave men lay at the embrasures and prevented the foe from getting any use of them. The results of the charges were not all that had been hoped, for the Rebels still held a continuous line about Resaca, but there were substantial gains in position, and it was expected that should the enemy remain until morning their main line would be forced. The firing was heavy and continuous until evening. The NINETY-SIXTH held its position beside the road for several hours. At one time Gen. Hooker, with his Staff and a bevy of orderlies, rode to the centre of the Regiment, and from their horses watched a charge. Bullets flew all about them, and two or three of the party were wounded, but the veteran Commander never moved a muscle to indicate that he had the slightest fear. A straggler came rushing back near their position. The General said, reproachfully perhaps, but with no trace of passion :

"Young man, isn't it a little cowardly to leave your comrades fighting at the front while you go to the rear? Go back to your command and show that you are willing to do your part." The soldier turned about, almost before the General had ceased speaking, and, deliberately facing the storm, went back into the battle. The effect of Gen. Hooker's coolness upon the men lying in reserve was excellent. His reputation was that of a fiery, impulsive, passionate man; but here, under most trying circumstances, he was as cool as though the surroundings were of the most common-place character. During the afternoon Gen. Ward, commanding one of Gen. Butterfield's Brigades, who had ridden through the Regiment on his way to the front, was brought back wounded. Gen. Knipe, another Brigade commander, was also severely wounded; and the total of casualties in these afternoon charges was not less than two thousand. Four pieces of artillery and two battle flags were among the trophies.

The NINETY-SIXTH, notwithstanding the heavy firing all about it, had but two men wounded. Andrew Hindman, of Company F, had a wound in the shoulder, and Nahum Lamb, of Company G, in the right hand, disabling him for further service. Several others were hit by spent balls or had bullets through their clothing, but were not disabled.

At three o'clock in the afternoon a detail from the Regiment, under Lieutenant Earle, was sent to the right to construct some breastworks on a high ridge. At dusk the Regiment moved to these works and formed line under an annoying artillery fire. Soon afterward all was quiet for a time, the armies, as if by mutual consent, discontinuing their firing; but when some members of the Regiment built a fire just behind the works bullets began to zip uncomfortably close, and even a battery threw a shot which, passing close to the fire, went back into the timber in rear. Thus warned, all fires were extinguished and grim darkness reigned over the scene. The men soon settled down to such sleep as could be obtained, but were once routed out and fell in line, some unusual noise at the front indicating a move on the part of

the enemy that might mean a night assault. It proved to be a false alarm, however, for instead of making an assault the Rebels were retreating under cover of the darkness, and by morning all were gone. During the two days the Regiment sustained the following

CASUALTIES :

Company A.

WOUNDED.—John Binninger, face ; Gottlieb Weber, face.

Company B.

KILLED.—Herman Hoogstraat, James Litwiler.

Company C.

CAPTURED.—Corporal William B. Lewin ; Orange M. Ayers, the latter dying in prison.

Company D.

WOUNDED.—First Lieutenant Walter W. Hastings, foot, disabling him for further field service ; Corporal Charles Peppard, left hand ; William Fleming, breast ; Aralzeman Stanley, right thigh, disabling him for further active service.

Company F.

WOUNDED.—Corporal Thomas Trevarthan, face ; Hugh Williams, left hand, losing a finger ; Andrew Hindman, shoulder, wounded ~~and~~ captured ; Richard Spencer, shot in breast, ^{disabled} disabled for further service.

CAPTURED.—First Sergeant Joseph B. Leekley, who subsequently died in prison.

Company G.

KILLED.—Edward Darby.

WOUNDED AND CAPTURED.—Lewis Miller, right leg shattered above the knee, necessitating amputation and causing his death two weeks afterward.

CAPTURED.—Corporal Delos Rose ; Myron J. Brown. Rose dying in prison.

WOUNDED.—Nahum Lamb, right hand, necessitating amputation of second finger, and disabling him for further service.

Company I.

WOUNDED AND CAPTURED.—First Sergeant Thomas J. Smith, shot through both legs, causing his death June 9.

Company K.

KILLED.—Sergeant Thomas Leland ; Charles Courter ; John J. Vrowman.

CHAPTER XVII.

After the Battle—Resaca Abandoned—"Drawing Sherman On"—Looking for Missing Comrades—Forward Again—A trio of Wounded—Crossing the Oostenaula—Pressing the Enemy—Daily under Fire—Calhoun and Adairsville Passed—From Kingston to Cassville—Many Miles upon the Skirmish Line—The Enemy Pressed backward—An Army in Full Sight—More Breastworks—A Battle Impending—Artillery Duel—Corporal Gage's Capture—Again they Retreat—Wearied Soldiers—Three Days of Rest—Odd Fellows Outfit Preserved—Visit to the Seminary—The Boys and the Books—Sunday's Experience at Cassville.

THE dawn of Monday, May 16, found the Rebel breastworks at Resaca deserted. The gain in position made by the Union forces during the two days of fighting and maneuvering, coupled with the fact that part of Gen. McPherson's army had succeeded in laying pontoon bridges some distance below, and thereby gained a foothold upon the south bank of the river, from which a considerable force of the enemy had tried in vain to dislodge them, had decided Gen. Johnston that his only safety lay in immediate retreat. He took hope in the thought that Gen. Sherman's army was dependent upon a single line of railroad for the immense supplies upon which it must subsist, and that while his own army was gaining in numbers as it fell back by the gathering in of conscripts and the addition of the detachments heretofore required to garrison the posts past which he retreated, the Union forces suffered a corresponding loss as Regiments or Brigades were dropped out by the way to guard towns and bridges. Then, too, he was well aware of the fact that the time of the non-veterans from many of the Regiments recruited in 1861 would soon expire, and that with their retirement the Union army would suffer serious loss. Doubtless it was with regret that he abandoned the strong positions at Dalton and Resaca; but hope was strong that when the forces of Gen. Sherman had been drawn far from their base

of supplies and become weakened by losses from sickness and the other causes mentioned, he would be able, by a bold flank movement, or a cavalry raid which should successfully cut the railroad toward Chattanooga, to compel the army confronting him to abandon offensive operations and fall back to the line of the Tennessee river for their own protection. The rank and file of the Rebel army were made to believe that Gen. Johnston was merely drawing Gen. Sherman on, and that when he "got him where he wanted him" he would drive off, in dire confusion, such of his army as he did not capture or destroy. But in this hope they were doomed to bitter disappointment, as their bold movement,—which was only to be made after Atlanta had fallen, and under another leader than Gen. Johnston,—was to be as disastrous as it was brilliant.

On the morning named the troops were "bugled" out at an early hour, and speedily learned from the pickets that there had been no response to their occasional firing for some hours. Many of the Regiment at once started out to reconnoitre the immediate vicinity, especially desiring to go through the thicket where they had met the enemy on Saturday evening, and from which they had been forced to beat so hasty a retreat, their main purpose being to obtain some trace of missing comrades. The bodies of a portion of the dead were found, and from a few Rebels who had been left on picket or who had overslept and were made prisoners by these adventurous men, it was definitely ascertained that Rose, Lewin and Ayers had been captured unharmed. Corporal Rose was at the time wearing a light blue jacket, made from an overcoat, and his chevrons were of a darker material. This peculiarity of dress, together with his heavy, sandy moustache, made his identification complete, while that of the others mentioned was hardly less so. There were others captured, they said, but they could not describe them so as to make it certain that they were from the Regiment.

The Regimental Pioneers, under Lieutenant Burnett, of Company B, were detailed to bury the dead left upon the battle-field, and spent the greater part of two days at this

sad labor. Details from other commands assisted in the work.

At eight o'clock the dispositions for pursuit were completed and the command moved out. The route of the Regiment lay near the ground over which the charges of the day before had been made, and revealed many interesting scenes. The Rebel earthworks were found to be of great strength, and two or more lines deep, so that should one be lost the troops would have to fall back but a few rods before they could again have protection. The trees and bushes were barked and slivered in a manner to indicate that the Federal fire had been terrific, especially at the point where the four pieces of artillery had been captured.

In the forward movement the Fourth Corps led the way to the little hamlet of Resaca, nearly three miles from the left of the main battle-field. The Fourteenth Corps,—except one Division which had been sent toward Rome in support of Garrard's cavalry,—followed. The Twentieth and Twenty-third Corps crossed the river at the left, and Gen. McPherson's forces at Lay's Ferry, at the right. Arrived at Resaca, some hours were occupied in repairing the partially destroyed bridge, those of the troops not actively engaged in this work resting in the shade of the timber beside the road. While in this position a scout rode along and, enquiring for the NINETY-SIXTH, reported that three of their men, all wounded, were in a building a short distance away. An ambulance was secured, and Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, accompanied by a few men, went in the direction indicated and soon returned with First Sergeant Thomas J. Smith, of Company I; Richard Spencer, of Company F; and Lewis Miller, of Company G; all of whom were wounded and captured two days before. They were halted at the Regiment for a little time, and then taken to the village and placed in hospitals that were just being established. Smith and Miller did not long survive, but Spencer recovered after some months. Their captors had taken their watches and blankets, but they reported having received every possible kindness from the ladies at whose

house they had been left, notwithstanding the fact that their sympathies were wholly with the South.

In the haste of leaving, the Rebels abandoned a large amount of meal, a quantity of muskets and other material. It may be said, however, that the retreat was well managed, for the trophies were not numerous considering the amount of material that had to be removed. A few prisoners were captured at the crossings of the river, but no more than are to be found in rear of any hurriedly moved army where retreat is made at night.

Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon the Fourth Corps crossed the Oostenaula and marched southward on roads nearly parallel to the railroad, camping for the night not far from Calhoun. The 115th Illinois, which had been brigaded with the NINETY-SIXTH almost from its organization, was temporarily detached and left to guard Resaca and other points near by, and did not again join the Brigade until October.

Tuesday, May 17, the bugles sounded *réveille* at three o'clock A. M., and as soon as breakfasts were dispatched the advance begun. Calhoun was passed early in the forenoon, the troops of the First Division marching in column of companies, with drums beating and flags waving. The Second Division had the advance. The skirmishing, which had been lively all day, grew in volume as the afternoon wore away. The First Division moved up to the support of the Second under a heavy artillery fire, and became engaged just as night came on. The Regiment found a strong line of entrenchments in its immediate front, filled with resolute foes, but no move was made looking to their dislodgement that night. Notwithstanding the heavy firing and the frequent casualties all along the line, the Regiment was so fortunate as to suffer no loss. A heavy line of works was built, the command working far into the night in making its position secure against assault. Some houses in front of the line, which had afforded protection to the sharp-shooters of the enemy, were set on fire and burned to the ground, the flames lighting up the camps during the early evening. The Rebel position was

a strong one, but as Gen. McPherson was pressing on their left flank, and Gen. Schofield on their right, they again retreated under cover of the darkness.

Wednesday, May 18, there was the usual early réveille and the orders were renewed to "press the enemy." The officers of the command were in trouble about the matter of rations for themselves, but the enlisted men had a supply and offered to divide. The troops moved forward in column, with skirmishers in front, the enemy harassing them to the utmost of their ability. The First Division being in rear made a slow march until toward night, passing Adairville during the afternoon, and was then hurried past the other troops of the Corps to the extreme front, going into bivouac in the immediate vicinity of the enemy at eight o'clock, with a strong picket line in advance. There was some skirmishing as the position was reached but nothing serious resulted. Southern newspapers were found at some of the houses in the vicinity, in which were violent criticisms of Gen. Johnston for his course in falling back, and also strong arguments in favor of his plans. It was asserted that there would be a decisive battle near Cassville, toward which Gen. Sherman was moving, and leading officers on either side confidently expected, as they lay down to rest that night, that the next day would see the engagement inaugurated.

Thursday, May 19, found the army in motion at sunrise, Gen. Sherman directing that the enemy be pushed at all points, and forced to give battle north of the Etowah River if possible. The Second Brigade had the lead, and the NINETY-SIXTH was in the advance of the column which had marched most directly along the railroad. In less than half an hour after the start was made the Rebels were encountered. One company after another was sent upon the skirmish line until a considerable part of the command was deployed. At Kingston—the junction of the Rome branch with the main line of railroad from Chattanooga—the Rebels opened on the advance, with a battery, but the skirmishers, after strongly pushing at the front, pressed past it on the flank, compelling it to withdraw. The skirmishing was so severe as to approach

the dignity of a battle. The order being to follow near the railroad, the line swung to the left and pressed rapidly forward. The Rebels halted at every ridge and road, making strong resistance and compelling the Regiment to keep up a heavy fire. The bullets cut wickedly through the line, but the men responded gallantly to every call to advance, sometimes charging at a run and driving the enemy from their hiding places behind the trees and fences, and again moving through hollows or ravines and flanking them out. The day was an exceedingly hot one, and all suffered greatly; William Marble, of Company B, sustained a partial sunstroke. Mile after mile the chase continued. With a stubbornness that betokened heavy work ahead, the men in gray took their places behind every obstacle that afforded protection, only to be compelled to retire by the ever pressing line of blue. At last, heated almost to the melting point, and so thoroughly exhausted that all felt that they could not much longer keep up the severe work demanded of them, the Regiment emerged from the timber upon an eminence overlooking a beautiful, open field. The enemy's skirmishers had mainly made their way to right and left through the timber, and for an instant the impression prevailed that there was no obstruction in front save a few badly demoralized skirmishers who were running as rapidly as possible across the field, their speed accelerated by the bullets sent after them by their weary followers. But no! A second glance confirmed every man in the belief that the predicted decisive battle was at hand. Away off across the comparatively level field stretched long lines of moving men. The first thought was that it might be Gen. Schofield or Gen. Hooker, as they were known to have been nearer that point the day before than Gen. Howard. Officers raised their field glasses and looked at the mighty host and announced that the men were dressed in gray. It was the Rebel army, and at least a full Corps were in plain sight, marching directly toward the Union lines. A cloud of skirmishers covered their front, and batteries of artillery distributed along the line indicated the termination of each brigade. Mounted officers rode in front of each battalion, and groups of horsemen desig-

COMPANY G.



THOMAS DAVIS.
LEWIS MILLER.

DENNIS SHUPE.
Capt. DAVID JAMES.
LEROY DENNY.

JOHN A. CORBIN.
WILLIAM H. WHAPLES.

THE
OF THE
OF THE

nated the positions of the Generals and their Staffs. Regimental colors could be dimly seen, and the lines seemed as perfectly formed and as evenly marched as though they were out for a holiday parade. Never, except when they stood upon Lookout Mountain on that clear November day in 1863, and watched the battle of Missionary Ridge, had the men of the NINETY-SIXTH seen a panorama so magnificent; and even then the distance was so great as to make objects much less distinct than at this time. Indeed, it is doubtful if anywhere during the war except when Pickett's Division made their brilliant but fatal charge at Gettysburg, or when Gen. Hood moved across the level plain at Franklin, were there so many of the Rebel army so magnificently marshalled in plain view of their opponents as in what military writers denominate "The Affair at Cassville."

The men of the NINETY-SIXTH, with others along the line, stood for a moment as if entranced. True the advancing lines were a long distance off—probably a mile and a half—but the space could be quickly passed by fresh men in the desperate energy of a charge; and that was what the movement seemed to mean.

It was not long that the men of the Regiment stood and watched the maneuvering of the foe. Gen. Stanley coming upon the scene, looked through his field-glass for a moment, and then the members of his Staff went galloping back to report the situation and to form the Division in line. The skirmishers were ordered forward to a fence, some rods out in the field, and the reserves were directed to begin a line of works, using rails and logs. Notwithstanding the excessive heat and the great fatigue to which they had been subjected, the men plied themselves to the utmost to make some slight protection for the expected assault. But when about a mile distant, the Rebels also halted, and were soon equally busy in erecting a barricade of rails. Gen. Stanley and a few officers and orderlies were standing just at the verge of the timber, in plain view, when a Rebel battery limbered to the rear and began to throw their iron missiles toward them. For prudential reasons these horsemen soon withdrew to the

shelter of the timber. A Union battery answered its opponent and quickly sent it to the rear. The skirmishers were directed to raise their sights and fire at the line, but the distance was too great for marked results. The entire Fourth Corps was soon in line and several batteries of artillery opened upon the Rebels, the shots striking the field and tearing up the sod and dust, and occasionally seeming to pass through their ranks. It was not long before their front line moved back, in some confusion, halting in rear of what had been their second line. The skirmishers from the Regiment were at one time ordered to advance, and upon climbing the fence from behind which they had been firing, were a little startled by a volley from some Rebels who had been lying in the field a short distance in front,—a light barricade with some clover spread over it completely hiding them from view. Their fire was returned, and for a short distance there was a lively chase.

By the time that the lines of the several Corps of Gen. Sherman's army had been so joined that a safe forward movement could be made, the Rebels retreated, disappearing in the timber. At four o'clock the Fourth Corps pushed out in the centre, the Twentieth Corps at the left, and the Fourteenth Corps at the right. Farther in rear, on right and left, were Gen. McPherson's and Gen. Schofield's forces. There was heavy firing at intervals until nightfall, by which time the Union lines had reached Cassville.

In the day's advance the skirmishers did much execution, of which there was abundant evidence all along the way. An amusing incident occurred as they reached the vicinity of a large white house near the outskirts of the village, which proved to be the residence of Rev. Mr. Best. The Rebels had been very stubborn at this point, and when the skirmishers finally charged and routed them, it was with such gallantry that all could not escape, and a few prisoners were taken. Still pressing on, through a garden, Corporal Gage spied the crown of an ancient hat rising just above a large rock beyond the paling. Supposing it to be a Rebel, and willing to give him an even chance, Gage sprang behind a tree and demanded that he "come in out of the wet;" when up jumped an old

colored man, trembling in every nerve, and implored him ; "For de lub of de Lawd, don't shoot. I aint got nuffin agin you'uns !" The Corporal didn't shoot the colored man, but several times afterward he felt very much like shooting some of his comrades when they asked him, as they did occasionally, if he had made any captures since the one at Cassville. The house mentioned was unoccupied, and from the colored man it was learned that its owner had two sons in the Rebel army, one of them being a Colonel, who had left the house that forenoon. As soon as the lines halted, a few of the skirmishers returned to the abandoned house and helped themselves to numerous articles of diet not provided by the army quartermaster. Rations had been short for a time and the articles issued were of the plainest character ; but on this occasion these men had cake, jelly, honey and maple sugar. In addition to these sweets, meat, tobacco, meal and flour were found and used.

About one mile southeast of Cassville, on a high ridge, was the main line of works, to which Gen. Johnston's army had retired. They were carefully laid out and strongly built, but on their right, from some hills, the Federal cannon played upon them so heavily as to make their occupants very uneasy. And yet the position was a strong one. Gen. Johnston had just received a considerable reinforcement from Mississippi, while Gen. Sherman's army had been greatly weakened ; a Division being sent to Rome, smaller forces left at various bridges and stations passed, and thousands giving out because of sickness and fatigue. On the whole the conditions for a battle were rather favorable to the Rebels, and they undoubtedly expected to fight at that point. But Generals Johnston, Hood and Polk seem to have had some difference of opinion as to the merits of the line of works laid out and fortified by them ; and so, while the Union forces were busy fortifying their front and preparing for the expected battle, Gen. Johnston issued orders for his forces to again fall back, and at midnight they were retreating to the Allatoona hills, south of the Etowah River. The casualties upon the nineteenth were,

Francis J. Robinson, of Company A, wounded in the neck ; and John E. Evans, of Company I, wounded in the foot.

Friday, May 20, the army of Gen. Sherman was early in line, but the "Johnnies" were gone. Gen. Sherman at once decided upon a three days' halt. The troops had been actively campaigning for two weeks, during which there had been but little opportunity for rest. With frequent night movements, with réveille at three o'clock on such of the mornings as that hour did not find the troops already on the move, with a line of breastworks to build as often as each alternate night, with bridges and roads to repair, with heavy guard duty nightly, and marching or fighting daily, the troops were so worn as to greatly need rest. It is not to be supposed that the enemy had suffered equally from fatigue, for while most of their retreats had been at night, they had marched by direct roads and occupied lines of breastworks built for their use by plantation hands, the main part of their force having a long rest, at least in the early part of each day following a night retreat, while their pursuers were moving up to confront the new lines. At all events the three days of rest given the Federals at Cassville were most welcome, and the men made good use of their opportunity. The first thing with most of them was a bath : the next a thorough washing of their clothing. This done, when they had slept all they cared to they wandered through the pretty, deserted village. On going to the town one day Lieutenant-Colonel Smith discovered some soldiers arrayed in Odd Fellows' regalia. In a moment he called the soldiers to him and quietly but firmly demanded the return of their trophies. Summoning some brothers of the craft he repaired to the lodge room, restored order and secured the return of all or nearly all of the regalia of the organization.

Near the camp of the NINETY-SIXTH was a Seminary in which was a large library. True the librarian was absent, but as a large proportion of the command was of a literary turn of mind, all formality was waived and each of those who wished read books. It was a strange spectacle to see hundreds of men in uniform sitting at the desks in the college,

each absorbed in some scientific book or in some work of fiction, or to go outside and see men similarly engaged, sitting with their backs against the mammoth shade trees, for hours together. They were hungry for just such an opportunity as was here offered, and thoroughly did they improve it. There was also much visiting between the men of the various regiments in that vicinity, many of the Jo Daviess County boys taking a long tramp to Kingston to call upon acquaintances in the 12th Illinois.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday sped rapidly by. The railroad was repaired by Saturday, and trains brought forward large amounts of rations. On Sunday four days rations were issued to each man, and twenty days rations for the army loaded upon the wagons. The soldiers knew that this meant a long march away from the railroad, and were curious as to the plans of their commander, but content and confident.

Religious services were held in many of the camps both afternoon and evening. It was a spectacle upon which no thinking man, however skeptical, could look unmoved, to see the soldiers gather around the place designated for religious meetings. The attendance was often large, and embraced a few commissioned officers. Nor was it alone or mainly timid soldiers who were present, but often the most devout were those whose presence in the charge or upon the skirmish line was an inspiration. A soldier would lead in some stirring hymn, and soon a hundred voices, blending beautifully, would make the leafy tabernacle ring with their grand music. Prayer would be offered, sometimes in a loud tone, and again with subdued voice: some with crude imagery and weird petition for the overthrow of the enemies of the country and of righteousness: others eloquent in their very simplicity, breathing a request that the great "Father of us all" would lead the way through all the darkness of the present to the day when peace should brood above the land, and war and turmoil cease—when soldiers should be permitted to forget the camp and battle and yet remember that they were soldiers in the army of the great Immanuel, whose victories were bloodless and whose captives were the prisoners of hope.

Scripture would be read or repeated by the leader ; a brief discourse would follow : experiences would be related, and then, as the flickering camp fires burned low and the distant bugles warned the worshipers back to camp, the grand melody of Old Hundred would go up like incense to the stars, the soldiers would separate and in a few moments quiet brood above the sleeping hosts. Who shall say they were not strengthened by these services, crudely arranged and conducted though they often were, or that the God of Battles did not watch above them and frame the answer to their varied petitions while they prayed, leading them, as individuals, and the Nation beneath whose banner they assembled, into a larger liberty than that of which they then conceived? Certain it must be that many a weary, home-sick, heart-sick boy, took courage in such gatherings as these and went thence to the battle nerved for deeds more daring than the past had seen, and felt himself sustained by the hope and faith not elsewhere so certainly obtained. Not a few date their first strong religious convictions from those gatherings in the forests of Georgia, and many still cling to the Faith that sustained them there, where they learned to sing :

“ Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword ;
His truth is marching on.

“ I have seen Him in the watch-fires of an hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps,
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

“ I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel ;
‘ As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal ;’
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

“ He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat ;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

“ In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Bold Flank Movement—Across the Etowah—Gen. Johnston anticipates Gen. Sherman's Plans—Pumpkin Vine Creek—Late Marches—In Reserve—Moving to the Front Line Under Fire—Strong Breastworks—Terrific Artillery Fire—New Hope Church—Ten Days in the Trenches—Sleeping and Eating to the Music of Musketry—Casualties Almost Daily—Miserably Monotonous—The Skirmishers Better Natured—Trading Between the Lines—Short Rations—The Enemy again Outflanked—The Union Forces reach the Railroad—In Camp at Ackworth—The Boon of a Three Day's Rest—The Railroad Repaired—Rations and Mails brought up—Getting Rid of the Greybacks—Ready for Kenesaw Mountain.

TWENTY years before the events here narrated, and while bearing the rank of Lieutenant, Gen. Sherman had accompanied an Inspector-General in the army to Marietta, Ga., on an official tour, and going thence on horseback to the Etowah River, had become somewhat familiar with the region of Kenesaw Mountain and Allatoona. He now remembered them as well adapted for defensive operations, and concluded not to risk a direct movement against Allatoona. Fortunately, by a rapid movement made as soon as Cassville was reached, the cavalry had succeeded in gaining possession of some wagon bridges across the Etowah, and Gen. Sherman resolved to move his army across these and push out toward Marietta and the Chattahoochie river. His hope was that this movement might be well advanced before the enemy should discover his plans. Gen. Johnston was on the watch, however, and anticipating the very movement that would be made, interposed his army between the Union forces and Marietta, ultimately abandoning the strong position at Allatoona but preventing the immediate flanking of Kenesaw Mountain.

Monday, May 23, the Union army moved by the right flank, crossing the Etowah River by the bridges that had been wrested from the enemy and by others that had been improvised. As the Fourth Corps had been directed to move partly in rear of other troops, the Regiment spent the forenoon in

camp. A general order was issued requiring every soldier to wear shoes, and in all cases where those then in use were not in good repair to draw new ones. Many of the men, particularly those who had been home on furlough during the winter and spring, had boots but partially worn, and the order to throw them away was not received with the utmost good nature. However, they had long since learned that there was no appeal from General Orders and all complied, though not without availing themselves of the soldier's inalienable right to grumble,—the one right they always declared they did not sign away when they enlisted.

At noon the Regiment filed out of camp, going in a south-westerly direction and crossing the Etowah River at Gillem's bridge, near a little place which took its name from the stream. The bridge gave evidence of an attempt to destroy it, for the planks were charred in one or two places, but the cavalry had moved too rapidly to allow the work of destruction to gain much headway, and but trifling repairs were necessary. The march was at a good pace, the weather extremely hot, and water suitable for drinking purposes unusually scarce, so that when the column finally went into camp at ten o'clock at night, in a large wheat field a little south of Euharlie, the men were thoroughly tired. The cavalry, which had led in the advance, encountered the enemy at Stilesboro and a prolonged skirmish ensued, but the infantry forces were not seriously involved. Meanwhile Gen. Schofield had effected a crossing farther to the left and nearer Allatoona, while Gen. McPherson had moved directly south from Kingston, on the right of Gen. Thomas, the several columns moving by nearly parallel roads.

Tuesday, May 24, the Regiment was called out at three o'clock and resumed the march at six o'clock, crossing Euharlie Creek and making slow progress, as the troops in front were compelled to move cautiously to avoid being ambushed. The country passed in the early part of the day was attractive and well cultivated, but toward night a hilly region was reached. A final halt was made late in the evening on a spur of the Allatoona Ridge, not far from Burnt Hickory. A

terrific thunder storm was raging at the time, thereby preventing any great degree of comfort, although the men put up their shelter tents, wrapped their blankets about them and were speedily asleep. The storm lasted a considerable part of the night, but at daylight next morning the sky was clear.

Wednesday, May 25, the Regiment started at ten o'clock, marching the rest of the day, most of the time by obscure roads. The Twentieth Corps, which was at the left of the Fourth, encountering the enemy in heavy force, pushed forward with the purpose of reaching the main wagon road leading from Dallas to Allatoona, at a point near New Hope Church. A severe engagement ensued and reinforcements being called for; a part of the Fourth Corps which had been marching directly toward Dallas, was ordered to the assistance of the Twentieth, and at four o'clock was hurried forward past the trains. At a little after five o'clock the NINETY-SIXTH crossed Pumpkin Vine Creek where the battle had begun, and advanced rapidly until dark, meeting large numbers of wounded returning from the battle field. At sundown it began to rain, thus increasing the difficulty of marching. The Regiment was shifted around from place to place and kept on the move until after nine o'clock when, weary and footsore, the men lay down to rest, first building a partial line of breastworks. The losses in Hooker's command were heavy, but owing to the difficulty of moving troops through the forest and over the hills, the Fourth Corps was so late in arriving that it had no opportunity to return the severe fire to which it was exposed in the battle of Pumpkin Vine Creek.

Thursday, May 26, there was heavy cannonading and much musketry throughout the entire day. The First Division of the Fourth Corps was held in reserve and the Regiment stood to arms most of the time, being repeatedly moved to right or left, with other troops, and at one time quite a distance toward the front, but was kept in a rear line nearly a half mile from where the more active work was going on. Night brought orders to still remain under arms and the men lay down with their accoutrements on but with their waist belts.

unbuckled. There was more or less firing all night, but the Regiment was not called out.

Friday, May 27, orders came for the First Division to move to the left and relieve Gen. Wood's Division, and the Regiment took its place in the front line at an early hour. The troops thus relieved moved still farther to the left and attempted to get upon the right flank of the enemy. A heavy engagement followed, in which the Union losses were heavy. On the way, in passing the crest of a ridge, the Rebel skirmishers apparently caught sight of the moving column and sent a volley toward the NINETY-SIXTH, the bullets whistling all about, but without injuring any one. The Union lines now extended from the village of Dallas northeasterly for some miles and the position to which the Regiment was assigned was near the left centre. The men were gratified to find a partial line of breastworks constructed for their use, and reached their station without any casualties, by stooping low and partially crawling to their places. A detail from the Regiment relieved the skirmish line in front, under a trying fire, and found themselves in close proximity to the Rebel lines. The men relieved had built snug, crescent-shaped skirmish pits, most of which were provided with head-logs. From these pits an almost constant racket was kept up, the order being to fire at every moving object, near, or remote. Extra ammunition had to be sent to the skirmishers, although each man carried sixty rounds or more with him. Strange to say there were but two casualties on the line that day,—Corporal James Murrie, of Company C, being shot in the foot and losing a toe, and Oscar Rector, of the same Company, being slightly wounded in the arm. During much of the day the men in the main line steadily used the few shovels at hand. The inside of the works was built up with heavy logs and on the outside was an embankment from two to four feet broad. Much of the dirt comprising this bank was thrown from the inside, a broad ditch being excavated, its depth soon becoming such that the men could stand upright if called upon to fire. Heavy head-logs surmounted these works. Later an abatis was constructed in front, most of the work being done

at night. This was composed mainly of small trees cut for the purpose and staked to the ground, their limbs being sharpened and interwoven so as to make a pretty serious obstruction. Before the campaign closed the men became experts in this work and these obstructions were often as novel in material and construction as can well be imagined.

The position of the Regiment on this Dallas line was on the brow of a hill where a sharp angle in the works was found necessary, in order that the troops might control the ground in their front. The main lines of the two armies were a half mile or a little more from each other, but the skirmish lines were much nearer. Toward evening on the twenty-seventh the Rebels opened with musketry and artillery, enfilading the works to some extent. The batteries devoted themselves to the exposed position occupied by the NINETY-SIXTH and sent shot and shell with great rapidity across the fields which separated the armies. For an hour or more this terrible tempest of iron was continued, shells exploding all about that little elevation. Dirt was thrown from the side-hill in the faces of the men, and showers of leaves and limbs dropped from the trees above. Pieces of jagged iron were thrown in all directions. Solid shot tore through the tree-tops or, striking in the hill-side, ricocheted across the works, going with fearful energy and frightful sound back through the timber. The exploding of shells at times was almost constant, so rapidly did they come, but fortunately none burst at the exact point to do great harm and none struck with full force upon the as yet light embankments. Still the range was close and the ordeal a most trying one. Meanwhile the Union batteries had opened upon the Rebel lines and the air reverberated with the constant roar as piece after piece of artillery sent forth its deadly messenger. The men clutched their muskets and crouched close beside the earthworks, confidently believing that such a fearful cannonading was but the prelude to an infantry charge. Every nerve was strained and each man seemed resolved to do his full duty to repel the expected assault. But no charge came,—at least none came to that portion of the line,—and at dusk the firing lessened. As soon

as the artillery ceased to fire, a portion of the men were again set at work to strengthen the embankment. Additional shovels were procured and the bank was soon from six to ten feet across, the ditch inside being widened and much earth being thrown from the outside. Heavy trasverses were constructed from logs and earth at frequent intervals to protect the command from enfilading shots. So the work went on far into the night. The artillery on either side continued to send occasional noisy salutations to and fro, and the skirmishers fired almost constantly. To such music as this the men laid down upon the bank just back of the works and slept, in reliefs, one third standing to arms all through the darkness; and those who had opportunity did not fail to sleep. Two or three times during the night the picket firing increased in volume to such an extent that the entire main line was aroused, the men being kept up for a half hour or so; then, when it became evident that the alarms were false, they would again resume their places on the bank, and fall asleep in a moment.

Saturday, May 28, was another most trying day. Early in the forenoon the Rebels again opened with artillery upon the angle where the Regiment lay in line; and again for an hour or two their iron missiles struck all about, but with little damage. At night there was but little sleep. The skirmishers were required to advance their line slightly, and construct new skirmish pits, and the main line was kept awake much of the night in order to be ready to assist them should the Rebels discover what was going on. Francis Johnson, of Company A, was wounded in the foot. A heavy column of Rebel infantry and artillery had been seen marching toward Dallas during the day, and this fact added to the anxiety, as a night attack was deemed probable.

Sunday, May 29, was a beautiful day overhead, but about Dallas and New Hope Church it brought no rest. The two armies still confronted each other at close range, and musketry and artillery firing were the only music. Toward night this deepened into an almost continuous roar all along the line, but at dark lulled into an almost ominous quiet. At ten o'clock it was revived, and grew into a terrific night fight far-

ther toward the right, where the Rebels assaulted Gen. Newton's Division and Gen. McPherson's forces, but were beaten back with heavy slaughter. Again the weary men were kept in line much of the night. During the day Edgar C. Langdon, of Company I, was severely wounded in the hand.

Monday, May 30, brought little change, except that the Rebels opened two batteries upon the "angle" from new positions, and kept up a fire even hotter than usual all through the day. The members of the Regiment in the main line hugged the ground closely, and felt pretty secure in their strong line of works. The skirmishers had little rest, but kept up a heavy fire all day. Albert E. Benton, of Company K, was killed upon the skirmish line.

Tuesday, May 31, brought little change except the addition of another battery on the Rebel side. In the morning three batteries opened simultaneously upon the devoted "angle," but in vain, though the firing was very close; and once a portion of Companies A and F were almost buried in earth thrown from their own breastworks by a Rebel shell. The artillery firing was renewed toward evening, and a solid shot penetrated the embankment in front of Company A, striking a log and breaking it, severely jarring Sergeant Berg, Andrew Disch, and George Bowman, who were sitting with their backs against it. Berg and Disch were struck on the head and considerably bruised. On the skirmish line there was hot work much of the day. First Sergeant Scott, of Company G, was wounded in the face, receiving a hard blow from a bullet whose force had been mainly spent against a head-log. Corporal Henry H. Gage, of the same Company, was slightly wounded in the face, the bullet passing through his hat-rim. William Noble, also of Company G, was severely wounded in the head, and taken to hospital at Nashville, where he died from his injuries, July 21.

When Sergeant Scott was struck he was rendered partially insensible for a moment. The blood started from the wound, and in his confused condition he first put up a hand to feel the cut and remarked, "Here is where the ball went in;" and then raising the other to the back of his head, asked, "Now,

where did it come out?" His companions in the skirmish pit were greatly amused, and in a moment he was laughing heartily with the rest at the ridiculousness of the inquiry, knowing full well that if the bullet had gone through he would hardly have been left in condition to make inquiries about it. The bullet struck a hard, glancing blow, but did not penetrate, and he did not leave the command, although his face was very sore for a time.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, June 1, 2 and 3, were but repetitions of the days immediately preceding. The position of the Regiment was unchanged; the firing was perhaps less constant and severe, and the skirmishers a little better natured, venturing to talk to each other back and forth at night, and even going out between the lines and exchanging newspapers, "swapping" coffee for tobacco, and trading jack-knives. The weather was rainy and disagreeable, and the clothing of the men, from constant contact with the red clay soil, came to bear a close resemblance to the uniform of their opponents. Rations became scarce—three days' rations having to do for four or five days—and many of the men actually suffered from hunger. There was no opportunity to forage, for every man was kept right at the works or in the skirmish pits. On the third, Sergeant Franklin Pierce, of Company F, received a wound in the right shoulder, but was not long disabled. The skirmishers kept up a heavy fire much of the day. At one time Gen. Stanley ordered them to fall back to the main line, hoping to give the Rebels the impression that the army was falling back, and thus induce them to come out from their works; but the Rebels failed to fall into the trap set for them.

While the NINETY-SIXTH, with other troops near the original left-centre of the line, had been hugging their works so closely, and keeping up so constant a clangor with musket and cannon, other portions of the army had been on the move. Gen. Sherman, upon finding that Gen. Johnston had anticipated his movement and thrown the Rebel army between him and Marietta, began moving troops from right to left, at first attempting to pass the Rebel right and break it back,—which

movement was not successful,—and then reaching out toward the railroad in the neighborhood of Ackworth. Severe engagements resulted on either flank, with heavy loss to the Divisions engaged. In moving to this line and in the shifting of positions, the engagements were so frequent and so near together, that it is difficult to say where one battle left off and another began; and the historian finds it impossible to separate Burnt Hickory, Pumpkin Vine Creek, New Hope Church, Pickett's Mills and Dallas. The action participated in by the First and Second Divisions of the Fourth Corps, is generally known as the battle of New Hope Church.

Saturday, June 4, at three o'clock A. M., the movement to the left had so far progressed that the NINETY-SIXTH was ordered to leave its works. Marching about a half mile to the left a halt was made, and the men told that they could put up their tents, a privilege of which they gladly availed themselves. During the day there was considerable skirmishing near by, and the Regiment was held in readiness for an anticipated assault from the Rebels, who, it was believed, would attempt to break back the Union right, but nothing serious resulted.

Sunday, June 5, the Regiment was in line at three A. M., and shortly afterward learned, to their great joy, that the Rebel breastworks were empty, the enemy having moved to the rear and right during the night. The skirmish line was immediately advanced, and soon came in contact with a light line of Rebels, indicating that they were still near enough to compel vigilance. They were not pressed, but the Regiment, with other troops, remained in the trenches,—this making the tenth day in which they had been constantly under arms. The weather was rainy and unpleasant. The wounded who had occupied tents just in rear of the army were placed in ambulances and taken to Ackworth; a most difficult matter, as many of them were terribly lacerated, and the trip occupied an entire day and a portion of a night.

Monday, June 6, an early réveille sounded, the Regiment drew three days' rations, with the order that it must last four days, and at sunrise was marching toward the left. A halt was made at one o'clock P. M. The weather was sultry, and

the men so worn out with their long vigil and the rather rapid march, that many gave out. Arrived at Ackworth, orders were given to clean up the camps and take a brief rest. There was considerable produce in the neighborhood, and owing to the fact that rations were short, the men foraged to some extent, but those caught at it were made to carry a rail at headquarters. In view of the hard service of the past month, and the fact that this was most decidedly an enemy's country, it is difficult to conceive why men were punished for piecing out their rations in that region, and at that time in the war; but such was the case. The men felt outraged, and made threats to take revenge, unless their comrades were speedily released, —threats which availed, it may be noted here.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 7, 8 and 9, were in the main days of rest. And the rest was greatly needed, for the month's campaign had been a most trying one. The casualties in the Regiment since leaving Blue Springs had numbered nearly 80, of which thirteen had been fatal, and fifty so severe as to take the men to hospitals. In addition, fully one hundred more had been prostrated by sickness and over exertion, and had been sent to hospital, so that the Regiment now numbered but a few more than two hundred present for duty. True many other portions of the army had suffered less in action, and had been less constantly in the trenches and under fire, but Gen. Sherman had lost many more men by the campaign than he had gained by the arrival of two Divisions from the West; while Gen. Johnston's army had received large reinforcements, and had lost fewer in proportion from sickness, as his troops were thoroughly acclimated, built fewer breastworks,—as they had negroes at their call,—and marched on shorter lines, thereby wearing out fewer men with fatigue. The railroad bridge across the Etowah was speedily repaired, and by the ninth some train loads of rations and ammunition were unloaded at Ackworth, and most of the sick and wounded taken back to Chattanooga or farther north.

To insure the presence of the soldiers and keep the army well in hand, dress parades were indulged in twice daily.

COMPANY C.



JOHN W. BESLEY.
JOSEPH C. WHITNEY.

Corp'l SAMUEL CLARK.
Corp'l WILLIAM B. LEWIN.
HENRY BATER.

Corp'l GEORGE L. STEWART.
WILLIAM F. RIDER.

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
AND
ZOOLOGY
OF THE
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20560

The men cleaned up their clothing as far as opportunity offered, killed off the vermin by boiling their shirts, or by the old plan of "skirmishing," and prepared for a renewal of the campaign. Thousands of letters were received and answered, the newspapers brought by the mails were read until literally worn out, the progress made by the army at the East was commented on, and the question as to who was to be elected President discussed with as much interest and animation as though the Illinois soldiers in the field were not disfranchised.

In the engagements on the Dallas line the following were

THE CASUALTIES.

KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.—William Noble, Company G ; Albert E. Benton, Company K.

WOUNDED.—Francis Johnson, Company A, foot ; Corporal James Murrie, Company C, foot ; Oscar Rector, Company C, arm ; William Faith, Company E, neck and head ; Sergeant Franklin Pierce, Company F, shoulder ; First Sergeant Aaron Scott, Company G, face ; Corporal Henry H. Gage, Company G, face ; Edgar C. Langdon, Company I, hand ; Edward Graham, Company K, leg ; Sergeant Daniel Sullivan, Company K, hip.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Advance from Ackworth—The Country Full of Breastworks—How the Army was Fed—Opposite Pine Mountain—Killed by a Falling Tree—Bishop Polk's Death—Frequent Rain Storms—Losses by Capture—Approaching Little Kenesaw—A Gallant Charge—What Civil War Means—Terrific Night Fight—Heavy Losses of Officers and Men—A Trying Position—In Close Quarters—A Multitude of Engagements—Moving to the Right—Disastrous Change of Tactics—A Flag of Truce—Skirmishers' Experiences—The Flanking Movement Resumed—Kenesaw Mountain in Union Hands.

THE troops having become partially rested after the severe experience at New Hope Church and Dallas, Gen. Sherman ordered another forward movement. The railroad bridge at Etowah was nearly completed, and as the march was to be directly to the front and along the line of the road, the arrival of the railway trains was not waited for. Bread, coffee, salt, and salt meats had been brought forward in wagons, and beef cattle were driven up to the camp nightly, men being detailed from the ranks to keep them bunched, drive them when the army moved, and give them opportunities for feeding. There was little grass in that region, but grain fields were sufficiently numerous so that the stock fared tolerably well; but the weather was hot and rainy, and the flies so troublesome, that many of the animals became poor before their turn for slaughter. Soldiers detailed for the purpose slaughtered and cut up the meat, which was issued to the men every second or third day. All through the summer months there was but an occasional and meagre ration of beans, rice, or other articles in the vegetable line, and as the men were marching much of the time, and subjected to an unusual amount of night work, they were continually hungry. Many times rations were issued for three days, with orders for them to last four, and, on a few occasions, five days. When this occurred two or three times in succession, as it did in May and June, there was some actual suffering.

The Rebel cavalry were active, and on several occasions tore up the railroad and destroyed small bridges, thus delaying trains and making the work of supplying the immense army a task of great magnitude. Some of the men grumbled a little, but most of them took the rations good-naturedly, fully satisfied to bear hunger as well as danger and fatigue, if only progress was made in crushing the Rebellion. There was the utmost frugality on the part of nearly all. Even the tails of the slaughtered cattle were skinned and every piece of bone was carefully saved, soups being made from them. Occasionally, as at Ackworth, some foraging was done, but as a rule the Rebel army had so thoroughly used up the supplies that but little could be obtained, especially by the troops in the centre, where the Fourth Corps usually marched in each advance.

Friday, June 10, the general forward movement from Ackworth began, Gen. McPherson being on the left, Gen. Thomas in the centre, and Gen. Schofield on the right. The Fourth Corps went pretty directly toward Pine Mountain, keeping to the right of Big Shanty and the railroad. The day was rainy, the roads obscure, and the country broken and timbered; as a consequence the march was a slow one. The NINETY-SIXTH furnished flankers or skirmishers, but encountered no serious resistance, although the firing was lively most of the day. When a final halt was made the Rebel tents and breast-works were in plain view, at a distance of about two miles. Their lines were found to be heavily fortified, and extended from Brush Mountains, across Pine Mountain, and past Gilgal Church to Lost Mountain, a distance of nearly ten miles. The weather continued rainy, and the moving of troops was a most difficult matter. Batteries of artillery, wagons and ambulances were mired everywhere, and details of men were made from the infantry to help them out of the mud, cut new roads through the timber, and corduroy the low ground.

For several days the Regiment occupied substantially the position taken on the tenth. Heavy works were constructed, although the enemy's lines were at a greater distance than at New Hope Church, and the firing at longer range and much

less trying. On Saturday a portion of the Regiment was sent to reconnoitre the front, and advanced a long distance, having a severe skirmish but sustaining no casualties.

Throughout Sunday, June 12, there was heavy firing at the left, and an attack was expected. The men slept with shoes and accoutrements on, but had their shelter tents up to protect them from the severe storm. Monday, the batteries all along the line kept up a heavy firing, and the skirmishers indulged in more or less musketry. During a violent rain storm a large, girdled tree, which stood upon the skirmish line, was loosened, the ground about its roots having become so saturated as to no longer support it, and without warning it toppled over and fell across a log where some of the skirmishers were sitting beneath their dripping ponchos. One of their number was Carlisle Druse, of Company B. The ponderous tree fell partially upon him, and his bayonet was driven through his body, causing almost instant death; and thus while watching for the enemy, and under their fire, he was killed by an accident. He was a young man, a favorite in the Regiment, and his sudden taking off seemed doubly sad because of the unusual circumstances attending it.

Tuesday morning dawned clear, but disagreeably cold, and the men were much surprised at such a severe change in the "Sunny South." The first sound to greet the ear was the muttering of cannon, but it proved to be mainly Union guns playing upon the Rebel lines. The day must have been an exceedingly unpleasant one for the enemy, as a heavy fire was maintained by the Union artillerists. General Sherman rode along the lines on a tour of observation and halting near the Regiment directed Captain Simonson's 5th Indiana Battery to open fire upon Pine Mountain. A group of Rebel officers were reconnoitering the lines at the time, in plain view but at quite a distance. A well directed shot created a commotion among them and caused them to scatter. In a few moments it was known by the Signal officers, who had learned to interpret the Rebel signals, that a no less distinguished personage than Bishop Polk, then a Lieutenant-General in the Confederate army, had been struck by an unexploded shell and instantly

killed. There was heavy fighting at many points on the line during the day, and once the Regiment, with other troops, moved some distance to the left to take part in a charge that it was proposed to make upon the Rebel works. There was a vigorous reconnoissance, but the Rebel lines were found to be so strongly fortified that an assault was deemed unwise and the troops returned to their former position. The lines of the Twentieth Corps, as well as those of Gen. McPherson, were crowded forward, and some gains made in position. The whistle of the locomotive at Big Shanty gave evidence that the Etowah had been bridged, and promised more abundant rations. When it sounded a cheer ran along the lines for many a mile.

Wednesday, June 15, a general advance was ordered to take place at daylight, with the intention of "going in" at any weak point that might be discovered, but it was found that the enemy had again retreated. The Regiment moved forward, passing over the Rebel works and gaining about two miles of difficult ground. Toward night the greater part of the Fourth Corps was massed at the left of Pine Mountain, and the men anticipated an assault. An advance was made, the Second Division leading and capturing the enemy's front line of works. There was also severe skirmishing and some heavy fighting on either flank. Later in the day the Corps was partially deployed.

Thursday, June 16, the Regiment lay near the enemy and was severely shelled. During a heavy artillery duel Capt. Simonson, of the 5th Indiana Battery, and Chief of Artillery for the Division, was killed. Toward evening heavy breast-works were again built, it being evident that the Rebels were strongly entrenched in front. Sergeant John B. Reynolds, of Company I, was severely wounded in the breast and shoulder.

Friday, June 17, there was another advance in the centre, across the entrenched lines abandoned by the enemy. The cannonading was unusually severe, and heavy musketry was heard, not alone in the distance, but near at hand, the Rebels stubbornly resisting the advance. At dark they withdrew across Mud Creek, and the army again fortified in their front.

After dark the Regiment moved to the front line, relieving the 3d Wisconsin. The heavy rains were again resumed, to the great discomfort of the men, as the lines were so close that no fires could be built, no tents erected and no clothing or accoutrements removed.

Saturday, June 18, the enemy having again fallen back, the advance was renewed, the Regiment being on the move in one direction or another most of the day. The First Division was in reserve until evening, when it moved to the front line. The NINETY-SIXTH was ordered to take the skirmish line just after dark, which it did under a heavy fire. William Bell, of Company I, was wounded in the left hand. There was much uncertainty as to the situation, and as the troops to be relieved had moved out before the new line reached them, the Regiment was in doubt as to its position. The firing having slackened, Sergeant Michael Devlin and Albert Barney, of Company D, set out to reconnoitre the front. Hearing voices and seeing the outline of an earthwork a few rods ahead, they went up to it, but to their surprise and consternation found themselves covered by a dozen muskets, and were told, in a low tone, to surrender. There was no alternative, save almost certain death, and reluctantly they laid down their muskets and consented to be taken to the Rebel rear. Both endured a long imprisonment, some details of which will be found elsewhere in this volume. But while their capture had been made with unusual quiet, some of the men in the line heard enough to know what had happened, and whispered the facts to the officers. Without immediately advancing farther, skirmishers were deployed, and steps taken to prevent further losses. A deep, sluggish stream was near at hand, and as one of the men undertook to cross it on a log he fell, with a loud splash, into the water, whence he was rescued by his comrades. His musket went to the bottom and was not recovered. Strange to say, for a time neither line ventured to fire, although but a few yards apart. The night was a most anxious one, the troops getting little or no sleep. Gen. Thomas ordered that an assault should be made in the morning, should the enemy still hold this line.

Sunday, June 19, found the Rebels again on the retreat, the skirmishers of the NINETY-SIXTH occupying their vacated lines before the day had fairly dawned, and capturing a few prisoners. These skirmishers were soon recalled, and in a dreary rain storm the Division moved to the left and front, going in the direction of Marietta, the 21st Kentucky having the skirmish line. The enemy was encountered near Wallace's house, and the skirmishing became very spirited in front. The main line was in some timber, confronting an open field, which the skirmishers attempted to cross, but in vain, as the enemy was in strong force in the woods just beyond, where they were attempting to tear up a corduroy road or bridge across a sluggish stream or swamp known as Nose's Creek. Word being sent to the reserves, the NINETY-SIXTH was ordered forward and rapidly crossed the field, the enemy leaving their work and retreating into the timber. The Regiment hastily crossed the stream, some of them wading knee deep in the mud and water, and formed a semi-circle just beyond. A detail of two men from each Company, under command of Lieutenant Dawson, of Company F, was immediately deployed and ordered to advance. The line was now confronting one of the foot-hills adjacent to the eminence known as Little Kenesaw. The sides of this hill were densely wooded, and the skirmishers could see but little of what was in their front. At the command they moved forward for several rods. It was dusk, and in the timber but little could be seen. William H. Ehlers, of Company C, passed near some bushes when a big Rebel suddenly sprang up and demanded that he throw down his gun, which he very promptly did. Peter Mowers, who was but a few yards distant, shot the Rebel through the leg and called to Ehlers to run, but the latter saw a dozen men spring up, each with his musket aimed, and knowing that escape was impossible, ran quickly to the Rebel rear and remained a prisoner for many months. Sergeant Berg, of Company A, S. F. Vose, of Company G, and others on the line, were ordered to surrender, but declined, although made the target of many guns fired at short range. The line fell back a few rods, each man covering himself as best he could, and in a few moments darkness closed

the scene. Reuben Smith, of Company G, was mortally wounded, being shot through the left shoulder and dying July 13. Orskine Ferrand, of Company B, was wounded in the left hand, and Corporal Harrison Gage, of Company I, was severely injured by a spent ball which struck him in the back. The position was precarious at best, and as the bullets were cutting wickedly through the bushes, a line of rifle pits was constructed, work continuing throughout the night. There was but little sleep, and all expected that at daylight the Rebels would attempt to drive them back across the swamp.

Monday, June 20, was a memorable day in the Regiment's history. There had been little opportunity for sleep for two nights, and the early dawn found the men in line and ready to repel an expected assault. But the Rebels did not come, although keeping up a most annoying fire. The skirmish line was ordered forward with Company D, Lieutenant Earle commanding, in support. It was hoped that they might be able to take and hold the higher ground in front, but the fire proved too heavy and they were recalled, Company D taking the front line. The contest raged at the right and left throughout the day. Gen. Stanley, the Division commander, and Gen. Whitaker, the Brigade commander, reconnoitered the position, going on foot along the line of works behind which the Regiment was lying and looking through the woods to learn the nature of the ground in front. A reconnoissance was determined on, and the skirmishers pushed forward until within a few rods of the Rebel skirmish pits, which were seen to be very near together and full of men. The position learned, the line fell back to its old place. This reconnoissance was a costly one to Company D, for two of their number—Louis Brochon and Philip R. Clawson—were killed, and four were wounded, Abner L. Chandler being shot in the abdomen, and Corporal A. R. Thain, P. P. Melindy and James McCann, each in the leg. Chandler's wound was at first thought to be fatal, but fortunately the bullet did not penetrate far, and in a few weeks he was at his post again.

The skirmish officer reported the position of the enemy, and a charge was planned at Brigade headquarters. The 21st

Kentucky was ordered to pile knapsacks, take position in front of the NINETY-SIXTH and lay down until the signal for the charge. The 51st Ohio, which was to move in support, was directed to lie down in rear of the NINETY-SIXTH. Meanwhile, similar preparations were made in front of Bald Knob, an elevation at the right, opposite the position held by the First Brigade, commanded by Col. Kirby. Col. Price, commanding the 21st Kentucky, called for the skirmish officer, and just as the preparations were complete was making inquiry as to the direction to be taken to keep his line parallel with the Rebel skirmish line. The bugle sounding for the advance, he gave the necessary commands, Lieutenant Earle volunteering to guide his right. Hardly had the advance begun when the Colonel fell, severely wounded. But there was no faltering, and at a run the gallant Kentuckians dashed up to and over the Rebel skirmishers, capturing many of them. The 51st Ohio moved immediately to the captured line, and shortly afterward other troops were ordered to their support. In their enthusiasm a part of the 21st Kentucky ran beyond the skirmish pits and attempted to charge across a ravine and to the ridge beyond, where was the enemy's main line, but the movement was not contemplated by the commander and proved disastrous to the brave men who undertook it, for a number were killed and wounded, their losses being more than in the charge upon the skirmish line. They were speedily recalled, and in accordance with a promise made by Gen. Whittaker, were marched back to their knapsacks and given a comparatively safe position in a rear line during the remainder of the time the Brigade confronted Little Kenesaw. Meanwhile, some sixty or eighty Rebels were brought back under guard. Most of them were from the 7th Kentucky, and as they crossed the works of the NINETY-SIXTH, they were chatting earnestly with their captors and asking numerous questions as to mutual acquaintances. One of the Regiment remarked to a guard: "You seem to know some of these fellows." "Know them?" was the reply. "Yes, every one of them. I used to play foot-ball with them in Lexington. Got my own brother here." "You didn't get me until I gave you

200 rounds of cartridges to-day, anyhow!" was the reply of the captured brother. Thus they talked as they passed to the rear. And this was civil war—neighbor fighting against neighbor, brother against brother.

The troops in front speedily began the construction of a line of works, using the material in the captured skirmish pits. A few small trees were felled and rolled into position, and the line was attaining a height that would give some protection, when the skirmishers, who had been deployed a few rods in front, shouted to the main line that the Rebels were coming. Instantly the men dropped their axes and shovels, seized their muskets, and formed in line behind their hastily constructed works. With a yell the enemy dashed against them, but not in such numbers or with such velocity as to make their charge successful, and the brave soldiers soon had the satisfaction of seeing them hurled back across the ravine. As soon as it became known that the Rebels were to make a charge, Colonel Champion, whose orders were to support the front line, ordered the NINETY-SIXTH forward, and they arrived in time to assist in repelling the assault. The 35th Indiana was moved upon the left. The regiments partially overlapped each other, and, the NINETY-SIXTH coming up behind them, made a double line at the point of assault, and for a short distance three lines of men lay in position. Presently the Rebels charged again, with a determination that did credit to their bravery. The guns of the men in rear were loaded and passed to those in front, and a most withering fire was poured upon the advancing hosts. The dense underbrush in front was swept down by bullets as though a scythe had been used. The Rebels came across the ravine and up the slope almost to the works, but their ranks were so thinned and broken that again they retreated. It was now growing so dark as to make it difficult to discern between friend and foe, except by the direction of the flash of the muskets. Soon there was a third advance, but with the intention of deceiving their opponents the Rebels marched backward up the hill, firing blank cartridges toward their own works, and calling to the Federals not to shoot their friends. A re-

connoitering party had been sent out when the enemy retired after their second charge, but had passed to the right and returned to the line. Many did not know of their return, and, supposing the advancing line to be these men, not a few at first refused to fire, believing that it was friends and not foes approaching. All were undeceived, however, and again the Rebels were driven back with fearful slaughter. But the position gained was deemed an important one, and the Rebels determined to re-take it at whatever cost. The fact that Bald Knob, which was carried by Col. Kirby, had been re-taken by the forces at their left, stimulated the Rebels in front of the NINETY-SIXTH to an almost frantic effort. A fourth time they came against that bloody hill, but a constant stream of fire poured from the breastworks and beat them back. Meanwhile, casualties had been frequent along the line, among those disabled being Colonel Champion, who was severely wounded in the face. The wound was exceedingly painful, and he was compelled to go immediately to the rear. Sergeant Weir, of Company A, accompanied him to the field hospital, returning within an hour or two.

After the fourth repulse the Rebels maintained quiet for a time. Lieutenant Colonel Smith, who had assumed command of the line when Colonel Champion was wounded, fearing that his flank might be turned, moved the NINETY-SIXTH to the right of the 51st Ohio, extending his men so as to cover the ground between that regiment and Nose's Creek. The bullets were flying through the bushes, and as soon as the position was gained Colonel Smith began to reconnoitre his front in person. A moment later a bullet tore through his shoulder, and he was carried to the rear, dangerously wounded. Major Hicks being temporarily absent because of sickness, Captain Pollock, of Company C, took command of the Regiment, and immediately associated with him Captain Rowan, of Company F. The two looked along the line, and determining where breastworks should be built, sent for the regimental pioneers. But the Rebels were not yet satisfied, and were preparing for their fifth charge. This time they struck the Union line a little farther to their right.

Moving silently until near the breastworks, they made a rush upon the 35th Indiana, killing its commander—Maj. Dufficy—and shooting and bayoneting many of the men before they could make any organized resistance. The 35th abandoned their works, some of the men being captured and others running back into the timber. Major D. W. Marshall, of the 51st Ohio, immediately called for the NINETY-SIXTH to go and retake the works, but upon consultation it was agreed that their position was too important to be abandoned. Captain Pollock accordingly sent the three left Companies—B, G and K—under Captain Rowan. These Companies moved in rear of the main line, and before they were aware that they had reached the spot, were fired upon by the Rebels just across the breastworks. Several fell at the first volley, others ran back for shelter, but many remained, loading and firing as rapidly as possible, a few using the bayonet. At this critical juncture the 40th Ohio came up in line and re-took the works, sustaining and inflicting considerable loss. Lieut.-Col. Watson, of the 40th, who was Brigade Officer of the Day, in reconnoitering the position a few moments before, was captured, a Rebel reaching over and fairly dragging him across the earthwork.

In the movement of the three Companies to the left, the loss sustained was terrific. Captain Gilmore, of Company B, was mortally wounded, being struck three times. One shot penetrated his skull, another his body, and a third passed through his thigh. He never regained consciousness, and died five days later. Sergeant Whitmore, of the same Company, was almost instantly killed; David Wells was shot in the hand and arm and permanently disabled, never again joining the command. Erastus T. Cleveland lost a part of his hand, and was disabled. In Company G, Captain James was shot through the shoulder, and died a month later. Dennis Shupe was struck two or three times and killed almost instantly. Christopher Booetcher was mortally wounded, being hit seven times and dying on the twenty-third. Sergeant Walter Drew had his left arm shattered and suffered amputation, and Christian Knopf was permanently disabled by a shot through the foot. In Company K, Corporal Wallace W. Hoover was severely

wounded through the left shoulder, and James Hicks had a serious wound in the right hand.

The other casualties of the day were : Corporal Henry P. Barnum, of Company C, who was permanently disabled, a bullet striking his left cheek, passing directly through and coming out of his right cheek close beside the deep scar of his Chickamauga wound ; Corporal John H. Pooley, of Company E, who was shot through the left thigh, and permanently disabled, his wound being a close mate to one in his right thigh received at Chickamauga ; James L. Knox, of Company G, who was shot in the left arm and side, and died nine days later ; Corporal Marcus J. Penwell, of Company H, shot in the left hand ; Edward Hancock, of Company F, and George E. Smith, of Company D, both stretcher bearers, and each shot in the ankle. Hancock was disabled for five weeks, but Smith was able to remain on duty.

After the re-taking of the works the three Companies returned to the Regiment. The firing was continuous all night, but there were no further assaults. By morning, a good line of breastworks was well advanced, but the men were entirely worn out by their long and constant vigil. It was said that seventy thousand rounds of ammunition were expended by Gen. Whittaker's Brigade alone on the twentieth. The Regiment had added to its laurels, but at heavy cost.*

Tuesday, June 21, brought little respite. Daylight revealed the fact that the Rebel main line was frightfully near. The Regiment was upon a hillside sloping toward the enemy, and almost at the verge of the timber. In its front was a straggling cornfield, dotted with girdled trees. Its works were partially enfiladed from Bald Hill. So close was the enemy that a hat or a hand raised above the head logs was sure to bring a volley of musket balls. Skirmishers were posted in hastily constructed rifle pits, or behind trees, but

*The Historian of the 40th Ohio declares the night fight of June 20, at Kenesaw, the severest, next to Chickamauga, in the experience of that Regiment. With the NINETY-SIXTH there were fewer slight wounds than in several other engagements, but more fatalities than in any other one day's experience, except at Chickamauga, and, considering the smallness of the Regiment, the number of casualties was very large. Eight were killed or mortally wounded. A singular fact is that all of these were from the Lake County Companies. A number of those wounded were permanently disabled.

thirty or forty yards in advance. To add to the discomfort, the day was rainy, and as the men were obliged to lay in the muddy trenches their situation was most disagreeable.* Coffee could not be made on the line, nor brought from the rear, except at night. Hard tack and raw salt meat was the only diet. Major Hicks, who had been worn out in the campaign, and sent to the field hospital to recuperate a day or two before, came up early in the day, and took command of the Regiment. The musketry was spirited all day, and casualties numerous on either side. About ten o'clock two batteries opened upon the Regiment with fearful energy, and for an hour it seemed as if the position must be vacated. The distance was so short, and the range so close, that destruction to the entire command seemed inevitable. Shells screeched and screamed and exploded in the treetops, and upon the ground. Girdled trees were struck, and their dried branches broken off by the shock and hurled backward toward the line. At times it seemed as if retreat must inevitably result. After a time the men concluded to change their tactics, and opened fire upon the batteries with musketry from the main line. The effect was soon manifest, for one after another the cannon ceased firing, the showers of Minie balls driving the artillerists from their positions. Toward noon the First Brigade charged the hill at the right of the NINETY-SIXTH, which they had taken and lost the night before. The Union batteries played upon this hill for a half hour before the advance. The Rebels had a line of works, but so gallant was the assault that it proved irresistible. The charge was in plain view, and so near at hand that the members of the Regiment were able to give material assistance by firing obliquely toward the Rebels, both before they left their works and after they began their retreat. This movement partially stopped the enfilading fire, which had been so severe, especially upon the skirmishers of the NINETY-SIXTH, during the early part of the day. The casualties, which were mainly sustained by the skirmishers,

* Gen. Sherman telegraphed Washington on the 21st: "This is the nineteenth day of rain, and the prospect of clear weather is as far off as ever. The roads are impassable, and fields and woods become quagmires after a few wagons have crossed, yet we are at work all of the time."

were as follows: First Sergeant F. A. Weir, face; Sergeant C. H. Berg, right arm; F. J. Robinson, left leg, by three bullets; Theodore Hopp, left hand,—all of the foregoing in Company A,—Sergeant Samuel B. Payne, Company C, shot through, and died a month later; Henry Sneesby, Company C, face; Charles Spaulding, Company D, thigh; Dominick Burke, Company D, face; Wm. R. Buchanan, Company F, mortally; Sergeant George Dawson, Company I, head; Peter Damphouse, Company I, arm; Wm. W. Hughes, Company K, hip.

Wednesday, June 22, the positions were unchanged. The Rebels again gave the Regiment a terrific shelling, but could not drive it out. The main works and the skirmish line had both been strengthened, and as the men kept out of sight, firing under their head logs, and exposing themselves but little, the casualties were less numerous. Orlando Phippin, of Company E, was wounded in the head; Corporal James Junken, of Company E, was wounded in the neck, and died next day; William Joyce, of Company G, was wounded in the head. After dark the Regiment, with the rest of the Brigade, was relieved and moved to the rear and right, marching nearly the entire night, and relieving portions of the Twentieth Corps, on Culp's Farm, early on the morning of Thursday, June 23. A heavy engagement had taken place on this ground the previous day. The enemy's fire was severe throughout the day, but at longer range than that to which the Regiment had been so recently exposed. Toward night, after a terrific artillery fire of an hour's duration, a charge was made by the Brigade, and the Rebel skirmishers were driven in, about one hundred of them being captured, many of them by the NINETY-SIXTH. The 84th Indiana captured an eminence somewhat in advance of the rest of the Brigade, but soon exhausted its ammunition, and was withdrawn. The advance on the part of the NINETY-SIXTH was most gallantly made. Frank Redford⁷², of Company E; Robert Burbridge, of Company H; and Ross P. Rayne, of Company K, were mortally wounded, all dying within a few hours. James Donehue, of Company G, on duty at Brigade Headquarters,

as an Orderly, was wounded in the leg. The main lines were now about one-third of a mile apart.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday the Regiment did not move. Heavy firing occurred at intervals, but only the skirmishers were engaged upon that part of the line. The men shielded themselves as best they could, and, as the weather had improved, and the ground become partially dry, they were far more comfortable than on the line occupied earlier in the week. Occasionally during the early part of the night the skirmishers of the two armies talked back and forth across the brief space separating them, or met midway between the lines. One evening, after the Rebels had assaulted at a point where some Union regiments which they supposed were made up largely of recruits, were located, and had been driven back with severe loss, a big Confederate called out: "Oh, Yank! what troops were those that repulsed us?" "Do you really want to know?" was answered back. "Yes, of course." came in reply. "Well, it was a brigade of niggers," called out the Yankee. The Rebels were angry, and fired a volley to show their indignation, following the volley with a torrent of oaths. Quiet was soon restored, when a Yankee called out: "Oh, Johnny! I forgot to say that the niggers were supported by hundred-day men." In came more bullets and profanity, and then another period of quiet, which was broken by another call from the Yankee: "Honest, boys, it was the Invalid Corps that you charged." There was no more talking that night, but lots of ammunition was wasted. In these occasional conversations a favorite question was to ask the Rebels how far it was to Atlanta, and the replies were as varied as can well be imagined. The General Officers in either army frowned upon these interviews, but could not wholly prevent them, as the soldiers in the ranks felt that it was their war rather than a contest between high officials. The fatigue of laying in the skirmish pits for twelve or twenty-four hours was terrible, and either side was usually willing to declare a truce for a few hours during the night, especially if the lines had been confronting each other for a succession of days, with no prospect of an immediate movement. Usually

COMPANY B.



First Lieut. ROLLIN H. TRUMBULL.
GEORGE A. BANGS.

Capt. GEORGE H. BURNETT.
Capt. EVANGELIST J. GILMORE.
HENRY R. MONTGOMERY.

MYRON GILMORE.
Serg't WILLIAM D. WHITMORE.

1875

one side or the other would call out: "Oh, say! Stop firing a little while!" If the proposition was favorably received the musketry would soon cease for quite a distance along the line, and the men would crawl out from their pits and sit upon the grass or on the head logs of their little fortifications. At times there would be little or no talking. When the officer or non-commissioned officer in charge thought the truce had lasted a sufficient time he would so indicate to his men, and some one would call out: "Oh, Johnny! hunt your holes, now; we're going to shoot!" and in two minutes the desultory firing would be renewed. These affairs were honorably conducted, and seldom was a shot fired until warning had been given. In trading between the lines the men went unarmed. The Rebels were always anxious to get coffee, but it is to be feared that they sometimes found the quality poor, as the Yankees not unfrequently boiled their coffee whole, extracting what strength they could without grinding, and then drying it for trading purposes. Tobacco was much sought after by the Yankees. In exchanging newspapers it was the custom to part with those of the most remote date possible.

The men almost insisted that these amnesties were a necessity, so severe had become the physical strain, and as the officers of lower rank were as much in need of the respite as were their men these truces were repeated nightly until the twenty-seventh.

Gen. Sherman at last tired of his tactics, and resolved to make a change of plans. Keeping up a show of moving to the right, he concentrated a portion of the army near the centre, and prepared to assault the enemy's fortifications. Preliminary to the charge, on the morning of Monday, June 27, the NINETY-SIXTH, with the other troops of the Brigade, moved three-quarters of a mile to the left and formed in column just in rear of the Union works, with orders to support the Second Division. The experience was a trying one. Almost before the reserves were in position, the bugle sounded for the charging columns to advance. The response was prompt and gallant, two Brigades of Gen. Newton's Division rushing forward from the immediate front of the NINETY-

SIXTH, and attempting to push through the tangled abatis which covered the Rebel front; but in vain, for the barriers were so formidable that they could not be passed. The Rebels, standing behind their strong earth-works, and peering underneath their head logs, gloated over their victims, mowing them down by hundreds as they came up to the line where the tangled bushes were so interwoven as to absolutely fence out the storming party. Again and again the veteran troops attempted to go forward, and for nearly two hours the musketry and artillery gave forth a continuous roar. Farther to the right Gen. Davis' Division made a similar attempt, starting from the works where the NINETY-SIXTH had lain for three days, but they, too, were driven back. At length Gen. Sherman became satisfied that success could not result, and ordered the troops to return. Many could not leave their advanced position, but lay there until nightfall, while some who attempted to run back were shot before reaching the works. The losses were frightful, and the gains of little moment. It was calculated that fully 2,500 were killed and wounded, among the former being Gen. Charles Harker and Col. Daniel McCook, the officers in command of the Brigades which led one of the assaults.

The part taken by the Regiment in the day's fight was not conspicuous. It lay in reserve all through the charge, moving to front or rear, or to right or left, under a pitiless fire, as ordered, prepared to rush forward at the signal to be given when the advance had broken the Rebel lines—a signal that was not to be made. Men fell all about; artillery horses, standing near at hand, were wounded, and, mad with pain, dashed toward the lines; but strangely enough not a man of the Regiment was disabled. During the afternoon the Regiment was moved a short distance to the rear, and allowed to rest where there was but little danger, an experience so rare at that time as to be most welcome.

Tuesday, June 28, the Regiment remained in the woods until dusk, when it moved to the scene of the terrible fighting of the day before. For some reason difficult of comprehension, the troops were ordered to retain a position across the

depression between the two lines of works, so close to the enemy as to be exceedingly dangerous. To this exposed line the Regiment marched, under cover of the darkness. The orders were given in a whisper, and every man was charged to maintain silence. The night was comparatively quiet, but there was no talking or trafficking between the lines. Many of the dead still lay along the hillside, but the wounded had been gathered in by daring men during the previous night. Skirmish pits were constructed, a greater part of the Regiment working all night.

Wednesday, June 29, the early hours were full of the noise of musketry, but ere long there came a hush, for near at hand a white flag fluttered in the breeze. It soon became known that Gen. Sherman had asked a truce, and that permission be granted him to bear off and bury the dead from Monday's fight. The flag was received, and four hours' time granted for this humane work. It becoming apparent that the task could not be completed within the period named, an extension was granted and the truce continued until five o'clock. During this time the men of either army flocked between the lines by hundreds, but neither side ventured, or was allowed, to pass a designated point. The enlisted men talked freely with each other, exchanged newspapers and other commodities, and at parting shook hands, wishing personal good luck, but pronouncing anathemas against the cause to which they were respectively opposed. Many distinguished officers from either side met on the neutral ground, several of them renewing acquaintances formed at West Point.

At five o'clock the details whose duty it had been to gather and bear away the bodies of those who fell in the disastrous charge announced that their task was completed, the men in grey retired beyond their heavy fortifications, the men in blue withdrew to their works, each side called to the other the ominous words, "Are you ready?" and the duel of the morning was resumed. At dark the NINETY-SIXTH was relieved, and marched back to the timber in rear of the main line, and bivouacked. During the night a terrific musketry broke out almost immediately in front, and bullets flew around the camp,

but without injury to any one in the command. All sprang to arms, but in a few moments the firing lessened and all was usually quiet.

Thursday and Friday passed without any especial event on that part of the line. Gen. Sherman continued to shift his forces from left to right, and was preparing to cut loose from the railroad and swing to the rear of the Rebels, closing down to the Chattahoochie, and striking them on the move if possible. But his movements were divined by the wary Johnston, and the expected opportunity for an open field fight was never given.

During the evening of Friday, July 1, the NINETY-SIXTH again took the extreme front line, relieving the 45th Ohio, and occupying the position held during the previous Wednesday. The night was uneventful, but next day, to cover his movement to the right, Gen. Sherman directed that an incessant skirmish fire be kept up, and all through the hours the roar of musketry resounded in front and to right and left of the position. The enemy was compelled to keep out of sight, and but few shots were returned. At dark the Regiment was marched to the left, relieving other troops in their trenches. Many had lame arms and shoulders from firing their muskets so constantly, and all felt that important events were at hand. Gen. Whittaker, who had been relieved from the command of the Brigade, was succeeded by Col. Taylor, of the 40th Ohio. The two men were strikingly different in their characteristics. The General was fiery, impulsive, passionate, fond of display, scrupulously neat in his attire, and accustomed to maintain a headquarters superior in its furnishings to most of the Division and Corps commanders. Col. Taylor was quiet in language and demeanor, simple in his habits, familiar with his men, careless of dress and satisfied with a shelter tent if no better could be conveniently provided. He was not disposed to trust the details of his camp or picket lines to subordinates, but attended to everything possible in person. Often he would walk along the lines, dressed in a soldier's uniform and leading his old gray mare, while his staff officers and orderlies, mounted in superb style, would

follow behind, their faces betraying their feelings, which were clearly that they were a useless appendage. But the Colonel's bravery and coolness were well known, and the men had entire confidence in his judgment. He issued few orders, and usually saw, in person, that they were obeyed. The Brigade was well handled by him, but it is understood that he never enjoyed his promotion or learned how to make his staff officers as useful as the average brigade commander. Certain it is that he has never ceased to have the best wishes of the men of the old "Iron Brigade."

Sunday, July 3, found Kenesaw Mountain and the long line of Rebel entrenchments abandoned. There was great rejoicing, for the three weeks, from Ackworth to this point, had been full of hard and dangerous work. The Regiment numbered less than two hundred effective men, although a few others were present as pioneers, musicians, etc. But little clothing had been issued, and nearly all were ragged. The men had grown thin and haggard, and very many then on duty were in reality fit subjects for the hospital. But it was necessary that all who could should keep in place, for the casualties in Gen. Sherman's command during the two months preceding had aggregated, by the conservative figures of army reports, 7,530, while at least an equal number had been sent to hospitals because of sickness. The NINETY-SIXTH had shrunk almost one-half, indicating that its casualties exceeded that of the average regiment, and confirming the belief that the figures given for the army were entirely too low.

Pursuit of the Rebel army began at once, even though the day was the Sabbath, the heat excessive, and the army in great need of rest. The Regiment, with other troops, pushed out across the heavy breastworks, marching through the outskirts of the pretty village of Marietta, and following the railroad. The day's march was about six miles, and the camp for the night in a corn field.

Monday, July 4, the pursuit continued, the army hammering away at the heels of the retreating foe, and pressing them to a line of works at Smyrna Camp Ground. The Brigade to which the NINETY-SIXTH was attached led in a charge upon

these works, and drove the enemy in considerable confusion, capturing a few prisoners. The losses in the Division aggregated fully one hundred. The day had been a genuine Fourth of July in its noise, but the firing was of shotted cannon, and in place of the harmless cracker, had been the hurtling Minie ball. At night the Regiment took a front line, under fire, the men working like beavers until morning, in constructing fortifications, only to find that the enemy had again retreated to another line of works. Gen. Sherman, in his Memoirs, confesses that he was greatly surprised to find the Rebels again entrenched north of the Chattahoochie, and says of their line, it "proved to be one of the strongest pieces of field fortification I ever saw." A thousand slaves had been at work a month or more on these lines, the inner one of which was about five or six miles in length.

Tuesday, July 5, the Regiment again pushed forward, reaching the Chattahoochie river, where a pontoon bridge, some wagons and a few prisoners were captured. The position occupied was out of the reach of musketry, and the men enjoyed the opportunity of washing their clothing and putting up tents, which was possible on Wednesday.

The remainder of the week was spent in camp. At intervals the batteries played upon the Rebel lines, with great vigor, their fire being responded to with corresponding earnestness. Friday evening a terrific artillery duel was indulged in. During Saturday night the last of the enemy crossed to the south side of the river. Many of the men visited the signal hill at Vining's Station, and took their first look at Atlanta, nine miles distant. It seemed quite near, but two long months were to elapse before the Union Flag should float from its spires.

The operations about Kenesaw Mountain had been attended by the following

CASUALTIES.

Field and Staff.

WOUNDED.—Colonel Thos. E. Champion, face; Lieutenant Colonel John C. Smith, shoulder; both being practically disabled for further field service.

Company A.

WOUNDED.—First Sergeant F. A. Weir, face ; Sergeant C. H. Berg, right arm ; Francis J. Robinson, left leg ; Theodore Hopp, left hand.

Company B.

KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.—Captain E. J. Gillmore ; Sergeant William D. Whitmore.

WOUNDED.—Erastus T. Cleveland, left hand ; Orskine L. Ferrand, left hand ; David Wells, left hand.

Company C.

MORTALLY WOUNDED.—Sergeant Samuel B. Payne.

WOUNDED.—Corporal Henry P. Barnum, face, disabled for further service ; Henry Sneesby, face.

CAPTURED.—William H. Ehlers.

Company D.

KILLED.—Louis Brochon, Philip R. Clawson.

WOUNDED.—Corporal Alex. R. Thain, leg ; Abner L. Chandler, abdomen ; P. P. Melindy, leg ; James McCann, leg ; Dominick Burke, face ; Charles Spaulding, right thigh.

CAPTURED.—Sergeant Michael Devlin, Albert Barney.

Company E.

MORTALLY WOUNDED.—Corporal James Junken, Frank Redford.

WOUNDED.—Corporal John H. Pooley, left leg ; Orlando Phippin, head ; Wm. G. Oberlin, face and eye.

Company F.

MORTALLY WOUNDED.—Wm. R. Buchanan.

WOUNDED.—Edward Hancock, ankle.

Company G.

KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.—Captain David L. James, Christopher Booetcher, James L. Knox, Dennis Shupe, Reuben Smith.

WOUNDED.—Corporal Walter Drew, left arm, amputated ; Christian Knopf, right foot, disabled for further service ; William Joyce, head ; James Donohue, leg.

Company H.

KILLED.—Robert Burbridge.

WOUNDED.—Corporal M. J. Penwell, left hand.

Company I.

WOUNDED.—Sergeant John B. Reynolds, neck ; Sergeant George Dawson, head ; Corporal Harrison Gage, back ; William Bell, left hand ; Peter Damphouse, right arm.

Company K,

MORTALLY WOUNDED.—Ross P. Rayne.

WOUNDED.—Corporal W. W. Hoover, left shoulder ; James Hicks, right hand ; W. W. Hughes, right hip ; Wm. J. Edwards, left leg ; Harmon Dean, head ; George C. Morse, head.

INCIDENTS ABOUT KENESAW MOUNTAIN.

The casualties in the 46th Georgia, one of the regiments that charged the position held by the NINETY-SIXTH and other troops in Whittaker's Brigade during the fight of June 20, must have been very numerous, as many bodies were left between the lines. Indeed, nearly a month afterward, Corporal Henry Gage, of Company G, visited that region to call upon friends in the 15th and 45th Illinois, and wrote home that from thirty to fifty bodies were still unburied. The stench from that part of the battle-field was terrible during the two weeks in which the armies confronted each other, but the lines were too close to permit of any work being done by burial parties except under a flag of truce, which was never sent out at that point.

Several men used the bayonet during the night fight of June 20,—more, probably, than at any other engagement in which the Regiment participated.

Old letters report but nine or ten men able to carry muskets in some of the Companies of the NINETY-SIXTH, about the time the line was abandoned by the enemy. Indeed, the entire Regiment, counting only effective men, was then but little larger than a full Company at muster-in. Every man was a soldier, however, and the command was equal to any emergency likely to arise.

Dighton Granger, of Company B, who had recently been detailed as teamster, drove a wagon load of artillery ammunition up to a battery on the front line during an artillery duel and held his team in place for some time when the officers considered it too dangerous to permit their men to unload the wagon, but fortunately the outfit escaped damage.

George Barth had a bullet through his coat, Fred Worth one through his blanket, Joseph Roth one through his pants and poncho, Edward Rix had his clothing cut, Frank Rahling had his hat shot through, Corporal W. H. Richards had one bullet strike his knapsack and another spoil the lock of his gun, George Bowman had a ball through his cartridge box and

Milton Glover one through his haversack. Samuel Buser, on duty at Brigade headquarters, stepped out of his tent just in time to avoid a cannon ball which destroyed the frail edifice.

Charles Spaulding and Dominick Burke, of Company D, were each wounded while asleep. Worn out with several nights and days of hard work, with little opportunity for rest, they crawled out of the trenches and tried to make themselves a little more comfortable upon the bank, and were sleeping soundly, although there was continuous firing all about them, when an over-shot bullet wounded both of them.

The field hospital was not so far away from the line, but that it was under fire, shot or shell passing over it frequently, and occasionally dropping among the tents, in a few instances with fatal results. Most of the wounded were placed upon the cars and taken to Chattanooga, or points farther north. As fast as they recovered they were again sent to the front, many being detailed to drive cattle from Chattanooga, and in some instances having stirring adventures with Rebel cavalry.

On the night of June 20 a Rebel officer was shot just over the breastworks in front of Company B. William Joyce immediately jumped over the works and, taking off the officer's sword and belt returned safely with the trophies, although repeatedly fired at by the Rebels.

Lieutenant Blowney was sick in the field hospital for a few days, but when Captain James was brought back wounded, immediately made his way to the front line and took command of his Company, although so weak as to hardly be able to walk.

John Greenwald, who had been discharged for disability from Company A, and reënlisted in Company F, 12th Illinois, was wounded no less than seven times in one of the engagements about Kenesaw.

While carrying a box of ammunition to the front line John Golden, one of the band, was severely injured by a fall.

Thomas J. Moore, of Company E, had his cap box exploded by a bullet.

A not unusual occurrence was for a man to lose his voice, as a result of sickness. One of those thus afflicted was

William R. Buchanan, of Company F, who had not spoken aloud for many months until struck by a bullet while on the skirmish line, June 21, when, the cords being loosened by the shock, he turned to Sergeant Campbell and spoke in a loud tone, saying, "Andy, I'm shot." He lived but a few hours, but was able to converse until the last.

An old letter, written on this line, says: "I hardly know whether to say that the boys now with the Regiment are well or not. There are not a great many sick, but there seems to be some disease with which almost everyone is afflicted. Some call it "hives," others scurvy. It is doubtless caused by heat, body lice, going day after day and night after night without an opportunity to change or even take off clothing, dirt and want of vegetable diet."

During the fight of June 20, Colonel Smith was watching the Rebels from a small aperture in the hastily built works, but being unable to see as clearly as he desired stepped upon the works. As he did so an officer in the 51st Ohio took the place the Colonel had vacated, but had no sooner placed his eye to the opening than a bullet struck him in the head, killing him instantly.

CHAPTER XX.

Across the Chattahoochie—The Rest on the Ridge—Peach Tree Creek—The General Forward Movement—Within Two Miles of Atlanta—The Battle on the Left—A Visit Interrupted—Killed in Camp—Four Men Captured—Colonel Opdyke's Reconnoissance—Regimental Politics—Strong Breastworks and How They were Built—Promotions Among the Officers—Frequent Demonstrations, One of Them Attended by Heavy Losses—An Ominous Quiet—Mysterious Movements on Foot—What will Gen. Sherman do?—Casualties about Atlanta.

GEN. SHERMAN'S great ability as a strategist was well displayed along the line of the Chattahoochie. Feigning to the right he deceived the enemy, and soon had control of several fords and ferries at the left, with his army in good positions for crossing. Some infantry forces, with Garrard's Division of Cavalry, pushed northeastward to Roswell, where were numerous and extensive cotton, wool and paper mills, turning out goods for the Southern armies. These were destroyed. As early as July 8, a portion of the Twenty-Third Corps effected a crossing, by means of pontoon boats, near the mouth of Soap Creek, and having laid their bridge were soon strongly intrenched. Gen. Johnston withdrew his army from the north bank of the river on the night of July 9. Gen. Sherman, still feigning to the right as if intending to move to the rear of Atlanta from the westward, ordered Gen. McPherson's and Gen. Schofield's forces far to the left, and then wheeled them toward Atlanta from the neighborhood of Decatur.

Sunday, July 10, the NINETY-SIXTH, with other troops, was enjoying the unusual quiet and idling away the time in any manner that suited the individual taste. The day was an excessively hot one. At noon a detail of men was sent to draw rations and bring them to the camp. This work was about completed and the Commissary Sergeant was dividing the rations of hard-tack, coffee and sugar, according to the size of the Companies, when suddenly the "general" call was

sounded by the Brigade bugler. A moment later the assembly sounded and then the forward. The men who were awaiting the division of the rations gathered up the four corners of the blankets upon which the supplies had been laid and ran with all speed to their comrades, who were buckling on their accoutrements. Soldiers ran to meet them, each eager to at least secure some crackers, which they crammed into their haversacks. To say the least the division was neither uniform nor formal, but nearly all obtained something. Instantly the straggling column began to move at a rapid walk. The Companies were scarcely half formed and the tardy ones came up at double quick. The direction was up the river, the destination being Power's Ferry, where the enemy was making a demonstration as if intending to attack the troops already arrived. The march was one of the most severe ever participated in by the command, and the Brigade was but a small battalion in size when a final halt was made. At one time but about thirty men were with the colors of the NINETY-SIXTH, and an old letter states that but a single commissioned officer was present. A half dozen or more sustained partial sunstrokes, among the number being Adjutant Blodgett, who was so disabled as to be compelled to go to the hospital and remain for several weeks. He had but partially recovered from an illness of a fortnight's duration and was not in condition to endure the terrific heat of that tropical Sunday afternoon. A little before the destination was reached, it being ascertained that the danger which threatened the troops at the Ferry had passed, a halt was made and the more resolute and robust of those who had fallen out came up so that about seventy muskets were stacked at camp. Others continued to come up, and by night nearly all were present. Several fatal sunstrokes were said to have occurred in the Brigade. Shortly after the destination was reached, and before any considerable number of the exhausted men had put up their shelter tents, a sudden and terrific thunder storm broke upon the camp. The lightning played most vividly and several trees were struck in the immediate vicinity, a number of men being killed in another regiment. The storm, which was not of long duration,

cleared the air to some extent, but the troops were badly used up and glad of the opportunity of a quiet night's rest.

Monday, July 11, was given to rest. Tuesday morning the Regiment took up its line of march at daylight, crossing the Chattahoochie on a pontoon bridge and taking its place in line on the right of the Twenty-third Corps, along a ridge near the river, and establishing a good camp. The remainder of the week was spent at this place, the men greatly enjoying the rest afforded. The river presented an animated appearance at times, from the great number who went in bathing. Some desks and blanks were brought to camp, and officers and non-commissioned officers were kept busy in making out reports, so long neglected during the campaign. Thursday night brought a terrific storm, with high wind and sharp lightning. All were wet, the shelter tents not blown down affording but little protection.

At this time a special effort was made to fill up the thinned ranks of the army before its concerted move toward Atlanta. Convalescents, teamsters, clerks, detached men, all who could be spared from other duties, were sent forward; and in this way every Regiment received a very substantial reinforcement, the NINETY-SIXTH being increased to nearly three hundred effective men.

Sunday, July 17, brought Company inspection, and at two o'clock P. M. orders to fall in and change position, the new line being the one vacated by Gen. Wood's Division. There was considerable firing at the front and on either flank, indicating that the brief respite was at an end and the grand forward movement toward Atlanta begun.

Monday, July 18, brought the old-time three o'clock réveille, and at six o'clock the Regiment was moving toward the city, the cannon knocking for admission at its gateways. There was some skirmishing by the advance and but slow progress was made. After moving to the left and front about five or six miles the lines halted, the Regiment being near Buck Head.

Tuesday, July 19, the Third Division took the front line, and the NINETY-SIXTH lay in camp until four o'clock P. M.,

when it moved to the left and front, crossing the north fork of Peach Tree Creek, taking position under fire and constructing a heavy line of works. John Hay, of Company K, was severely wounded, having his right thigh fractured. He was taken to Chattanooga, where he died a fortnight later.

Wednesday, July 20, occurred the battle of Peach Tree Creek. There was now a new commander of the Confederate forces about Atlanta. Gen. Johnston was succeeded by Gen. Hood, the recommendation of the latter being that he was a great fighter. The Confederate cause was indeed growing desperate, and a change of tactics was demanded. That change was inaugurated on the day above mentioned. It was known in the Union lines almost as soon as among the Confederates that there had been a change of commanders, and all were warned that an attack might be expected. Gen. Sherman had separated his forces somewhat. Gen. McPherson was on the left, Gen. Schofield next, and Gen. Thomas on the right, with a gap between the forces of the last named commanders. These forces were all feeling their way cautiously toward the front, while the First Division of the Fourth Corps was also bearing to the left in order to connect with and support the Twenty-third Corps. Some delay occurred at the crossing of the south fork of Peach Tree Creek, as it became necessary to build a bridge to take the place of one destroyed by the enemy. Skirmishing was heavy all along the front, and at the right a heavy battle raged during the later hours of the afternoon. At one time the Regiment was halted near some farm buildings on a sloping highway commanded by Rebel artillery. Cannon balls struck the ground in front and ricocheted across the lines. One shot struck a fence on which some men were sitting, carrying away the rails and dropping the soldiers, somewhat frightened but entirely unharmed. Another tore its way corner-wise through a building around which a few were standing. It was not always a pleasure at such times to hear the bugle sound the "forward," but on this occasion all were rejoiced to be speedily sent at double quick across the hollow and upon the front line, even though the skirmishing was brisk and continuous, and bullets came pat-

tering through the ranks. Filing to the left, line-of-battle was formed under the brow of the hill, and soon the Regiment moved forward to the ridge. A line of works was constructed and a charge was looked for, but the main Rebel column did not extend so far to the Union left as to lap the command, although their skirmish line pushed close up to the Regiment. During the engagement Thomas Kimmons, of Company F, was wounded in the leg; Peter Davidson, of Company H, in the right wrist; and George Deedrich, of Company D, in the leg. At night the Regiment had the skirmish line and kept up a continuous firing. The battle was a victory for the Union forces, the assaults of the Rebels being repulsed with heavy loss. The fighting was mainly on the part of the Fourth and Twentieth Corps. The NINETY-SIXTH fired about ten thousand rounds of ammunition during the twentieth and the night succeeding.

Thursday, July 21, the Regiment was relieved on the skirmish line by the 84th Indiana, and occupied a position behind the breastworks. The general movement was a right wheel of the army, and as the advance was slow little change of position was made on the right. The Regiment was under fire from both infantry and artillery, but sustained no losses.

Friday, July 22, found the works in front of the right evacuated, and most of Gen. Thomas' command was able to advance to within a mile and a half of the city. This movement was made at daylight, the troops marching in column until the skirmishers found the enemy, when the columns deployed and pressed forward to the neighborhood of the White House. At the final halt the NINETY-SIXTH was the extreme left Regiment of the Corps. Adjoining was a Brigade of the Twenty-third Corps, in which was the 65th Illinois, containing a company from Lake County. Captain James S. Putnam, of Company F, of that command, being on staff duty, arranged to have the 65th transferred to the right of his Brigade, and the Lake County men of the two regiments were enjoying themselves in a general visit, when with little warning a portion of the Twenty-third Corps was hurried off to the left. As the 65th was included in the order the visit terminated

very suddenly. It transpired that Gen. Hood had sent a portion of his army far out to his right and over-lapped the Union left, making repeated assaults, and for a time disconcerting the Army of the Tennessee, whose commander, Gen. McPherson, had fallen early in the battle. The NINETY-SIXTH had no active part in this heavy engagement, but lay in line anxiously awaiting the outcome of the terrible struggle, the sounds of which indicated that the fighting was approaching so near as to make it probable that all of the troops would soon be involved. The skirmishers, under Captain Rowan, advanced nearly to the city, and sent word that there was so light a line in front that the main works at the north of Atlanta could be readily taken. However, those higher in authority, being apprehensive of disaster at the left, refused to make a forward movement, and the opportunity to take Atlanta passed with the coming of night. During the day a heavy line of earthworks was constructed about one and one-half miles out from the city. During Saturday, Sunday and Monday the Regiment did not change position, but Monday night the Army of the Tennessee was moved by Gen. Sherman from left to right in the endeavor to reach Atlanta from the southwest. There was heavy artillery firing on either side, the Union batteries being able to throw shot and shell into the city.

Tuesday, July 26, the Regiment moved a short distance to the left and rear, and occupied some abandoned Rebel works. There was considerable shifting of position and but little opportunity for sleep. Wednesday the troops closed to the right, thinning the line somewhat and protecting the front by constructing a heavy abatis. This line was occupied for several days. Thursday, orders were read announcing that Gen. O. O. Howard had been relieved from the command of the Fourth Corps and assigned to the command of the Army of the Tennessee; that Gen. D. S. Stanley had succeeded Gen. Howard; and that Colonel Gross had succeeded Gen. Stanley in the command of the Division. Gen. Howard had steadily grown in the affections of the men, and there was general regret at his loss, although all in the First Division knew that in Gen. Stanley they had an able and worthy Corps com-

COMPANY G.



First Lieut. JAMES O. HAVENS.
EDWIN DRURY

Corp'l HENRY H. GAGE.
First Serg't AARON SCOTT.
Corp'l DELOSS ROSE.

Capt. JAMES H. CLARK.
NAHUM LAMB.

UNION
OF THE
NATIONS

mander. A heavy fight took place on the right but did not seriously involve the Fourth Corps, although there was continuous skirmishing and heavy artillery firing, not on that day alone but every day. The engagement was the third one precipitated by Gen. Hood, and proved of decided advantage to the Union cause. The enemy occasionally sent sixty-four pound shells from their large siege guns, but none did serious damage.

Sunday, July 31, hostilities were almost entirely suspended for several hours, as if by mutual consent, but about noon the huge shells came from the Rebel lines at frequent intervals. One of these monsters exploded in camp but did no damage. The Union batteries responded, and in the evening the sky above the city was illumined by the bright blaze from buildings set on fire by exploding shells.

Monday, August 1, the Brigade extended its lines to cover the ground previously occupied by the First Brigade, and at night moved again, this time to the position of the Twenty-Third Corps, the Army of the Ohio being sent to the extreme right. The Regiment was on the move until about ten o'clock. Captain A. Z. Blodgett, of Company D, who had been able to do but little duty for some months, owing to injuries received at Chickamauga, resigned. First Lieutenant Hastings succeeded him as Captain, and Second Lieutenant Clarkson was promoted to First Lieutenant.

Tuesday, August 2, tents were put up, and the men prepared to make their stay comfortable. The enemy was at such a distance that all in the main line felt comparatively safe, although the skirmishers kept up a desultory fire. Occasionally bullets reached the camp, and one of them with fatal effect,—First Sergeant Aaron Scott, of Company G, being struck in the body and mortally wounded. He had assisted in building a bunk, and when struck was lying upon it engaged in reading his bible. He suffered greatly for a few moments. An officer standing near offered him some stimulants, which he declined, remarking that he at all events wished to die sober. The end soon came, and he died as he had lived, an exemplary Christian soldier, expressing, with his latest breath, his

gratitude at having been able to do something for his country. A hush fell upon the camp, and strong men were moved to tears when they saw the manly courage of their gallant comrade as he gave his last messages to those about him.

The same day four members of the Regiment, who had gone to the rear with a forage train, were captured by Rebel cavalry. They were: Henry M. Williams, of Company D; Hugh Williams, of Company I; and William W. Jellison and Wallace W. Montgomery, of Company E. Hugh Williams died at Florence, S. C.

Wednesday, August 3, the skirmishers of the Regiment made a vigorous demonstration against the Rebel lines, in which Myron Gillmore, of Company B, was severely wounded in the left leg. He had but recently returned to the Regiment after a trip to his home in Lake County, where he had accompanied the remains of his brother, Captain E. J. Gillmore, who had died from wounds received at Kenesaw Mountain. Myron was disabled for farther service, and was discharged the following January. During the day the camp was subjected to a severe shelling.

Thursday and Friday passed without any change of position. Saturday brought orders for another strong demonstration on the part of the skirmishers, which were obeyed without loss to the Regiment. These demonstrations were repeated on Sunday and Monday, the enemy being found in force each time. Some of the officers' valises coming up there were many official reports made out and forwarded to headquarters.

Friday, August 12, the NINETY-SIXTH, with the 38th and 74th Illinois, made a reconnoissance under Col. Opdyke, going out on the left beyond the Augusta Railroad, and encountering a strong force of the enemy, who undertook to ambush the advance, at the same time moving a column with the design of reaching the Union rear and cutting off the retreat of the three regiments. The Union commander was too wary to be thus entrapped, and, after driving the Rebel skirmishers into their main line, he withdrew his forces. The movement was over the ground where the severe fighting of July 22

occurred. The same day a strong reconnoissance was made on the right of the Union lines. In fact, every day brought movements and demonstrations on some part of the line, Gen. Sherman seeking to find some weak point for an assault, while still clinging to the hope that he would be able to so far envelope the city as to cut the Macon Railroad at the south. Rations were more abundant than on the Dallas line or at Kenesaw Mountain, and the weather was less trying, although showers were frequent. The lines, too, were more widely separated, but the danger was constant, as bullets and shell passed through or over the camp at all hours, and more than once men were wounded while asleep in their bunks, close beside the breastworks. The skirmishers were considerably exposed, but long ere this had learned how to protect themselves, and casualties were not very numerous. About one-third of the command was daily detailed for picket duty, and from three thousand to five thousand rounds of ammunition were used up by the Regiment every twenty-four hours.

About this time there was great interest at the North over the approaching Presidential election. The soldiers shared in the anxiety as to the political situation, and in many commands there was a formal canvass to know their preferences. In the NINETY-SIXTH the Sergeant Major and Sergeant Cooper, of Company E, made a canvass, with the following result : Gen. Fremont, 1 ; Gen. Butler, 1 ; Gen. McClellan, 2 ; Abraham Lincoln, 288 ; not voting, 20.

"Practice makes perfect," and the Regiment had by this time acquired great proficiency in building breastworks. Those built on the Atlanta line were greatly superior to the earth-works constructed in the early part of the campaign.*

* A letter written from the Atlanta line, says : "Let me tell you how our works are built : We fell trees and put the logs up two or three high, digging a ditch inside, and throwing the dirt outside against the logs. A ditch is also dug on the outside. We have to throw about ten or twelve feet of earth against the logs to make the works so that they will be proof against heavy artillery. Then we put what is called a head log on top of the works, raising it up three or four inches, so that the men can fire without exposing their heads a great deal. The headlog rests on skids, so that if struck by a shot or shell it will roll off without falling upon the men in the works. When building the works we sharpen long stakes and place them six inches apart, throwing the earth around them. A few feet in front of the works is another row of sharp sticks, four or five feet long, and three or four inches apart, set at an angle of ninety degrees. These are held in place

Monday, August 15, Corporal Peter Mowers, of Company G, was slightly wounded while on the skirmish line.

Tuesday, August 16, the 84th Indiana, which had been with the NINETY-SIXTH for about a year and a half, was transferred to the Third Brigade. Gen. Nathan Kimball was assigned to the command of the Division, relieving Colonel Gross.

First Lieutenant Wm. M. Loughlin, of Company C, who had been on detached duty for sixteen months, was transferred to the First U. S. V. V. Engineer Regiment, and Second Lieutenant Charles W. Earle was promoted to fill the vacancy. Prior to this date First Lieutenant George H. Burnett was promoted to the Captaincy of Company B, vice Gillmore, killed, and a commission as First Lieutenant awaited the return of First Sergeant Ambrose A. Bangs, then a prisoner of war. First Lieutenant B. G. Blowney, of Company G, was promoted to Captain, vice James, died of wounds, and Second Lieutenant James O. Havens was commissioned First Lieutenant.

Wednesday, August 17, at a little past midnight the Regiment moved a short distance to the right, where it built good shades over the tents. At night a detail of ten men was sent out from each regiment to build fires in rear and on the left, and in the morning some regiments and a battery marched several times around a hill in rear of camp. All of this work was with the intention of deceiving the Rebels into the belief that the Union Army was massing on the left, but seems to have been in vain, as no important advantages resulted.

Thursday, August 18, the sick were sent to the rear and the troops ordered to be in constant readiness to march. No move was made, however, but heavy firing took place on various parts of the line on that and the following day.

by logs, dirt being thrown in the spaces. Outside of these is a tier of heavy limbs, or tree tops, sharpened and turned outward, which are piled thick and staked down. If there be timber in front—and there is generally timber everywhere at the South—we fell it, also lopping over the underbrush. So you can guess that it is no easy thing to charge and take breastworks. It would take a line-of-battle several minutes to climb over or crawl through an abatis, by which time most of them would be hit. You may think that it takes a good deal of time to build such works, but many hands make light work, and if tools and timber are plenty it does not take many hours to fortify a position."

Saturday, August 20, the Regiment made a strong demonstration in front of the Second Brigade. The command was moved to the skirmish line at four o'clock, leaving camp in a shower, and passing along a ravine that served to conceal it from observation. Six companies were detailed from the left and deployed as skirmishers, the four right Companies,—A, F, D, and I,—being left in reserve. The regular skirmish detail, embracing men from every regiment in the Brigade, was ordered to advance with the six left companies, all under command of Major Hicks. The orders were to conform the movement to that of the troops of the Brigade on the right, advancing with them and charging the Rebel skirmish pits. The line moved out across an opening and to the timber beyond, in which was the line to be charged. At first the Rebels seemed to be off their guard,—probably owing to the rain which was falling when the movement was inaugurated,—and the timber was gained without loss. The troops at the right were noisy in their movement, cheering as they ran and drawing a heavy fire. Midway in their course was a rail fence, where they halted, and beyond which only a few of the more daring ventured. Their officers urged them forward, but in vain, and there they remained until ordered back to the works from which they had started.

Meanwhile the NINETY-SIXTH, in heavy skirmish order, had penetrated much farther than the line on which they were to guide, and were ready to make the final rush upon the enemy whenever the others should come forward. A terrific fire now raged along the line, the men lying behind trees or logs, and giving shot for shot to the enemy behind their strong rifle pits. Major Hicks was in a quandary what to do. The orders received by him had been explicit enough, but events had not occurred as contemplated. To add to the anxiety, a portion of the line had misunderstood his command to “guide right,” and had borne to the left, thus opening a gap near his centre. Word was sent to those on the left to correct the error, and after a time the line was united. At length, it being evident that the troops on the right would not come forward, and the casualties in the Regiment becoming numer-

ous, the Major determined to withdraw his brave men before the enemy could move to his rear and subject him to the added danger of capture. The retreat was a most difficult one, for the men were within a few rods of the enemy's skirmish pits, and no movement could be made without drawing the fire of the skirmishers. There were wounded men to be assisted to the rear, and the muskets of the killed and wounded to be cared for. Orders for the retreat were issued, and the men crawled or ran, as their positions permitted, to the reserve line. By some means, however, a portion of the right of the line, including the color guard, failed to hear the order, and as the underbrush was so thick as to partially conceal the movement, did not see their comrades leave. It was not long, however, before they discovered their peril, and made their way to the rear, just as a volunteer party was being organized to go to their rescue. At dusk the Regiment moved to the main line, and the demonstration was at an end. The results seemed of little moment, although the losses had been severe. The men of the Regiment understood what was expected of them, and would most surely have carried the skirmish pits in their front had the troops on the right moved forward as expected. As it was they made no attempt to charge the works.

In this demonstration William A. Lewis, of Company A, who happened to be on picket duty for the day, and was therefore with the skirmishers, instead of with his Company in reserve, was killed; also Fred Blackman, of Company K. Those wounded were First Sergeant F. A. Weir, of Company A, right arm; Ebenezer Tate, Company A, head; Wm. W. Tower, of Company B, who was wounded in the neck, and died six days later; John McGill, Company C, slightly, in neck; Corporal Frank Peppard, of Company D, hand; Sergeant R. J. Cooper, Company E, shoulder; Corporal Edward Malone, Company G, leg; William Joyce, Company G, arm and leg, disabling him for further service; Corporal Robert D. Tarpley, Company I, arm; Corporal Charles Shaw, Company I, side.

Sunday, August 21, the command moved to the support of

the Third Brigade, which made a feint upon the enemy's lines, and was subjected to some annoying artillery and infantry fire. Returning to their works the Regiment enjoyed comparative quiet for a few days, although a glancing ball on Wednesday seriously wounded John McGill, of Company C, in the shoulder, disabling him for further service. It was now apparent that a change of plans was to be made by Gen. Sherman, but what the movement contemplated could be no one seemed to know. The sick and those not able to make a hard march were sent to the rear, and an air of mystery seemed to envelope all in authority. All efforts to take Atlanta, or to reach and cut the Macon Railroad, had failed, and soldiers and officers wondered if the effort was to be abandoned. The Rebel cavalry had cut the railroad toward Chattanooga, and many feared that the army was to retire to the line of the Chattahoochie, and act on the defensive; others, with implicit confidence in their able and gallant commander, insisted that the movement was to be an aggressive one, and so it proved.

In the operations along the Chattahoochie and about Atlanta the Regiment had sustained the following

CASUALTIES.

Company A.

KILLED.—William A. Lewis.

WOUNDED.—First Sergeant F. A. Weir, arm; Joseph D. Young, left leg; Ebenezer Tate, head.

Company B.

WOUNDED.—Myron Gillmore, left leg; W. W. Tower, mortally.

Company C.

WOUNDED.—John McGill, neck and shoulder.

Company D.

WOUNDED.—Corporal Frank Peppard, hand; George Deedrick, leg.

CAPTURED.—Henry M. Williams.

Company E.

WOUNDED.—Sergeant R. J. Cooper, shoulder.

CAPTURED.—Wm. W. Jellison, Wallace W. Montgomery.

Company F.

WOUNDED.—Thomas Kimmons.

Company G.

KILLED.—First Sergeant Aaron Scott.

WOUNDED.—Corporal Edward Malone, leg ; William Joyce, arm and thigh ; Corporal Peter Mowers.

Company H.

WOUNDED.—Peter Davidson, right wrist.

Company I.

WOUNDED.—Corporal Robert D. Tarpley, arm ; Corporal Charles Shaw, side.

CAPTURED.—Hugh Williams, died while prisoner of war.

Company K.

KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.—John Hay, Fred Blackman.

CHAPTER XXI.

Preparations for a Grand Movement—A Night March—Building Breastworks again—Destroying the Railroad—Fairly in Rear of the "Gate City"—Guarding a Wagon Train—Hurried to the Front—The Battle of Jonesboro—The Fight at Lovejoy's Station—Four Fatalities—Anniversary of the Regiment's Muster-in—"Atlanta is Ours, and Fairly Won"—Withdrawal of the Forces—Burning Cotton—In Camp near the City.

THURSDAY evening, August 25, saw the grand movement to the rear of Atlanta inaugurated. The pickets or skirmishers detailed the previous morning had been instructed to take their tents and blankets with them, and everything indicated an important movement. The men amused themselves by writing letters to the Rebels, which they tacked to trees or tucked in the breastworks. If these letters could be reproduced they would be most interesting reading; but this is impossible. Some were poetical, some defiant. Advice of all kinds was offered, and exaggerations generously indulged in. A dozen outlines of the coming campaign were written, the soldiers drawing upon their imaginations, and no two suggesting the same destination. The Rebels who were so fortunate as to gather up the missives left by the NINETY-SIXTH must have been highly entertained, for this freak of letter writing seemingly took hold upon a majority of the members of every Company.

At dusk the troops moved out upon the left and marched westward until two o'clock in the morning, bivouacking in rear of the Twentieth Corps. A part of the march was extremely disagreeable, being along a road newly cut out through heavy young timber, the stumps of which caused much stumbling and barked many shins. The Twentieth Corps moved directly to the rear and occupied works covering the crossing of the Chattahoochie, remaining until Atlanta was evacuated.

Daylight of Friday, August 26, found the Fourth Corps closely massed on a hill near Utoy Creek. At eight or nine

o'clock the march was resumed. The Brigade was directed to guard the wagon train. The Rebels shelled the hill from Atlanta, but the morning was foggy and the artillery did but little damage. The march was not rapid, which was fortunate, as the day was hot and rainy. The Regiment halted at five o'clock and formed its camp for the night between Utoy and Sandtown. During the day the Fourth Corps had passed a portion of the Fourteenth Corps, and had learned that only the Twenty-third Corps held its former position confronting Atlanta.

Saturday, August 27, the march was continued to Mount Gilead Church, near which occurred some heavy skirmishing. A line of works was built by the Regiment in a surprisingly short time, but the enemy soon retired and a further advance was made to Camp Creek. The skirmishing continued until after dark and was renewed in the morning. The Army of the Tennessee had moved still farther to the right, and the entire movement of Gen. Sherman's command took the form of a grand left-wheel.

Sunday, August 28, there were orders for an early start, but the Fourteenth Corps occupied the roads, and the Regiment was idle until late in the afternoon, when it marched four or five miles and halted for the night near Red Oak. The Atlanta and West Point Railroad being reached other troops spent the night in destroying the rails and ties, and blowing up the masonry.

Monday, August 29, the Fourth Corps again advanced and took its turn in the work of destroying the railroad. The work was thoroughly done. A regiment would halt and stack arms beside the road, and with a few iron bars and wooden levers loosen the ties, when all would lift the track, turning it upside down for a long distance. The ties were then loosened and piled up, the rails laid across them and fires kindled. In a short time the rails would be red hot in the centre, and the men would twist them about trees or stumps, completely ruining them. In this way many miles of road were destroyed during the movement. There was some skirmishing but no heavy force was encountered.

Tuesday, August 30, the command pushed forward to the Fayetteville road. The skirmishing continued and at the right there were indications of a battle. The march was a leisurely one,—the start being late and the halt at dusk. Some forage was secured, including green corn and sweet potatoes.

Wednesday, August 31, the advance was resumed,—the enemy, with both infantry and cavalry, resisting and forcing the Regiment to do considerable skirmishing. Three times the resistance was so vigorous that halts were made and breastworks begun. The enemy had good earthworks, but were driven out. After resting a while on the Rebel works the Regiment moved to the Atlanta and Macon Railroad and halted, the pioneers cutting the telegraph wires and destroying the track, working the entire night.

Thursday, September 1, the Regiment was detailed to guard a wagon train and marched southward close beside the railroad track, which was being torn up by other troops. The air was full of smoke from the fires, and the skirmishing increased as the day wore on. Toward night the wagons halted, and the NINETY-SIXTH, relieved from its duty as train guard, was hurried forward toward Jonesboro, passing close up to the skirmishers before swinging into line-of-battle, beside the railroad track. This exposed position was reached under a galling fire just before night, and about the time of the assault on the part of the Fourteenth Corps on the right of the railroad. That assault was perhaps the most successful one of the Atlanta campaign, for the Union forces swept entirely over the Rebel earthworks, capturing a thousand prisoners and several cannon and stands of colors. The NINETY-SIXTH was probably the first regiment of Gen. Stanley's command in position; and before other troops of the Fourth Corps were able to swing around upon the left and join in a general assault, night closed in and the lines halted. The Regiment had occupied an exposed position, close to the enemy's entrenchments, and been under a heavy fire, but sustained no casualties. The troops slept on their arms, and were startled during the night by what appeared to be terrific artillery firing in the direction of Atlanta. They supposed that there had been a night assault

by the Twentieth Corps, but learned next day that the sounds had proceeded from the explosion of ammunition which the Rebels wished to destroy before evacuating the city. The Twentieth Corps moved forward at daylight, occupying the city and taking in charge the few stores not destroyed. Before retreating the Rebels had set fire to many supplies and had wrecked or burned a number of locomotives and many cars. A few prisoners were captured. The captures at Jonesboro numbered nearly two thousand, about one-half of them being wounded. Three hundred Rebel dead were buried by the Union forces. The losses on the part of the Federal forces engaged were about one thousand, mostly in the Fourteenth Corps. The NINETY-SIXTH was separated from the rest of the Brigade in the movement against Jonesboro, having no time to go to its regular command after being relieved from the care of the wagon train, but being pushed forward to support the charge in which the 17th New York played so conspicuous a part, and halted not far from where the bright uniforms of the gallant Zouaves dotted the ground so thickly when the battle closed.

Friday, September 2, found the army jubilant over the news which reached them early in the day that Atlanta was occupied by Union troops, and there was lusty cheering all along the lines. The Rebels had retreated from Jonesboro, and the soldiers from all commands flocked to see the captured cannon and the scene of the successful assaults of Thursday night. Early in the day another advance was made, the Rebels being overtaken and crowded rapidly southward. The NINETY-SIXTH was near the left in the general advance and skirmished briskly, covering the front of the Brigade, and advancing vigorously two or three miles, when they came in sight of a long line of Rebel entrenchments. One Company after another was thrown upon the skirmish line, until nearly the entire Regiment was deployed. By a bold charge the skirmish pits near Lovejoy's Station were captured by the Regiment and a position gained close up to the enemy's main line. This advance, which was made under the personal direction of Major Hicks, was a most gallant one, the men evincing an

enthusiasm which called forth high encomiums from the Brigade and Division Commander. It was attended by four fatalities, Andrew Disch, of Company A, and Patrick Hewitt, of Company I, being killed and William Calvert and Andrew Jelly, of Company F, mortally wounded. Calvert died two days later and Jelly was conveyed to Chattanooga, where he died September 10. John Lister, of Company F, lost a finger, and Charles Hawkins, of Company D, was wounded in the hand. The firing was very heavy until long after nightfall and so close was the range that the men on either side were compelled to hug the ground closely to prevent heavy loss. As soon as it was dark, a line of works was constructed, a heavy line of skirmishers firing incessantly to keep the enemy down and allow the work to proceed. So hot was this fire that the Rebels actually abandoned their front line before daylight, their forces moving a hundred yards or more to a second line of works.

Saturday, September 3, brought no forward movement, but a continuous firing was maintained by both infantry and artillery on either side. Large supplies of ammunition were required, and the men cheered loudly at frequent intervals, at times shouting questions and answers toward the still defiant but evidently disconcerted men in grey. The day passed without serious casualties.

Sunday, September 4, was a repetition of the previous day. Corporal Peter Fleming, of Company E, was wounded in the left shoulder. At night a band came out in the rear of the Union lines and played several patriotic airs, but their music came to a sudden termination when a Rebel battery let off a half dozen shells in quick succession.

Monday, September 5, the second anniversary of the organization of the Regiment, found the command still under a heavy fire, and the men still responding, resolutely and enthusiastically, to the shots of the enemy they had so long confronted. From the first it had been evident that the entire Rebel army had successfully eluded Gen. Sherman in their retreat from Atlanta, and that all were gathered at Lovejoy's Station. But ten days rations had been taken when the move-

ment began, August 25, and these were about exhausted. The weather was rainy, the roads bad, and the thirty miles which separated the Army from the city precluded the possibility of an immediate supply by wagon trains. For four long months the men had been actively at work, and were now in much need of rest. Gen. Sherman therefore determined to bring the long campaign to a close, and on the evening of September 5, began the movement back to the city of Atlanta, which had been one of the objectives of the campaign. The night was dark and rainy and the troops tired, but there was no murmuring and few if any left the ranks. Jonesboro, which was passed about one o'clock in the morning, presented a weird sight, for hundreds of bales of captured cotton were burning in the streets, details of soldiers being made to see that it was destroyed, and thus prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy. A halt was made at two o'clock in the morning, the Regiment, with other troops, laying in bivouac all of Tuesday and Tuesday night, and until other portions of the army had passed on toward the city.

Wednesday, September 8, the Regiment marched back to Rough and Ready, and on Thursday, September 9, to Atlanta, going into camp some two or three miles from the city, near the Augusta railroad, and pitching its tents near the graves of the brave men who fell with the gallant McPherson, July 22. The Army of the Cumberland encamped in and about the city, the Army of the Tennessee at East Point, and the Army of the Ohio at Decatur.

The Atlanta campaign had ended ; a campaign destined to live in history as one of the most remarkable of any clime or time. And well had the NINETY-SIXTH borne its part, and sustained the record for heroism and gallantry won at Chickamauga and indorsed at Lookout Mountain. The army hailed the needed rest with pleasure. The President, Congress, the press and the loyal people of the land showered encomiums upon Gen. Sherman and the gallant officers and soldiers who had forced their way over mountains and across rivers from Chattanooga to the "Gate City," and saw in the successes of the four months a hope arising that the long and bloody strug-

gle would soon terminate in a victory that should be final and complete. But there were to be other arduous campaigns and bloody battles, and in them the NINETY-SIXTH was to have a conspicuous part.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Gains and the Losses of the Campaign—Plans for the Future—A Skirmish near Stone Mountain—Deaths by Disease—Gen. Hood takes the Initiative—A Race to the Rear—Passing Familiar Ground—In Sight of the Rebel Army—Allatoona—The March to Rome—Delays for want of a Little Bridge—Calhoun, Resaca and Dalton—On the Flank of the Enemy—Alternate Brief Rests and Heavy Marches—Southward to Gaylesville—A week in Camp with Abundant Rations—Last Days with Gen. Sherman.

THE stay at Atlanta continued for nearly a month, and was comparatively uneventful to the NINETY-SIXTH. A few men were daily permitted to visit the city, and in time all who cared to do so had made the circuit of the breastworks, and gone over the numerous and now historic battlefields about the town. The official reports brought out the fact that in the campaign more than three thousand officers and soldiers in the Federal army had been killed, about sixteen thousand wounded, and two thousand seven hundred captured. Four cannon had been captured at Resaca, ten at Rome, twenty at Atlanta and eight at Jonesboro. The Federal army had expended 86,611 rounds of artillery ammunition and 11,815,299 rounds of infantry ammunition. More than 8,000 prisoners had been taken, and 2,162 deserters had come within the lines. But the Rebel army was not destroyed, and while Gen. Sherman was planning for a new and aggressive campaign Gen. Hood was also arranging to assume the offensive, and startle the world by a campaign bold in its conception, but destined to be disastrous to the brave men in his command.

Meanwhile a spirited correspondence sprung up between the two commanders, growing out of the question as to what should become of the citizens in Atlanta, and resulting in the sending of nearly all non-combatants north or south, whichever way they chose to go. A heavy inner line of works was constructed, so that a small force might hold the city against assault. The terms of many of the troops enlisted in 1861

COMPANY G.



GEORGE M. FARNSWORTH.
Corp'l JUDSON A. MASON.

Corp'l JAMES HICKOX.
Second Lieut. HIRAM W. FARNSWORTH.
JOSIAH H. WRIGHT.

JOSEPH PALMER.
JOHN K. BECK.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

were expiring, and these men were sent north by rail. Gen. Thomas was sent to the rear to look after the defence of the long line of communications, and to gather troops to resist the raids of the enemy. Gen. Sherman and Gen. Grant were in constant communication, and before the close of September the march to the sea had been proposed. It was expected that Gen. Hood would follow, or march upon parallel lines, seeking to harass or annoy the Union forces, but instead he assumed the initiative and threw his entire army northward, crossing the Chattahoochie a few miles west of Atlanta. Early in October the enemy began the work of destroying the long lines of railroad between Atlanta and Chattanooga, thus attempting to do to Gen. Sherman's army precisely what the latter was purposing to do to Gen. Hood's.

During the month of September the health of the Regiment was good, and its numbers were increased by the return of many of those who had dropped out because of sickness or wounds during the campaign. Lieutenant Earle, who had been acting as Adjutant of the Regiment for a few weeks, was detailed as Aide-de-Camp on Brigade staff, and entered upon his duties September 23, serving as Aide and Inspector until the close of the war. Hospital Steward Ferguson was mustered as First Lieutenant of Company H. Colonel Champion returned to the Regiment, and toward the close of the month was assigned to the command of the Brigade. His wound had healed but his health was poor, and he looked many years older than when he left the front in June.

The number of deaths from disease, aside from those occurring among prisoners of war, was much smaller than during the previous summer. A. C. Tarpley, of Company I, a brother of Capt. Tarpley, died at Bridgeport May 11. John R. Dunmore, a recruit to Company D, died at Chattanooga July 1. Thomas Kinreid, of Company G, died at Nashville June 27. William H. Bevard, of Company I, died at Nashville, August 6. Corporal John Hill, of Company I, died at Atlanta September 23.

On the eleventh the Regiment went out about thirteen miles with a forage train, loading the wagons south of Deca-

tur. The start was at daylight and the return at dark, making a hard day's march.

Monday, September 26, the Brigade went out with a forage train, leaving camp about noon and going into bivouac at sundown in an orchard near Stone Mountain. Next day the march was continued for two or three miles, when a halt was made. While the wagons were being loaded Rebel cavalry made their appearance, and a lively skirmish ensued in which the 21st Kentucky had several men wounded. The enemy were driven into the timber and then, the train being loaded, the return march was safely made, camp being reached a little before sundown.

Dress parades were held daily for a fortnight, and on Friday, September 30, there was a Division review and consequently a day of hard work. A few officers and men in each regiment received twenty or twenty-five-day furloughs. Gen. Whittaker returned and was for a few weeks in command of the Division. There had been rumors of a raid in the rear for two or three days, and on Sunday, October 2, it was learned that the entire Rebel army had crossed the Chattahoochie. Orders were issued by Gen. Sherman to move at midnight, the Twentieth Corps to remain and garrison Atlanta. A heavy rain storm prevailed during the night, and the start on the part of the command, to which the NINETY-SIXTH was attached, was delayed until daylight of Monday, October 3. The column passed through Atlanta and out on Marietta street, marching all day in the rain and mud, crossing the Chattahoochie and camping for the night, behind the breastworks which the Regiment had confronted three months before at Smyrna Camp Ground. The distance traveled was about twenty miles.

Tuesday, October 4, the command remained in camp until noon, and then marched about nine miles northward past Marietta, camping behind the Rebel breastworks west of Kenesaw Mountain, almost directly opposite the point where the Regiment had its night fight June 20. It was there learned that the Rebels had possession of the railroad from near Kenesaw to Allatoona and had captured the garrisons at Big Shanty

and Ackworth, among the prisoners being Jared Blodgett, of Company G, who had taken advantage of a brief furlough to visit a brother in the 15th Illinois, then on duty at Ackworth, and who remained a prisoner until near the close of the war.

Wednesday, October 5, the Regiment moved northward about eight o'clock, passing through the breastworks it had defended from June 20 to June 23. It was evident that there was trouble ahead, for the march was a slow and cautious one and the troops were kept well in hand. The column finally halted and the lines were formed, the NINETY-SIXTH camping on the east slope of Pine Mountain, behind the old Rebel works. Gen. Sherman was near at hand, watching with anxiety the outcome of the engagement in progress at Allatoona Pass, and from a position near the Regiment, it is understood, caused to be signalled to Gen. Corse the historic message: "Hold the Fort for I am coming!" The smoke from camp fires and from the burning of railroad ties and fences, and the more distant smoke from the battle raging about Allatoona from ten o'clock A. M. until nearly two o'clock P. M., gave evidence, were any wanting, that the entire Rebel army was in front. Gen. Sherman directed the Twenty-third Corps to advance on the left, hoping to cut off the retreat of the enemy, meanwhile holding the other troops in readiness to move in such direction as circumstances might require.

The battle at Allatoona resulted disastrously to the enemy, the garrison repulsing every attack and compelling them to retreat. Eventually they took up their line of march and moved northwesterly, going toward Rome. They had done their work upon the railroad well, for 35,000 new ties and six miles of iron were required to put it in repair; but ten thousand men were set at work, and in one week the break was closed. About this time four companies of the 40th Ohio were mustered out, their term of service having expired.

Thursday and Friday the main army still waited. Saturday, October 8, late in the afternoon, the bugles sounded the order to move forward, and the columns marched out, camping late in the evening near Ackworth. Gen. Whittaker was on Kenesaw Mountain when the movement began, and for a

time Colonel Champion commanded the Division. The night was unseasonably cold and the troops had a foretaste of winter.

Sunday, October 9, there was but a short march, and it being given out that the command would perhaps remain some time, a good camp was laid out and fixed up during that afternoon and the next day. Monday, at half past three, the order was given to march immediately, and before night the Regiment had passed Ackworth and Allatoona, going over the bloody battle field of five days before. There was still abundant evidence of the fierceness of the struggle. Many of the Regiment met and talked with acquaintances from the 12th Illinois, who had shared in the engagement, and from them learned some particulars of the fight. Gen. George C. Rogers, then Colonel of the 15th Illinois, who had many acquaintances among the Lake County boys, stood by the roadside near the huge buildings where were stored a million rations, and to capture which the Rebels had made the desperate and repeated assaults. As soon as he recognized his former neighbors and friends he ordered a barrel of whisky from the Post Commissary, had the head knocked in, and gave every one from Lake County an invitation to join in celebrating the victory and the unexpected meeting. The men halted for but a moment, but somehow the word spread backward along the column, and it is understood that every officer and soldier who passed Allatoona that night,—and there were two or three entire Corps,—claimed to hail from Lake County and to have a personal acquaintance with the General.

The Regiment crossed the Etowah river on the railroad bridge about dusk, and some time after dark camped near Cartersville, having marched thirteen miles. Rations were issued a little after midnight, and but little opportunity given the "government people" for sleep.

Tuesday, October 11, the command started at daylight, passing near Cassville, halting at Kingston at noon, and in the afternoon marching through town and out a short distance on the road toward Rome. Colonel Champion was here so unwell that he could no longer continue with his command, but went north by train; Lieutenant Colonel Evans, of the 21st

Kentucky, taking command of the Brigade. An immense mail was distributed, the first for a fortnight, and the camp rang with cheers.

Wednesday, October 12, brought one of the longest continuous marches in the Regiment's experience. The column moved at seven o'clock, but was greatly delayed by the wagon trains which crowded the road. After most of the wagons had passed, the infantry was ordered to the front, and through thickets and over rocks and hills at the roadside made their way past the teams, marching rapidly for some time. Then came one of those annoying experiences so common when large bodies of troops were marching on a single road. As it transpired, a broad, unbridged creek made its way across the road. The advance, instead of bridging the stream, broke into single file and crossed on a log. This interrupted the march, the troops in rear halting a moment and then moving forward a rod or two, only to be halted again, and again moved forward. This was continued for hours, and the NINETY-SIXTH, being near the rear of the column, was thoroughly tired out with this annoying method of marching when they neared the stream. The disgust of the men when they found what a trivial thing had caused so provoking a delay, found expression in language not entirely elegant. The command was marching left in front, as the enemy was supposed to be on the right of the road, and when the stream was reached, Company B never broke ranks, but waded through in solid column. The other companies followed, and the Regiment was the first to keep closed up in passing the watery obstacle. Those ahead were either running or walking rapidly to close up the long column, which had strung out for miles. Everyone was angry, and the NINETY-SIXTH, by a common impulse and without orders, resolved to keep in ranks. It was nearly sundown when the stream was crossed, and the heavy firing in the direction of Rome, toward which the column was marching, indicated heavy work ahead. At a rapid walk, occasionally breaking into a double quick, the resolute men pressed on, passing many stragglers, and subsequently the

remnants of several regiments, until from being the rear it was the front of the Brigade. For some miles the fences on one side of the road were on fire, and tired men were resting and warming themselves, the night being cool. At nine o'clock the broad field of light in front indicated that the troops in advance had gone into camp. The rapid march had continued up to this time, although the firing in front had ceased as darkness came on. Gen. Stanley, commanding the Corps, stood at the roadside as the command neared its designated camping ground two miles from Rome, and asked: "What brigade is this?" "This is no brigade; this is only a regiment," was answered by one of the men. "What regiment, then?" he asked; and on being told, he remarked: "Well, that NINETY-SIXTH must be a good one, for it numbers more men present than any Brigade that has come in to-night." With scarcely a halt, except the brief and annoying ones occasioned by the wagon train and the unbridged stream, the Regiment had made twenty-eight miles, and almost every man was in his place. They were a tired lot, however, and glad of an opportunity to rest.

The Rebels had made a strong demonstration toward Rome, while their main army moved to Resaca, as was afterward learned, and at two P. M. of Thursday, October 13, the Federals moved eastward, retracing their steps for a few miles and then turning northward and marching until midnight, making about thirteen miles, and camping south of Calhoun.

Friday, October 14, the Regiment marched seventeen miles, passing Calhoun and Resaca, and camping for the night at the breastworks it had constructed at the opening of the battle of May 14,—exactly five months before. The Rebels had demanded the surrender of the garrison at Resaca, and, upon its being refused, had destroyed such of the railroad as they could reach, and then moved around the village, going northward and occupying Snake Creek Gap. At the same time a force was sent against Dalton, where were some large hospitals. Some slight defense was attempted, but eventually the garrison surrendered, about one thousand

prisoners being taken. Among the number was Edwin Drury, of Company G, who had been in hospital for several weeks. He remained at Dalton, the Rebels not even requiring a parole.

Saturday, October 15, an important mission was assigned to the NINETY-SIXTH and the other Regiments comprising the Corps of which it was a part. Moving to the right, it marched rapidly up the railroad to the vicinity of Tilton, where occurred a halt of two or three hours, while a reconnoissance was made. Then the troops turned sharply to the left and crossed Rocky Face and another ridge, gaining the flank of the Rebels in Snake Creek Gap about sundown. As the Regiment reached the top of the second ridge the sight was one to stir them with peculiar emotion. In the valley below were long columns of the enemy, marching rapidly northward, thousands of men being almost in rifle range. The Regiment, with other troops, raised a shout and dashed part way down the hill, but the officers in command, fearing the small force might be captured if they ventured too far, checked the advance. Twilight was rapidly deepening, and the rear of the Rebel column soon passed and disappeared in the darkness. The Regiment then descended into the valley and made its camp for the night beside the rocky creek. The distance traveled was about twelve miles.

Sunday, October 16, the Regiment marched six or eight miles, overtaking the Rebel rear guard, capturing a few prisoners and camping near Ship's Gap, about one mile from Villanow. The command lay in camp all of the next day, other portions of the army making reconnoissances. Orders were issued for all men and animals not fit for severe service to be sent to Chattanooga. Forage was abundant, and everyone had fresh meat and sweet potatoes.

Tuesday, October 18, the Regiment marched twenty-four miles between daylight and dark, crossing Taylor's Ridge and camping near Summerville. The men stood the long march remarkably well, and there were but few stragglers.

Wednesday, October 19, the command remained in camp

until late and then marched five or six miles, passing Summerville.

Thursday, October 20, twenty miles was accomplished, and the camp of the Regiment was made at four o'clock, two miles from Gaylesville, Alabama. Here the Army rested for nearly a week. Three days' rations of bread, meat and coffee were issued, with orders that they must last five. This was no hardship, however, as forage was abundant in the rich valleys of that pleasant region. Details of from twenty to twenty-five men, under competent officers, were sent out from each regiment to procure supplies, and returned with an abundance of sweet potatoes, meat, molasses and honey. Strict orders were issued prohibiting the pillaging of houses or the wanton destruction of property not of value to the armies. The guard duty was light, as the troops were well massed, and all who spent that delightful October week at Gaylesville will ever cherish pleasant memories of the last days in which the Fourth Corps was under the immediate command of General Sherman.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Parting with Gen. Sherman—Abundance of Forage—A Rapid March Northward—Crossing the Chickamauga Battle Field—At Rossville and Chattanooga—Westward by Cars—The Trip to Athens—Anxiety as to the Situation—The Rebels Near—Fording Elk River—The March to Pulaski—Ragged but Resolute—Entrenching Again—Paid Off.

ALTHOUGH the stay at Gaylesville was one of comparative rest to the rank and file of the army, to their commander, Gen. Sherman, it was a period of great activity, for he was completing plans for his March to the Sea. His purpose was to leave only the Fourth Corps, with such detachments as were at Chattanooga or points farther north and west, for the defense of Tennessee. He fully believed that Gen. Hood would be compelled to turn southward and follow him through Georgia.

In pursuance of his plans Gen. Sherman caused the railroad to be repaired from Atlanta to Chattanooga, and ordered all sick and wounded soldiers to be sent back. Surplus artillery, wagons and animals were also hurried to Chattanooga, and the army was put in light marching order. The wagons retained at the front contained little except ammunition and the more necessary rations, the latter not in large supply, as it was determined that the soldiers should live mainly upon such provisions as it was known must be abundant in the country to be passed. The main body of his forces left Gaylesville toward the last of October, the Fourth Corps going northward, the others via Rome toward Atlanta. The Second Division of the Fourth Corps, which had been sent by rail to Chattanooga shortly after the fall of Atlanta, was marched southward to Alpine and then, meeting the other Divisions of the Corps, retraced its steps. Meanwhile the Army was living better than ever before, for the country was full of produce, and all were instructed to "forage liberally." Certain

it is that the NINETY-SIXTH never lived so well as during the stay about Gaylesville, and the Surgeons declared that the complete change of diet had done more for the health of the Regiment than they had deemed possible.

After Gen. Sherman had started southward it became certain that Gen. Hood was still determined upon an aggressive campaign into Tennessee and was not likely to follow the Federal forces through Georgia. Upon arriving at Rome, at the earnest solicitation of Gen. Thomas, who had been sent to Nashville to look after the defenses of that region, the Twenty-third Corps was diverted from the main column, marched to the neighborhood of Resaca and Dalton, and taken thence by rail to Nashville and out toward Columbia and Pulaski.

At Atlanta Gen. Sherman reorganized his Corps to some extent, burned everything in the city that could make it valuable to the enemy as a military point, destroyed the railroad to Chattanooga, and, November 16, set out on his march to Savannah. It was a brilliant movement, and one destined to live in song and story to the end of time. But the troops left in rear, to battle with Gen. Hood, were fated to endure harder marching, shorter rations and more severe fighting during the two months immediately succeeding the separation at Gaylesville than were the soldiers under the immediate command of Gen. Sherman. Indeed the two Corps, with a comparatively slight reinforcement, were to meet, in two desperate engagements, almost the identical forces that for four long months had resisted Gen. Sherman, with seven Corps, in his movement upon Atlanta. Not only were they to race with them upon the march and meet them in battle, but they were to overthrow and send them, routed and hopeless, to the far South.

But to return to the Regiment. Thursday, October 27, the NINETY-SIXTH, with the other troops comprising the Fourth Corps, left camp at Gaylesville about 8 o'clock A. M., and marched to a point a little south of Alpine, a distance of fifteen miles. The night preceding was rainy and the roads were consequently in bad condition. Capt. Burnett, of Company B, who with fifty men had been guarding a bridge seven

miles from camp, joined the main column that night, after a hard march across the unfamiliar country. Fortunately their orders and directions were so explicit that they had no trouble in finding the way. Capt. Rowan, of Company F, who had been out for a day or two with a foraging party, and whose absence had been so prolonged as to cause some apprehension lest he and his associates had fallen into Rebel hands, came into camp, late at night, with an immense amount of forage, including nearly a barrel of honey. His men being overloaded, a pair of oxen had been impressed, and the wagon to which they were attached was loaded down with bacon, sweet potatoes and other palatable articles.

Friday, October 28, the Corps made a march of twenty-four miles, passing through and across several rich valleys and camping near La Fayette.

Saturday, October 29, the command marched at daylight and made twenty-three miles, passing along the La Fayette road across the Chickamunga battle field, and camping at Rossville. It was familiar and historic ground, but the march was so rapid and the men so fatigued that but few ventured to leave the ranks and go over that portion of the field where the NINETY-SIXTH met its bloody baptism a little more than a year before, and where so many of its members were sleeping their last long sleep in unknown graves.

There were many marks of the terrific struggle all along the way from the crossing of Chickamunga Creek, at Lee & Gordon's Mills, nearly to Rossville. The shattered trees, the prostrate or burned fences, the mounds where were interred the bodies of the Blue and the Gray, the skeletons of horses, the broken muskets, the disabled gun carriages, were much as when the armies had left the field, except that a year and more had brought decay and partially dimmed the ghastliness of the scene. Strange and exciting memories were revived as the column hurried on. But the soldiers were too practical to lapse into sentiment while hurrying toward new dangers that seemed imminent, for while all was uncertainty as to what the present movement meant, somehow every one seemed

to feel that they were to be sent from Chattanooga on some perilous mission.

Sunday, October 30, the command left its camp at Rossville and marched to Chattanooga, halted for a time, and then bivouacked near the base of Lookout Mountain. A few recruits joined the Regiment at this point. Capt. Stephen Jeffers, the former Quarter-Master, who was then stationed in the city, bestowed numerous favors upon the Regiment. The Third Division was ordered to take the train going west, and reached Pulaski November 1.

Monday, October 31, the train having returned, the NINETY-SIXTH, with other troops, was loaded upon the cars about noon and rode through Bridgeport and Stevenson to a point near Paint Rock without incident worthy of note. It had been reported that there was heavy fighting near Florence and Decatur, and that the entire Rebel Army was attempting to cross the Tennessee River. This made the trainmen somewhat timid, and upon the first indication that the cavalry had been upon the railroad track the train came to a standstill. The officers consulted briefly and then ordered a Company out to reconnoitre the front. A partially destroyed culvert indicated that the enemy had been frightened off without completing their work. The skirmishers were ordered forward at a rapid walk, sometimes breaking into a double-quick, and the train followed them. Soon another halt was made and a fresh detachment sent out, the tired men coming back to the train. In this way a few miles were made. The danger being passed, the skirmishers were called in and the train proceeded to the junction, and thence northward to Athens, which point was reached about seven o'clock A. M. of Tuesday, November 1. There was no one to receive the troops or give directions what to do or where to go, for the small detachment of Union forces had evacuated the town the day before. Pickets were posted and the arrival of other regiments awaited. There was much anxiety lest the Rebels should arrive first, but fortunately they did not come. Tuesday night was cold and rainy.

Wednesday, November 2, the column marched at six

o'clock through the rain and mud to Elkton, making twenty miles. The last act in the day's drama was to ford Elk River, a rapid stream, so swollen by the rains as to bring the water nearly to the armpits of the shorter men. Most of the command stripped off their clothing, and all carried their ammunition and watches in their hands. There was much discomfort, not unmixed with merriment, in the crossing. A colored man, who, being a cook for some of the officers, was loaded down with camp-kettles and other commodities, was tripped up near the middle of the stream and so badly frightened that some of the boys declared that he actually turned white. The night was an exceedingly stormy one.

Thursday, November 3, camp was broken in a terrific rainstorm, and the blankets and shelter-tents were so saturated with water, notwithstanding the persistent wringing given them, as to be exceedingly heavy. The road was muddy, and when the command reached Pulaski, seventy-five miles south of Nashville, in the middle of the afternoon, all were thoroughly tired out. The column passed the town on the right and wearily made its way to a long range of hills north of the village. Here the NINETY-SIXTH remained until the 23d. But little clothing had been issued for nearly six months and the men were absolutely ragged. Very many were barefoot, and comparatively few had clothing at all suitable for picket duty in the severe cold, rainy weather that ensued. Cabins were put up and they could get along fairly well in camp. This was not enough, however, for the officers were apprehensive of an attack, and, as a consequence, heavy picket lines were maintained. Eighty-four men were actually excused from duty at one time because of having insufficient cloth to properly fit them for the exposure inseparable from the picket line. This was in a measure overcome in a few days. Heavy lines of breastworks were built, and for two or three days the right and left wings alternated, working continuously in the trenches night and day. The baggage which had been stored at Bridgeport came up on the 14th and the officers busied themselves with their long-neglected ordnance reports and other blanks. The paymaster,

who had not been seen for about six months, came to camp and paid off the several regiments.

Friday, November 18, the NINETY-SIXTH, together with the 45th Ohio, went out with fifty wagons after forage, returning without accident or adventure.

During the stay at Pulaski there was much speculation as to Gen. Hood's intentions. Bad weather and want of transportation and supplies had detained him, but about the 20th it became apparent that he was to push northward into Tennessee. The main body of the Twenty-third Corps had reached Pulaski by this time, but the entire force then numbered but about twenty-five thousand men, while the rebels in their front numbered more than fifty thousand. Gen. Thomas was receiving considerable reinforcements at Nashville, many of them, however, being new recruits, and toward that city he ordered Gen. Schofield, then in command at Pulaski, to retreat if it became necessary in order to avoid a battle.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Rebels Advance — Pulaski Evacuated — A Short Sleep — Refugees on the Road — A Trying Night March — A Sombre Thanksgiving — Columbia Reached — Again Outflanked — Spring Hill — Close Proximity of the Enemy — A Halt on the Ridge — The Battle of Franklin — Another Night March — Arrival at Nashville — Two Nights on the Front Line — The Army Reinforced — Waiting for the Battle.

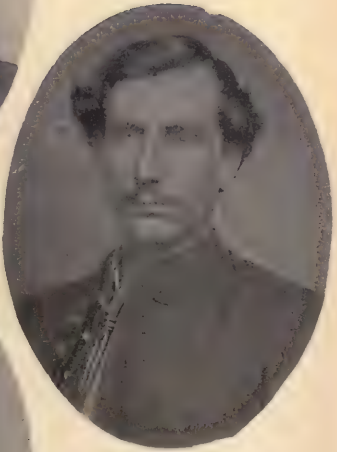
THE situation of affairs in Tennessee and Georgia was now a most peculiar one. Gen. Sherman had hardly more than fairly started from Atlanta when Gen. Hood left the line of the Tennessee River, and the strange spectacle was presented of two armies that had long confronted each other, and often met in battle, marching in opposite directions, each intent upon invasion. Opposed to Gen. Sherman were a few cavalrymen and state troops. Gen. Hood was confronted by two Corps of Infantry, a small force of cavalry and a few detached regiments that had been doing garrison duty at various points between Nashville and Decatur.

By November 20 the Rebel infantry had crossed the Tennessee River and were pushing rapidly northward, aiming to go by way of Lawrenceburg and interpose themselves between Pulaski and Columbia, in the neighborhood of Lynnville. The Union cavalry was active and vigilant, and reported to Gen. Schofield, then in command at Pulaski, and arrangements were speedily made for a retreat. Tuesday, November 22, a part of the Twenty-third Corps and the Second Division of the Fourth Corps marched to Lynnville, thus preventing the Rebel forces from reaching that point. Gen. Hood then directed his columns toward Columbia, going by way of Mount Pleasant, whereupon the Union forces at Lynnville resumed their march on the morning of the 23d. The weather, which had been rainy much of the time for a fortnight, turned bitter cold, the ground freezing and ice forming upon the smaller streams.

While the campaign had been thus inaugurated, a portion of the Fourth Corps still remained in Pulaski. Wednesday, November 23, the Regiment was busily engaged in strengthening its already strong intrenchments when orders were received to march in an hour. At noon the column filed out and marched to the pike, where the entire Division remained until nearly dark, the road being thronged with wagons, troops and refugees, hurrying northward. All of the refugees were colored people, most of whom had been quartered on some abandoned plantations not far from Huntsville, the Government having encouraged them to remain there and raise a crop. The advance of the Rebel Army had alarmed them, and, gathering up such effects in the way of clothing and bedding as they could carry, they sought to escape from a return to slavery, which they imagined would surely follow if they allowed the Confederates to overtake them.

Pulaski was evacuated early in the evening, considerable amounts of clothing and provisions being burned to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. A few buildings were destroyed. The teams and artillery, which had come from Chattanooga by way of Dechard and Fayetteville, were loaded to their utmost capacity, but the transportation was inadequate to meet the emergency then arising, and an immense bonfire was made necessary. A little before dark the NINETY-SIXTH was on the road and marched back to Lynnville, being delayed by the troops and trains that had preceded. There was more or less firing on the left, not a great distance from the pike. At a late hour the Division halted and went into camp. Hardly had the tired men fallen asleep when the bugle sounded and they were again hurried out upon the pike. It was reported that the Rebels had not halted, but were making a night march, hoping to reach Columbia before Gen. Schofield could get his troops into position, and all understood that it was a race between the two armies. The Regiment hurried along the road, until the rear of the main column was overtaken, when the march was slower. The poor refugees were overtaken and passed. They were most pitiable objects, having marched for many hours with little to eat and without

COMPANY G.



Corp'l PETER MOWERS.
JAMES DONAHUE.

Corp'l JARED O. BLODGETT.
Second Lieut. JOHN W. SWANBROUGH.
LOYAL CADWELL.

REUBEN MILLER.
SAMUEL F. VOSE.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

daring to stop for rest. There were hundreds of women and children, the latter crying piteously from hunger and cold. But the soldiers could give them no assistance, and they were compelled to halt beside the road and let the column pass. Fires were kindled in the fence corners, and many of them gave up the march in despair, although others kept on to Nashville. The troops were given to understand that an attack might be expected any moment, and none were allowed to straggle.

The dawn of Thursday, November 24, found the long columns still toiling on, the one in grey hoping to reach Columbia while their opponents were far away, the one in blue resolute in its purpose to head off their wary rivals, if hard and continuous marching could effect so desirable a result. It was the National Thanksgiving Day, and throughout the loyal States the people were returning grateful thanks to the Providence that had smiled upon the Union armies, East and West, and were hopeful that peace and final victory were near. But to the soldiers of the little army under Gen. Schofield the day was filled with forebodings, for they were retreating over ground reclaimed more than a year before, and the haste of the movement, the evident anxiety of their commanders, and the occasional sounds of cannon and musketry that came from the flank, where the cavalry was watching the enemy, made them feel apprehensive that all was not going well. At noon the tired troops ahead left the pike and moved into a large field for a brief rest, and the members of the NINETY-SIXTH were discussing the expected Thanksgiving dinner and making up impossible bills-of-fare as they neared the halting place. Considering their questionable surroundings they were certainly a very jolly lot. But as they were about to halt, a staff officer rode up and ordered Major Hicks to march the Regiment to a high ridge on the flank, nearly a half mile from the pike, and keep a sharp lookout for Rebels, returning when the column began to move. The order was by no means a welcome one after being on the move so long, but, knowing that it was their turn for duty, the men cheerfully complied. It was a long, hard climb. Just as the head of the Regiment

was nearing the summit some shots were heard, and a moment later a little squad of cavalry dashed out of the woods, many of them hatless and all greatly excited. Reaching the infantry they reported that they had been ambushed and had lost several men, killed or captured by a large body of the enemy near at hand. This information set the men on their mettle and a sharp lookout was maintained. In a few minutes the teams had passed on toward Columbia, and the troops in the valley had finished their hurried dinners. The NINETY-SIXTH soon took up the line of march, at the rear of the column. The march was kept up till almost night, the firing increasing toward Columbia, on the Mount Pleasant road. At length the village was reached and the race for that day was at an end. The heads of the opposing armies had reached the outskirts of the town almost simultaneously, but the small force then acting as a garrison to the town met and delayed the Rebel advance, thus giving the Union forces time to partially deploy their lines. A portion of the Twenty-third Corps reached the town about noon. There was a sharp contest, resulting in a few casualties on either side; but Gen. Hood found himself checkmated, and night shutting down the two armies moved into position and halted. The NINETY-SIXTH was sent to a position in the front line, and at once threw up breastworks, the men working diligently, in reliefs, all night, notwithstanding their fatigue. They had marched about thirty miles, with many halts and interruptions, but with little rest, and only the necessity of the hour inclined them to the hard labor of entrenching.

Columbia was situated on high ground in a deep bend of Duck River, and here Gen. Thomas, who still remained at Nashville, hoped his army would make a final stand and fight a decisive battle with Gen. Hood. He was expecting three Divisions of the Sixteenth Corps, under Gen. A. J. Smith, from the Mississippi, and also other reinforcements, but unexpected delays occurred. Two or three regiments and a goodly number of recruits came to the department and were hurried forward by rail. But Gen. Hood remembered his experiences at Atlanta and Allatoona, and decided to postpone any charges upon the Yankee breastworks. Instead, while keeping up a

feint of assaulting the lines at Columbia, he rested his army for a day or two, and then, moving by the right flank, made a bold push for the Union rear, determined to interpose his Army between Gen. Schofield and Franklin. The movement was admirably conceived and well-nigh successful.

Meanwhile the Union forces had been disposed for defensive operations. The cavalry was watching the fords of Duck River and attempting to hold the Rebels in check. A part of the Fourth Corps moved slightly to the rear Friday evening, and occupied a shorter and stronger line than the one so hastily formed on Thursday. Saturday brought heavy skirmishing, but no casualties occurred in the Regiment. At dark the troops were ready to move, but after a delay of some hours it was learned that the pontoon bridge had broken, a portion of the troops having crossed. The lines were thinned out so as to occupy the works vacated by that portion of the army which had crossed; a work of great difficulty, as the night was intensely dark and the rain pouring down in torrents.

Sunday, November 27, was spent in the lines about the little city, but when darkness came, the troops, except a small force which remained until daylight to cover the retreat, silently moved to the rear, waded through the mud to the pontoon bridge, and then halted and fortified, the NINETY-SIXTH marching eastward up the river two or three miles. The men were on the move almost the entire night, and when they halted, near daylight, were called upon to fortify their position. Captain Pollock was sent out with a small force to reconnoitre the front, and meeting a detachment of cavalry falling back before the Rebel advance, had a lively skirmish. During all of Monday the Brigade lay near Duck River, and Monday night moved to Rutherford's Creek, partially fortifying another line, where it remained for nearly twenty-four hours, guarding the crossing while troops and trains passed to the rear.

Tuesday, November 29, was a critical day with the army. General Kimball having come up and assumed command of the Division, General Whittaker took command of the Brigade. There was ample evidence that Rebel infantry was

marching past the position held by the NINETY-SIXTH and other portions of the Division, for the pickets were constantly reporting moving troops in sight, and were frequently fired upon. The wagon trains had been ordered to Franklin under escort of the Second Division of the Fourth Corps, the infantry taking the lead. Their march was begun about eight o'clock A. M. Twelve miles north of Columbia was Spring Hill, a small village, where was stationed a company or two of cavalry. As the infantry approached the village firing was heard, indicating that the Rebels had outmarched them and were fighting for the possession of the village and pike. It proved to be only a cavalry fight, at first, and when the head of the Second Division reached the scene the enemy retired. A brisk skirmish followed, for the Rebel infantry was close at hand and made a vigorous attempt to gain a position on the highway and cut off the troops that had not yet arrived from Columbia. The Second Division was repeatedly attacked, and on the right and a little south of the village was forced to retreat for some distance. Most of the artillery was at hand and aided in repelling the charges. Fortunately the Rebels lacked the nerve to take advantage of the situation, and the day closed without serious losses. Most of the teams closed up at a run when the skirmishing began, and were parked at the village. A few went forward and were captured and burned by the cavalry near Thompson's Station. Gen. Hood seems to have realized his opportunity and to have made an earnest effort to take advantage of it, but Gen. Cheatham, in command of his advance, with a corps at hand and another rapidly approaching, delayed, through fear that he was outnumbered, the amount of artillery and the vigor with which General Stanley resisted disconcerting him and rendering him timid. The Union loss was about two hundred ; the Rebel loss fully five hundred.

Meanwhile the NINETY-SIXTH, with the other troops of the Brigade, had been comparatively idle at Rutherford's Creek, but just before night took up the line of march. The Regiment had the lead and marched left in front. An advance guard was put out, and after a time flankers were sent upon

the right, marching through the fields parallel with the main column. The utmost silence prevailed, and all commands were given in low tones. There were frequent halts, and more than once men were seen or heard leaving the pike. A light barricade was found at one point, the enemy disappearing in the darkness. Nearing Spring Hill some horsemen were met, and a brief parley ensued, each party being afraid the others were Rebels. Everything was soon explained, however, for some one soon recognized Gen. Whittaker's peculiar voice and made known the fact that fears had been entertained that the command had been cut off and possibly dispersed or captured. The march was then continued to Spring Hill, where the NINETY-SIXTH was moved into a cornfield on the north side of the pike and directed to build a line of works. All were cautioned to maintain silence, and hardly a cornstalk rustled, so careful were the men. The Rebel camp fires were but a hundred rods distant, and the men could be plainly seen standing or walking around them. Orders were given not to fire a gun unless the enemy should be seen advancing in force directly toward the pike. It was stated as a fact that some members of the Regiment, going for rails, a short distance in front, found the Rebels taking rails from the same fence, and Sergeant Murrie and Corporal Swazey, of Company C, going out to reconnoitre, actually passed between the pickets of the enemy, going nearly to the camp-fires and returning without being fired upon. For hours the flankers of the two armies were within a few yards of each other, but each apparently under orders not to bring on an engagement. It was probably eleven o'clock or after when the Regiment was halted in the cornfield. A light barricade was soon completed, and then the men stood or laid in line, chilled to the marrow, and anxiously awaiting orders to leave the perilous position.

Toward morning, the last wagon having got in line, the Regiment moved to the road and pushed northward, being almost the rear of the army. With the first glimmer of daylight the firing, which had been confined to an occasional shot, increased somewhat, and before sunrise was quite lively.

The NINETY-SIXTH marched in the fields much of the way. Apparently there was great confusion, for detached regiments from several brigades, groups of men who had tired out and left their commands, a few ambulances, a part of a battery, and a group of citizens and railroad men were all crowding for the pike at the same time. By good management on the part of Gen. Stanley, and because of timidity on the part of the Rebels, only a few of the eight hundred wagons in the train were lost, and before daylight Gen. Schofield's advance was crossing the Harpeth River at Franklin. His rear, however, had still about eight miles to march.

That night had been one of extremest peril, and it was a relief to the rear-guard when, at a little after sunrise, it became apparent that the Rebel infantry had not marched during the night, and that its advance was barely abreast with the Union rear guard.

The skirmishing grew lively as the hours wore on, but the danger of attack in flank was over. The Twenty-third Corps had reached Franklin before daylight, and a portion of the Fourth Corps soon followed, forming a line about the village, the flanks resting on the river. The wagons were parked on the north side of the river, Gen. Wood's Division forming as a guard near the ground where the NINETY-SIXTH had encamped for several weeks in the spring of 1863. The crossing of the river was a difficult matter, but enough planks were found to convert the railroad bridge into a wagon bridge, and also to construct a crossing above.

But the troops in rear were still toiling on, with the Rebel rear-guard closely following. Once at least, a little north of Thompson's Station, they pressed so hard that the NINETY-SIXTH formed in line, faced to the rear, and showed so bold a front as to compel them to halt and deploy their lines, thus saving valuable time to the retreating forces. The soldiers of either army shouted in defiant tones and were repeatedly so near as to be readily understood.

Not far from eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Monday, November 30, the Regiment halted beside the pike, two miles south of the village, and prepared a hasty breakfast from

the well nigh empty haversacks. Before all had succeeded in boiling coffee, an order came to move to a high knob some distance west of the road, and prepare to resist the enemy. In a moment the column moved for its position, where a grand panorama spread out before them. Approaching a stone wall at the foot of the ridge were the skirmishers of the enemy, in so close range that a musket ball fired by one of them buried itself in the shoulder of Sergeant Effinger, of Company C, inflicting a painful and dangerous wound. Farther out to right and left the long columns of infantry were rapidly deploying, with squadrons of cavalry on either flank, and all advancing steadily toward the ridge. Beyond, the covered wagons were going into park in a meadow close beside the road. Ambulances and artillery followed the infantry, and everything indicated that a battle was near at hand. However severely historians may criticise Gen. Hood, no one who witnessed the marshalling of that vast army outside of Franklin can fail to give him high praise for the skill and rapidity with which he formed his lines on that eventful day.

The Regiment hastily threw up a light barricade of rails and rocks along the summit of the ridge, the skirmishers responding to the fire of the enemy. As soon as the lines in the rear, just at the outskirts of the town, were well formed, the Regiment was ordered to retire and was speedily marching at a swinging gait along the old familiar pike, past its picket and reserve posts of 1863, and through the village to the right of the line, being probably the last command to pass the breast works on the Columbia pike.*

* Most writers give to Col. Opdyke's Brigade the credit of being the rear guard from Spring Hill to Franklin, and the last troops to reach the village. The editor finds some conflict of testimony among the records at command, but while not claiming for the NINETY-SIXTH that it acted as rear-guard the entire distance, is certain that it did a part of the time. It was left in its position in the cornfield east of Spring Hill until all of the wagons were in line, and passed the range of hills east of Thompson's Station after daylight. The battalion of the 40th Ohio, embracing its non-veterans and those whose terms of service had not expired, and also the 45th Ohio, having been on the skirmish line at Rutherford's Creek, were brought back by Lieutenant Earle, Brigade Inspector, and were among the last troops to reach Spring Hill, remaining with the NINETY-SIXTH for a time. On the ridge, outside of Franklin, the NINETY-SIXTH had the right of the line facing south, and from there in was certainly the rear-guard. There is little doubt that the Regiment was the last organized command to pass the breastworks near the Carter residence. The brigades of Lane and Conrad were constructing the works from

In leaving the ridge, Albert Paddock, of Company D, who, tired out with the long march, had thrown himself down beside a log and gone to sleep where the Regiment halted to make coffee, was not missed, but slept on until rudely awakened by the Rebels to find himself a prisoner of war.

Arrived at the right, after passing through the village, the Regiment found itself crowded out of the front line, and bivouacked on a little hill near the cemetery close beside the river, and not far from the ford. Here the men rested, most of them cooking, a few sleeping, and others speculating as to what the coming hours would bring.

For some hours before the Regiment arrived, the troops of the Twenty-third Corps occupied the main line from the river on the left, two-thirds of the distance around the town, crossing the Lewisburg and Columbia pikes. The First Division of the Fourth Corps was at their right, completing the line to the river above, and nearly all on ground favorable for defense.

These troops had lost no time in rendering their position defensible by the construction of breastworks, and the semicircle, a mile and a half in length, was speedily so strong as to afford protection from bullets. In the construction of these works, there being but little timber accessible, fences of every description were utilized and a few barns and abandoned houses were torn down, the boards being used as a barricade to hold the earth in place, while the sills served an admirable purpose as head logs. Near the Columbia pike an old cotton press was torn down and made to do service. A locust grove was partially cut and used as an abatis at the right of the road, and in the vicinity of the Lewisburg pike an osage orange

which they were subsequently driven when the NINETY-SIXTH passed. A brigade, which the editor believes to have been Col. Opdyke's, was bivouacked near the roadside in some vacant lots a short distance in rear of the works. Before its arrival in Franklin, the lines were formed and the works were well advanced, most of the Division having been there several hours. The battle began within a few moments—from a half hour to an hour—after the Regiment reached the right. Sergeant Effinger declares it to have been two o'clock when he was wounded, two miles outside of Franklin, but letters and diaries say: "About noon." Sergeant Berg's diary, written at the time, says: "We arrived at Franklin about 2 P. M. Sergeant Effinger, of Company C, was wounded severely at noon. Our Division covered the retreat of the Army all day."

hedge was lopped and converted into an effectual protection against the charging columns.

On the right and in the immediate front of the position held by the First Division of the Fourth Corps were a few houses, with lawns and gardens enclosed, and farms stretching out beyond. In rear and near the extreme right of the line was a deep ford, through which many citizens made their way as the day wore on. In rear of the extreme left of the line, upon the north bank of the Harpeth, stood Fort Granger, on which the men of the NINETY-SIXTH had spent so many days of hard labor in the spring of 1863. It was now well filled with artillery, and commanded the open plain between the Lewisburg and Columbia pikes. Gen. Schofield was in the fort awaiting the movements of the enemy. The rank and file of the Army expected a battle, but the Commander and many of his subordinates apparently thought that there would be a repetition of the tactics pursued at other points, the enemy, after a strong demonstration in front, seeking to gain the rear of the line by fording the river east of town and making a race for Nashville. With this expectation Gen. Wilson's cavalry was sent to the north side of the Harpeth and pushed well to the front, the teams were massed to await the coming of night and the Third Division of the Fourth Corps was held near Fort Granger, in readiness to move to support the cavalry and protect the train. The troops were ordered to be ready to march at six o'clock.

It proved that the men in the ranks were right, and that a bloody battle was impending. For a little time there was quiet along the lines, and the air seemed humid with the great agony and sorrow now so near. During the early afternoon the enemy swarmed across the hills from which the NINETY-SIXTH had retired after the inner lines had been formed, and at four o'clock attained the position from which a most desperate assault was to be made.

It was a splendid spectacle as their lines of infantry, a mile in length, came out from the timber which had partially concealed them, and swept across the open plain in full view of the Union forces. More than twenty thousand of the enemy

could be seen at one time by the troops upon the higher ground. Slowly at first, and then more rapidly, they swept forward, at length breaking into a run and rushing toward the Union lines in a broad torrent that it seemed could not prove otherwise than irresistible.

By some strangely interpreted order two Brigades of the Second Division of the Fourth Corps had been left outside the continuous line about the village, across the field from the Carter residence, one at the right, the other at the left of the Columbia pike. They had built a light breastwork but both flanks were in air. As the long line came sweeping toward them they poured a volley into the troops in their front, checking them for a moment. But the enemy was passing them on either flank and their only safety lay in flight. Several hundred surrendered at this point. The others ran to the rear, those not killed or wounded in the movement falling breathless on the outside of the works or, leaping over the line, turning and joining in the attempt to hold in check the oncoming foe. In this wild race the Blue and the Grey were so mingled that for a time the troops in the main line feared to fire lest they should kill or wound their friends. At the pike the advance of the enemy reached and crossed the works simultaneously with the fugitives, and the line was borne backward, the breastworks falling into the hands of the enemy for a distance of three hundred yards. But if the leaving of Lane's and Conrad's Brigades in front had been a great misfortune, it happened that Col. Opdyke's Brigade of the same Division had been most fortunately placed in some vacant lots a hundred yards in rear of the works, and were quickly hurried to the front under the personal leadership of Col. Opdyke and of the Corps Commander, General Stanley, who remained with them even after being severely wounded in the neck and shoulder. These troops charged gallantly forward and retook a portion of the works, battering the edge of the entering wedge that had come so near hopelessly severing the Union line, and holding in check the Rebel columns as they sought, again and again, to take advantage of the slight break and compel the Union forces to retreat.

The main body of Rebels retired after a vain struggle to maintain their advantage, but a few still clung to the breastworks at the right of the pike with a tenacity that bespoke their desperate valor. Soon the columns formed again and moved in another charge upon the works. There were a few pattering shots, and the artillery upon the line and in Fort Granger opened upon the level plain. A volley was heard, and then the deafening and continuous roar as thousands of muskets belched forth their deadly fire. The moments lengthened, and the smoke hung suspended in the quivering Autumn air as if to shut out the dreadful carnage. Rebel officers rode to the very breastworks, seeking to inspire their men with the idea expressed by Gen. Hood before the charge began: "Break that line and there is nothing between you and the Ohio river." But even such reckless valor could not avail. The leaders went down until twelve Generals had been killed or wounded, and one, who rode straight across the works, had been captured. One of the officers mortally wounded was Brigadier General Carter, whose father owned the brick house just in rear of the works. He fell close to the works, and upon the very farm where he had spent the early years of his life. Gen. Clebourne was killed near the cotton press and almost upon the Union works. The firing slackened and a cheer arose, which was taken up and carried around the lines. Darkness was now settling down upon the scene, but the enemy still pressed upon the Union lines, seeking to penetrate with hundreds where thousands had failed. Acres of the level field, at the right and left of the Columbia pike, were almost covered with the dead and dying. The muskets, so fouled that it was almost impossible to load them, belched out their red fire long after darkness came. A hundred wagon loads of ammunition were expended during that single afternoon and evening.

The position of the NINETY-SIXTH, at the opening of the battle, has already been described. A few moments previously a staff officer had called for a detail to take the skirmish line. Thirty men were furnished, and reporting near the right of the line were counted off and deployed. Thomas Craig, of

Company I, was among the number, and chancing to be in the file with some men from another regiment, went forward through a door-yard and past a group of cedars where were clustered a few of the enemy's dismounted cavalry. He had not been absent from the line five minutes before he was told to lay down his gun, and finding himself completely at the mercy of the Rebels he, with a few others, surrendered and was hurried off across the field. Craig had been with the Regiment but a month, having come to it as a recruit at Chattanooga, after a three years' service with the 19th Illinois.

Edwin Potter, of Company B, shot a Rebel from his horse in front of the skirmish line. The horse kept right on and was secured by the Union forces. After dark the skirmishers were repeatedly fired on by the pickets of the Third Division, from across the river.

Simultaneously with the opening of the battle on the left a vigorous demonstration was made upon the right, in front of the First Division, by a body of dismounted cavalry. The NINETY-SIXTH instantly fell in and moved through a depression, and up to the spot toward which the attack was apparently to be directed. The bullets flew thick and fast, and John H. Holden, of Company A, was wounded in the head, quite seriously but not so badly but that he insisted on remaining with the command. The Regiment was halted in reserve, just back of the main line, near the left of the Brigade, until about twelve o'clock, being called up once or twice with the expectation of going to the left, the movement never becoming necessary, however. The fire of the Rebel left was annoying at times, but did not prove especially severe. Occasionally overshot bullets from the neighborhood of the Carter residence, nearly a mile distant, and others from near the Carter's Creek pike, struck uncomfortably near, and it was a continual wonder that casualties were not more numerous.

When the first charge occurred the view from the elevated position of the cemetery was a grand one. Looking across the village the field was in plain sight and the long lines of Rebels could be distinctly seen as they emerged from the woods and pressed back the brigades occupying the advanced position. A

volley came, but before the sounds reached the ear the smoke obscured the view. Then the cloud lifted and the lines could be seen, partially disorganized but rapidly pressing forward with a wild yell. Other volleys followed, and then the constant, deafening roar, increasing in volume until it reached proportions such as are seldom attained in any battle. The smoke now totally obscured the scene, and for a time it was doubtful which side had won, but soon there arose the unmistakable Union cheer which, sweeping around the lines, was caught up by brigade after brigade until every man seemed to be participating.

A crowd of fugitives, mainly citizens, white and black, ran back from the town when the battle opened, many crossing the ford near the cemetery. Among the number were two gentlemen, in a buggy, with a little girl between them. They had reached the middle of the stream when a dull, sickening thud was heard and the innocent child sunk down, doubtless killed outright. Apparently the bullet which struck her came from where the main charge was taking place, almost a mile away. Other casualties occurred momentarily, but none seemed so terrible as the one by which that little child was struck down.

The charges made after dark were with less vigor than those which at first proved so nearly fatal to the Union forces, and by nine o'clock there was comparative quiet along the line, although the firing was continued at intervals until eleven o'clock. Most of the wounded Federals were placed in ambulances or in the empty ammunition wagons, but a few had to be left, some in houses, and others where they had fallen.

The scene in front of the works, where the main fighting occurred, beggars description. Wounded men begged for water or assistance, and in many instances their wants were supplied, brave men, at great peril, going between the lines with canteens of the fluid always so precious at such times.

Shortly after nine o'clock, orders were issued to leave the lines at midnight. Long before this the trains had been started for Nashville. The flanks were first retired, and after

that the centre. A building was set on fire and threatened to so light up the town as to make the movement visible to the watchful enemy, but an old fire engine was found and the flames were soon extinguished. Both of the bridges were piled with kindling early in the evening and made ready for burning. Little time was occupied in the movement to the north side of the river, the skirmishers in front retiring to the breastworks as soon as they were vacated, and in a few moments moving silently across the bridges. The NINETY SIXTH, with the other troops comprising the First Division, crossed by the wagon bridge. Most of the Twenty-third Corps passed over on the railroad bridge. Even before the last of the skirmishers were across, the bridges were set on fire. The Rebels were not long in discovering the movement, and hurried through the town, but attained no advantage, as the Third Division still defended the crossings and gave them a noisy reception. Two hundred Federal wounded were left in the village.

The retreat from Franklin to Nashville, a distance of eighteen miles, was a most tedious march. It should be remembered that for a full week the troops had been almost constantly on the road, or building breastworks and fighting. For a night or two at Columbia there was some brief opportunity for sleeping, but very little afterward. All were thoroughly tired out and greatly in need of rest. But there was no alternative, and wearily the long column moved forward along the only pike leading northward. The usual vexatious delays occurred, an unbridged stream being the principal cause. This was some distance out, and as every team had to be whipped into it, the column was continually stopping and starting. Knowing that if an attack was made it would be from the east, the battalions marched left in front. These annoying delays occurred frequently for two or three hours, and so exhausted were the men that at each brief halt nearly all would drop down in the road and instantly fall asleep. A whispered, "Fall in, boys!" would as quickly rouse them, and, more asleep than awake, they staggered rather than marched forward. Indeed, many of them slept

soundly as they walked along, and at each halt would bunt against the man next ahead of them. Field and staff officers slept for miles in their saddles, and even the horses staggered as they walked along.

Stragglers were numerous, many being so tired and lame that they could not walk. Some of them lay in the fence corners, sound asleep. On one occasion, toward morning, occurred a halt somewhat longer than usual and several of these sleepers were awakened, partly for sport. One of them could not be aroused, so soundly was he sleeping, and members of the NINETY-SIXTH actually picked him up, lifted him over the fence and placed him on the ground again without awakening him. The rear-guard must have had many trying experiences in forcing the multitude of worn out men to fall in and move forward. Captains Pollock and Blowney became so exhausted that they determined to sit still for a five-minutes' rest after the column moved on, and speedily fell asleep, to be awakened only when the rear-guard shook them and ordered them to move on.

Daylight came at last and a little later all halted at Brentwood, when the inevitable coffee pot was brought out and breakfast prepared. Then the troops again took the road, marching leisurely and reaching the outskirts of the city about noon.

It was a thoroughly tired out lot of men that reached Nashville that Thursday. But it was a relief to know that the Rebels had not followed closely, having so many dead to bury and so many wounded to care for that the day was consumed at Franklin. Most of the NINETY-SIXTH busied themselves with cooking, some rested and slept and others cared for their lacerated feet. Major Hicks and Adjutant Blodgett rode to town and all were hoping for a good night's rest when a staff officer rode up and announced that the Regiment must go upon the skirmish line and picket the front of the Brigade. Captain Pollock took command and marched the tired men out a few hundred yards, established as few picket posts as was deemed safe, and began to fortify a line on either side of the pike. The Major and Adjutant soon returned and joined

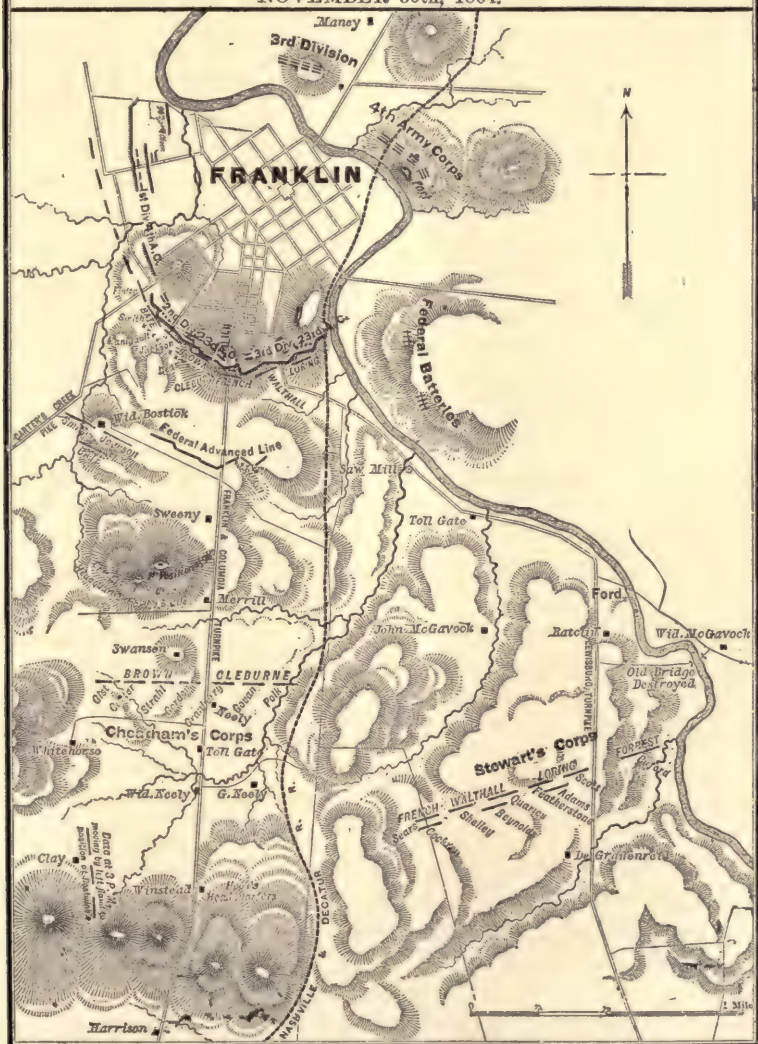
the command. That night on picket was a trying one and only by constant vigilance on the part of a few could the men be kept awake. Relief guards were sent out with more than ordinary frequency and would even then find the pickets sleeping.

The forenoon of Friday, December 2, passed, and no relief having been offered, the Major sent word that his men must be taken from the line and given an opportunity for rest. The message served its purpose, and the Regiment soon marched back to the main line, where the men threw themselves down and in a moment were asleep. The afternoon was wearing away, when of a sudden firing began directly in the front. There was an immediate commotion all along the line, for it was evident that the Rebels had moved up from Franklin. Officers and men questioned whether Gen. Hood would repeat his tactics of two days before and assault the line of works which the Union army had thrown up about the city.

"Where's the NINETY-SIXTH?" shouted Gen. Whittaker, as he dashed along the line a moment later. "Here it is!" responded Major Hicks, as, hatless and coatless, he raised up and threw off the blanket under which he had been sleeping. "Fall in your Regiment and move to the skirmish line immediately!" was the order. "But," protested the Major, "we have just come from the skirmish line and my men need sleep!" "There will be no sleep for anyone to-night," shouted the General. "Take your men out there at once! The whole Rebel army is there, and I must send the best Regiment in the Brigade!" The Major knew that further protest was useless, and accepting the implied compliment, prepared as speedily as possible, and moved the men over the breastworks and out to the front, taking position at the right of the pike, about in line with the skirmish reserves. A new line of works was at once constructed, the Rebels meantime keeping up a skirmish fire, and pressing forward until seemingly satisfied that the Yankees would not retreat farther unless compelled to do so. Their lines were soon formed, extending far around to right and left, but they made no

MAP OF THE Battlefield of Franklin, Tenn.

NOVEMBER 30th, 1864.



LIBRARY
OF THE
SECURITY OF ILLINOIS

charge. The Regiment lay behind its barricade that night, every man with his musket clutched, but all sleeping soundly, except that a single guard was stationed, hourly, to wake the officers should there be an alarm from the pickets.

The night passed quietly, however, and the next day the Regiment was relieved and sent to the main line. The works having been filled while the command was absent, there seemed to be no place for it, and Gen. Whittaker directed, as a special favor, that it be camped in the beautiful grounds of the Acklin place, partially out of range of the picket firing, and, in view of its arduous services and its two nights on out-post duty, that no pickets should be called for from its ranks until further orders. Here, on the night of December 2, for the first time in nine successive days, the men felt at liberty to remove their accoutrements, build good camp fires, and take off such of their clothing as December weather and an outdoor camp would permit.

The battle of Franklin was of decided advantage to the Union forces. Gen. Hood had brought more than three-fourths of his entire army into action, and after assaults as desperate and determined as any of the war, had been repulsed with frightful loss. A thousand prisoners and the few flags captured from Lane's and Conrad's Brigades were meager compensation for the loss of thirteen general officers, thirty stands of colors, 1,750 men killed, 4,000 wounded and 700 captured. The Union losses, mainly in the Second Division of the Fourth Corps, were reported at 189 killed, 1,033 wounded and 1,104 missing. The Union Army had gained confidence, while the Confederates, appalled at their unexpected repulse and their almost unprecedented losses, were much dispirited, and approached Nashville with far less confidence than that felt as they neared Franklin.

Perhaps this chapter cannot be better closed than by the following extract from the official report of Gen. Stanley. In speaking of the breaking of the Union line on the Columbia pike, and the gallant charge of Col. Opdyke's Brigade, by which they were restored, he says: "The moment was critical beyond any I have known in any battle."

In describing the march from Franklin to Nashville, he says :

“Our men were more exhausted, physically, than I have ever seen on any other occasion. From November 23, when we left Pulaski, until arriving at Nashville, we had been constantly in the immediate presence of an enemy we knew to be vastly superior to us in numbers, closely watching to attack us at disadvantage. With us, both mind and body were kept at full stretch, and it was only by night marches and the constant use of intrenchments that we could hope to save ourselves. Many of our men were overtaxed and broke down, unable to travel any longer. They fell into the hands of the enemy. On two occasions the enemy was very near attaining the advantage he sought of us. The first was when Cox drove back his advance, just about entering Columbia. The second and greatest escape for us was at Spring Hill, when, with a whole corps in line of battle, the left of the line within six hundred yards of the road, they allowed all our army, except Wagner’s Division, which had fought them during the day, to pass them with impunity during the night.”

CHAPTER XXV.

The Siege of Nashville — Reinforcements Arrive — Recruits Received — Citizens Building Breastworks — The Country Anxious — Reason of the Delay — An Ice Storm — The Weather Grows Milder — The Battle Begins — First Day's Work — Important Gains — Night on the Battlefield — The Second Day's Battle — A Charge on the Skirmish Line — Long Hours Under Fire — A Gallant Charge — Four Guns and Many Prisoners Taken — A Glorious Victory — Incidents of the Battle — The Gains and the Losses — The Casualty List.

THE position of the NINETY-SIXTH during the siege of Nashville — if siege it could be called — was a fairly comfortable one. The camp was pleasant, the guard duty light, and the position but little exposed to the enemy's fire. Rations were ample, and included many sanitary supplies sent from the North. Clothing was issued in abundance, and a few passes were given out daily, so that in time all who cared to do so were permitted to visit the city.

Gen. Thomas, having assumed the immediate command of the army, Gen. Schofield returned to the Twenty-third Corps. Gen. Stanley relinquished the command of the Fourth Corps, owing to the wound received at Franklin, and was succeeded by Gen. Wood, commander of the Third Division. The 115th Illinois, which had been doing garrison duty at Resaca and points near by, from the time of the battle at that place, rejoined the Brigade. The remaining six companies of the 40th Ohio, having completed their term of enlistment, were mustered out and left for home, their veterans and recruits being assigned to the 51st Ohio. A few other regiments whose terms of service had expired were sent northward, but there was not a large number of such, and, on the whole, the army at Nashville was very largely reinforced. Simultaneously with the arrival of the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps from the front, Gen. A. J. Smith came by river from the rear with three divisions of the Sixteenth Corps, and other detached troops. A considerable number of cav-

alry regiments also arrived, not all of them being mounted, however. Men from almost every regiment then with Gen. Sherman were sent from the various camps and hospitals, and with the recruits and detailed men, organized into a "Provisional Division," which was placed under command of Gen. J. B. Steedman. Sergeants were given command of the improvised companies, and line officers of the battalions thus formed. Several colored regiments also came up and took their place in the line. By December 10 the army under Gen. Thomas comprised about fifty-five thousand effective men of all arms.

Eighty-six recruits joined the NINETY-SIXTH on the 10th, most of them coming from Jo Daviess county, and being enlisted for one year. There was great anxiety in Galena and vicinity for a few days, owing to a report that all of these newly enlisted men had been captured between Louisville and Nashville, a report that happily proved untrue. The recruits were an excellent body of men, most of them being young, and all of them taking hold of their army duties with enthusiasm. Almost one third of them had brothers in the command, and nearly all acquaintances or near friends. A number of men who had been in hospital or on detached service came up, and the Regiment had four hundred men present for duty when the advance from Nashville finally took place, — a larger number than at any time for seven months. Among the recruits were Allen B. Whitney, formerly Captain of Company B; and Reuben L. Root, formerly Second Lieutenant of Company H; both of whom were now enlisted as privates.

A large number of recruits for the 45th Illinois came to the camp of the NINETY-SIXTH, their regiment being with Gen. Sherman. Having many acquaintances, they obtained permission to remain with the Regiment for two or three days, but were then attached to Gen. Steedman's command.

Gen. Hood completed the formation of his lines December 3, and made occasional demonstrations on the front, but almost immediately sent a portion of his cavalry with a few regiments of infantry to operate against Murfreesboro and

points in that vicinity. These detached Rebel forces met with heavy losses without achieving any marked results.

Many citizens from Nashville came out to visit the army and look over the lines, but none cared to repeat the visit, as all were put at work in the intrenchments; the officers arguing that of all persons in the world those resident in Nashville were interested in its defense, and ought to be willing to at least use so harmless an implement as a shovel. Some took the order good naturedly, while others complained, but there was no appeal, and all had to work for at least a few hours.

The weather, which was rainy during the early days of the month, turned extremely cold on the 8th, causing much discomfort. The men were fairly provided for in the way of blankets, and took what comfort they could out of the thought that the Rebels were not as well protected as they. Fuel soon became scarce in the camp, and rigid economy was necessary in its use. On one of the coldest days a loud cheer was heard in the Rebel lines, and the men sprang up in anticipation of an assault. A moment later a dog, with a tin pan attached to his tail, was seen coming with great speed toward the Federal lines, and then the Yankees cheered, while the frightened animal leaped the works and sped on toward Nashville.

Thursday, December 8, the Regiment was called in line and prepared to move to the front, the enemy having driven in the pickets on the left, but the skirmish pits were speedily retaken without any assistance from this command. Once or twice afterward there were 'alarms, which kept the men in line for a time. Colonel Smith, Captain Hastings, Captain Taylor, and other wounded officers, visited the camp repeatedly, and were warmly greeted. Captain Burnett was so fortunate as to secure leave of absence and went home for his first visit. Captain Blowney was taken seriously ill, and went to hospital, where, after a partial recovery, he also obtained a leave of absence. The three left companies,—B, G and K,—were commanded by Sergeants Wait, Swanbrough and Luke.

During the two weeks in which he confronted Nashville,

Gen. Hood was sparing of artillery ammunition. This was, no doubt, partially due to the fact that he had to bring it so far, and that his transportation was limited, for although he had repaired the railroad from Pulaski to Franklin, he had but two locomotives and a very few cars at his command, most of these having been captured at Spring Hill.

The country became exceedingly anxious over matters in Tennessee, even before the retreat from Franklin ; and now, although the railroad was kept open from Louisville and boats were arriving frequently, coming up the Cumberland, the public generally seemed to regard Nashville as in a state of siege, and to anticipate that Gen. Hood would flank the forces out, and compel Gen. Thomas to make a race with him for the Ohio river. Gen. Grant shared in this anxiety, and telegraphed for a forward movement on the sixth ; and as his orders were not obeyed, intimated that he should direct Gen. Schofield to take command. Subsequently he ordered Gen. Logan to proceed to Nashville and take charge of affairs in the Department, and that officer had proceeded as far as Louisville, when word came that an advance had been made. While Gen. Logan was on the road, Gen. Grant even left the Army of the Potomac, then confronting Petersburg, and had reached Washington, with the avowed purpose of going to Nashville and taking charge in person, when a telegram announced the exceedingly satisfactory result of the first day's battle.

But Gen. Thomas had been neither idle nor indifferent, and felt that his knowledge of affairs in the Department justified his delay. Many of the recruits were still unarmed. A large number of horses were arriving daily, and were greatly needed by his cavalry, almost one-half of whom were still dismounted. The newly arrived horses had to be shod, and saddles and bridles had to be taken from the depot to the camps. Preparations were so far completed that an advance was promised on the 9th, but a heavy rain storm, turning into sleet, left the roads and fields so icy that neither men nor horses could keep their feet. The cold continued for several days, but on the 14th, the weather having moderated and the

ice disappeared, orders were issued to move the following morning.

Up to this time Gen. A. J. Smith's command had occupied the right of the line, with the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps and Steedman's Division successively on its left, either flank resting on the Cumberland River. The Rebel line was somewhat shorter, but its flanks were guarded by cavalry and heavy earthworks, well supplied with artillery, and commanded the country to the river.

Thursday, December 15, réveille sounded at four o'clock, and before daylight the Union forces were moving out upon the right. The plan of the battle was a grand left wheel, the right of the line to be so extended as to overlap the enemy's left, and take it in flank and rear. The Twenty-third Corps early left its place in the line and was moved to the right, detachments from Gen. Steedman's command taking its place. Under cover of a dense fog the cavalry moved out upon the Harding and Hillsboro pikes, and as Gen. Smith advanced, extended the swinging column. The Fourth Corps moved out simultaneously and was soon engaged. The First Division had the centre of the Corps and was in double line,—the first deployed and the second in column. It happened that for the day the NINETY-SIXTH had the second line.

The plan of the battle was admirably carried out. Gen. Steedman made a strong demonstration on the left, deceiving the enemy into the belief that the main attack was to be made at that point, and causing him to weaken his left and centre. The fog served as an admirable shield, and when it began to lift, Gen. Hood was surprised to find great masses of soldiers in blue lapping his left and breaking across his front with rapid musketry and tumultuous shouts. The cavalry still bore to the right, and soon made way for the Twenty-third Corps. Meanwhile the First Division, marching forward between the Hillsboro and the Granny White pikes, pressed the enemy back to his main line, and shortly after was shouting and charging with the troops on the right. The NINETY-SIXTH followed on, sometimes under heavy fire from both musketry and artillery, but without an opportunity to

take position in the front line or to return the fire. There were protracted halts, the men hugging the ground to avoid the ever-present danger. Occasionally a fine opportunity was offered for those curiously inclined to watch the manœuvering of the long lines of battle from the elevations gained, the country being comparatively open.

The fog being dispelled, all could see that the Federals were achieving a grand success, the heavy breastworks, although guarded by formidable abatis, not being proof against the vigorous assaults of the resolute and confident soldiers. In front of the First Division a fortified hill, with artillery, was taken, and a long column of prisoners filed to the rear. The same scene was witnessed at other points, and by night the enemy had been forced to leave its original line and defend a new position, its right upon Overton's Hill, its left extending to some elevations known as the Harpeth Hills, but with heavy skirmish lines still in their front. The Hillsboro and Granny White pikes were both clear, and when night closed upon the scene, and the brilliant successes of the day were telegraphed over the country,* the Federals were noisy and exultant in their extended camps, while the Confederates, sullen and dispirited, were contracting their lines and building new earthworks.

All night the pickets could hear the sounds of preparation in their front. The skirmishers were bold, and kept up a vigorous response whenever they were pressed. Trees were being felled, and the orders shouted to the moving troops, as they massed for their last grand stand, could be plainly heard. While their defeat had been so marked the day before as to make the outcome of a second day's battle almost certain to be a victory for the Union forces, yet Gen. Hood seems to have conceived the idea that upon the shorter and stronger line he had now chosen he could resist all direct assaults,

*President Lincoln telegraphed Gen. Thomas next morning: "Please accept for yourself, officers and men, the Nation's thanks for your work of yesterday. You made a magnificent beginning. A grand consummation is within your easy reach. Do not let it slip."

Gen. Grant telegraphed at midnight: "Your dispatch of this evening just received. I congratulate you and the army under your command for to-day's operations, and feel a conviction that to-morrow will add more fruits to your victory."

punish the Federals, as his forces had been punished at Franklin, and then, by a night movement to the left, gain the rear of the Union lines, as he had sought to do at Atlanta and Peach Tree Creek.

The Federals made only meagre preparations for defense, confident that the enemy would not attack. It was a sight to be remembered as the troops lay down to sleep that night, scattered about and covering every level spot. Each kept on his clothing and accoutrements, ready at the order to fall in for work of any kind. None doubted that there would be a renewal of the battle on the morrow, or that the Regiment, having been with the reserves the day before, would lead in the advance next morning; but none seemed unhappy, or to delay the hour of retiring to indulge in gloomy forebodings.

Friday, December 16. Long before daylight the troops were ready for action, and the grand left-wheel of the main army was resumed. The Brigade to which the NINETY-SIXTH was attached, maneuvered for a time, and when an advance was ordered was the left battalion of the Brigade, and in the front line. At its left, separated by a space of several rods, was the Third Brigade, Col. Grose commanding. But little time was lost in preparation, and then the line swept forward, past farm-buildings and through fields and openings, for a mile or more, the Division gradually swinging to the right, until the left of Grose's Brigade rested upon the Franklin pike. The enemy's batteries had begun playing long ere this, and their skirmish fire was growing uncomfortable, when the lines halted near the verge of some timber, and lay down directly in front of a battery, which fired rapidly over them. Across the open field in front could be seen a fringe of willows, marking the course of a creek, along which the Rebel skirmishers had taken refuge as the Union lines advanced, and beyond it their main works were visible. Soon word came to cross this open field and drive the skirmishers still farther back. Leaving the cover of the timber, the long line of blue pushed steadily but rapidly across a gently sloping ploughed field and meadow, the NINETY-SIXTH having no shelter and no support upon its left. How wickedly the bullets came

humming across the field ! Occasionally a man raised his musket and fired, as a peculiarly tempting offer presented itself, but most of them went forward with their Enfields at a right shoulder shift ; at first silently, and then with a rousing cheer. There was no hesitation anywhere, although the skirmishers on the left were soon firing almost lengthwise of the line and at short range. John Washburn, of Company B, was shot through the body, being among the first hit, and with a single exclamation staggered forward a few steps and fell dead, before one half the distance across the field had been traversed. Poor fellow ! With a presentiment of what was to come he had handed his watch and pocketbook to Nile Wynkoop, of the same Company, that very morning, and requested him to forward it to his wife when the battle was over. His comrades laughed at his fears, but could not dissuade him from his purpose. Bravely he went forward and met a soldier's death. His brother, Volney Washburn, who had joined the command as a recruit but a few days before, went back with a comrade and bore the body from the field, giving it such burial as he could.

Sergeant Swanbrough, commanding Company G, turned to give some word of encouragement to his men, when a bullet disabled his left hand, giving him a wound that proved painful and compelled him to go almost immediately to the rear. Sergeant Miller at once ran bravely to the front and assumed command, the line moving forward without a break. A little further on, Corporal Hamilton, of Company C, who had been terribly wounded through the face at Chickamauga, was struck squarely in the forehead by a bullet, and fell dead without a groan. The bullet passed entirely through his head and entered the shoulder of Sergeant Vandervoort, of Company H, who chanced to be a step in his rear, inflicting a severe wound. Others were also wounded and compelled to go to the rear. As the creek was neared, the opposing line gave way, running back to another depression, and thence to some fences and buildings, where they secreted themselves and kept up a most annoying fire.

This charge was made about nine o'clock. The men were

ordered to halt at the creek, the bank affording some protection, although the position was uncomfortable, owing to the mud and water. A few rods in front of the stream, and on slightly higher ground, was a rail fence, separating the meadow from a cornfield in which the stalks were still standing, and to this fence the line soon made its way and began to fortify. Grose's Brigade moved up and took position, about on a line with the NINETY-SIXTH. Here the troops lay for several hours, a light breastwork being soon constructed. Looking across the cornfield, the Rebel breastworks could be plainly seen, the flags planted upon them being so numerous as to indicate a heavy line. A continuous but not a rapid fire was maintained. Soon there was a wild cheer, and a heavy musketry fire, a little beyond the Franklin pike, off to the left, where, as it proved, a brigade of colored troops, who had driven the enemy from the Nolensville pike, were assaulting the Rebel intrenchments at Overton's Hill. This assault, which was participated in by the Second Division of the Fourth Corps, failed, but was renewed and repeated several times, always without success. In these charges, Lieutenant Woodruff, formerly First Sergeant of Company I, but who had been commissioned in a colored regiment, bravely met his death, and Captain Collier, formerly First Sergeant of Company D, but who had been commissioned in the same brigade with Woodruff, was wounded.

Meanwhile the troops on the right had driven the enemy from several strong positions, not only gaining valuable ground, but making numerous captures of prisoners and artillery.

The position of the NINETY-SIXTH was not only under a severe fire from the front, but became most uncomfortable because of the firing of a battery in its rear, the artillerists cutting almost every fuse so short as to cause the shells to explode long before reaching the Rebel lines. One of these shells exploded near the right of the Regiment and wounded Sergeant Sullivan, of Company F, so severely as to cause his death three weeks later. To add to the discomfort, a cold

rain set in, making the ground upon which the men were lying extremely muddy.

The right having driven the enemy back upon his main line, orders were given to press at all points, and commanding positions in front of each corps, were selected to be assaulted. Major Hicks passed along the line, telling the men that they were expected to break the line in their front should a charge farther to the right, and then about to be made, prove successful. Instantly the men prepared for action. There soon came to their ears the rattle of musketry and all were on their feet. Some of the bolder ones jumped upon the breastworks to watch the result of the charge. An instant later, and without waiting for the order, all jumped the works, and with a loud and continuous cheer, began charging forward. For a hundred rods the route lay through a muddy cornfield; beyond was a deep creek, a farm house, with its yard and gardens, some outbuildings, a clump of cedars, a high rail fence,—partially thrown down at the right, but a formidable obstruction on the left;—then a raise of ground, with a network of abatis; then a ditch, deep and wide in many places; then a strong line of works, filled with armed men. Just at the left, upon a commanding eminence, stood a four-gun battery, which had been throwing shot and shell at intervals all day long.

At a brisk run the line pressed on, entirely outstripping every other regiment in the Brigade. The merciless bullets cut through the cornfield, each one striking many of the stalks, and giving the impression of a hailstorm of lead. Men fell out wounded here and there along the way. At the cedars a tempest of grape swept above them, mowing off the evergreen verdure, and dropping it in showers upon the gallant men below. The house and outbuildings were swarming with Rebel skirmishers when the charge began, some of whom kept up a fire as the line advanced, while others ran out and sought to escape to the main line. A few were shot, but a majority surrendered. A squad of the new men, whose softer muscles and heavier knapsacks had prevented them from keeping up with the main line, came upon these prisoners,

and when the latter began waving their hats and handkerchiefs, some of these men, not understanding that it was in token of surrender, but supposing that the Rebels were making fun of them because they were recruits, actually resented the supposed insult by firing upon them, but with such indifferent aim that only two or three were hit. At the fence the rails were splintered by the fire from the main line. "Boys, their guns are empty!" shouted an officer as the volley passed. Everyone seemed to catch the idea suggested, and to resolve to reach the works before they had time to reload. The abatis offered little resistance, and in a moment the foremost men were upon the works and shouting to the occupants of the long line to surrender. With rare exceptions the enemy threw down their guns and ran to the rear.

Sergeant John Vincent, of Company A, who, from the time of Color-Sergeant Swanbrough's promotion to First Sergeant, the previous August, had carried the stars and stripes, bravely mounted the works and ran along the parapet, only halting when the battery was reached, and then but for an instant, when he jumped over the heads of the Rebels in the works and joined his comrades, who had crossed the line farther to the right, swinging the flag to indicate to the troops in rear that the Rebel line had been broken. The flag was hit by bullets several times, but the gallant color-bearer escaped. The battery fired when the men were swarming almost up to the guns, and the commander was shot as he turned to strike one of his men because he would not again load his piece. Corporal Henry H. Cutler, of Company C, who was one of the foremost in the charge, after crossing the works, was mortally wounded, dying within a few hours. Corporal John McCusker, of Company B, was badly wounded near the battery and while shouting to his comrades to come on. William Kimball, of Company K, and Francis S. Bailey, of Company F, both recruits, were also mortally wounded. Lieutenant William Dawson, of Company F, who for some breach of discipline had been placed under arrest a few days before, went into action carrying a club. He was one of the most conspicuous for his bravery, and the sword

he had so gallantly won was returned to him at the close of the battle. William J. Fuller, of Company B, who had served in a battery for a time, stopped at the captured guns and called to some of his comrades to assist him in turning them upon the enemy, but most of the men were too eager in the pursuit to halt, and after one or two gun-stocks had been broken in the vain attempt to turn the heavy wheels about in the mud, the effort was abandoned. Most of the artillery horses, which had been standing in a depression at the rear of the battery, were disabled or captured, but a few were mounted by their postillions and ridden to the rear. It would be impossible to say who was first across the works. A dozen men mounted them almost simultaneously, most of them leaping over the heads of the foe and then rushing directly toward the battery. The guns proved to be four twelve-pound Napoleons, and all were hot and the smoke was still issuing from their muzzles when the men laid their hands upon them.

Notwithstanding the great fatigue incident to the long run and the climbing of numerous obstacles,—the men all carrying their knapsacks and considerable extra ammunition,—the Regiment pressed on, capturing scores of the enemy. The Rebels shook their hats and handkerchiefs from behind every log and tree, and were promptly invited to step out and run to the rear.

The Union battery in the rear seemed not to understand that the charge had proved successful, although the flag was displayed where they should have seen it, and continued to play upon the hill, fortunately without injuring any of the Regiment. A few of the NINETY-SIXTH ran toward the Franklin pike, directly in rear of the Rebel works, gathering in many prisoners, among them numerous officers, all of whom were directed to report at the battery. But little formality was observed, but a portion of the prisoners were grouped together and sent under guard to the rear. It is probable that the prisoners taken by the NINETY-SIXTH numbered nearly eight hundred. Lieutenant Pepoon secured a receipt for the captured battery, which he still retains among

his highly prized army relics. Two other batteries were captured by other regiments of the Brigade.

It happened that the formation of the Rebel works was such as to bring the NINETY-SIXTH nearer than other portions of the Brigade, and as they were the first to start in the charge they crossed the breastworks first, secured many more prisoners, and suffered heavier loss than the troops on their right. Col. Grose's Brigade came forward after the line was broken, but not with the impetuosity that had characterized the movements of Gen. Whittaker's command, and lost a grand opportunity to make large captures, for a brigade or more of Rebels were massed close beside the pike, for the purpose, it was said, of making a counter-charge upon the Union lines. These troops immediately retreated in considerable confusion, and had the brigade on the left moved forward simultaneously with the NINETY-SIXTH, most of the Confederates on the Franklin pike would have been captured. As it was, the NINETY-SIXTH spread out along their flanks, annoying them with a constant and telling fire, and dropping many of them as they ran back along the road. The lines opposite Overton's Hill, soon charged forward, capturing some artillery and prisoners.

Captain Rowan and Adjutant Blodgett pushed on to the right with a few men, pursuing a brigade and a battery nearly two miles, and when near the Brentwood hills captured a number of prisoners. Discovering a drove of beef cattle that the Rebels were attempting to drive off they succeeded in stampeding them toward the Union lines. Farther to the right the enemy was completely routed, and an attempt was made to push the Union cavalry forward to the pike near Brentwood so as to completely cut off their retreat. In this movement many guns, prisoners and colors were taken, numerous wagons and teams were captured, and the enemy was sent fleeing through the woods, toward Franklin, in wild dismay.

But the short December day was drawing to a close, and darkness came too soon to complete the flanking movement. When there could be no farther advance in safety the exult-

ant Federal army halted for the night, the NINETY-SIXTH being about one mile from Brentwood. It was a chilly, rainy, winter evening, and there were many vacant places in the ranks, but so complete had been the victory to the Union arms and so thorough the overthrow of the vast host that had exultantly pressed them back from the Tennessee river so short a time previously that the camps rang with shout and song, all rejoicing most heartily, and none more heartily than the recruits, who had all day vied with the old veterans in valor and zeal, and moved gallantly in the final charge.

At no other time did it happen in the four years of war that an army was so completely routed as at the battle of Nashville. Their line of retreat was lined with everything that could be thrown away, indicating precipitate haste and utter discouragement. One major-general, three brigadiers, two hundred and eighty officers of lower rank, more than four thousand enlisted men, fifty-three pieces of artillery, and twenty-five battle flags were captured during the two days. The Federal losses were stated at about three thousand. Few battles of the war were fought upon such open ground, or where the maneuvering of either army was so open to the observation of the other.

The losses in the NINETY-SIXTH were much less in number than might be supposed from the work accomplished, but were more than were sustained by a majority of the regiments engaged. The swiftness of the final charge, the fact that the last volley of the enemy in the breastworks was from higher ground than that on which the advancing line was moving, and consequently passed mainly over their heads, and the rush that followed so quickly that the line was upon them before they could reload, were the factors that conspired to make the aggregate loss so light. The following were

THE CASUALTIES.

Company A.

WOUNDED.—Eugene Langdon, thigh.

Company B.

KILLED.—John Washburn.

MAP OF THE Battlefield of Nashville.

Dec. 15-16th. 1864.



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

WOUNDED.—Corporal John McCusker, left ankle ; Orskine Ferrand, hand ; Joel Grove, left hand.

Company C.

KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.—Corporal Henry H. Cutler ; Corporal Norris Hamilton.

Company F.

MORTALLY WOUNDED.—Sergeant Michael Sullivan, Francis S. Bailey.

Company G.

WOUNDED.—First Sergeant John W. Swanbrough, left hand.

Company H.

WOUNDED.—Sergeant H. S. Vandervoort, shoulder ; R. L. Root, neck.

Company K.

MORTALLY WOUNDED.—William Kimball.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Pursuit of Hood — The Pontoon Train Missent — A Halt at Franklin — Condition of Affairs in the Village — A Stern Chase — Delays at Rutherford's Creek and Duck River — Last Volley at the Enemy — Floundering in the Mud — How Christmas passed — Waiting for Rations — Forward Again — The Enemy Escapes Across the Tennessee — Results Achieved in the Campaign — General Thomas' Congratulatory Order.

SATURDAY, December 17, the troops were early on the road and pursuing the flying enemy. All were in the best of spirits, notwithstanding that the rain continued. Wounded men were found in several houses about Brentwood, and numerous stragglers were picked up, most of them in a pitiable condition for want of shoes and clothing, and all professing to believe their cause now hopeless. Doubtless their punishment at Franklin, and their utter defeat at Nashville, made the outlook gloomy, and dreading the long march back to the Tennessee River and the possibility of other battles, these stragglers concluded to leave the service. The road was strewn with camp equipage for many miles. The cavalry in advance soon overtook the enemy's rear guard, and had a lively fight, capturing about four hundred prisoners and three stands of colors at Hollow Tree Gap. At Franklin there was another skirmish, but the enemy was soon in retreat. The NINETY-SIXTH reached the north bank of the Harpeth River shortly after noon. The cavalry was able to ford the stream and press on toward Spring Hill, but the water was too deep and cold for the infantry, and they were ordered to bivouac. By a mistaken order the pontoon train took the Murfreesboro pike, and had to be recalled, so that nearly a day was lost in the pursuit. The troops that crossed the river found a terrible condition of things in Franklin. All of the public buildings and many private residences had been turned into hospitals, and two or three thousand wounded were to be cared

for, although the resources at command were of the most limited character. The Federal wounded from the Franklin fight were quite numerous, but all were given such attention as was possible, regardless of the color of their uniforms, and many were removed to Nashville within a few days.

Sunday, December 18, a bridge having been laid during the night, the infantry again set out for the front. The approaches to the bridge were terribly muddy, and as a consequence the column was badly strung out. The NINETY-SIXTH was near the rear of the Division, and as soon as the bridge was crossed was obliged to make an exceedingly rapid march. The roads were soaked with rain, and the pike, cut through by the trains and troops that had passed over it, was in a terrible condition. Through the town, although marching almost at a double quick, the soldiers noted many marks of the recent battle. On the plain just outside the village the graves covered several acres, and the unburied carcasses of the horses killed in the engagement were very numerous, many of them lying close to the breastworks.

With occasional brief halts for rest, the column made its way southward over the familiar ground, many giving out because of the bad roads and the rapidity of the march. The recruits suffered most, but all were greatly fatigued, when a halt was made for the night in a muddy cornfield, about three miles south of Spring Hill. The Sixteenth and Twenty-third Corps followed, but were kept a day's march or more in the rear. During the night the camp was fairly inundated by the terrible storm.

Monday, December 19, the troops again moved out in the rain and mud, but only made about two miles, halting near Rutherford's Creek, where that day and a part of Tuesday were occupied in constructing a bridge; the troops succeeding in crossing Tuesday afternoon, marching to Duck River and camping behind their old works. The rains, which had been almost incessant, now gave way to a snow storm, followed by extreme cold weather. Much delay was experienced in bridging Duck River, and it was not until late in the evening of Thursday, December 22, that the Regiment reached the

south bank of the stream, and, after a march of two miles, went into camp a short distance south of Columbia.

Friday, December 23, Gen. Whittaker took leave of the Brigade and started northward on a leave of absence, Col. Moore, of the 115th Illinois, succeeding to the command. During the stay at Nashville, a fund was raised among the officers and men of the Regiment, amounting to one hundred and ten dollars, and an elegant gold-headed cane was purchased for presentation to Gen. Whittaker. There was a delay in having the proper inscription made, and the formal presentation did not occur until Christmas Day, when Colonel Smith met the General in a hotel at Nashville, and after a brief address handed him the testimonial,—as complete a surprise, perhaps, as the General ever experienced.

From Duck River south the chase was as vigorously pushed as the weather and roads would permit. The cavalry were compelled to take the pike, so deep was the mud upon the dirt road and in the fields. They pressed forward as rapidly as possible, but Gen. Hood had organized a strong rear guard of his best forces, and could readily delay the advance, for any movement in the fields was exceedingly difficult. The infantry did not break camp until noon, and within a few miles came in range of the enemy's artillery. The Rebels had halted, and were stubbornly resisting the advance, when the NINETY-SIXTH and the 115th Illinois were deployed, and pushed gallantly forward in line-of-battle. The enemy stood their ground for a time, and the firing became spirited on either side. The men of the Regiment never faltered for an instant, but swept across the open field and up the ridge, killing a Rebel captain and capturing five prisoners, when the opposing line gave way and fled precipitately through the woods in their rear. Here were fired the last shots at the enemy by the Regiment as an organization. The pursuit was continued until dark, the Regiment being kept in line until a guard detail could be organized, when it was relieved and went into bivouac for the night. Next day the march was resumed at noon, and was without incident.

Lynnville was passed and a halt made two or three miles south of the diminutive village, after dark.

Sunday, December 25, the Regiment left camp at eight o'clock. The enemy was pressed back rapidly through Pulaski. Here the Corps left the pike and marched southwesterly over terrible roads. By a quick movement on the part of the advance, the bridge over Richland Creek was secured and the troops thus saved from a long delay. The cavalry made a vigorous fight, and were once driven back with the loss of one piece of artillery, but quickly rallied and succeeded in capturing a few wagons and a considerable number of prisoners. The afternoon was rainy, and the roads were bottomless. Five or six miles southwest of Pulaski a halt was made, about nine o'clock at night, the Regiment going into camp on a hill-side, where the ground was so sloping and the stones so numerous that it was almost impossible to sleep. The Christmas had been strangely passed. Instead of the holiday feast there had been a positive shortage of food. The rations issued three days before were meagre at best, and active campaigning, then, as always, made the men extremely hungry. A few had absolutely nothing left, and were dependent upon the generosity of their comrades, who had been so prudent as to save a hard tack or two. The country had been stripped of every article of food for miles on either side of the road, and it being impossible for the army to proceed, the pursuit was practically abandoned at this point, although the cavalry followed the enemy to the Tennessee River.

Monday, December 26, the infantry lay idly in camp, awaiting the arrival of the supply train. A cornfield, which had been carefully harvested, was visited by hundreds of soldiers, and every nubbin secured. An ear of respectable size was regarded as a valuable prize, even though it might have been trodden in the ground, or besmeared with mud, for it could be washed and made "clean enough for a soldier." This corn was parched in the universal frying-pan or skillet, and served to partially appease the hunger which had taken possession of every man. The wagons did not arrive until

after dark, and the early hours of the night were occupied in issuing, dividing and consuming rations. The recruits had looked pretty doleful during the day, but cheered up as the coffee-pots began to boil and the pork to sputter over the ruddy camp fires, their happiness being increased by the arrival of a large mail.

Tuesday, December 27, the march was resumed at daylight, over the terrible roads, and in a pitiless rainstorm. The country was broken and timbered. At three o'clock P. M. the columns halted and went into camp, a mile south of Sugar Creek.

Wednesday, December 28, the command left camp at ten o'clock and halted at five, in the neighborhood of Lexington, where it was ascertained that the Rebels had succeeded in crossing the river. The Corps remained at Lexington until Saturday, December 31, when it marched nearly to Elk river, a distance of fourteen miles. This long delay—from Wednesday until Saturday—was necessary in order that rations might be brought up, the deeper streams made passable by the construction of bridges, and plans for the future partially perfected. The country was scoured for forage and considerable amounts secured.

The twenty-seventh saw the last organized force of the army under Gen. Hood cross the Tennessee river in discomfiture. With pleasant weather and better roads it is probable that the Federal Army would have captured or dispersed the greater part of them, but considering the conditions the pursuit had been as vigorous and as fruitful in results as could have been reasonably expected.* Exclusive of stragglers who voluntarily left the command, Gen. Hood's Army had lost, in their final invasion of Tennessee, more than thirteen thousand men by capture alone, including seven general officers, sixteen

* Major Sanders, of the Confederate Army, writing of this campaign in the *Southern Bivouac*, of September, 1885, said: "General Wood, commanding the Fourth Corps, pursued the rear-guard with idomitable resolution and untiring energy. He was incited to make his wonderful infantry march to Pulaski by the indications of demoralization, distress, and the hopeless condition of the retreating army that abounded all along the line of Hood's retreat. * * * * His troops responded to the demands made on their endurance, and achieved for themselves a reputation that will live forever in the military annals of their country."

colonels and nearly one thousand officers of lower grade. Seventy stands of colors, seventy-two pieces of artillery and many wagons and other valuable material had been captured. There were also many deserters, and it is safe to conclude that fully one-half of the entire force that marched so hopefully northward in November were never again in line after their rear guard crossed the Tennessee at Bainbridge. The Union losses during the same period numbered about ten thousand, very many of whom were slightly wounded and soon returned to their commands.

Gen. Thomas announced, in General Orders, the termination and results of the campaign, as follows :

PULASKI, December 29, 1864.

SOLDIERS :—The major-general commanding announces to you that the rear-guard of the flying and dispirited enemy was driven across the Tennessee river, on the night of the 27th instant. The impassable state of the roads, and consequent impossibility to supply the army, compels a closing of the campaign for the present.

Although short, it has been brilliant in its achievements, and unsurpassed in its results by any other of this war, and is one of which all who participated therein may be justly proud. That veteran army which, though driven from position to position, opposed a stubborn resistance to much superior numbers during the whole of the Atlanta campaign, taking advantage of the absence of the largest portion of the army which had been opposed to it in Georgia, invaded Tennessee, buoyant with hope, expecting Nashville, Murfreesboro, and the whole of Tennessee and Kentucky to fall into its power, an easy prey, and scarcely fixing a limit to its conquests. After having received, at Franklin, the most terrible check that army has received during this war, and later, at Murfreesboro, in its attempt to capture that place, it was finally attacked at Nashville, and, although your forces were inferior to it in numbers, was hurled back from the coveted prize, on which it had been permitted to look from a distance, and finally sent flying, dismayed and disordered, whence it came, impelled by the instinct of self-preservation, and thinking only of how it could relieve itself for short intervals from your persistent and harrassing pursuit, by burning the bridges over the swollen streams, as it passed them, until, finally, it had placed the broad waters of the Tennessee river between you and its shattered, diminished and discomfited columns, leaving its artillery and battle flags in your victorious hands—lasting trophies of your noble daring, and lasting monuments of the enemy's disgrace and defeat.

You have diminished the forces of the Rebel army since it crossed the Tennessee river to invade the State, at the least estimate, fifteen thousand men, among whom were killed, wounded, and captured eighteen general officers.

Your captures from the enemy, as far as reported,* amount to sixty-eight pieces of artillery, ten thousand prisoners, as many stand of small arms—several thousand of which have been gathered in and the remainder strew the route of the enemy's retreat—and between thirty and forty flags, besides compelling him to destroy much ammunition and abandon many wagons ; and, unless he is mad, he must forever abandon all hope of bringing Tennessee again within the lines of the accursed rebellion.

A short time will now be given you to prepare to continue the work so nobly begun.
By Command of Major-General Thomas.

W. D. WHIPPLE, Assistant Adjutant General.

* Subsequent reports materially increased the number of prisoners, cannons and flags.

Subsequently the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America passed the following :

Resolved, That the thanks of Congress are due and are hereby tendered to Major-General George H. Thomas, and the officers and soldiers under his command, for their skill and dauntless courage, by which the Rebel army under General Hood was signally defeated and driven from the State of Tennessee.

Similar resolutions were adopted by Congress on but two or three occasions during the war.

CHAPTER XXVII.

New Year's Day Celebrated—The March to Huntsville—Going into Winter Quarters—The Army Dispersed—Incidents of the Stay at Huntsville—How Brick and Lumber were Obtained—Drill and Dress Parades Resumed—Changes and Promotions—Bollenbach's Capture and Escape—Music in Camp—A Sermon that was not Enjoyed—Winter Amusements—The Division Reviewed—Rumors of a Movement.

NEW YEAR'S Day, 1865, found the army jubilant over the announcement of the result of the campaign, as detailed in the preceding chapter, and at daylight the men of the Iron Brigade began firing off their guns by way of introduction to the welcome anniversary, increasing the noise by cheering and shouting. The officers, apparently, did not approve of these demonstrations, and ordered them discontinued, but with only partial success, until the long column filed out upon the road. Once out of camp, the men were required to halt and "lay around" until afternoon, when they crossed the fields for a couple of miles, and halted for the night, remaining in camp during Monday, in order that a bridge might be constructed across Elk River.

Tuesday, January 3, the troops began crossing the river at eleven o'clock, and marched until four, halting at Athens. Next day the column started at daylight, and marched seventeen miles, camping seven miles from Huntsville.

Thursday, January 5, the march was resumed at daylight, and at nine o'clock the troops passed through the pretty village of Huntsville. Their camp was located about a mile from town, and the Regiment was not obliged to change its quarters until March 13,—being much the longest continuous stay in any one camp during its term of service.

When the Fourth Corps started in pursuit of Gen. Hood, on the morning following the close of the battle of Nashville, Gen. Steedman marched a portion of his command to Murfreesboro, going thence to Stevenson by rail; gathering up

such forces as he could at the latter place and marching to Decatur, hoping to intercept the enemy at the Tennessee River. In this he was disappointed, but pushing forward with his mounted forces, he captured many prisoners, destroyed a large number of wagons, and returned safely with his command.

The Twenty-third Corps, which had followed the Fourth Corps as far as Pulaski, directed its course to Clifton, Tennessee, where it embarked on transports, and was conveyed to the army then operating with Gen. Sherman, going by way of Washington, and thence to North Carolina. Portions of the "Provisional Division" were also sent to Gen. Sherman, and Gen. A. J. Smith's command was sent to Eastport, Mississippi, and thence to the gulf. The cavalry was dispersed to various points, the greater portion being again gathered in a few weeks for extended raids through Mississippi and Alabama, including in their work the capture of Jeff Davis. The Fourth Corps was, therefore, alone in that region, but the enemy had been so thoroughly whipped that the command was not seriously molested at any time. Portions of the Corps were camped at Athens, Decatur, and other points near by.

Upon the arrival of the First Division in Huntsville, a requisition was made for clothing and other necessary articles. The long march had worn out the shoes of the men, and one hundred and fifty pairs were required to meet the immediate needs of the Regiment. Four hundred pairs of socks, and other articles in proportion, were also needed. Provisions were scarce for some time, and for a week or more only half rations were issued, but in time the railroad bridges were rebuilt and the trains soon began to run; thereafter supplies were abundant. The first work was to lay out a camp and construct cabins for winter quarters. Abandoned houses and barns were torn down, the lumber being conveyed to camp on the shoulders of the men or by wagons. Usually four soldiers would unite and put up a "shebang" about eight by ten feet in size. The walls would be three or four feet in height, with boards for such part of the roof as was not cov-

ered by the shelter tents. The weather being cold, fire-places were a necessity, but material for their construction was at first by no means abundant. A large unfinished brick building, intended for a college, stood in sight, a half mile or so from the camp. This was eyed by the men for a day or two ; then some one devised a battering ram, and knocked out a few bricks from one corner. Instantly the building was doomed, for the entire Division flocked to the scene and began to knock out brick. An officer finally took charge of this work, to prevent accidents, and soon the walls toppled over with a great crash. Everyone was after the brick, carrying them in blankets or on boards, and in a day or two hardly a piece the size of a biscuit remained. Mortar was made by wetting up the native soil, and in a short time excellent fire-places were constructed, those who were short of brick extending the tops of their chimneys with barrels or boxes procured from the Quarter-Master. Doors were improvised, bunks built and seats and tables made. The little houses were warm and comfortable, and presented a homelike appearance. The grounds were nicely cleaned, ditches dug, and an air of comfort prevailed in a very few days.

Water had to be carried quite a distance, and wood soon became so scarce that details of men with teams had to be sent out daily to supply the needs of the camp. After a time dress parade was resumed, and later the men were required to drill once or twice daily. Major Hicks having been detailed as Judge Advocate General on general court martial, the command of the Regiment devolved upon Captain Rowan for a time, Captain Pollock being absent, sick, at Pulaski, for a few weeks. Subsequently Captain Pollock came up and took command. A number of men were permitted to visit home during the winter.

Saturday, February 4, a man of the 51st Ohio had his head shaved and was drummed about camp with a placard on his back bearing the word "skulker." Washington's birthday was observed by an artillery salute. A review of the Division was ordered for the afternoon, and the troops were

forming when a rain storm sent them back to camp at a double quick.

The *Huntsville Union* was issued at the village, under charge of the military, Sergeant Berg and John Connor, of Company A, working a week or more at their old trade as compositors. A few recruits joined the Regiment, bringing two Companies up to the minimum number and permitting of some promotions. First Sergeant Franklin W. Pierce, of Company F, and First Sergeant John Long, of Company I, were commissioned and mustered as Second Lieutenants.

Occasionally foraging and scouting expeditions were sent into the country, and not unfrequently Rebels were seen. February 1, a small mounted party went out several miles, when some Rebels gave chase and captured Gustavus Bollenbach, of Company B, whose mule gave out, or refused to run with sufficient speed to carry its rider into camp. "Gus" was taken into the mountains, where were a squad of stragglers from Hood's army, but was able to make his escape in the night, after about a fortnight of alternate starving and freezing. His return to camp was heartily cheered, for he was always a favorite, and few believed that he had escaped the hanging promised by the Rebels to men who should indulge in foraging. Charles Sammons, of Company C, who had fallen out on the march southward from Nashville, and concluded to rest for a few days at a private house, was also captured by some strolling cavalry and threatened with hanging. His extreme youth probably saved him, for after a prolonged discussion of his case the Rebels permitted him to sign a lead-pencil parole and then turned him loose. He soon made his way to camp and was afterward cautious about leaving the command.

A glee club was organized, and many were the rehearsals, most of the songs being of a patriotic nature or relating to home. Religious services were held in town, and every Sabbath morning and evening a long procession filed out of camp and visited the various churches. On one occasion they returned greatly incensed, a local pastor having preached a sermon entirely too pro-slavery to receive the endorsement of

Union soldiers. They refrained from any disturbance of the service, but did not again honor the preacher with their presence.

Horse racing was one of the amusements indulged in, almost every pleasant day seeing a running race. Adjutant Blodgett's saddle horse was one of the favorites. Dr. Evans lost his favorite saddle mare from sickness, an animal that he had ridden for two years or more. Dinner parties were frequently given by the officers, and the men imitated their example to such extent as their limited quarters would permit.

The old members of the Regiment enjoyed excellent health, as a rule, but there was considerable sickness among the recruits. However, the deaths that winter were mainly among the veterans. Nelson Huson, of Company B, a member of the band, was left at Columbia, on the march southward, and died in hospital at that place January 4. James Telford, of Company F, died at Washington, D. C. Samuel Wilcox, of Company H, died at Huntsville, Jan. 28. William N. Bates, a recruit of Company K, died at Huntsville, February 16. William Saulsbury, of Company A, died at Chicago, Jan. 9.

March 5, there was an imposing review of the Division, and immediately following it came rumors of a movement.

The news from the East was of the most encouraging character during the last days of the long stay at Huntsville, and the troops were in the highest spirits. All were in doubt as to where they were to be sent, but knew that the long period of idleness must soon come to an end, and the Fourth Corps bear its part in bringing the Rebellion to a close.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Leaving Winter Quarters — By Rail to East Tennessee — A Glimpse of Parson Brownlow — Arrival at Strawberry Plains — Russelville — Visiting School — Dancing Parties — Scouting Experiences — Captain Sizemore and his Methods — Glad News from the East — Richmond is Taken — Lee and his Army Surrender — How the News was Received — The Celebration at Shields' Mills — A Hush on the Camp — The Appalling News of Lincoln's Assassination — Its Effect on the Soldiers.

EARLY in March it was determined to move the Fourth Corps into East Tennessee, and place it in position where it could readily march forward toward Richmond, the Rebel capital, from the West. In pursuance of this plan, the NINETY-SIXTH abandoned its winter quarters at Huntsville, on Monday, March 13, marched to the village, and at dark boarded the freight cars. From forty to fifty men were placed in each car. Captain Pollock continued to command the Regiment, Major Hicks being detained a few days, in order that he might complete his duties with the court-martial. Col. Moore commanded the Brigade. Whitesides was passed at daylight next morning, and Chattanooga reached at seven o'clock. After a delay of an hour or two at the latter place, the train moved forward, passing Cleveland and London. The men were crowded, and many rode on top of the cars until driven inside by a cold rainstorm. At Concord the train came to a halt, which lasted almost twenty-four hours. The road was in a wretched condition, and several accidents occurred; fortunately none to the train bearing the NINETY-SIXTH.

Knoxville was reached Wednesday evening, March 15. After a two hours' delay at the depot,—during which the men had a glimpse of that sturdy old Unionist, Parson Brownlow, and other notables, who called upon Gen. Thomas, the latter having come by a special train,—the command was ordered forward. At eight o'clock that evening the train made a final

halt at Strawberry Plains, twenty miles east of Knoxville, the men clambering from the cars and making themselves as comfortable as possible on the bleak, wind-swept field, where was their temporary camp.

All along the route through East Tennessee the loyalty of the people was manifest by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs at every village and hamlet, the people of every age and color, and of either sex, manifesting a pleasure not often shown at the presence of Union soldiers in other portions of the South.

That first night in camp at Strawberry Plains was a most cheerless one. There was little or no fuel at hand, and when, after a long search for poles, the tents were put up, the wind blew them down again, so that by daylight all were thoroughly soaked by the cold rainstorm that prevailed for more than thirty hours. The command remained at Strawberry Plains until Saturday, March 25, changing its camp-ground on the 17th to a former battlefield. On the 25th it marched thirteen miles along the railroad, passing New Market, whither the Third Division had preceded it, and camping at Mossy Creek.

Sunday, March 26, the command marched twenty miles to Russellville. Next morning the other regiments of the Brigade went forward to Bull's Gap, the NINETY-SIXTH remaining to guard a railroad bridge. The camp was on a beautiful slope, just at the outskirts of the village, and the fortnight's halt in that pretty and loyal town a pleasant episode in the Regiment's history. The farmers brought many articles of produce to the camp, selling them at prices regarded as low at that time, although butter was fifty cents a pound, eggs twenty-five cents a dozen, chickens a half dollar each, and other articles in proportion. Many arranged with families to cook for them, and enjoyed the luxury of sitting in boughten chairs, at tables spread with linen, and eating their meals from earthen plates. The citizens were glad of the opportunity to take boarders, especially as the boarders furnished the provisions and paid good prices for the work.

A good school was in progress, and the lady principal had many visits from the numerous *ante bellum* teachers in the ranks. At the first visit she seemed startled, and hardly able to believe that the soldiers could be what they claimed to be, — experienced teachers, — but she was readily convinced of the genuineness of their claim, although never overcoming her native timidity. A school in progress was something not elsewhere encountered south of Kentucky, except in the larger cities, and the novelty was such that many members visited it.

The officers of the Regiment gave two balls at Russellville, the citizens quite generally attending. The soldiers also gave parties, and greatly enjoyed the opportunity of “tripping the light fantastic toe,” many of them for the first time since leaving Illinois. Much ingenuity was displayed in preparing such suppers as were deemed fit accompaniments for these festive occasions ; but the experienced army cooks, with the assistance of the ladies, arranged very respectable banquets.

Captain Sizemore, a noted Union cavalryman and scout, had headquarters in the village at this time, and with six or eight associates, was endeavoring to rid the region of a gang of Rebel bushwhackers and guerrillas, who were annoying the loyal citizens, and conscripting men of all ages for service in the Rebel Army. He was familiar with every road and by-path, and had a reputation for daring unexcelled in that region, where few escaped thrilling adventures. Recently an own brother, — a mere lad, — had been taken from his home and shot by these bushwhackers, and the Captain vowed revenge. Saturday, April 1, a volunteer party of fifty men, under Captains Rowan and Burnett, accompanied Sizemore and his men on an extended trip in search of the party, but returned without finding them, although capturing their horses and tearing down some of their houses. Some of the members of the Regiment, learning where a large amount of tobacco belonging to a leading citizen of secession proclivities was stored, organized a second expedition, and brought a wagon load of it to camp, supplying those who used the weed with all they wished to carry.



THE FINAL CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

The Ninety-Sixth captures a battery and many prisoners. See Chapter XXV.

LIBRARY
OF THE
BIBLIOTHECA ALEXANDRINA

Tuesday, April 4, Captain Sizemore again asked for a scouting party, and ninety men, under command of Captain Townsend, of Company K, volunteered for the duty. At nine o'clock A. M. they set out, Sizemore with eight mounted men leading the way. The Holston river was crossed in dug-outs, and the first halt made about two o'clock at some farm houses, the large party being assigned, a few in a place; the people being ordered to prepare a good dinner for all without delay. The citizens all knew and feared the leader, and implicitly obeyed him. At one house he took a little boy as a hostage, telling the family that the lad should be returned next day if the father did not leave the house, adding, significantly: "I shall know it if you do leave!" Dinner over, the men again assembled and marched, by obscure roads, eight or nine miles farther, when they were again quartered upon the farmers and secured good suppers. At midnight the march was resumed, the party going three miles beyond Rodgersville, the county seat, and resting until the approach of daylight, when they surrounded four houses where some of the bushwhackers lived. But their game had flown; the Rebels, evidently having been warned just before, as breakfast was found partially prepared at some of the houses.

After a hasty lunch the party returned to Rodgersville, a pretty village that had escaped the ravages of war. There the citizens prepared breakfast for all. The meal being over the soldiers marched out of the village at ten o'clock, giving the people to understand that they should at once return to Russellville.

This was not their purpose, however, for when a few miles out they left the main road and secreted themselves in some cedars upon a high hill, near the river, intending to rest until night-fall and again raid the houses of the bushwhackers. They had been in their hiding place but a short time when one of the party discovered some men in the distance. Calling their leader's attention to them he soon announced that they were a portion of the band for whom they had been searching. Calling upon the infantry to deploy, the mounted scouts rode rapidly away, to cut off the retreat of the enemy and drive

them into a large bend of the river, opposite the temporary bivouac. The line deployed and moved rapidly forward, advancing so far before being discovered that the enemy could not retreat. A running fight ensued in which two of the bushwhackers were killed, two captured; and their leader, who swam the river, mortally wounded, dying next day, as was afterward learned.

The men captured were a part of what was called the Hodgkins gang, and well known to Captain Sizemore, being of the party who shot his brother. The Captain had an angry conversation with one, ending by shooting him. One of his scouts,—a mere boy of sixteen,—rode forward and shot the other, giving as a reason that the man had driven him away from home and killed some of his near friends.

The soldiers were inured to all the horrors of war, but the shooting of these two men, after they had surrendered, was regarded as a stretch of military law not fully justified by the surroundings, and there was a little disinclination to volunteer for future expeditions under the leadership of the Captain. Still, there is no doubt that the men thus summarily dispatched were ruffians of the most notorious character, who had for months persecuted Union men, forced scores of them into the Confederate army; and shot down, in cold blood, such as they could not intimidate. They richly deserved the very fate that overtook them, but regularly enlisted soldiers from Illinois were disposed to at least allow a court martial to hear and decide the fate of even known desperadoes.

The shooting over, the men marched to a mill, where they rested for the night. Citizens were notified to go and care for the four dead bodies, and Captain Sizemore rode to the house of one of the men, and calling the widow by her given name, told her what had occurred and promised to see that she did not suffer for food, assuring her that she and her family should not be molested. He even promised to provide seed and a horse so that she might raise a crop. Three of the horses of the Rebels were found and taken charge of, the men halting for dinner at Sinclair and going from there to Russellville. The boy-hostage was left at his home.

This incident will serve to show the deplorable condition of affairs in East Tennessee, and at many other points, during the years of the war. Nearly all of the male population outside the Union lines were forced into the Rebel army, and such as did not go were obliged to hide in the woods, or turn bushwhackers for their own protection.

After the Regiment left Russelville the Rebels made a dash upon the town, killing some of the Union scouts, and losing some of their own men. Captain Sizemore escaped for a time, but a few months later was killed by some of the friends of the men whom he had so summarily disposed of when the detail from the NINETY-SIXTH were with him.

It was while the Regiment was at Russelville that news was received of the capture of Richmond and Petersburg, and the subsequent surrender of Gen. Lee and his army at Appomattox. It is impossible to picture the scenes in camp as the cheering news was received, day by day, each dispatch recounting some gratifying success. The men were wild with joy and daily shouted themselves hoarse. They indulged in the most extravagant actions, firing off their guns, burying powder in canteens and then exploding it, upsetting each other's bunks and tents, hugging each other, and in every manner conceivable giving expression to the great pleasure that must have vent.

The same scenes were enacted at Bull's Gap and Greenville, whither the main body of the Corps had marched, but on a larger scale. At Greenville Gen. Stanley directed a grand illumination of the houses, and ordered the Quartermaster to provide the citizens with candles for the purpose. A few citizens who declined to comply with the order were provided with buckets, and forced to carry water from a distant spring for several hours, and mockingly water a long row of evergreens that had been sawed off and set up for the purpose of shading the headquarters tents.

The celebration lasted far into the night of April tenth, when the news of Lee's surrender was verified by official telegrams, and those wooded gaps and mountain passes witnessed a scene that pen cannot describe.

Tuesday, April 11, the day following the reception of this news, the Regiment marched thirteen miles, joining the Brigade at Shields' Mills, on Lick Creek. Lieutenant Dawson, of Company F, with twenty-five men of the Regiment, was left at Russelville as a guard for the bridge, remaining there for several weeks, and joining the command at Nashville.

Friday, April 14, the victory was celebrated by the army amid the rugged mountains of East Tennessee. All of the troops in the vicinity were massed, by order of Gen. Stanley. In the First Division there was elegant music by a veteran band, prayer by the Chaplain of the 45th Ohio, and addresses by Gen. Kimball, Col. Waters, Col. Moore, Major Hicks and Chaplain Crissey. The Battle Cry of Freedom was sung, thousands of voices joining in the glad refrain; then a hush, until the voices again swelled out with

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

The occasion was one to be remembered for a life-time. All nature was smiling; the orchards were in blossom; the fields and woods donning their robes of green; the air seemed full of the very spirit of Liberty. The day ended delightfully, and far into the night were heard the sounds of music and the glad shouting of the happy soldiers.

Saturday, April 15, dawned cold and cloudy, but the spirits of the men rose above the outward gloom and everywhere there was shouting, cheers, starting at any point, running along the line for miles and then returning, until every one seemed wild with joy. But there came a change. Some teams were approaching from Bull's Gap with supplies. An officer or orderly accompanying them rode ahead and in low tones reported to some officers the terrible words that had just come over the wires from the Nation's Capital,—"**LINCOLN IS ASSASSINATED!**" The words passed quickly from man to man. A hush fell on the camp. Men fairly caught their breath. A great sorrow welled up in every heart. There seemed a mighty pain tugging away in every throat. In low breath, between deep sobs, the brief but terrible details were recited by the messenger. The day before had seemed to these brave veterans the gladdest in all their lives; and now

an unspeakable grief had blotted out their happiness and a gloom that seemed well-nigh impenetrable was upon them. All day they stood about their camp fires, speaking, if at all, in quiet undertones. All the gladness was gone. Hope for a time seemed dead. As the heavy hours wore on, one word alone seemed to give relief:—"Revenge!" To all the President seemed a loved father, and now that he was stricken down, by the hand of a foul assassin, in the very hour of the Nation's victory — at the supreme moment when he saw the grand sun-burst dispelling the clouds that had enshrouded all the years in which he had sat at the Nation's helm, and held the Ship of State along its troubled course — there were few in all that vast army but felt that they had sustained an overwhelming personal loss.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Again at Russelville—Ordered to Nashville—Camp Harker—Beside the Cumberland—Camp Rumors—The Good News Continues—Changes and Promotions—Grand Review of the Corps—Torch Light Parade—Preparing for Muster-Out—Gen. Kimball's Congratulatory Order—The Recruits Transferred—Good Bye to Tennessee—The March to New Albany—Cattle Cars or Passenger Coaches?—Colonel Smith *vs.* the Railroad Authorities—Arrival in Chicago.

THE announcement of the surrender of the army of Gen. Lee changed the entire aspect of affairs in Tennessee. There was no large force in the front of the Fourth Corps; it was distant from its base of supplies, and was not in position for a rapid movement should it become necessary to send it to the trans-Mississippi department to aid in a campaign against Gen. E. Kirby Smith. The bands of Rebel cavalry near the eastern borders of the State learned speedily of the surrender at Appomattox and quickly dispersed, many coming daily to the Union camps, and being sent to Knoxville. There many of them were paroled and provided with transportation to any point desired on the lines of road then in operation. Not a few of them were hardly less pleased,—albeit somewhat less demonstrative,—at the news that the war was practically over, than were their late opponents. Others were glum and dejected, answering questions in monosyllables, and evidently surprised that the collapse of the rebellion had come so soon.

The Corps was soon ordered to rendezvous at Nashville. Sunday, April 16, the Regiment changed camp. Next day it returned to Russelville, thirteen miles, and took possession of its old camp. As rapidly as trains could be secured the different regiments were started for Nashville. The NINETY-SIXTH took the cars Thursday night, and reached their destination at eight o'clock on the evening of Saturday, April 22, having been on the road more than forty-eight hours. The bivouac for the night was about two miles outside the city. On Sunday, April 23, they marched to a point about

five miles from Nashville, going out on the Charlotte pike and camping about one-fourth of a mile from the Cumberland river, in a beautiful field, nicely shaded and admirably carpeted with a profusion of white clover.

This rendezvous was named Camp Harker, in honor of Brigadier General Charles Harker, of the Second Division, who fell in the fatal charge at Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864. It was a delightful spot, and would have been greatly enjoyed but for the anxiety of the soldiers to be mustered out and sent home.

For a time there was much speculation as to the future, and camp rumors were as numerous as it is possible to conceive. One day it would be reported that the Corps was to be sent to Texas; the next, Mobile was the point designated; another day, Atlanta, Selma or Montgomery were mentioned: but all of the time there was a strong hope that those whose terms of service were to expire during the summer would be mustered out and sent home. There were numerous new regiments of one-year's men in the field, and the soldiers argued that if the fighting was actually over these new troops would be sufficient to care for the public property until such time as the civil authorities or the Regular Army could be organized for its protection.

The announcement that Gen. Johnston's army in North Carolina had surrendered to Gen. Sherman came early in May, and was the signal for great rejoicing. This was speedily followed by intelligence of the capture of Jeff Davis. A little later official dispatches announced the surrender of Gen. Richard Taylor, and the last organized army east of the Mississippi, and then the glad news that Gen. E. Kirby Smith and the main army west of the Mississippi,—the last body of troops in the alleged Confederacy,—had accepted the situation and laid down their arms.

The soldiers now felt pretty certain that they would be speedily mustered out, and there were many demonstrations of the pleasure which this prospect afforded, although the excitement was less intense than that manifested at the news of Gen. Lee's surrender.

Colonel Champion visited the Regiment, but did not remain permanently in camp. His health was somewhat improved, but he was far less robust than when he entered the service. Deciding to remain South and settle at Knoxville, Tenn., he tendered his resignation, which was accepted to date June 7, but subsequently, that he might have the benefit of a special law giving a month's extra pay to commanders of companies and regiments serving until the muster-out of their commands, to cover light losses of ordnance or of camp equipage, the date was changed to June 10. He left Nashville in advance of the command and settled at once in Knoxville. Colonel Smith, who had been in Nashville for several months, at first healing wounds, and subsequently on duty as President of a Military Commission, his health being too seriously impaired to permit him to take the field, came out to camp and resumed command of the Regiment. Mrs. Smith and the children accompanied him, remaining in camp until the final muster-out.

During the month of May there were several changes and promotions among the officers. Companies A and K having been recruited to the requisite number during the winter and spring, First Sergeants F. A. Weir and G. W. Luke were promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant. Captain W. W. Hastings, of Company D, having resigned, First Lieutenant Theodore F. Clarkson was promoted to Captain, and First Sergeant J. H. Linklater to First Lieutenant. Five Companies were without Second Lieutenants, being below the minimum number. Just before the final muster-out of the command commissions as Second Lieutenants were issued as follows: First Sergeant George Wait, in Company B; Sergeant Major C. A. Partridge, in Company C; Sergeant Michael Devlin, in Company D; First Sergeant E. P. Todd, in Company E; First Sergeant John W. Swanbrough, in Company G.

Colonel Thomas E. Champion, although long since recommended for promotion to the rank of Brigadier General, could not be appointed, as the list was full, but was made a Brigadier General by Brevet. Lieutenant Colonel John C.

Smith was made a Colonel by Brevet, and Major George Hicks was brevetted Lieutenant Colonel, all of the above to date February 20, 1865. Subsequently Colonel Smith was raised to the rank of Brevet Brigadier General, Major Hicks was brevetted Colonel, the Adjutant and several of the Captains were brevetted Major, and a number of the First Lieutenants were raised to the brevet rank of Captain. Lieutenant Yates, of Company H, who had been a prisoner of war for many months, having been captured at Chickamauga, returned to the command and was heartily welcomed.

While the health of the old members of the Regiment was generally excellent many of the recruits were sick and several deaths occurred. In Company A, Isaac M. Wilcox died at Russellville, Tenn., April 16, Thomas Bray April 26, Nicholas Tippit May 3, James Richards May 9, Thomas Metcalf May 16,—the four last named at Nashville. John W. Stewart, of Company K, died at Huntsville May 10, and Nicholas Hefty, of the same Company, at Nashville, May 28.

The rules of Camp Harker were easily obeyed. Drilling was not attempted, roll calls were infrequent, and the guard duty light. Dress parade was held daily in pleasant weather. The grounds were thoroughly policed, and the utmost cleanliness required,—not so much by the order of the officers as by the demands of the men, who took the law into their own hands if any of their number became slovenly in habits or appearance. Crowds bathed daily in the river, and a few soldiers from other commands were drowned.

Tuesday, May 9, there was a grand review of the Corps, General George H. Thomas and a brilliant galaxy of distinguished army officers riding the lines, each regiment standing at "present arms" as they passed. The Corps having been inspected, the reviewing officers took position on the stand, past which the troops marched. It was a splendid sight as the long line of gallant men marched down the slope and passed the reviewing stand at a swinging gait,—each regiment in column by divisions, and at close distance,—and then on over another hill to the ground designated for dismissal. They were the heroes of all the battles fought in

Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia, and represented, not scores, but hundreds of engagements. They had come out to honor their beloved commander, General George H. Thomas, and endured the fatigue of the long march of ten or twelve miles necessary to carry out the programme with entire cheerfulness, feeling that it was, in all probability, their last review. The post band of Nashville furnished the music for the Iron Brigade.

Tuesday evening, May 17, the First Division organized a grand torch-light procession, and marched to Corps Headquarters. The affair was planned and managed almost exclusively by enlisted men, and five thousand were in line. Gen. Stanley, Gen. Kimball and others made speeches, and a brass band provided music. A very natural portrait of Gen. Stanley, made by the Adjutant of the 21st Illinois, with no other material than boot blacking and a piece of a shelter-tent, was carried in the procession. Underneath the portrait was inscribed, "The Hero of Franklin." A transparency carried in the First Brigade was a very correct representation of the taking of Bald Knob, near Kenesaw Mountain, by that command, June 21, 1864, and was inscribed with Gen. Stanley's order to the brigade commander,—“Take that hill, Kirby.” A representation of Jeff Davis in woman's clothes; a wagon, covered with canvas, bearing the inscription, “The War is over, now for home,” and scores of others, were in the line. All were improvised in a few hours from old muster-rolls or pieces of tent, with ink, charcoal or blacking, and nearly all showed artistic merit. The night was still and candles were used for torches. The procession broke up about midnight, after an extended parade and a most jolly time.

There is no doubt that while the chief motive in organizing the parade was to testify the good-will of the enlisted men toward their commanders, there was back of it the hope and intention of securing some expression that might be deemed official as to the plans and prospects for the future. Gen. Stanley surmised as much, at all events, and assured the men that he knew absolutely nothing as to whether

they were to be speedily mustered out, or required to remain until their terms of service had expired. Each of the speakers expressed great pleasure at the demonstration, and were exceedingly complimentary in their allusions to the men comprising the long procession.

Following this demonstration there were rumors in abundance as to the purpose of the commanders regarding the future movements of the Corps, new and full of romance, every day, but it was not until June had been ushered in that any reliable information was received. Then word came that all troops whose terms of service expired before October 1 were to be mustered out. As the time of the NINETY-SIXTH would expire September 5, there was great rejoicing, for all dreaded being sent to New Orleans or Texas at that season of the year. To a majority of the recruits the intelligence was by no means pleasant, as their terms generally ran past that date, and it was certain that they would be sent among strangers. When the order finally came for the muster out of the command, these recruits, to the number of about one hundred and fifty, were transferred to the 21st Illinois,—Gen. Grant's first regiment,—in accordance with the following order :

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, FOURTH ARMY CORPS,
CAMP HARKER, TENN., June 9, 1865.

Special Order No. 115:

The enlisted men of the NINETY-SIXTH Regiment Illinois Infantry whose term of service does not expire prior to October 1st, 1865, are assigned to the 21st Regiment Illinois Infantry.

The Assistant Commissary of Musters of this Division will prepare the necessary rolls for this purpose.

By command of Brevet Major General Kimball.

ED. D. MASON,
Brevet Lieut. Col. and A. A. Gen'l.

When it was finally announced that the Regiment was to be mustered out, General Nathan Kimball, commanding the Division, issued the following

CONGRATULATORY ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, FOURTH ARMY CORPS,
CAMP HARKER, TENN., June 1, 1865.

Brevet Colonel J. C. Smith, commanding Ninety-Sixth Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

You, with the officers and men of the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois, after three years gallant devotion to the cause of our common country, in this war against rebellion, are now about to return to your homes, with honor unstained, and with reputation bright with glory. Your deeds will live forever. In nearly every battle of the southwest you have been engaged, from Fort Donelson through Shiloh, Corinth, Perrysville, Stone River, Chickamauga, Resaca, Rocky Face, Dallas, New Hope, Kenesaw, Jonesboro, Lovejoy, Atlanta, Franklin and Nashville; you have borne the flag of the Union and the banner of your noble State to victory, over the foe who would have destroyed the Government and Union made by our fathers. God has given you the victory. Remember Him. And now that the war is over, the rebellion at an end, remember those whom you have conquered. Use victory as becomes true men and brave soldiers; return to your homes with enmity toward none, and charity for all.

I know that you will be the best of citizens, because I know that you have been the best of soldiers. While we, enjoying the honor and privileges which your valor has won and saved, let us ever cherish as the idols of our heart the memory of our comrades who have given up their lives for the salvation of our country; who fell by your sides, battling for the right. Remember the widow and the orphan of our dead comrades. Be true to them as our comrades were true to us and to our country.

My comrades, accept my gratitude for your devotion to me personally: you have been true and noble soldiers, and brave men. May God ever bless you and crown your lives with happiness, and each of you with honor, peace and plenty. Be, as you have ever been, true to God, to country, friends, and to yourselves.

Good bye, comrades; again, God bless you.

NATHAN KIMBALL,
Brevet Major General.

Several paymasters soon arrived in camp, and began the work of paying off the veteran regiments which were to go south. Most of these regiments received nine months' pay, being up to the close of April. The regiments soon to go home were told that they must wait for pay until they reached their own states. The mustering officers were exceedingly busy with their work, and as eight copies of the muster-out roll of each company had to be made, and because of the further fact that the officers to whom had been assigned the

work of mustering out the troops at Nashville could not agree as to the manner of making out the returns, each sending orders conflicting with the instructions of the other, several days were occupied in the work. The rolls were finally completed on the 9th, and on Saturday, June 10, 1865, the Regiment was declared to be mustered out.

The contrast between the muster-out and the muster-in was very marked. At the former all were inspected by surgeons, and required to sign something like a half dozen enlistment papers, and be sworn on each. Now they merely had to await the completion of the rolls, with no inspection, signing or swearing necessary, except that all had to affix their signatures to the pay-roll.

Sunday, June 11, the Regiment formed in line, and with hearty cheers for the Union and the flag, for their comrades who had been transferred to the 21st Illinois, for the Brigade, the Division and the Corps, for their commanders of every grade and for themselves—in fact with cheers for everybody who was loyal and patriotic,—they filed out of Camp Harker, with wild enthusiasm, the band playing “Get out of the Wilderness,” and the men shouting and singing as they marched toward Nashville and the train that was to bear them to “God’s country.” Many of the recruits followed to the train, and it was a matter of sincere regret to the veterans that all could not be sent home. Some of these men had served from October, 1862, and others from early in 1864, sharing in many campaigns and battles, and it is not to be wondered at that tears flowed down many a manly cheek as the final good byes were said.

After a night ride in freight cars the command reached Louisville. So many troops were going northward that transportation became exceedingly scarce, and there was a prospect of a delay of some hours and a ride to Chicago in a freight train. A railroad official said to Colonel Smith that if the men would march to New Albany they could be provided with passenger cars and could leave for the North at once. The matter was put to vote, and notwithstanding that the distance was four miles and the day excessively hot, it was unani-

mously agreed to make the march. The trip was fatiguing, but the men were in high spirits and none complained.

Arrived at New Albany it was found that no passenger train was ready, and that only a train of cars from which ice and cattle had just been unloaded, and which still contained the offal of the cattle or the wet sawdust in which the frigid commodity had been packed were available. The Colonel demanded of the officials that the promise made at Louisville should be kept, but in vain. It was at last agreed that if the men would ride in the freight cars to Bloomington, Indiana, where a return train would be met, passenger cars would be provided. This being arranged the offal and the dripping sawdust was shoveled out, and late in the afternoon the men crowded into the damp cars and the train pulled out. Bloomington was reached about midnight, but the Colonel soon became convinced that the promise of the railroad people was not to be kept unless he compelled it, but that the intention was to move the empty passenger cars, which had been met as expected, out of reach. Stationing himself at a switch which was blocked by the train on which the command had come from New Albany, he demanded that the promise be kept, and refused to allow the engineer to move the train. The railroad men at first laughed at him, then blustered and threatened, but he held the fort, and in the course of a few hours compelled an unconditional surrender. The transfer to the passenger cars being made, the train, bearing the command, moved northward early next morning.

It was an outrage for the railroad officials to attempt to ship men in the damp, seatless cars. The Colonel's action was denounced by the railroad men as "high handed," and he was threatened with arrest and prosecution; but the men of his command thought the more of him for standing up for their rights, and the threats of the company were never carried into effect. Among the General's relics are copies of several exceedingly spicy telegrams that passed between himself and the officials on that occasion.

The trains ran slowly in those days, but at about one o'clock A. M., of Wednesday, June 14, 1865, Chicago was

announced, and the command disembarked in the old Union Depot, at the foot of Lake Street.

The trip had been safely made and the soldiers were almost home. What strange memories came trooping up, as they alighted from the train and gazed around them. How eventful had been the years since they passed through that great city *en route* for the front. How marked was the contrast between the surroundings then, when the sky seemed lurid with impending peril, and now when the victory was complete. But at what frightful cost had that change been brought about! The long line of almost one thousand men now counted but little more than four hundred. One fourth of all who went so proudly to the front were numbered with the unreturning braves; and more than one-fourth, disabled by wounds and disease, had preceded them to the homes from which they had gone forth. Then the banners were bright and new; now the smoke of scores of skirmishes and battles hung in their tattered folds. Then the uniforms were new and clean; now they were travel-stained and battle-grimed. Then the faces were mainly young and fair; now all were bronzed, and many prematurely old. Thoughts of the toilsome march, of the long watchings on the distant lines, of the slow tread to the music of the muffled drum, as comrades were carried to their final resting place, of the dreary lying in the hospital, of the benumbing cold of winter, or the terrific heat of the almost torrid sun, were with them. Fancy brought again the hunger and the thirst, the stockade and the intrenchment, the camp and the bivouac, the review and the parade. There came glimpses, in their imagination, of the foul prison pen. Memory brought again the long days that grew to weeks and months under the pitiless fire of the now vanquished foe. They again felt the thrill that stirred them when the battle raged; they heard the Rebel yell, the Union cheer, the glad shoutings when the victory was won. They recalled the forms and faces that had dropped out along the weary way. But hark! "Fall in, boys!" "Stack arms!" "Rest at will!" commanded the Colonel. The men stood almost bewildered for a moment; then a few

scattered to hotels near by ; but the major part, wearied with the long ride, spread out their well-worn blankets and lay down to sleep upon the depot platform.

COMPANY C.



WM. MCCLELLAN.
LOUGHLIN MADDEN.

HENRY C. PAYNE.
First Serg't SAMUEL B. PAYNE.
WATSON MARKLEY.

Serg't EDWARD MURRAY.
Serg't JAMES MURRIE.

UNIVERSITY of ALABAMA

CHAPTER XXX.

Chicago's Welcome—What the Newspapers Said—Reception at the Sanitary Fair—George C. Bates' Address—Colonel Hicks' Response—General Sherman Speaks—What Hon. John Wentworth and Judge Bradwell Said—Cheers for the Soldiers—Cheers for the Ladies—Cheers for Everybody.

THE dawn of Wednesday, June 14, found the men astir. They were fatigued with the long trip, and might have slept under a brisk skirmish fire, or amid the noises of the camp, but the unaccustomed sounds of traffic, the unusual noises of the great busy city, drove sleep from their eyes and sent them out to reconnoitre. Every man was asking himself as to the future, when the bugle or the drum beat should no longer tell him when to get up and when to retire, or notify him when to go to see the doctor and when to go to work; when he should no longer be able to get his clothing by means of a requisition upon the Quarter-Master, and the Commissary department should cease to provide his rations; when the Paymaster should discontinue his visits,—albeit those visits had been at long drawn intervals and the amounts bestowed by him had been but meagre. They were to be thrown out into the great busy world; to grapple with its work, each in his own way. Could they do it? Could they meet the competitions of active business life? Could they enter the marts of trade and win success? Could they take up again the professions dropped three years before? Could they re-enter the schools and colleges from which they had gone out? Could they, after so long a period in the thronging camps, take up with life upon the quiet farm? These and a thousand other queries came to them. They answered: "Yes, we can, and will." The years bear witness that they answered well.

The Regiment's reception in Chicago was unexpectedly cordial. The patriotic men and women of that great city never lost heart or hope through all the years of the war, and

now that it was over were giving glad welcome to the soldiers as they came through the city to their homes. The great Northwestern Sanitary Fair, which had for its primary object the collecting and forwarding of needed supplies for the hospitals, was still in progress, and lent its aid to the project for feeding the returning soldiers. Breakfast was provided for the NINETY-SIXTH at the Soldiers' Rest, as the immense caravansary connected with the Fair was called. The day was a prolonged ovation to the command, and its experiences can best be told by a reproduction of the newspaper reports. The *Chicago Evening Journal*, of June 14, published the following :

ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION OF THE NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

The NINETY-SIXTH ILLINOIS REGIMENT, Brevet-Colonel J. C. Smith commanding, reached Chicago at one o'clock this morning, on the Michigan Central Railroad, and was temporarily quartered at the Soldiers' Rest. The Regiment left Nashville last Sunday evening, at which place it was mustered out several days since, but will be paid and disbanded here.

The NINETY-SIXTH is composed of six companies from Jo Daviess county and four from Lake county. It was organized at Galena, in September, 1862, and went into camp at Rockford. It left that place for Chicago on the 9th of October ; remained here but a few hours, and then departed for the field. Its original commander was Colonel T. E. Champion, but that officer being subsequently brevetted Brigadier General, Lieutenant Colonel Clarke assumed command. The latter did not long lead the Regiment. He fell at Chickamauga, while gallantly doing his duty in the thickest of the fight. Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Smith was then brevetted Colonel, and has been in command of the Regiment ever since.

The NINETY-SIXTH has always belonged to the Fourth Army Corps. Its history has run parallel with that of the 88th (which was briefly sketched in yesterday's *Journal*), except that the former did not enter the service quite so soon as the latter. Side by side these two regiments have followed the old flag through hardships and perils, and now they return, with others, to receive the welcoming plaudits of a grateful people.

The first and severest battle in which the NINETY-SIXTH participated was at Chickamauga, where it bore an honorable part, losing no less than two hundred of its members. At Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, Franklin, and wherever the gallant Army of the Cumberland went, there was the NINETY-SIXTH, doing faithful service for the country. Its losses by the casualties of war have been heavy. It left Chicago

in the autumn of 1862, numbering nine hundred and eighty men, rank and file;—it comes back decimated to the number of four hundred.

Though not a Chicago regiment, yet the NINETY-SIXTH was received and treated to-day by our citizens in all respects as if its members were our own sons and brothers. Under the management of Thomas B. Bryan, Esq., and Colonel J. H. Bowen, arrangements were made this morning for giving the war-worn "boys in blue" a formal reception.

AT THE FAIR.

Accordingly, at half past ten o'clock, the Regiment was paraded on Michigan Avenue, and when the necessary preparations had been made in Union Hall, marched in from Washington Street, to the tune, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." On entering, the Regiment was loudly applauded by ladies as well as gentlemen, which compliment the "soldier boys" acknowledged by hearty cheers. Making a detour of the main hall, the command was formed in two solid columns, facing the balcony, when Mr. Bryan announced George C. Bates, Esq. Mr. Bates then delivered a short welcoming speech, replete with patriotic thoughts and eloquent words, which elicited frequent applause. In the name and on behalf of the Sanitary Fair, the citizens of Chicago, and the people of the United States, the speaker welcomed the brave defenders of our country's flag. His words of welcome were greeted with several "rounds" of vocal thunder from the Regiment.

At the conclusion of Mr. Bates' remarks, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Hicks, of the NINETY-SIXTH, was introduced, and made an eloquent reply to the welcoming speech of Mr. Bates. The Colonel said he would attempt no sketch of the Regiment's deeds; they were already on record and the country would not forget them. He desired simply to tender the heartfelt thanks of the NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT to the managers of the Fair, and to the citizens of Chicago, for their expressions of respect and love to the men who were now coming home from the war. The Colonel's speech was exceedingly well-timed, and loudly applauded. When he had finished speaking he led off in six rousing cheers for Chicago, and the officers and ladies of the Sanitary Fair,—the entire Regiment uniting as with one voice in this wild outburst of soldierly gratitude towards those whom they know to be their true friends. The brave boys were then invited to spend an hour or more in examining the great exhibition, with which they seemed delighted. At half past one o'clock they were treated to an excellent dinner at the Soldiers' Rest.

The *Chicago Tribune*, of June 15, also published the roster of the officers of the Regiment, and a brief sketch of its history. Its report of the reception was as follows:

The NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT OF ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS arrived at 2 o'clock yesterday morning, and awaits final payment. Yesterday morning the boys paraded through the streets, amid drenching rain, to Union Hall, where they were received very enthusiastically. After a little hand-

shaking and a good deal of shouting, they were drawn up in front of the platform and briefly addressed by T. B. Bryan, Esq., President of the Executive Committee of the Fair. Mr. Bryan introduced George C. Bates, Esq., who spoke for about fifteen minutes, welcoming the boys home again, complimenting them on their well-earned reputation, and telling them how welcome they were to every heart in the great Northwest.

Lieutenant Colonel Hicks, of the gallant regiment then present, was introduced by Mr. Bryan, and was received with tremendous cheers. He very feelingly thanked the people for their kindness in giving them so cordial a reception; it was a pleasure, but it did not surprise them; no one from any part of the great Northwest ever felt himself a stranger in Chicago; they were on their way home, but that greeting made them feel at home already. The Regiment had been praised highly by the previous speaker, but not more highly than it deserved. He remembered well how, when the call was made for men three years ago, in a little more than five days the Regiment (his Company?) was raised in Galena and marched to Rockford, there to be organized and marshalled against the foe. The Regiment returns now with joy, though its flag is draped in mourning for the many brave comrades who had been left in the valley of the river of death. At Chickamauga, at Lookout Mountain, all through Georgia, their bones lay buried, alas! they knew not, in many cases, where. The blessings achieved by this war were infinite, but the sacrifice by which it was purchased was also infinite, and nothing but the object in view would warrant such a sacrifice. None understood its value more fully than the soldiers. Now that they have returned, they would once more enter upon their civil duties. The people need not fear them, for the good soldier must necessarily be a good citizen. He returned hearty thanks to the ladies for their efforts in the struggle.

Three rousing cheers were then given for the noble soldiers of the gallant NINETY-SIXTH, after which they were invited to walk into the Horticultural Hall and enjoy themselves for awhile. They next visited Bryan Hall, where Judge Bradwell addressed them in a brief, fitting speech, that drew forth round after round of cheering. The boys were then marched to the "Soldiers' Rest," where a bountiful collation was spread for them, to which they did ample justice, and they were then marched back to Camp Douglas. Their reception was not so agreeable physically as it would have been had the weather been fine; but the boys could not have met with a more hearty reception, and they all expressed themselves highly pleased with the way in which they were entertained.

The most extended report of the addresses was by the *Chicago Republican*, of June 15, and is given herewith in full, except that the sketch of its history and the roster of officers is omitted:

OUR RETURNING SOLDIERS.

ARRIVAL OF THE NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

THE RECEPTION SPEECHES OF GENERAL SHERMAN, HON. JOHN WENTWORTH, AND LIEUTENANT COLONEL HICKS.

The NINETY-SIXTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY arrived in the city, as already announced in the *Republican*, at one o'clock yesterday morning, by the Michigan Central Railroad, and took up quarters temporarily at the Soldiers' Rest. At an early hour in the morning it was determined that the gallant NINETY-SIXTH, although not a Chicago regiment, should be received and welcomed home to Illinois in a befitting manner, and under the management of Thomas B. Bryan and James H. Bowen, Esqs., the arrangements for the occasion were speedily perfected.

RECEPTION AT THE FAIR.

At half-past ten o'clock in the forenoon the Regiment marched to the Fair buildings, and entered Union Hall by the Washington Street entrance, amid the deafening cheers of a large concourse of spectators who, notwithstanding the short and insufficient notice given, had assembled to participate in the ovation to the returning veterans.

Making a detour of the hall, the Regiment was formed in two columns, facing the gallery, when Mr. Bryan spoke as follows :

Officers and Soldiers of the Ninety-Sixth Illinois Volunteers : I cordially welcome you home and to this Fair. It is not my intention to detain you with a speech. I have brought a Chicago citizen who has a son in the army, and he has a heart and tongue ready to respond to the emotions of your own hearts. I will leave it to the Hon. George C. Bates to address you.

Mr. Bates then delivered a short welcoming speech, replete with patriotic thoughts and eloquent words, which elicited frequent applause. In the name and on the behalf of the Sanitary Fair, the citizens of Chicago, and the people of the United States, the speaker welcomed the brave defenders of our country's flag. His words of welcome were greeted with several "rounds" of vocal thunder from the Regiment.

At the conclusion of Mr. Bates' remarks, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Hicks, of the NINETY-SIXTH, was introduced, and made an eloquent reply to the welcoming speech of Mr. Bates. The Colonel said he would attempt no sketch of the Regiment's deeds ; they were already on record, and the country would not forget them. He desired simply to tender the heartfelt thanks of the NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT to the managers of the Fair, and to the citizens of Chicago, for their expressions of respect and love to the men who were now coming home from the war. The Colonel's speech was exceedingly well-timed and loudly applauded. When he had

finished speaking he led off in six rousing cheers for Chicago and the officers and ladies of the Sanitary Fair—the entire Regiment uniting as with one voice in this wild outburst of soldierly gratitude towards those whom they knew to be their true friends. The brave boys were then invited to spend an hour or more in examining the great exhibition, with which they seemed highly delighted.

AT THE TREMONT HOUSE.

After leaving the Fair buildings the Regiment re-formed on Michigan Avenue, and, marching up Lake Street, proceeded to the Tremont House for the purpose of serenading Major General Sherman. The Regiment was accordingly drawn up in line, facing the north balcony of the hotel, and the band struck up a patriotic air.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADDRESS.

General Sherman appeared upon the balcony, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the soldiers, and, as soon as quiet had been restored, addressed the Regiment as follows :

Well, boys, I am very glad to see you in Chicago. I little thought, when we parted at Gaylesville, we would meet in Chicago. However, it is all the better. I knew we were going to meet somewhere ; I knew that we were bound to come together again ; but I did not suppose it would be so far north as this. But still I am more pleased to meet you now, just as you are arriving at your homes, because we are certain now that there are no more "rebs" to shoot and no more "rebs" to shoot us. Now, there are some people who like to be shot at ; but I think we have had our share, and for the rest of my life I am perfectly contented to live in peace. If any of the people of Chicago wish to be shot at, let them go and take a hand. (Cheers.) This Regiment has been now four years at work—nearly four years. Every one of you have been in some eight or ten pitched battles, and in a hundred skirmishes. There is not one of you but whose life is saved by a miracle. I have seen you for more than a hundred days under continued firing, and there is not one of you but ought, for the rest of your days, to be freed from every danger, except what nature demands. (Cheers.) And I do not believe you will have to be called upon to risk your lives, and your health, and bear, and forbear, as much as you have done, again on this continent. And I believe there will be no cause in any other part of the world in which to encounter the dangers of the field.

I wish that every one of you may now go home to a farm, or the old employment you had before the war, and live in peace and fraternity with your neighbors. The people of Chicago have welcomed you. I was informed that you were here, and I have simply come to see you here, to add my voice to welcome you home to your old Illinois. There is room for you all here. There is room for us all.

You are welcome in the hearts of every human being in the State of Illinois. (Cheers.) I do not know what part of the state you are going to, but it makes no difference where you go. You may go to any part of the United States. You may go back to Tennessee again, and you will meet a friend. You belong to the army which has rescued the country from danger, and the peace can never be disturbed again. You are entitled to the thanks, you are entitled to the praise of all good Americans, and good people all over the world. I am glad to see you, and I hope I shall meet you wherever I go.

The General retired amid the most hearty applause.

HON. JOHN WENTWORTH.

Hon. John Wentworth being called upon, spoke as follows:

Fellow citizens (for as such I address you), the war is over. You have done your duty nobly. None have done any better. You have proved that the Constitution of the United States is the supreme law of the land, and that the South have got to bow their heads to it as well as the North. You have also done another thing. You have established the fact from this time henceforth and forever that not a slave treads American soil. (Great cheering.) Whoever God made is a free man from this time forth. And this fact, which you have established by bayonets, you have got hereafter to support at the polls. And what is more, you will do it. While the traitors of the South ask to come back, ask yourselves this question: What shall be done with the loyal blacks? The question now before the people, the war being over, is, whether a loyal black is not better than an infamous traitor who assassinates our President? My fellow citizens, if I should talk to you all day I could not express to you the gratitude we owe you. God alone can reward you.

The speaker concluded by moving three cheers for the NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT, which were given with great enthusiasm. The Regiment then proceeded to Bryan Hall.

AT BRYAN HALL.

The visitors in the hall were suddenly startled by the sound of drum and fife, and the NINETY-SIXTH marched into the Arms and Trophies Department. They filled the room; they occupied the staging, and their long drawn out numbers crowded the already well attended hall. Their faces were tanned. If it had not been for the blue jackets, they looked like tough and sinewy farmer boys at the end of harvest. They gazed listlessly on the shot and shell, on the specimens of grape and canister; all that they had seen long before. The flags dangled over their heads. These, too, they had seen; they had a flag of their own; and this display of flags for purposes of show, this holiday insignia of war had no charms for the men who had "been there." They stood at rest, making sly remarks to each other as some special matter caught the eye, and replying modestly and half strangely to the venturesome questions of some sympathizing women. Suddenly the drums gave a rub-a-dub, animation pervaded the ranks, and Judge Bradwell, who had ascended the platform, called the attention of the Regiment.

THE WELCOME.

Hon. J. B. Bradwell said: "I am very happy to meet the returned veterans of the NINETY-SIXTH. The welcoming of returned soldiers is to me a very welcome duty always. I am glad to do it. As the Scotchman's heart is said to warm toward the tartan, so my blood stirs when I see a regiment, bearing its bayonets, and proudly displaying its scarred colors. I remember your regiment well. You went through our city as volunteers, defenders of your country, to go down where the fight was, the conflict and the battle. To-day you come back to us as victors. The laurel hangs upon your brows, and your banner is decked in amaranthine wreath. The foe that raised his hand against our Union is put down, and your proud boast is that during that putting down Sherman led you. Your clothes have the faded looks that tell of the campaign. Your faces are bronzed with exposure, and, worn and weary, you are

looking homeward for a rest after your toil. But remember this, that no words of anyone can tell how much we owe to you and to those who commanded you. That is a debt no words can set forth. I, and all of us here, and the country everywhere, must ever remain in your debt.

Your Colonel we know as a man, as a noble fighter, as one who always faces the music under any and all circumstances. But your Lieutenant Colonel, who also has a reputation in the field, has this advantage over his superior,—that he is a speaker, also. To those who may not know him personally, I now introduce Lieutenant Colonel Hicks, of the NINETY-SIXTH. (Applause.)

THE RESPONSE.

Lieutenant Colonel Hicks came forward amid the applause, and as as soon as silence was restored, said:

This enthusiastic reception of our Regiment is to be taken simply as the public feeling toward a victorious army, and of ourselves as part of that army. The record of the army is glorious, and our happy fortune is that we can in that record fairly claim a mention.

I wish to thank you, sir, and, through you, the citizens of Chicago, for this munificent ovation. We were not of you, not sent forward by you, not your personal friends, and yet we feel that in coming here we are coming home, and that every loyal man is our brother. We came here on our return, thinking only of our own personal homes; thinking that no one here knew us personally, that no one cared for us. The events of to-day prove to us that we were indeed fighting for the Union, and that every loyal man in Chicago is a brother to us.

You tell us that we have done well. I wish to have no false pride about this, but I can answer for the Regiment that I think they have not done ill. I think that Chicago nor the State will ever have occasion to blush when they behold that flag, and remember where it has been borne and how it has been borne. (Applause.) There it is (pointing to the flag.) It has some tears in it; it has some bullet holes in it; but, boys, *that flag is unsullied*. You remember when they thought they had Sherman (Thomas?) at Nashville, we waited till the snow melted. The orders came to start, and I think you may safely say that when the NINETY-SIXTH Regiment is ordered to start it generally *goes*. It started for the cannon of the enemy. That flag ahead of the Regiment, ahead of the Brigade, ahead of everything, was planted right upon the enemy's battery, while the cannon were yet hot with firing, hidden in curling smoke, and the balls plunged thick and heavy right among us. That flag, believe me, has never been a disgrace to the State of Illinois, and we are glad to say to the State that we have sought to do our duty, and so far as we know have done it, and can fairly be classed among the many regiments from this glorious State, and from the country, who have done well and nobly in this war. If we, and our companions of the 88th,* are deemed worthy of such companionship, that is all we ask of our friends in Chicago,—all we ask of the world.

(The speaker here turned toward the catafalque in which Lincoln's remains were deposited while in state in Chicago.) I would indulge in the most exuberant language at the great victory that has been achieved; at the peace that has been secured; at the glorious prospect that this is to become the best country that God's sun ever shone upon; at the new career before it, in the attempt to conceive which the mind staggers; I should indulge in the most joyful accents and strike the most sounding pæans, were it not that *these* surround me. And as I read the name of our great martyr, I think of our own comrades who have gone from us, sacrificed to the country, and I feel more like weeping than rejoicing.

* The 88th Illinois had been given a reception the day before.

We have had many heroes,—Grant, and Sherman, and Thomas, and Sheridan, and our own unnumbered heroes,—but the greatest hero of them all is he whose name is emblazoned there, and whose cofined body rested on that pillow. Oh! how that man loved us! If he met a poor soldier from the ranks passing him in the street, he felt in his heart as if he would take off his hat and revere him.

So full was his love for the soldier that he could not make a speech, could not give an address, could not hold a familiar conversation, without advertng to the fact that to the soldier in the ranks the country was indebted for its deliverance and preservation, and that to them the honor was to be given.

Remembering his death, remembering that great sacrifice and the sacrifice of our own comrades, let us, for all the future, hold more sacred than ever the priceless blessings which are secured to us because they have fallen. Let us remember, let it never escape any memory, that their precious blood is the price paid for the blessings of peace we are to enjoy.

Citizens of Chicago, and you, sir, please accept on behalf of the Regiment, and on behalf of Colonel Smith, in whose name I speak, accept our thanks.

The feeling which Lieutenant Colonel Hicks' speech called forth had hardly subsided, when Judge Bradwell proposed that the audience give three hearty cheers for the NINETY-SIXTH, leading off himself with a "hip, hip." To the surprise of all, a few cheers only were heard faintly coming up from separate corners; each seemed to be expecting his neighbor to cheer, while he himself listened and enjoyed. The ladies, bless their souls, waved their handkerchiefs, and gave a faint-muttered utterance; but the fact remained that the cheers were a failure. Judge Bradwell looked blank. The soldiers laughed. Lieutenant Colonel Hicks, with a sly twinkle in his eye, caught the attention of the Regiment, and proposed three cheers for "the citizens of Chicago." The soldiers, who had had nothing to say so far, revenged themselves by their cheer. The roof rose two inches between each cheer, settling quietly down in the intervals. The tiger followed, and the drums crackled away like a croaking raven reduced of his wits. The cheering ceased, but the sound kept echoing in the ceiling among the flags, which had been set in flutter. Everybody felt in good humor. The "*Ladies of Chicago*, three cheers for them," somebody halloed out, and the idea seemed to hit the exact place. Those cheers *were* given. Said Judge Bradwell: "In this hall, boys, are the trophies that have been gathered by you of the army, and your dead. Your losses, your dangers, your sufferings, and the associations connected with you in the field, are all that makes them valuable. Here is the lock of Libby Prison. (Three groans were given for the man who opened and shut it by means of a key). There have been some men," said the Judge, "whom this lock nor key kept in." (Cries came up from the Regiment, "They are here. Two of them are here.")

Lieutenant Earle came forward, after repeated calls, and stated that he saw among the collections some bricks taken by Colonel Streight from the hole dug by him through the walls of that prison. He was one of those who followed Colonel Streight through the hole made by the removal of those brick. As he made this statement his face glowed with

a modest triumph more genial than the vaults of the prison could have been gloomy and terrible. He rang the bell which used to toll for the slaves on Jeff Davis' plantation.

A choral band of the members of the Regiment struck up and sang amid much applause.

Their curiosity being satisfied, the boys seemed eager to smell the fresh air, and upon a moment's notice arms were seized and the steady tramp of men was heard ; a moment more and the NINETY-SIXTH had gone, and the hall resumed its wonted occupation. This, which takes but the minute in its telling, occupied nearly two hours. The occasion was a success ; so, too, has been the past of the NINETY-SIXTH ; and such, too, is the expectation of the public as to its members, as it now meets it returning, and bids it all hail and farewell.

CHAPTER XXXI.

At Camp Douglas — Two Deaths When Almost Home — Settling up — Paid Off and Disbanded — The Last Good Byes — The Receptions — At Waukegan — At Warren — At Galena.

THE formal and unexpectedly hearty reception over, the NINETY-SIXTH made its way to the barracks at Camp Douglas, where its headquarters were to be. So busy were the Paymasters with the regiments that had preceded the NINETY-SIXTH that a fortnight elapsed before it could be paid off and disbanded. During this period the Lake county boys very generally visited their homes, but the majority of the members of the Jo Daviess county Companies remained in the historic camp, or, tired of army rations and the *ennui* of barrack life, spent their time with friends or at the hotels.

Two sad events occurred in the command while at Camp Douglas. Corporal Harrison Gage, of Company I, who had been a model soldier through all the years, and rarely absent from the command, was taken sick and died in the hospital. Herrick Millett, of Company E, while crossing the railroad track on his way to the lake, for the purpose of bathing, was struck by a locomotive and killed. It seemed hard that two good soldiers who had dared and suffered so much, should come to their deaths when almost in sight of home; but fate so decreed it, and their comrades sadly escorted their remains to the place of interment.

The officers were kept exceedingly busy with their ordnance reports, turning over their camp and garrison equipage, and making settlement with the government. This was about completed when the Paymaster announced his readiness to pay off the men. On Wednesday, June 28, 1865, the Regiment was paid and disbanded. The Lake county Companies were paid first, in order that they might take a special train, and reach Waukegan in time for a reception during the afternoon. Colonel Hicks accompanied them, but returned to

Chicago the same evening. The Jo Daviess county Companies were paid off the same day, but did not leave for their homes until Thursday morning. There was, perhaps, less formality in the good-byes at the final disbandment than might have been expected, but the careful observer must have detected an undertone of tenderness in many of the farewells, and seen an occasional lip quivering with emotion that could not be entirely suppressed. There were tears in many eyes, and others were kept dry only by most earnest efforts. But with cheers for each other,—with good-byes and God-bless-yous, that meant something,—the men from the two counties parted. The following account of the reception of Companies B, C, D and G, at Waukegan, is copied from the *Waukegan Gazette*, of Saturday, July 1, 1865.

RECEPTION OF THE NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

SPEECHES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

WELCOME TO THE HEROES.

On Wednesday morning last, the NINETY-SIXTH ILLINOIS REGIMENT, which arrived in Chicago two weeks ago, were paid off, and received their final discharge from the service. For several days previous, our citizens had been on the alert to give the four Lake County companies of the NINETY-SIXTH a fitting and formal reception, but the day and time for their arrival here was not known until two or three hours before their departure from Chicago. A telegram was sent to Captain Aziel Z. Blodgett, about nine A. M., Wednesday, stating that a special train had been provided for the use of the boys, and that they would arrive here about three P. M. The glad words sped from tongue to tongue, and in a few moments the whole town was astir, preparing for the pleasing event.

The ladies having in hand the preparation of the repast for the soldiers were taken almost unawares, but at once went to work to make up by industry what they lacked in time, and right worthily they redeemed the hours.

A subsequent telegram announced that the soldiers would not arrive until twenty minutes before four o'clock. Shortly before this time the reception committee of fifty citizens formed in procession, under the direction of the Marshal, and preceded by a band of martial music, and followed by crowds of citizens, proceeded to the depot, while thousands of citizens lined the brow of the bluff. Soon the locomotive whistle was

heard, and the cry arose, "Here they come!" and presently they were with us,—nay, not all of them; a fraction, rather,—of the four proud companies, numbering nearly four hundred, who went from us in September, 1862, reduced by battle, death and disease, to a little more than six score. As the cars came to a halt, our one little gun gave forth its notes of welcome; the bells rang out; the ladies waved their white handkerchiefs,—the emblems of truce and peace,—the men doffed their hats and broke forth in cheering long and loud. As the sturdy boys, browned under Southern suns, leaped upon the platform, their valiant hands were grasped with an earnestness that spoke louder than words the heartiness of the welcome.

The procession was formed as follows:—First, music; then the reception committee; then the soldiers; next, the citizens. In this order it proceeded to the top of the bluff, where two long lines of fair young ladies were formed in open ranks, through which the committee and soldiers passed; the young ladies showered bouquets upon the veterans as thick as the honors they had won, and then formed in, next to the soldiers, and remained in the ranks. The procession passed up Washington Street to Utica Street, along Utica to Clayton, thence down Clayton to Genesee, through Genesee to Washington, and to and in front of Dickinson Hall, where a stand was improvised for speaking. C. W. Upton, Esq., made the reception speech, formally welcoming the boys to their homes, and to the enjoyments of peace which they had won by their own prowess. The speech was excellent, and substantially in the following words:

Soldiers of the glorious old NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS, heroes of the Army of Liberty:

In behalf of your fellow citizens of this city, county, State and Nation, I bid you welcome, welcome home; welcome, thrice welcome, to the dear ones you left behind you; welcome to the state you have so heroically defended; welcome to the people you have so nobly honored; welcome, yes, from our hearts we bid you welcome home.

We forget not that you left us less than three years ago full 980 strong; we forget not the terrible scenes of carnage and conflict through which you have since passed, for we watched the record of your progress with fluttering hearts and tearful eyes; aye, we followed your every footstep with our prayers, and to-day the joy of our meeting is saddened by the painful fact that but 450 of your original number return to us,—530 gone—258 dead. Oh, what a fearful record; how eloquently, terribly it speaks of dangers encountered, of toilsome march, of hunger and thirst, of summer's heat in Southern clime, of winter's biting frosts, of death in hospital and camp, and the terrific shock of battle. Yet those martyred heroes still live, though their bones may rest in unknown graves, nor monumental stone, nor marble slab may mark the place where rests their uncoffined dust, their names and memory shall be cherished, deep graven on a Nation's heart *forever*; and the startling glory of their heroic achievements and brilliant deeds shall live embalmed in story and in song while earth has a historic record, or tradition, or man a love of liberty. But, dying that we might live, these martyr heroes have bequeathed to us a priceless legacy. The widows, the fatherless babes, oh, let it be ours to protect, support and comfort the one, educate, counsel and sustain the other, and "with charity for all, with malice toward

none," doing always the right by these sorrowing, stricken ones, "as God gives us to see the right," that they may know of a truth, "It is sweet for one's country to die."

Soldiers of the Republic of Freedom, I need not recount your struggles with the foe, or make mention of the fields made immortal by your deeds of heroic valor; they once were yours; now, written in letters of blood on the tablet of the past, one and all, they belong to history, and there let them remain, a priceless legacy of bravery unsurpassed, of heroism unequalled, the crowning glory of the nineteenth century—yes, of recorded time.

Soldiers of the NINETY-SIXTH no more, citizens of the land you have helped to save, welcome, welcome home. And, as in the fiery charge on the field of battle, amid the dying and the dead, or baring your breasts to the storm of death, as you held some key-point to victory, though earth rocked with the thunders of battle, and the heavens were lurid with its glare, the men of the NINETY-SIXTH never, no, never, once turned their backs to the foe. So now in civil life; God and humanity call upon you to face the enemies of your country over again, and never turn your back upon your foe until it is established forever, that the bayonet and the ballot are alike the hand-maids of freedom and Christian civilization, and that he who is called to carry the one shall not be denied the other. Let your pass-word and countersign ever be, equal and exact justice to all men, black as well as white; that in coming time, when age shall have bleached your locks to snowy whiteness, as the anthem of praise shall be chanted again and again for that freedom of all men, black as well as white, which you so nobly have helped secure for our own land, and as you shall behold the glorious banner of the stars, symbolizing and emblematic of a Christian civilization, and equality of all men, actual and existent here, floating in every breeze, honored, beloved and revered, just beneath the Cross of Christ; then, oh, then, next to the consolations of His glorious Gospel, shall break in mild radiance on your departing souls that sum of human glory—I, too, was a soldier of that Republic.

On behalf of the Regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Hicks made a most fitting and eloquent response, recounting the many dangers through which the Regiment had passed, the many valiant acts which it had performed, and thanking the citizens of Lake County for the honors which they were doing their brave boys.

He said that these men went out at a time when it was known what war was. The horrors of war had become a national experience. They took the field knowing what was before them—to fill up shattered ranks, to sustain the brave boys who had gone before.

He spoke of his personal knowledge of what these boys had done and suffered for their country; he had been an eye witness of their conflicts and triumphs.

He told the citizens of Lake county that they could make no adequate return for the brave deeds and noble sacrifices they had endured, and congratulated them upon the return of such men to the peaceful pursuits of citizens—men who knew the value of their country and her free institutions.

He then bade farewell to the boys with whom he had fought so long, once soldiers of the NINETY-SIXTH, now citizens of Illinois; he spoke touchingly of the dead they had left behind them, and said that in the glory of these martyred heroes they, the living, had a share.

At the conclusion of Colonel Hicks' remarks, the soldiers were filed into the hall and placed at the table, which actually groaned beneath the weight of the choicest viands, prepared on a notice which, though short indeed, yet in variety, excellence and profusion, has scarcely ever been equalled by the ladies of Waukegan, who are so noted for their superior taste and judgment in the preparing of public collations.

After the feast, cigars were provided, and while the boys were regaling themselves therewith, H. W. Blodgett, Esq., addressed the assembly, giving a concise history of the NINETY-SIXTH and its glorious record since it entered the service, and once more welcoming them home. In the course of his remarks Mr. Blodgett alluded to the ladies, who, from the going forth to the coming home of the soldiers, have worked so incessantly for their welfare. This brought out Colonel Hicks again, who paid the ladies all sorts of pretty and appropriate compliments. The soldiers here gave three *rousing* cheers. Three cheers were then given by the citizens for the *private soldiers* of the NINETY-SIXTH (the officers had been previously complimented), which were given with a will, and the boys were allowed to break ranks.

As quite a number of the returning soldiers failed to come up on the special train, the committee and young ladies, with the music, were at the depot when the six o'clock train arrived, which brought about twenty more of the heroes. They were escorted to the hall and regaled as the others had been, and welcomed in appropriate and elegant addresses by Col. E. B. Payne and Hon. E. M. Haines.

With a tear for those who will ne'er be returned to us, but will ever be held in memory dear, and a heartfelt welcome home to those who have returned, we say, God bless *all* of the boys of the gallant NINETY-SIXTH.

Companies A, E, F, H, I and K left Chicago on Thursday, June 29, by special train. Many of the men left the train at Warren, Apple River, and other points, but a majority went through to Galena. At Warren there was a formal reception, but, unfortunately, the local paper made no report of what was said or done on the occasion.

At Galena, the soldiers were greeted and banqueted by the citizens. The report which follows is from the *Galena Gazette*, of Tuesday, July 4 :

GLORIOUS RECEPTION OF THE NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

SPLENDID BANQUET AT THE DeSOTO HOUSE.

SPEECHES, SENTIMENTS, ETC.

That portion of the gallant old NINETY-SIXTH which went from our city, and this section of the county, in accordance with the public expectation, arrived on the half past five train from Chicago, Thursday afternoon. The twelve-pounder, "General Grant," made our hills to echo with the announcement that our conquering heroes were coming. An immense crowd assembled at the depot on the arrival of the train, and cheer after cheer went up as the brave boys came out of the cars. A procession was immediately formed, under the direction of Col. Rowley, and accompanied by the Council Hill Band and the Dubuque Band, the Regiment was escorted by the Citizens' Committee to the DeSoto House. It then formed on Green Street. The house was beautifully decorated with evergreens, and the following mottoes were hung out:

"WELCOME TO OUR BRAVES."

"YOU HAVE SAVED THE COUNTRY."

On the balcony a most attractive sight was presented,—thirty-six beautiful young ladies, dressed in white, waved a welcome to the war-worn veterans, each one bearing the American flag.

After a patriotic song by Richard Seal, Esq., and others of our best singers, the Regiment was then welcomed by Mr. Washburne.

ADDRESS BY HON. E. B. WASHBURN.

Officers and Soldiers of the Ninety-Sixth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers:

The loyal and patriotic citizens of Galena have devolved on me the pleasant duty of extending to you, in their behalf, a heartfelt and cordial welcome. Brave, noble and patriotic men; three years ago you found your beloved country assailed by perfidious and black-hearted traitors, not only in the states then in open rebellion against our God-given government, but by traitors in our own midst. Responding to the call of duty and patriotism, you left your homes and hearthstones, and rallied around the insulted flag of your country. The loyal men of Galena, and of the county, have watched the brilliant career of your Regiment with a pride that has never been subdued, and a faith that has never faltered. We have gloried over the victories you have contributed so much to win, and mourned over the many brave and noble men who went out with you and who fell in the service. I am proud to be able, in this presence, to bear testimony to the good standing which the NINETY-SIXTH has always had, not only in the field of active service, but in Washington. In recognition of its fighting qualities and of its soldierly deportment on every field, the Secretary of War, kindly responding to my suggestion, honored four of its officers by brevetting them from General to Major, and never were honors more gallantly and justly won, or more worthily

COMPANY C.



First Sergeant LEWIS H. BRYANT.
JOSEPH SAVAGE.

Sergeant MARTIN EFINGER.
Corporal HENRY H. CUTLER.

LEONARD S. DOOLITTLE.
HIRAM CLARK.

PROPERTY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

bestowed. Going out from a city and county that have given to the country that unrivaled and heroic soldier and incorruptible citizen, Lieutenant General Grant, whose marvelous combinations and splendid military triumphs made to succumb the gigantic and hideous rebellion, and gave us peace and a restored union, it is a proud consolation to know that in your hands his laurels have never been withered. During your long and devoted service to your country, in which you have passed through more battles and skirmishes than many of you can count years, you have borne in triumph and glory the proud banner you now bring back to us stained by no act unworthy of a soldier of the Republic, torn by shell, riddled by bullets, blackened by the smoke of a hundred battles, you can proudly point to it as the most glorious evidence of the courage and heroism of the noble men who have carried it in sunshine and in the storm-cloud of battle alike, through long years of desperate and bloody conflict. Alas! how much precious blood has been poured out beneath its ample folds; but never was blood shed in a more holy cause, for it has watered the tree of liberty so it will grow and flourish forever. You have wept over the fresh green graves of many of your companions slain in battle; over the dead body of your brave Lieutenant Colonel Clarke, and of others, falling bravely fighting on so many bloody fields.

"When a soldier weeps o'er a brother's bier,
You may know that the brave is dead,
For never yet was a soldier's tear
Shed over a craven's head."

Returning, as you do, after all your perils, through battles and marches and sieges, protected by the hand of Providence, and spared to come again among us, we embrace and congratulate you all, while we weep for the unreturning brave, lost to us and to the country, giving up their lives that the nation might be saved.

"Nor wife, nor children more shall they behold,
Nor friends nor sacred home."

How many of them have lingered and died in hospitals! How many of them languished and starved in rebel prisons! How many of them, maimed and wounded, will have to drag out a painful existence, and alas! how many of them now fill bloody and undistinguished graves, hastily buried upon the battle field by their companions, in the very spot where they fell, and amid the roar of cannon and the clash of resounding arms!

"Slowly and sadly they laid them down,
On the field of their fame, fresh and gory,
They carved not a line, they raised not a stone,
But they left them alone in their glory."

With our rejoicings over your return, and over a country saved, we mingle our tears for the noble dead of your Regiment who have fallen in the Nation's defence. We will cherish their memory in our hearts. Their deeds shall survive and be honored so long as liberty has a votary among us.

Soldiers, again I bid you welcome to your homes. You come back to us covered with immortal renown and bringing the untold blessings of peace, conquered by your brave hearts and strong arms. Coming out of the wilderness of civil war, you bring to us a restored Union and a country "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the genius of universal emancipation." Achieved at such frightful cost of blood, of treasure, and of tears, these priceless results will be cherished forever in the Nation's heart.

Men of the heroic NINETY-SIXTH, welcome! welcome!

Colonel Smith, briefly thanking the loyal people of Galena for the magnificent ovation, called upon Lieutenant Colonel Hicks for a more full expression of the sentiments of the Regiment.

ADDRESS OF LIEUTENANT COLONEL HICKS.

Citizens of Galena:

I am requested by Colonel Smith to express to you the thanks of the Regiment for the generous, hearty welcome you have extended to us. We are pleased to be with you, and to receive your congratulations that our mission of warfare is ended. We rejoice with you that the long, fierce, terrible conflict is over.

Three years ago we went out from among you, cheered by your words of encouragement and kindly sympathy. Although the blood of patriot heroes had, at that time, been profusely shed in the war, although their graves were scattered by hundreds along the Tennessee, and were crowded together by thousands in the swamps of the Chickahominy, yet treason presented a bolder front than ever, and had developed itself into the most thoroughly organized rebellion of which history makes mention. In that crisis of her fate our country summoned these soldiers to reinforce her decimated armies, to "fill the vacant ranks of their brothers gone before," and to breast the tide of treason which was surging northward and already approaching the Ohio River. You remember how prompt was the response to that summons. These men, and their compatriots, rushed to arms as if in literal response to the call of the old Scottish chieftain, for they came

"—as the winds come
When forests are rended,"

came

"—as the waves come
When navies are stranded."

They came, not in the flush of victory, but in the hour of gloom. They came, after we had learned what a terrible scourge civil strife is, after the sword had cut away the mask of martial glory from the face of "grim-visaged war," and he presented himself in his most hideous aspect. In that hour of need these soldiers enlisted, resolved to dare all, to venture all, upon the field of battle, that their country might live. With that high purpose they left you, cheered by your words of encouragement and sympathy.

Now, after three years of varied experience as soldiers, on the march, in skirmish and battle, in bivouac and camp, in hospital, and, some of them, in prison, they have returned to receive your congratulations that their work is done and well done. The rebellion is completely conquered, and they may justly feel, what has been so eloquently expressed, that they have done their full share and suffered their full proportion in effecting that result. Few regiments will claim to have borne a distinguished part in three battles, more conspicuous in the annals of the war, or more important in their bearing upon its issue, than the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Nashville. And hardly any campaign, considering the number of battles fought, the leagues marched, the miles of fortifications built, and the months of unremitting skirmishing, day and night, will be replete with greater interest than that campaign against Atlanta, in whose opening these soldiers participated in their skirmish at Rocky Faced Ridge, in whose progress they were constantly engaged with the enemy; and whose closing was marked by their capture of the enemy's rifle pits at Lovejoy's Station. When the historian tells the story of Chickamauga; how disaster and ruin seemed inevitable to the Army of the Cumberland; how Thomas was barely holding the foe in check, fearing every moment the lines

would give way; how the reserve corps, at that critical moment was rushed to the front, as a forlorn hope, and successfully stayed the further progress of the enemy, and in the words of Thomas, "saved the army": when he tells that story, he may truthfully add that the NINETY-SIXTH, more than any other one regiment of the reserves, contributed to that result. You, our old friends, will permit me to repeat here what General Steedman, our commander in this battle, has frequently said,—that he owes his double stars to the bearing of this Regiment at that time, and that he never saw men fight as these soldiers fought at Chickamauga. But then, he had never seen the 45th, nor any other regiment from this region, in action, and did not know what sort of material you were accustomed to send to our armies. And when the poet sings the song of the "battle above the clouds," where the contest was waged on the heights of Lookout, while the great opposing armies on the plains below watched it with wondering gaze, he should not overlook the fact that the NINETY-SIXTH,—climbing up to the base of the precipitous cliff, and working their way along the side of the mountain, where a foothold could scarcely be found,—by a successful flank movement, drove the enemy from his strongest position, and made the evacuation of the entire mountain certain. And the orator, when he would, in future times, incite his fellow citizens to emulate the heroism displayed in this war, can hardly choose a nobler incident than the part borne by these soldiers in the battle of Nashville,—where an entire Rebel army was annihilated. The capture of the enemy's works by this Regiment, together with a battery and hundreds of prisoners, while our flag was borne most gallantly ahead of us, is an incident of which any battalion might be proud.

For their bravery in these battles, and throughout their campaigns, you, sir, have poured into their ears words of unqualified praise. I shall disclaim not one word of that praise, which has been spoken of the men in the ranks, and their officers of the line, many of whom rose from the ranks. They deserve it all, and more. You can never know,—you can never express,—the worth of such services as theirs. When you have in every possible way shown forth your high regard, your admiration, your gratitude, your love for these returning soldiers, who have fought your battles, you will have fallen far short of the full measure of their worth. I know whereof I speak, for I have witnessed these men,—your sons, brothers, neighbors, friends,—day after day, exhibit a gallantry, a valor, a noble, self-sacrificing devotion, equaled only by the most illustrious examples of heroism in the annals of mankind.

It is exceedingly joyous to know that their valor need be no further tested. It is indeed a pleasure that, now at home once more, they can rejoice with you over the victory won, the country saved, the nation redeemed, and freedom disenthralled.

We are reminded, in the midst of our joy, that many who received with us your parting benisons, as we went to the wars, have not returned, and will never return, to share with us in your welcoming plaudits. Oh, if the country could have been saved by the expenditure of money and material only, how gladly would we have doubled, have quadrupled our immense national debt. But, since the world was, there has been no salvation but by the shedding of blood; and, since governments were instituted, the tree of Liberty (as has been said by him who welcomed us), has taken deep root only in soil enriched by the blood of martyrs! How largely has the NINETY-SIXTH added to the list of those martyrs! How extensive is the field fertilized by their blood! Our fallen brothers are lost to us, but, sir, you said truly, their names shall not be forgotten. Their memories, forever blessed, shall be forever cherished, and their graves held sacred as the shrines of Freedom. Their graves? Ah, in the Valley of the Chickamauga,—that "River of Death,"—the bodies of many of them moulder to the dust, and "no man knoweth of their sepulchre unto this day." They lie there, somewhere on that ensanguined

field, in an unmarked tomb. It may not be for us to plant the laurel with the cypress upon their grave; our tears may not fall upon it, nor our requiem be chanted over it. Yet shall that unknown grave be cared for. The creeping grass shall search it out and bedeck it with loveliest verdure; the blessed dews of Heaven shall discover it and bathe it with nature's tear-drops; the gentle winds, sighing through the pines, shall surely find it, and wail an oft-repeated requiem over their tomb, while the pleasant sunlight shall shine upon it, and shed an eternal halo of glory around it. Their sepulchre is unknown, and the stranger may pass thoughtlessly over it, and rude sounds of toil and mirth break in upon the sacred quiet of the place. They will heed it not; they will sleep in peace. Aye, my fallen brothers, hero martyrs, you may sleep on in peace; for the crack of the slave-driver's lash, and the clank of human fetters shall never be heard to disturb your repose, nor shall the footsteps of a slave ever echo above your heads! Their place of sepulchre is hidden, yet not so hidden but it shall be found when the archangel's trump shall summon their bodies to rise in triumph and be clothed upon with glory. We will not regret that their last resting place is somewhere on that historic field; for few routes from Earth to Heaven are more direct than those which have for their terrestrial termini the battlefields of Freedom.

We mourn for our brothers fallen in battle—and not for them only. We remember, as you,*sir, did not forget, the more pitiable fate of those who have been wasted by disease and wounds, and lingered in hospitals until their sufferings ended in the quiet of the grave. They were not only deprived of the tender care of loved ones at home, but were also debarred from the companionship of their comrades in the field. The excitement of battle was not present to nerve them to greater endurance, nor were their hearts animated by the cheers of their fellow-soldiers. Alone among strangers, with patient fortitude they suffered and died in the service of their country. They were as truly martyrs to their country as if they had been slain on the field of battle by an open rebel foe, or in some secluded chamber by a secret rebel assassin.

Most pitiable of all was the fate of those who, prostrated by sickness, were compelled to endure the "tender mercies" of a foe who had reduced cruelty to a system. Disease, at best, is misery; how supremely miserable, then, must have been the lot of our hapless comrades who suffered from disease in the prisons of the South. Far away from all friends, beyond the reach of succor, supplied with neither needful care nor nutriment, the little delicacies sent for their use under the sacred white flag cruelly withheld from them, even the blessed sunlight and the pure breath of heaven doled out to them in stinted measure—how utterly desolate was their fate. Their prayer every morn must have been, "Oh, that the even were come," and at eventide, "Oh, that the morn were come!" To them Death came, not as the King of Terrors, but rather as a friend to remove them from such hells as Andersonville and Florence. We can not, we will not, hold the arch traitor of all guiltless of the horrid cruelties practiced in his prisons, where our comrades were deliberately murdered with cold torture. His friends are urging that mercy be extended to him. Mercy?

*"Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrages he doth commit,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn."*

When we sum up all the sacrifices of this Regiment during the war, the aggregate is frightful. Death has been our constant companion. He joined us as we left our first camp at Rockford, and when we reached our last rendezvous at Chicago, even there he would not leave us nor forego his demands. Ours is but one Regiment, and when we remember that the history of its sacrifices is but one of a thousand similar his-

tories, we can form some estimate of the infinite price paid for the salvation and redemption of our country.

Thank God the sacrifice has not been in vain ! Thank God that, even at such a cost, our country has been saved and purified. In four years of war the work of centuries of peace has been accomplished for us. The blessings in store for our land are beyond computation, nor can we conceive how far-reaching will be their beneficent influences. You do well, fellow citizens, to remember that, under God, you owe these blessings to the soldiers. Because you have thus remembered these soldiers to-day, I again return you their thanks. And they would thank you, not for this reception only, but for the kind interest you have always manifested in the career of the Regiment. And we do not forget that you have had work to do at home, to maintain peace here, while the soldiers were battling for peace in the field. To you, the loyal men of Galena, we feel deeply grateful ; but for those who have had no word of encouragement for the soldier, who have not lifted so much as a finger to cheer and assist those who were fighting the battles of their country, who would have thwarted every effort to save the nation, the returning soldiers can feel only an indignant contempt.

Let me tax your patience a little longer, while I say a few words of farewell to my fellow soldiers.

My friends and comrades, the three years of our companionship are ended. For us no more the reveille shall sound, nor awakening drum call us to drill and parade, nor bugles blow the onset to the charge. The musket is to be exchanged for the maul and the mallet ; the sword is to be hung up to rust, while sickles are brightened with renewed use.

It seems a long time that we have been associated together. It is a long time ; for

“ We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.”

Counting time by “ heart-throbs,” how have the years of our soldierly experience been lengthened out ! I trust those years are to you, as to me, full of pleasant memories, and free from bitter recollections. The great contest, which blended our different pathways of life into one, is ended, and those paths again diverge, and we go our separate ways into the world. But we will not forget one another. Our remembrances of each other cannot cease with our parting. The ties which bind together the mystic brotherhood are fragile compared with those which unite in fellowship soldiers who, side by side, have breasted the storm of battle,

“ ‘Mid death shots falling thick and fast.”

No longer soldiers, you are now, as citizens, to mingle with your fellow citizens, and join with them in pursuing the arts of peace, and maintaining the blessings of our land. Those blessings are theirs and yours in common ; theirs by inheritance, but yours by purchase, and, knowing the dear price of that purchase, you will not fail to maintain them inviolate. I need not urge you to the fulfillment of every duty which pertains to the citizen. I know you will cherish your reputations as soldiers so highly that you will be especially careful to do nothing which will in the least tarnish or efface it.

I congratulate you upon your return “ home again ” to those loved ones whose hearts, whose sympathies, whose prayers have been with you always, and who, with you, will enjoy the blessings of reestablished peace. Few will appreciate,—few have reason to appreciate,—those blessings more highly than the mothers and wives of those who have fought the battles of their country. My comrades, we know but little of the sacrifices of woman in this war. The anxious care that slowly wears the life away, the sorrow for which there is no balm ; the anguish that

breaks the heart-strings, have fallen mainly to her lot. Believe me, the sufferings you have endured have not been so acutely felt by yourselves as by those whose lives were bound up in yours. But the supreme joy of this moment of your safe return more than compensates for all the weary hours of sorrow occasioned by your absence. They have long watched and prayed and waited for your coming; and now that you have come, victorious, their joy is perfect. There are those who may watch and pray and wait never so long, yet will never be gladdened by the sight of loved ones returning from the war. When mothers ask me for their sons, whom I took with me to the battle field, but did not bring back, what can I answer? I can only say that when our roll was called and their names were spoken, the response was—not such as the comrades of the first grenadier of France were wont to give, “*Dead on the field of honor!*”—not that, but this: *LIVING IN THE REALMS OF GLORY!* Not here, but yonder shall be the triumphant meeting of mothers with their martyred sons. Do they feel that their light of life, their joy, their strength, their comfort is gone, and that they must bear their burdens of sorrow to the grave, unsupported, desolate, and alone? Let me assure them that while soldiers of the *NINETY-SIXTH* live, the bereaved mothers of our fallen comrades shall not lack for sons.

My comrades, when you were about to enlist in the service of your country, you were told that you would be rewarded for your services. You will be. Not with wealth. Had wealth been your object, you would never have been known as soldiers. Wealth could not reward you. Not all the riches of Cræsus could tempt a sane, reasonable man, knowingly, to pass through the scenes in which you have borne a part; to stand where you have stood, facing the foe; to fight as you have fought.

Nor will you be rewarded by Fame. Fame blew herself hoarse in the first few months of the war, and has since utterly despaired of trumpeting forth the merits of an one-hundredth part of the heroes of our land. What can fame do, when every fourth man you meet is a hero?

Nor will your highest reward come from the people. However much they may admire you; whatever they may seek to do for you—and such a welcome as you have received proves that what they can they will do for you); the people can never adequately reward you. Indeed, to a considerable extent, you are, yourselves, the people.

Yet you will be rewarded. As the stream of time flows along, bearing you on its course, and the events of to-day recede somewhat into the distance, giving you a larger and broader view of them, enabling you to perceive how transcendently great they are, the consciousness that you bore no insignificant part in those events will be your reward. As you behold the old flag, not a star lost, many a star added, every star shining brightly in the constellation; as you see in its stripes only the pure “streakings of the morning’s light,” and no more the emblems of the degradation of millions in our land; when you see that flag waving in triumph, the knowledge that it does wave in triumph, because you and soldiers like you have borne it bravely over many a hotly contested field, will be your reward. When you watch the renewed growth of our land, as it becomes the strongest, freest, happiest, best land God ever blessed, you will have your reward. As you learn how, throughout the wide world,

“Humanity, with all its fears,
And all its hopes of future years,”

was “hanging, breathless” on the issue of our contest; as you witness the influence of our free institutions pervading the earth, weakening the power of tyranny, strengthening the hands of the free, giving hope to the down-trodden, and making liberty possible in the old world, the remembrance that you did not fail your country and humanity in their hour of peril, will be your reward. When you think how thoroughly

you would have despised yourselves had our land passed through its great trial unassisted by you, the fact that you acted the part of true men will be your reward. Yes, the consciousness of duty performed, of sacrifices unselfishly made for the sake of right, will be your all sufficient reward. Every day you will be the happier for it; every night your sleep will be the sweeter for it, and your dreams more blessed. You will ever feel that your manhood has been vindicated, strengthened, ennobled. You would not barter away that consciousness for all the gifts that the great and powerful of earth can bestow. You surely have your reward.

Nor shall I fail of reward for aught I may have done, if my hopes are realized that you will retain for me, as your fellow citizen, that kind regard which you have uniformly manifested toward me as your officer.

My comrades, I bid you farewell. May Heaven's richest blessings ever be upon you; may the added years of your life be years of happiness; and while you live, wherever your lot may be, GOD BE WITH YOU—
GOD BLESS YOU !

AT THE SUPPER TABLE.

After the conclusion of the speech of Lieutenant Colonel Hicks, the Regiment then formed and proceeded to the splendid dining hall of the DeSoto, where Mr. Baldwin, the excellent landlord, had prepared a magnificent repast. The hall was decorated with innumerable flags and banners, arranged with exquisite taste. At the end of the hall was hung the portrait of Lieutenant General Grant. But what added most to the interest of the occasion, was one of the most touching and graceful compliments of the kind ever paid to a returning soldier. The tables were waited on by the wives and daughters of our citizens, distinguished for their beauty, grace and patriotism, vying with each other to do ready honor to the bravery of the noble soldiers, who had done so much, not only to put down the rebels of the South, but the rebels at home.

At the table Mr. Washburne presided, having on his right Colonel Smith, and on his left Lieutenant Colonel Hicks. The Rev. Mr. Blinn invoked a blessing. After the supper was over, many sentiments were given. To the sentiment: "To the returned braves of the gallant NINETY-SIXTH. They have the thanks and gratitude of all loyal hearts. Health, happiness, prosperity, and length of days be with them," all the citizens present arose and responded with nine hearty cheers.

To the sentiment offered by Colonel Smith: "The thanks of the NINETY-SIXTH to the patriotic citizens of Galena (and particularly the ladies), for their cordial and heartfelt welcome," the brave boys gave such a "three times three and a tiger" as soldiers only can give.

Lieutenant Colonel Hicks proposed the following, which was received with applause and enthusiasm:

The Hon. E. B. Washburne, our Representative in Congress, everywhere and at all times the faithful friend of the citizen soldier.

Mr. Washburne proposed the following sentiment:

Our distinguished fellow citizen, Lieutenant General Ulysses S. Grant, the unrivaled soldier, the incorruptible public servant, the honest man. A nation's gratitude will bestow on him the highest honors of the Republic.

This sentiment was received with the most unbounded enthusiasm. The entire company arose and responded with nine hearty cheers, the

ladies waving their handkerchiefs and the band striking up "Hail to the Chief," etc.

The following is the beautiful poem welcoming home the Regiment, by Rev. J. F. Yates.

COME HOME.

Come home ! old glorious NINETY-SIXTH,
The three years' work is done ;
Your proud war-record is complete,
Our country's cause is won !

Come home ! for spirits such as yours,
No idle camp life suits—
We want you to enjoy your fame,
And reap its precious fruits.

Come back ! you need not fear that word,
Which all the last three years,
Both rebels North, and rebels South,
Have shouted in your ears.

Come back ! come back ! the shameless hounds
Who howled upon your track,
Until you crushed foul treason out,
Now *dread* your coming back.

But in our welcome proud unite,
With mother, child and wife,
With sister or the dearer one,
The *nation*—saved to life.

Aye, come, and bring the tattered flags,
Lieutenant Colonel Hicks ;
You led our boys in deadly days,
How fares the NINETY-SIX ?

We know full well how went the day,
When you led on the strife
And paid for priceless victory,
With many a priceless life.

Nine hundred strong you proudly marched
In Eighteen Sixty-two,
How War's hot furnace melts brave men,
These ranks are witness true !

But God be praised, ye still survive,
We feared you'd never come,
Brave remnant of old NINETY-SIX
Three times thrice welcome home !

Welcome from Chickamauga's field,
Where first you fleshed your swords,
And though repulsed and sadly rent,
Held back the rebel hordes—

And kept a heart as true as steel,
A heart no fear destroys,
Tho' on that plain the NINETY-SIXTH,
Left twice a hundred boys !

Come home from *Moccasin Bend*, sad spot,
Where horrors girt you round,
Where famine, foe and fell disease
Made camp a burial ground.

Come back from Buzzard's Roost, the place—
If rumor truly saith—
Where Charles and Harry Menzemer,
Met capture—worse than death.

Come back from Lookout Mountain, too,
Where, wrapped in ether shrouds,
You won the wondrous heights and placed
Our flag above the clouds ;—

Above the clouds that wreathed the mount,
Above the cloudy fears,
That had o'erhung our trembling hearts
For two long, doubtful years.—

Come home from Rocky Face's Ridge,
Where, tithing blood again,
You paid for God and Liberty,
Near half a hundred men !

Come home from famed Resaca,
Come from the Mount of Pines,
From Kenesaw's dread field of death,
March home the shattered lines.

Come back from proud Atlanta,
From Lovejoy's Station come,
From Franklin late, from *Nashville last*,
Old NINETY-SIX come home !

Come home from Libby Prison house,
From Anderson's foul grave,
Come from the bloodhounds' cruel chase
Our Menzemer the brave.

We hail each war-worn private,
Ye *all* are chiefs to-day,
Our laurel wreaths are one for each,
We crown you chiefs for aye.

All hail the gallant Colonel Smith !
Wounded one cruel night,
Chafing like lion in his cage
To be kept back from fight.

High record his, and nobly writ
In type the bullet set ;
Unmail his breast—that ghastly scar
Shows how he earned "brevet."

Welcome brave Rowan, ne'er before
Did shoulder wear the sign
Of noble rank, more nobly won,
Than that brave breast of thine !

Our children know how in the fight
You scorned the rebel hail,

And, when imprisoned, undermined
Libby's infernal jail.

And Captains and Lieutenants all,
Who won the glittering bars,
Proud symbols these—but prouder far,
The soldier's glory-scars.

With you we welcome o'er again
Our late come honored wards,
Survivors of the Ninetieth,
The loyal Ryan Guards.

And here and there amid this throng
Of glorious war-worn boys,
We hail the shattered fragments
Of the Nineteenth Illinois.

Our hearts are calling other sons—
From patriot banishment,
Why wait they so? What ho! the guard!
Surround the General's tent.

Arrest the chiefs—take John E. Smith,
And bring the prisoner forth—
Stop Maltby going to new command,
And turn him toward the North.

Bring Rawlins back, bring Chetlain back,
And let us see our men,
The high in rank, with rank and file—
All level once again.

And O, come home, thou wondrous man,
Who never said I can't—
We wait, we look, we long for you,
Come back Ulysses Grant!

Call out the roll of NINETY-SIX,
What means this silence dread?
O God! the scores who answer not
Are furloughed—to the dead!

And come they not for calling them?
Are they not with us too?
In heart and thought—they are, and more,
I'll call them—so shall you.

Come back, ye fallen brothers, come,
We mourn you long in vain,
You fought with brothers here, and fell,
Come, sit with us again!

Hist! Hist! I hear a shadowy tread,
Like souls of soldiers slain,
'Tis them! I feel the living dead
Are coming back again.

They're filing past us through this hall,
They beat no muffled drum,
In arms of Victory they died,
And victor-like they come!

Hark ! they are speaking, and the words
That to my soul are borne—
Are these—" One boon we ask of you
Who honor, love and mourn—

*" Hold dear the trust we bought with life,
Dearer than your life-breath—
Give mercy to the blinded crew,
But give their leaders DEATH!"*

The company then voted their thanks to the Council Hill Band, for their patriotic conduct in coming to the reception, and discoursing their eloquent music on the occasion.

The " Battle Cry of Freedom " and " John Brown " were sung with great spirit, and amid thunders of applause. Cheer upon cheer went up for Grant, Logan, Sherman, and other brave Generals, and all our heroic private soldiers. At nine o'clock the company separated with nine cheers for the " Union, now and forever," all seeming happy and delighted with the satisfactory and joyful manner with which everything had gone off.

The gallant soldiers of the NINETY-SIXTH must have been satisfied, that while Galena is notorious for traitors, that nowhere do more loyal, generous and patriotic hearts beat than in our own rock-bound city.

A ball was given in the evening to the boys of the Regiment at the DeSoto, which was one of the largest, the most brilliant and successful we have ever attended in this city. Everything went off happily and gloriously till the wee small hours of morning.

Too much credit cannot be bestowed on Mr. Baldwin, for the very handsome and creditable manner in which he got up the supper, and made all the arrangements connected therewith.

Editorially the *Galena Gazette* said :

THE RECEPTION.

The reception given to the NINETY-SIXTH Regiment on Thursday, was far from being a mere flourish of words or display of flags and banners. The cordial shaking of hands, the cheerful smile upon every countenance in the room, and the tears of gladness which rolled down the cheeks of the father and mother as they grasped the hand of the brave son, were far more expressive than any outward display. These warm greetings welled up from the hearts of our citizens and reached the hearts of our noble boys. We never before attended so happy a meeting. It was an occasion which no participant is likely ever to forget.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS.

BY LIEUTENANT CHARLES W. EARLE, CHICAGO.

Prisoners of War—Two Men Captured at Franklin—Two Captured from Hospital—Captain Rowan Attempts to Escape—Capture of the Wounded at Chickamauga—Companies C and H Surrender on Mission Ridge—Fate of the Prisoners—Personal Narratives of Survivors.

As I commence the chapters assigned to me by the Editor of our Regimental History, I realize fully that it is not of brilliant campaigns and glorious assaults that I am to write.

In the daily life of the soldier, while with his own command, there is much to create enthusiasm, and the privations which are incident to every one in any war are largely assuaged and relieved by the rapid changes and the varied scenes and experiences of a soldier's life.

With the prisoner, however, it is different. Separated from his command, exposed to the vicissitudes of weather, deprived of proper food, and insulted by tyrannical guards, his sufferings are indescribable, and, in large part, must remain hidden in his own breast.

But few now live, however, to tell the story of the mire and sand, the scorching sun and pitiless rains, the bodily pain and mental anguish. Death came to many—a happy relief from such terrible sufferings,—and the experiences of the vast majority of those who suffered in rebel pens and prisons will, forever, remain part of the unwritten history of those terrible days.

Our Regiment, with the exception of the losses at and immediately following the battle of Chickamauga, was remarkably fortunate in the number of men it had captured; and, while exposed almost daily either on picket duty, or on forage excursions, or upon the field of battle, it was the rarest occur-

rence for us to lose a man by having him fall into the hands of the enemy.

The list, however, is long enough, and as our Regimental Historian has been surprised, as his work progressed, to find our casualties greater than he anticipated, so am I surprised to find that the number captured is greater, and that in the aggregate so many were obliged to submit to the cruel treatment of those having Southern prisoners in charge. In the following pages I shall try to follow out the history of every man from the time of his capture till his release, either by death, exchange, or escape, or by the close of the war.

Many of those captured died during their prison life from disease and exposure, and but little of their history is known. Concerning a few, all that I can say will be to give the place and date of death, while of others I can only give a short abstract of their privations, and a few representative facts toward a complete history of prison life in one prison. I shall, so far as possible, present these facts in the words of the sufferers. As a matter of convenience, it seems best to present the experiences of our captured men in the order of their capture.

The first men ever captured from the NINETY-SIXTH were James Pimley and Patrick Conway, both members of Company F, who were taken prisoners near Franklin, Tenn., March 7, 1863. The Regiment had moved to that point two days before, and everything was new and curious to its members. Not the least attractive feature in the near vicinity was Roper's Knob, and thither went many of the command, armed only with the passes of the commander of the Regiment. This lofty and attractive peak was a mile or a little more from camp, and partially in its rear, so that the trip was not supposed to be attended with any risk. It was outside the picket lines, however, and proved to be a dangerous resort. On the day named, these soldiers, with others, were given passes, and made their way to its top. After viewing the beauties of the landscape for a time, one of them proposed a visit to a house at the east of the hill. Objection was made by a companion,—William S. Nash, who was a brother-in-law of Pimley,—not so much because of any supposed danger as for the reason that

he thought they would be going beyond the limits prescribed by their passes. But inclination was strong, and the two started off, promising their less venturesome companion that if he would return to camp and get supper, they would bring some butter when they came back. Going to the house, they were readily promised some provisions by the family, but before they were ready to take their departure a number of Confederate cavalymen stepped out from a room adjoining the one in which they had been sitting, and ordered them to throw up their hands. There was no alternative, for they were unarmed and outnumbered, and, quietly submitting, they were hurried off to Spring Hill, where they remained a few days. When the Federal troops advanced, on the Duck River expedition, they were moved southward, though not so rapidly but that they once had a good view of the advance of the Union forces, and were in plain sound of the skirmishing. The thought of escape was ever uppermost in their minds, but no favorable opportunity offered, and they were put aboard the cars and sent to Richmond, where they were confined for some months. Although prison life had not then reached the refinement of cruelty subsequently attained, yet their experiences were such as to be very unpleasantly remembered. They were paroled and sent inside the Union lines during the summer, being finally exchanged at St. Louis. After a brief visit to their homes in Jo Daviess County, they returned to the Regiment, reaching it in September, 1863. They literally fulfilled their promise to Comrade Nash, and brought him some nice fresh butter, but it was from Pleasant Valley, Illinois, and not from Roper's Knob, Tennessee. Their account of their adventure was eagerly listened to, and many resolved on hearing them tell of the short rations, cruelty and indignities to which they were subjected,—even the women spitting in their faces,—that they would take desperate chances rather than be captured. Nash chided them for being caught by “Butternuts” while after butter. Hardly had their experiences been recounted when the great battle of Chickamauga came. On the way to the right, on that fateful Sunday, Pimley had a premonition that his end was near and

told a comrade his belief. He did not shrink from any duty, however, but went bravely forward until his prediction came true, for in the midst of the battle he fell to rise no more, struck by a bullet. Conway was severely wounded in the same engagement, but survived, and at the time of the writing of this sketch resides in Iowa.

The next members of the Regiment to be captured, so far as is known, were Joseph Rogers and Edward Kearnaghan, also of Company F, who were made prisoners at Danville, Ky., by the Rebel General Pegram's forces, March 14, 1863. Kearnaghan escaped in a short time, but Rogers was held for several days and then paroled. Both had been sick in hospital, but were convalescent at the time, and heartily thankful to escape being carried off into a long captivity.

Captain Charles E. Rowan, of Company F, was captured on Saturday afternoon, September 19, 1863, during the battle of Chickamauga. He was at the time on the staff of Gen. Whittaker, commander of the Brigade, and had ridden to the front near the right of the line, with orders, when he unexpectedly found himself, at the turn of a wooded road, in the midst of a large force of the enemy. His first impulse was to ride through the line, and this he undertook to do, when a bullet or two was sent through his clothing, and his horse, being caught by a soldier, came to a halt. The Captain had passed over that very ground a half hour before, and did not know that the right of the Brigade had been retired, while he was upon another part of the field, in order to protect its flank.

Surrender was imperative, and, gracefully as possible, he dismounted and submitted to being deprived of his implements of warfare. That night he was kept at a camp fire near the cavalry reserve, with a single guard over him, but with many armed men about him. He watched for an opportunity to escape, and once during the night, discovering that his guard was apparently napping, crawled partially from under his blanket, intending to spring upon a horse standing near by and ride into the Union lines, taking his chances of being shot by the pickets on both sides. But the guard was

only feigning sleep, and remarking, "See here, Yank, haven't you gone about far enough?" drew up his rifle, and the Captain, thinking the range too close, concluded to wait. Next day he was marched to Ringgold, with others, where he boarded the cars for Richmond. While near Vining's Station, Ga., he and a Sergeant with whom he had become somewhat acquainted, jumped from the moving train, in the night, unobserved by the guards, and started northward. During the trip they had met trains bearing Rebel reinforcements toward Chattanooga, and had learned the name or number of one or more regiments. They traveled safely for several nights. One of the formidable obstacles in their way was the Etowah River, above Allatoona. Knowing little as to the bridges or wagon roads in that vicinity, they determined to follow the railroad. Near the river they could see the camp of the enemy, but as the hour was late they passed unmolested. At the bridge a sentry was discovered, but in the darkness the Rebel did not detect the color of their uniforms, and as they came from the rear, permitted them to come close up before calling to them to halt. To this sentry they stated that they were members of a Confederate regiment—naming one that they knew had passed that way—and that they had gone to a house at a way station for something to eat, when the train pulled out and left them. They had waited, they said, expecting to take the next train, but learning that most of the trains did not stop there, had concluded to walk to Cartersville, where they were certain to be taken on. The story was so plausible, and they plead so hard with him, as an old soldier, not to arrest them, that he allowed them to pass. The guard at the north end of the bridge, supposing that they must be all right because of having been permitted to pass the first sentry, was easily put off without much explanation, and they were soon out of all immediate danger.

Pushing northward for the two or three succeeding nights, they had completed almost a hundred miles, when the Sergeant gave out in utter exhaustion. They had no rations when they started, and had found but little food along the road.



CHAS. WARRINGTON EARLE.

FIRST LIEUTENANT COMPANY C.

LIBRARY
OF THE
SECURITY OF NATIONS

The Captain reluctantly parted with his helpless companion, and kept on for another day. But the demands of hunger could not be refused, and he at last determined to go to a house and get something to eat. Having previously obtained a grey coat and hat from a negro, he attempted to pass himself off for a Confederate. His request was complied with, and he was about to partake of his first full meal for a week, when he heard the sound of horses' feet and the clanking of sabres. Turning, he saw some Rebel cavalry approaching the house. Instantly he fled, knowing that he could not carry his deception farther. Leaving by a rear door he ran to the timber and endeavored to escape, but the family pointed out his course and in his weak condition the Confederates were able to quickly ride him down and again make him a prisoner. He told a straight story, and after being provided with food was again placed upon a train, this time being so closely watched that escape was impossible. He was within twenty-five miles of Chattanooga when re-taken. Arriving at Richmond, October 10, he was incarcerated in Libby Prison, his experiences there and his final escape being shared by the writer of this chapter, and detailed further on.

The captures during Sunday, September 20,—the closing day of the terrific battle of Chickamauga,—were very numerous, many of the severely wounded being left upon the field. There was no organized force of stretcher-bearers in the Reserve Corps, and only such of the wounded as could walk, or a few who were assisted by their comrades, were able to reach Rossville that night. Then, too, the nature of the battle on the right was such as to make it exceedingly difficult to render any assistance to the wounded. Almost the entire afternoon was occupied with charges and counter-charges, the Regiment alternately advancing and falling back, driving the enemy only to be driven in turn. Some who were carried quite a distance, or who, having walked for a mile or two toward the rear, became too weak or fatigued to continue on, fell into the enemy's hands next morning. Nearly all of those who survived the trying experiences of the ten days immediately following the battle, where few had either med-

ical or surgical attendance, and where none had food either adequate to their needs or suitable for wounded men, were paroled and sent within the Union lines at Chattanooga.

Those who fell into the enemy's hands on Sunday, or early on Monday, and were paroled as mentioned above, were Sergeant-Major Francis P. Quinn, John W. Connor, of Company A; Color-Corporal Hamilton C. Whitney, of Company B; Sergeant Edward Murray, Corporal George C. Dodge, Leonard S. Doolittle and Orrin Howe, of Company C; Edmund S. Stevens, of Company D; Stephen F. Blackstone, Thomas B. Martin, Henry Mack, Dennis O'Leary, John A. Bush and Sergeant William H. Robbins, of Company E; ~~Edward Wearn~~^{Joseph H. Hinton}, of Company F; Daniel Benson, Thomas Davis, Joseph Darby, and William H. Wheeler, of Company G; Corporal Thomas Morris, James J. Curry, Thomas K. Johnson and Norman P. Ward, of Company H; Hiram H. Hamilton and Henry Schultz, of Company K.

Of the twenty-five men thus paroled, all were severely wounded, nine dying within a short time, and but four of the entire number ever again joining the command. Of others left on the battle field, Squire Inman, of Company C, and Sergeant Isaac Quigley, of Company D, died before their exchange was effected. Several others who were alive when last seen by their comrades, on Sunday, and some whom it was at least faintly hoped might be brought in, were never afterward heard from, and doubtless died upon the field within a few hours. Of these there may be mentioned Corporal David Isbell, of Company A; Emery Dart, of Company B; William Bonner and John H. Ehlers, of Company C; Elias Hosley and James Rich, of Company D; Daniel Harrington, of Company E; John Bowman and Henry Bonitell, of Company I; Anson Brinkerhoff, Joseph S. Bowken and Darius W. Kenney, of Company K.

Many of those who were paroled had most trying experiences, especially during that terrible Sunday afternoon. Some lay between the lines, exposed to the fire of both armies through the long hours, suffering terribly from thirst and the added fear of being again wounded,—a fear that proved a

reality in some cases. Orrin Howe, of Company C, says that while lying between the lines a shell exploded within a few feet of him, terribly mangling the body of a color guard. Howe, with others, was carried some distance next morning and left in the woods. Two days later he was taken to a house, and afterward to some sheds. He was paroled September 30, and subsequently discharged for disability resulting from his wound.

The experiences of all of those who survived were similar, and are well told by several of the comrades in the paragraphs which follow.

Sergeant Edward Murray, of Company C, was one of the many who were severely wounded in the advanced position taken by the Regiment in the afternoon. He was struck in the shoulder by a bullet which completely paralyzed his lower limbs, and rendered him entirely helpless. There was no opportunity to assist him to the rear, and when the line fell back he was left in the enemy's hands, and during a considerable part of the afternoon was between the two lines, exposed to the fire of both friend and foe. While in this position he was wounded a second and third time, but the effect of the first bullet was such that he suffered very little pain. One of the bullets passed through his arm, lodging in the sleeve of his blouse, and is still retained as a relic. Another wounded him in the hip, and a fourth hit his tin cup. He asserts that the Union lines did not again reach the position where he was wounded after the first charge. At night the Rebels bivouacked at the foot of the hill, a short distance from where he lay, so near him that he could hear the noises of the camp quite distinctly. They were very jubilant over some prisoners that they had in charge, and some stands of colors which they had captured. After a time some of them came, in response to the calls of a wounded man, to whom they gave water and carried to a camp fire. He managed to make himself heard and they soon came to his assistance, carried him to the fire and provided him with a butternut blanket, one of them saying that it was too cold a night for a wounded man to be allowed to remain uncovered. There

was little sleep that night, for many were wounded all about, and some of them were calling for water. Portions of the Rebel army were arriving from Ringgold a considerable part of the night. Early in the morning the officers called some stretcher-bearers, and Murray with others was taken from the field. He was near a house where a large number of the wounded of both armies had been taken. A lady at the house gave the wounded every attention her limited means would allow. She sold her chickens, but reserved the right to cook them and retain the broth, which she distributed, giving a half pint daily to each of those who needed it most, of whom Murray was one. The fourth day after the battle some Union surgeons gave him a little attention, but left him with the remark that "there was another poor fellow who could not live long." They cut off a portion of his clothing in making an examination of his wounds, and as this was not replaced, he suffered severely from cold, being nearly frozen every night. A Rebel gave him a piece of blanket, through which he cut two armholes and wrapped it around his body, putting his blouse over it and thus partially protecting himself. There were several deaths among the wounded every night. The bodies of those who died were carried to a fence a short distance away and thrown in a pile, and the stench soon became unbearable. On Sunday, September 27, just one week after the battle, he, with others of the wounded, was loaded in a wagon and taken to some tobacco sheds, going in the direction which took them directly across a portion of the field where the fighting had been severe. The route was strewn with dead men and horses; and gun carriages and caissons, splintered to pieces, covered portions of the field. The wounded were so numerous that only a small part of them found shelter in the buildings where he was left. Many died at this point, among them Squire Inman, of Company C. Before his death he gave to Sergeant Murray a number of articles which he had kept in his pocket, requesting him to send them to his friends in Lake county, which request was faithfully complied with. On the Tuesday following, the wounded were paroled, and Sergeant Murray was so fortunate

as to be placed in one of the first ambulances and taken to Chattanooga. Every one was given a "whisky sling" to strengthen him for the journey. Arrived at Chattanooga, Murray was provided with clean clothing and given needed surgical attention. He again heard the surgeons remark, "here is another poor fellow," but he was determined to disappoint them, and in the course of a few weeks was able to be sent North, and finally arrived at home. His recovery was by no means complete, and although he still lives, he is a mere wreck of the strong man who entered the service in 1862.

Daniel Benson, of Company G, was wounded in the first charge, but escaped immediate capture, and was helped back quite a distance on the Road to Rossville and left at an old house. The army retiring beyond this point, he, with about twenty others, including Sergeant Major F. P. Quinn, was captured next morning. After being moved from place to place on the Chickamauga battle field during the ten days following, he was paroled, but was not able to join the Regiment for more than a year.

Corporal George C. Dodge, of Company C, was among those to fall into the enemy's hands at Chickamauga. When the Regiment was at one of the most advanced and one of the most exposed positions occupied during that fateful afternoon, he was severely wounded above the right ankle, just after the retreat had commenced. The wound made it impossible for him to fall back with the command. Lying down beside a log upon the side toward his friends, he was comparatively safe for a time, but as the Rebel line advanced and the Union forces gave ground, he soon perceived that he was in the most danger from Yankee bullets, and shifted his position to the south side of the log. In a few moments the enemy's line was abreast of him. A Rebel picked up his gun, examined it, and threw it aside, as earlier in the engagement a ball had carried away part of the stock. Presently a wounded Rebel demanded that he accompany him to the rear. Somewhat reluctantly he joined the man in grey and made his way back, walking with great difficulty. Finding that his

wound was bleeding profusely, he had, before this, corded the limb above the wound with a canteen string, which caused the foot to swell greatly and made it necessary to cut off shoe and stocking; on doing which he found the ball, which had passed through the leg and stopped in the stocking. The Rebel was but slightly wounded and kindly gave him much assistance, so that he was able to reach a log house, where he remained that night and for several succeeding days. On the way to the rear he was astounded to see large numbers of apparently fresh troops, and to learn that they had not been in action at all, but had just arrived upon the field. Knowing the condition of the Union forces, how every available man seemed to be in line and all exhausted and nearly out of ammunition, it was a time of anxiety with him, but he was not prepared to believe the statement of a Rebel officer who told him that the Union army was routed and would be driven into the Tennessee River or captured before sundown. Making himself as comfortable as possible, he settled down for the night, and took what pleasure he could from the fact that there was still sufficient firing in the near front to indicate that his comrades were keeping up the unequal contest, and that the Rebel forces were not yet as victorious as the over-confident officer had claimed. The Provost Marshal gave him a Yankee blanket, and his captors, while not wasting much sympathy or attention upon him, treated him kindly, and did not at any time take from him any articles of value. Finding a Rebel who seemed to have in his make up a quality usually supposed to belong wholly to the Yankee,—namely, a disposition to “swap,”—Dodge traded his empty tin canteen, which had been deprived of its string, for a full, wooden canteen. There were a goodly number of chickens and ducks about the house, and the wounded prisoners clubbed together and bought the lot of the family living there. The men dressed and cooked them, and thus helped out the meagre rations very materially. Dodge lay outside with Squire Inman, as the house was full of Rebel wounded. During the ten days that he was inside the Confederate lines he received no medical treatment, but about the third day some Federal

surgeons gave him some bandages. By their advice he did not remove the cord from about his limb, fearing a hemorrhage that might prove serious, if not fatal. For some days the wound was not very painful, but toward the last of his captivity it became very troublesome, and would doubtless have resulted in the loss of the limb had surgical attention been much longer delayed. Finding an old saw about the house, he made a pair of crutches, the material used being a light cedar telegraph pole. With this he was able to get about and attend to the duties necessary to health and comfort. Having a good watch, he was able to sell it and thus have money with which to buy the articles of food occasionally offered. The price received for the watch was twenty-eight dollars, one-half of the amount being in greenbacks and the remainder in Confederate money. Soon he found a man whose faith in the Southern cause was such that he was willing to trade greenbacks for the Confederate promises to pay, and an exchange was made.

During all this time the only ration issued by the authorities in charge of this improvised hospital was a half-pint of thin mush twice a day, cooked without salt. Fortunately Corporal Dodge, while hobbling around on his crutches one day, saw a Rebel soldier lay some salt upon a board near him. Accosting the soldier he obtained permission to gather up the precious material, and thus was able to season his food for a while.

After a few days all of the wounded gathered about the house were placed in wagons and taken to some extensive tobacco sheds, where were a very large number of Federal wounded. At the house there had been but two or three of the NINETY-SIXTH, but at the sheds there was quite a squad. He is unable to give a complete list of them, but it is probable that all who were left upon the field and had survived up to that time were at these sheds. He distinctly remembers that Sergeant Murray, Leonard Doolittle, Squire Inman, of Company C; Edmund Stevens, of Company D, and Joseph Darby, of Company G, were among the number. Squire Inman seemed to be less seriously wounded than many of the

others, but it soon became evident that he was losing ground, and in a few days, to the surprise of most of those who knew him, he died.

From the first, those who were not so seriously wounded as to lose their appetites, were almost constantly hungry, the small allowance of mush twice a day not being sufficient to satisfy those strong, hearty men. It was therefore with great pleasure that the prisoners learned of the arrival of some hard-bread, sent inside the lines, under a flag of truce, by the Quartermaster at Chattanooga about a week after the battle. Never before had hard-tack tasted half so good to them as when they ate it under those old tobacco sheds in Northern Georgia, after a week in which unseasoned corn-meal mush had formed the almost exclusive diet. During the ten days following the battle many of the slightly wounded were sent to the prisons far in the South. There were daily rumors of an exchange, but it was not until September 30 that the rumors proved well founded. Then, to the great delight of the weary, wounded men, the Federal ambulances came to the sheds and the work of paroling the prisoners began. Corporal Dodge was so fortunate as to be taken with the first lot, and reached the hospital in Chattanooga in safety. From there he was transferred northward, and finally discharged from the Marine hospital at Chicago, August 18, 1864. His wound is still troublesome, rendering him quite lame at times. Life was cheered even while a prisoner by a good many humorous incidents and in other ways, which, did space permit, he would gladly relate.

Corporal Hamilton C. Whitney, of Company B, was wounded just before the battle closed and after it had begun to be dusk, being the last one of the color guard. At that instant the Union forces fell back, and he soon found himself helpless and alone. In fact those who saw him fall and hastily examined his wound, pronounced him dead. It is probable that he was temporarily unconscious. The Rebel line soon passed over him, taking his haversack, canteen and gun. He was carried to another part of the field, but got no rations for five days, and then only about a gill of corn-meal

gruel. Exposed to the scorching rays of the sun by day and the chilling dews and frosts by night, he suffered greatly. At his request a Rebel cut off his shirt, which was stiffened with blood, leaving him but poorly clad, as his blouse gave little protection at night. The unburied dead lay all about, and the stench grew to be almost unendurable. Whitney was taken inside the Union lines about October 1, and after ten months confinement in various hospitals was discharged.

Edmund S. Stevens, of Company D, was severely wounded by a bullet which, passing through his left lower rib, lodged against his spine and left him unconscious for some hours. Captain Blodgett took his effects and reported him dead. Great was the surprise and joy of his comrades to learn, ten days later, that he was alive and had been paroled and sent within the Union lines. He regained consciousness at dark and was carried to a house where, on the Tuesday following, the bullet was removed by a Rebel surgeon. From Tuesday to Thursday he was without food. He reports that Sergeant Quigley, of Company D, died some days after the battle. Sunday, September 27, he was placed in an army wagon and taken to the tobacco sheds. There the wounded were placed in long rows, with very few attendants, and the cries for water were constant and agonizing. Eleven days after the battle he was taken to Chattanooga, and thence northward, being assigned to various hospitals and finally to Camp Chase, Ohio, for exchange. He was subsequently detailed in a Government printing office at Nashville, from which he received his final discharge in May, 1865.

But not all of those captured on that memorable Sunday were so fortunate as to be paroled at the end of a ten or twelve days' confinement. Josephus Metcalf, of Company A, was rendered unconscious by a bullet which scalped him slightly, but regaining consciousness a little later, found himself a prisoner. His comrades supposed him dead, and so reported, but learned of their mistake a few months later. Metcalf was confined at Richmond two months, and then taken to Danville, Va., where he shared the horrors of the

bitter cold winter of 1863-4. He was exchanged in the early summer of 1864, and joined the Regiment soon afterward.

First Sergeant Ambrose A. Bangs, of Company B, became detached from the Regiment near the close of the battle on Sunday evening, and found himself in the ranks of the 22d Michigan, just before they made the final charge when they were taken prisoners. He was taken with 800 others and marched to Dalton, Ga., and then sent by cars to Richmond, Va., remaining there until November 20, 1863. From Richmond he was taken to Danville, Va., and with others was quartered in a tobacco factory until May 10. From Danville he went to Andersonville and made his camp under one of the three pines near the southeast corner of the stockade. He was soon taken sick, and about June 1 was sent to the hospital, where he remained until October 18. He then went back to the stockade, remaining until November 10; thence to Millen, remaining there until November 18, when he was sent to Savannah, and released November 20, 1864. He was provided with passage from Savannah to Annapolis, Md., on the steamer Blackstone, being landed about December 1, and shortly afterward furloughed to his home in Lake county, where he was permitted to remain for some months, until partially recovered from his long confinement. He rejoined the Regiment at Shields' Mills, Tenn., in April, 1865, being immediately promoted to First Lieutenant. He at present resides at Odebolt, Iowa, and still suffers from the effects of his long captivity.

Eli Thayer, of Company D, was struck on the head by a bullet and rendered unconscious for a time. Recovering, he found himself a prisoner of war. He shared the experiences in the prisons at Richmond, Danville, Andersonville and Florence, and died at the latter place of "camp fever" in the early spring of 1865.

George W. Dimick, of Company E, was twice wounded, and became a prisoner, although at the time his comrades believed him to have been killed. A bullet striking under his left eye, ranged downward, and was subsequently taken out back of the left ear. Being able to walk, he was sent to

the prisons at Richmond, Danville and Andersonville. His eye was so injured that he lost the sight of it, and the other became very weak. It is understood that he received a wound in the body and that a bullet was removed from his person at Atlanta, while *en route* to Richmond. Although having small-pox while at Danville, he kept up wonderfully, and was of great assistance to many of his comrades for a year or more. At last his strength gave way, and it is supposed that he died from the prevailing prison fever, almost in sight of the old flag, at Wilmington, N. C., although definite information is lacking.

Charles F. Hayth, of Company E, was slightly wounded in the ankle, and might have made his way back to Rossville. Being naturally kind-hearted, he yielded to the earnest solicitations of some comrades who were severely wounded, and stopped at a house to give them needed attention, running the risk of capture that he might minister to their wants. In a few hours he was a prisoner, but was not at once sent off, being permitted to nurse his comrades for a few days. The Rebels took from him all personal effects, but their better natures prompted them to return his mother's picture, which was thus left as his only solace. He reported another kind act on the part of his captors, in permitting him to catch and kill a hog in order that the Union wounded might be better fed. He subsequently made the rounds of the several prisons, being in captivity seventeen months, when he was exchanged and sent home, so badly broken in health that he died at his home in Shullsburg, Wis., October 18, 1865.

Bennett Holtcamp, of Company F, was captured during the engagement. Reports are conflicting as to whether he was wounded or not. He was a prisoner for nearly fourteen months, and died at Andersonville, Ga., November 16, 1864.

Charles D. Bunce, of Company H, was captured during the battle, having been, it is understood, slightly wounded. He was a prisoner until November, 1864, and was then exchanged; rejoined the Regiment in the spring of 1865.

James F. Champlin, of Company K, was captured during the engagement and endured a long experience in the various

prisons, being finally exchanged and returning to the Regiment near the close of the war. His health was badly broken by his long confinement, and he died ten years after his discharge.

Thomas C. Graves, of Company K, received a wound in the foot that prevented his getting off the field, and, as a consequence, he became a prisoner. Being able to march, he was hurried off to Dalton, and by cars to Richmond. He shared in the hardships and privations of a majority of the prisoners in the Southeast, being a boarder with the Confederacy for seventeen months, returning home too badly debilitated to ever rejoin the command. He is now residing at Ashley, Ill.

Captain A. Z. Blodgett, of Company D, was practically a prisoner for a few moments, being thrown to the ground by the fall of a heavy tree-top which, striking his head and back, rendered him unconscious. This was during one of the retrograde movements, and in a moment the Rebels were swarming all about him. It was not long, however, until the Union lines advanced and he was released from his perilous position.

Corporal Henry P. Barnum, of Company C, was so badly wounded through the face as to cause faintness, and was unable to fall back with the lines. The Rebels soon passed him, one of them stopping, at his earnest request, to give him water. Weak and faint, he lay down, and was soon gratified at seeing the enemy fall back and the Union forces advancing. He was a prisoner but a few moments, but fully as long as he cared to be. His wound healed quickly, and he was with the command in a few weeks, only to be wounded still more seriously at Kenesaw Mountain.

When the battle of Chickamauga closed, the remnant of the NINETY-SIXTH that had survived the terrible struggle retired to Rossville with the main part of the army, and during the next day was given a position on the summit of Mission Ridge, at the left of the Rossville road, facing south, and near the extreme left of the army. During the evening of Monday, September 21, Companies C and H were placed on the skirmish line, to protect the front and cover the retreat

of the army to Chattanooga. The circumstances attending their assignment to that duty and the experiences of that night and the following morning will be given more in detail in a succeeding chapter. In this connection it is sufficient to say that these two Companies of brave men were never relieved or ordered to the rear, and that on the morning of Tuesday, September 22, 1863, finding themselves surrounded, they laid down their arms and became prisoners of war.

Those captured at this time numbered two officers and thirty-three enlisted men. They were: Company C,—Second Lieutenant Charles W. Earle, Sergeant Harrison Huntington, John Bensinger, Henry H. Cutler, Henry C. Green, James Kearney, William McCreddie, William McClellan, Laughlin Madden, Henry C. Payne, Hugo Rodenberger, Joseph Schwerie, Charles Sturm, Joseph Savage, Christian Weistoff. Company H,—Second Lieutenant Charles H. Yates, Sergeant Michael Hileman, Corporal John A. Boothby, Corporal Patrick Flannery, Corporal Alphonzo Marshall, George W. Andrews, Richard C. Cullen, Daniel W. Dowd, John H. Foster, Peter Hawks, William Ingersoll, Andrew Johnson, John Kurby, Nathaniel McWain, George H. Stanchfield, James M. Sallee, Adam Vroman, Edmund Vandyke, John V. Wilkerson, Alberto Wheelock.

These men were doomed to undergo all the horrors of all the most infamous prison-pens in the alleged Confederacy. More than one-half of them never again saw the stars and stripes, under which they had fought so gallantly, but laid down their lives while prisoners of war. Of the others but nine ever again marched with the Regiment, for prison life had so broken them down as to totally unfit them for further service in the field. An attempt is now made, for the first time, to set forth—briefly though it must necessarily be in most cases—the experience of each.

COMPANY C.

The personal experiences of the Lieutenant commanding this Company will be more fully narrated in another chapter. All of the others were with him until the arrival at Rich-

mond, when the officers were separated from the enlisted men. Hence the details of the long trip are omitted from the brief narratives which follow.

Sergeant Harrison Huntington was at Richmond for a short time, when, with many others, he was taken to Danville, Va., where he endured the horrors of that cold winter until smitten with small-pox, from which he died February 27, 1864. During his illness he was removed to a private house by Masonic friends, and it is a comfort to know that, although away from home and deprived of the watchful care of relatives, he still had such attention as his brethren of the mystic tie could give him. The prison records show the date of his death, but do not show the number of his grave.

John Bensinger was reported to have died at Danville, Va., February 8, 1864, but the Roll of Honor is authority for the statement that he died of scorbutus at Richmond, Va., and is buried in the National Cemetery at that place, the number of his grave being 214.

Henry H. Outler was taken sick not long after arriving in Richmond and removed to a hospital, from which he was sent North and exchanged. He returned to his home, where he recuperated with great rapidity, and as soon as possible rejoined the Regiment. He participated in numerous engagements, and received a mortal wound at the battle of Nashville. The writer of this chapter was serving on Brigade staff at that time, and in company with Captain Temple crossed the Rebel works a little to the right of where the NINETY-SIXTH captured a battery. Riding down the works, I saw his familiar face among the wounded, lying where he had fallen. Dismounting and examining the wound, it was evident that he could not long survive, and after a brief interview we parted, his last words to me being, "God bless father and mother, and save the country."

Henry C. Green was in poor health when captured, having been sick from measles, which left his system greatly weakened. As a consequence he did not long survive the privations of the prison, but died at Danville, Va., January 20, 1864, and is buried in grave No. 425.

James Kearney shared the experiences of the prisons of Richmond, Danville, Andersonville and other points, receiving occasional favors at the hands of the Masonic fraternity, and was finally exchanged in December, 1864. His health was broken and he was unable to rejoin the command. He died in Osage, Iowa, August 3, 1881.

William McCreadie was at Richmond, Danville and Andersonville, dying at the last named prison June 4, 1864. The number of his grave is 1,617.

William McClellan experienced all the horrors and privations of the prisons at Richmond and Danville, and becoming greatly emaciated and dangerously sick from insufficiency of food and exposure, was exchanged. Just after reaching the Union lines, May 6, 1864, he died at Annapolis, Md., and was buried in grave No. 938.

Laughlin Madden was at Richmond, Danville and Andersonville. For a time he kept up, but at last became disheartened and homesick, longed for his friends, and fell a victim to scurvy and camp fever, dying at Andersonville, August 12, 1864. Number of grave 5,390.

Henry C. Payne journeyed with his comrades to Richmond and Danville, and died, from small-pox, January 6, 1864. Number of grave, 552.

Hugo Rodenberger survived the terrible winter at Richmond and Danville, but died from scurvy at Andersonville, June 28, 1864, and is buried in grave No. 2,596.

Joseph Schweri was in the Royster House, at Richmond, for two months, then in what was known as the "Scotch Building" for one and a half months, then in Pemberton's Building; finally was taken to Andersonville, where he remained fourteen months, making in all a captivity of nineteen months. He will be remembered as the "Little Dutch Whistler," who used to amuse us so many times while on the march or in camp. It is understood that he obtained many a square meal and many favors from the Rebel officers while he was in prison, paying for the same by his peculiar whistling. As a part of history it perhaps should be stated that he has lost his front tooth, and also his whistle, and that the

means by which his prison life was somewhat softened and ameliorated are gone. He resides at Waukegan, Ill.

Charles Sturm was at Richmond, Danville and Andersonville, but pined to the very last for his old mother, and finally died in the last named prison November 8, 1864. His remains rest in grave No. 12,190.

Joseph Savage made a firm resolution never to be taken prisoner, and when the other members of the Company surrendered, ran back down the side of the ridge, but could not escape, as the Rebel army completely encircled him. He secreted himself for a time, but was soon discovered and taken to the valley, where the others were temporarily quartered. His experience was not unlike that of others who survived. As in camp, so in prison, each man usually had a mate with whom he slept, and Savage saw no less than nine companions with whom he had mated carried out dead. While in Richmond he was at the Royster House and Castle Thunder,—the latter a huge building so poorly lighted that the men could hardly distinguish their acquaintances. At Danville and Andersonville he was three times vaccinated, twice biting his arm and sucking out the impure virus as soon as the surgeon turned his back, and thus escaping the fate that befell so many. The third time he vaccinated himself, using healthy virus, taken from a newly-arrived prisoner, with good result. He always tried to keep busy, making rings, pipes and ornaments from laurel root, gutta percha, or pieces of bone. In this way he not only kept his mind occupied, but often succeeded in buying extra rations from the guards. Once he had the camp fever so prevalent at Andersonville.

From Andersonville he was taken to Charleston. On the trip himself and a comrade jumped from the train, but were immediately fired upon, his companion being killed and bullets passing through his own clothing. He was too weak to run, and as soon as the train could be stopped was recaptured. From October, 1864, to February, 1865, he was at Florence; then was taken to Wilmington, then to Goldsboro, and then returned almost to Wilmington, where the Rebels unloaded

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



CHARLES A. PARTRIDGE,

SERGEANT MAJOR.

(From a recent photograph.)



CHARLES A. PARTRIDGE,

SERGEANT MAJOR.

(From an old photograph.)

COMMITTEE
OF THE
SUPERVISORS OF SCHOOLS.

the prisoners from the cars and turned them loose in the swamps and forests. Savage lay in the swamp one night and the next day, and being too weak to walk, was taken to the river on a stretcher and then in an ambulance about nine miles to Wilmington. The Union troops were in possession of the city, but were not provided with sufficient hospital stores to enable them to care for all. For eleven days Savage lay sick upon the floor of a house, but at the end of that time was removed to a boat and taken to Annapolis, where he had excellent care. He was soon able to travel and was sent to St. Louis, and thence home, badly broken in health. He was finally paid off and discharged August 30, 1865, and is now residing in Antioch, Lake county, Ill.

Christian Weistoff was in prison at Richmond, Danville, Andersonville and Florence, sharing the terrible experiences of his comrades at each of these places. For a time Charles Sturm was his companion. The two had been intimate before their enlistment, had bunked together up to the time of their capture, and were constant associates during all of their early prison experiences. Sturm soon fell a victim to scurvy, his teeth even falling out and his limbs becoming terribly diseased. Death came to his relief before the order came to make the trip to Florence. Weistoff declares that his experiences at Andersonville are remembered but vaguely, the summer and autumn having been passed as in a terrible dream. It was a constant yearning for something to eat. Always hungry, he wandered around and was only restrained from crossing the "dead line" by his prison companions; not that he wished to die, but he was so weak in mind and body that he could hardly give direction to either. In December, 1864, after almost fifteen months imprisonment, he, with many others, was taken to Charleston, S. C., for exchange, being sent by boat to Annapolis, Md. Arrived there, he was bathed, fed and given a suit of clothing, and after a brief rest started westward, having been granted a furlough home. He remembers that several of those who accompanied him to Annapolis ate so ravenously as to create sickness, and, in a few instances at least, he thinks the men died as the result of

their first meal. On his way to Illinois he became overtaxed with constant traveling, and was in such a condition from sheer weakness that he has never had more than a vague idea as to how he passed through Chicago. The change of cars was made in some way, and he reached Palatine, Ill., New Year's Day, 1865, being assisted from the cars by the train men and passengers. There he was taken in charge by a neighbor who chanced to recognize him, and placed in a sleigh, first being carefully wrapped in blankets tendered by patriotic citizens. The neighbor drove as rapidly as possible, hoping to reach the home of Weistoff, at Long Grove, Lake county. The condition of his charge soon became alarming, and he stopped at the house of a stranger,—a Mr. Arnold,—where Weistoff was placed in bed and restoratives applied. A physician and his mother were sent for, and under their care the exhausted soldier was soon improving, although it was some weeks before he was able to be taken home. He was hardly more than a skeleton when he was exchanged, and has ever since suffered more or less from the effects of the scurvy, his limbs being terribly scarred. In April, 1865, he rejoined the Regiment, then in East Tennessee, but was still weak and really unfit for field duty. Fortunately, from that time forward the services required of the command were not arduous, and he was able to keep his place in the Company. In recognition of his marked bravery at Chickamauga,—where he was conspicuous for his courageous actions,—and of his long term in prison, he was promoted to Corporal at the first vacancy. At the time of writing this sketch Mr. Weistoff resides at Springfield, Ill.

COMPANY H.

Lieutenant Charles H. Yates had a long and trying experience. He was separated from his men in the streets of Richmond, and taken to Libby Prison, occupying what was known as the Chickamauga Room. At the time of escape by tunnel he was in the prison hospital, and could not make the attempt to leave the Confederate Capital, which so many of his fellow-officers succeeded in accomplishing. Subsequently he was removed to Macon, Ga., where he was again severely ill. When

the Rebels undertook to stop the shelling of the city of Charleston, S. C., by placing Union officers under the fire of their friends, he was one of those selected and sent to that "cradle of secession." The Lieutenant made several attempts to escape, at one time being captured by some North Carolina Indians and taken to Salisbury, N. C., where he was turned over to the Confederate authorities. A little later he made his final escape. A few officers had been permitted to go outside the prison for chips for fuel, which they usually carried back in their blankets. Taking advantage of the carelessness of the guards, Yates and another officer escaped, and after a long period of wandering made their way to the Union lines in East Tennessee. Some of their experiences were most thrilling, and it is greatly regretted that the Lieutenant is a wanderer, and, although a most diligent search has been made, he cannot be found to tell the full story. The brief fragments here given are all that can be furnished by the writer.

SERGEANT MICHAEL HILEMAN'S NARRATIVE.

In a letter to Captain Pierce, dated at Gann Valley, Buffalo county, Dakota, this comrade gives the following account of his prison experience. After expressing his great desire to have the history of the old Regiment published, and also his belief that the organization has never received full credit for all the gallant service which it performed, he goes on to say that he has suffered greatly from sickness, and that it is impossible for him to collect his thoughts and write as he formerly could. He also says that some things which he had written years ago, when his memory was better, and when he was in possession of more data than at present, have been lost.

He says he was captured September 22, 1863, at Missionary Ridge, after the great battle of Chickamauga, with one hundred and twenty-eight others; these were mainly from Companies H and C of the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois Regiment, several from Company H, 40th Ohio Regiment, and another company belonging to an Illinois regiment, the number of which he has now forgotten. He says: "We were marched to Dalton, and from there taken to Atlanta on the

cars, and were four days without a morsel of food except occasionally a bite which was purchased along the way. At Atlanta, September 26, we received one day's ration and proceeded on our way to Richmond, where we arrived on the night of October 1, and were placed in the Royster House, formerly used as a tobacco warehouse. This was a building three stories high, and in the room to which I was assigned there was such a large number of us that we were obliged to lie in two rows the whole length of the house, and the other floors were equally well filled. The filth and stench which everywhere pervaded this building commenced to tell upon the boys of Company H, and several died. Corporal Patrick Flannery died from hunger December 8, being sick only three days. Adam Vroman died a few days after in this prison. The rooms by this time were so crowded that there was scarcely a place to lie down on the bare floors, and most of our spare moments were occupied in watching the holes and crevices in the walls to capture a stray mouse or rat which might make its appearance; these were eaten with a keen relish, as was also a dog belonging to the Rebel authorities. As a punishment for killing this dog we got nothing to eat for thirty-six hours after. December 13, 1863, about six hundred of our prisoners, including myself, were moved to Danville; here we suffered even worse than we did at Richmond, for the protection from the weather was not as good; it was very cold, and we had no wood with which to build fires, and very little to eat. We suffered greatly for water, as we were allowed to procure it but once a day, and then but little at a time. The weather here became so cold that the river was frozen over, and the ice so thick that people could walk upon it. The cold was so intense that to keep ourselves warm we would form in a line, one after another, and double quick around the room, and then lie down and try to sleep. Corporal John Boothby died here from cold and exposure on Christmas day.

About this time the Rebel authorities began to vaccinate us, and the suffering from the impure virus was very great. As many as thirty of the prisoners, to my personal knowl-

edge, were almost helpless from the effects of these vaccinations. Some of us suffered for months from swollen arms, which became almost gangrenous, and ulcers remained on my arm for nearly six months, the result of the impure matter. A few had their arms amputated, and others lost their lives. William Ingersoll died from the effect of this vaccination, and one other whose name I cannot now recall. We were moved from this terrible place to Andersonville, April 21, 1864. We were transported in cattle cars, in some of which as many as sixty or seventy of our men were stowed away. We were not allowed to leave the cars for days, not even to get a drink of water. We were crowded in, more like beasts than men, sick and well together, and the condition to which we were reduced can be very readily understood by the reader.

“From September, 1864, I was at Charleston, S. C., until November 30, when I was taken to Florence, and paroled in December of the same year. Was subsequently exchanged, and after a visit home rejoined the Regiment in East Tennessee, in April, 1865. Residence, Eldorado, Buffalo county, Dakota.”

Following his return to the Regiment, and while in East Tennessee, Sergeant Hileman, in response to the request of his comrades, gave an address to a very large audience of his friends, detailing his experiences, and giving many particulars as to the fate of the men captured with him. The address was well received, and it is a matter of regret that it cannot be reproduced in this connection.

Corporal John A. Boothby survived the cold and exposure but a short time, dying on Christmas Day, 1864, at Danville, Va. His grave is No. 97.

Corporal Patrick Flannery was accidentally scalded and taken to hospital in November, and died, according to the records, in Richmond, Va., December 8, 1863, of typhoid fever.

Corporal Alphonzo Marshall survived the hardships of the Richmond and Danville prisons, but died at Andersonville, July 2, 1864.

George W. Andrews, although receiving a wound in the foot that would have sent a less resolute man to the rear,

remained on duty and was captured with his comrades. He was at Richmond, Danville and Andersonville, dying at the latter place in June, 1864.

Richard C. Cullen gives the following statement :

CULLEN'S NARRATIVE.

I was captured with the other members of Companies C and H, on that memorable 22d of September, 1863, and that day drew my first prisoner's rations of a pint of corn meal, to last two days, and to be cooked in any way that Yankee ingenuity could devise. Mounted guards attended us from Rossville to Dalton, Ga., riding on either side, and hurrying us along the road. The first and last square meal I got while a prisoner was at the end of that march. From Dalton we went by rail to Atlanta, Ga., where a night was spent in the "bull pen," where we were deprived of our pocket knives, and other personal effects. Next day we started for Richmond, Va., where we arrived October 1, and were sent to the Pemberton prison. Next morning a stylish officer came into the prison with a table, on which he insisted that we place our watches, money, and such other valuables as we had saved from the Atlanta inspection, at the same time taking the name, company and regiment of each, and promising that the articles should be returned when the owners were paroled. A few submitted to this polite plan of robbery, but as we had been without pay for a long time, our contributions were not large. Staying here until November, Corporal Flannery was sent to hospital, having been accidentally scalded, and was never afterward seen by his comrades. While we were in the Pemberton prison the officer who counted off the prisoners for the purpose of drawing rations, allowed his fine, plump coach dog to follow him. The animal and the master soon became separated, and the most rigid search of the officer failed to reveal hide or hair of the dog, so closely was he secreted. No one has ever been found who would admit that he had eaten any dog meat, but next day the boys had soup, lamb and fresh pork.

From this building we were moved to the Royster prison,

which, like the Pemberton building, was a large tobacco warehouse. About this time orders came that all prisoners must be vaccinated. Reports having reached the North that the prisoners were not sufficiently clothed or fed, the United States government sent clothing and food, under a flag of truce. Half rations were issued for a time, and the writer received a pair of pants. While the hard-tack lasted, the boys browned their corn meal,—which had been ground cob and all, and was issued in half-pound daily rations,—and made coffee. This, with the James River water, had a bad effect on the men, prostrating them with diarrhœa. Small-pox made its appearance in the prison, and I soon fell a victim to it, and was taken to a hospital near the outskirts of the city, December 13, 1863. Lying on the bare floor without a bed of any kind, caused a large tumor like a carbuncle, on my hip-joint, which was extremely painful. Recovering from the small-pox, I was prostrated with pneumonia, and then erysipelas attacked my hip. I was soon reduced to a mere skeleton. Meanwhile, being too weak to write myself, I had induced the steward to write to my friends in Gratoit, Wis., and was soon gratified by the receipt of a box containing articles of food and clothing. Some silver coin and two bottles of Hostetter's Bitters were appropriated by the prison authorities as being contraband of war, but the other articles reached me safely. Recovering in part from my troubles, I was taken to Belle Isle about the middle of February. The weather was extremely cold, and being without any shelter, I was again prostrated with pneumonia, becoming so reduced that I despaired of ever seeing home again. But March 22, 1864, I was paroled and sent by boat to City Point, and thence to Annapolis, Md. Good care and good food brought me up, and a week after my arrival at Annapolis I was sent to ward seven, Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Mo., where I remained until July. I was then sent to Chattanooga, but was not permitted to rejoin the Regiment until March, 1865. At the time of being paroled I weighed eighty pounds; I now weigh 170 pounds. Post-office address, Warren, Jo Daviess county, Ills.

Daniel W. Doud was at the Pemberton building and Belle Isle, Richmond ; also at Danville, Andersonville and Florence. From the latter place he was taken to Charleston, S. C., and exchanged in November, 1864, but was too badly broken in health to return to the command ; was discharged at Springfield, Ill., in June, 1865. Resides at Tecumseh, Johnson county, Nebraska.

John H. Foster, like many others, was captured with an empty haversack. Arriving at Dalton he traded a pocket knife to a colored man, getting in exchange a few crackers. At Atlanta he received two crackers,—a very small ration for an extremely hungry man. At Charlottesville, N. C., where the prisoners again changed cars, he was given a similar ration. At Richmond he was sent, with others, in the evening to a large tobacco warehouse, and the following afternoon received a small ration of bread. From that time forward the rations continued so meagre that the men grew almost desperate, at one time killing, cooking and eating a dog that followed an officer or guard into the prison. Foster was not sent to Danville, but remained in Richmond until March, 1864, when he was sent to Andersonville, being one of the first to enter that now historic enclosure as a prisoner. The stockade was not then completed, and he had an opportunity to procure some poles and bushes and make a covering to protect him from the cold and storms, and, later, from the heat. Here he remained until August, when he was sent to Savannah. Two months later he was sent to Millen, thence to Goldsboro, N. C., and afterward to Wilmington. At the two latter places he, with many others, was merely corralled in the woods, without any stockade. Things were growing desperate in the Confederacy by that time, as Gen. Sherman's forces were close at hand, and the prisoners were shipped back to Goldsboro, and then returned to Wilmington, where their captors abandoned them. Foster shared in all the severe experiences of two winters and a summer in prison, and was considerably broken in health. He now resides in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Peter Hawkes was so fortunate as to be exchanged in a

few months, and returned home to recuperate his broken health, afterward rejoining the Regiment. He now resides at Chapin, Iowa.

William Ingersoll was at Richmond and Danville, and having been vaccinated with impure virus, died from its effect, January 17, 1864. His grave is No. 371, Danville, Va.

Andrew Johnson was at Richmond, Danville, Andersonville, Charleston, Florence and Savannah, being exchanged at the latter place December 9, 1864. He subsequently returned to the Regiment, and remained until the final muster out. He now resides at Browntown, Green county, Wis.

John Kurby went the rounds of the prisons until Andersonville was reached, where he died August 14, 1864. His grave is No. 5,701.

Nathaniel McWain was slightly wounded at Chickamauga, but remained with the Company, and was captured and made the rounds of the prisons, being at Richmond, Danville, Andersonville, Charleston and Florence. He was a prisoner over seventeen months, being released near the close of the war. He is now farming at Dorset, Vermont.

George H. Stanchfield is buried in grave No. 184, at Andersonville, where he died June 26, 1864, the cold and sickness at Richmond and Danville having so broken his health that he survived the experiences of that Georgia hell-hole but a few weeks.

James M. Sallee endured an imprisonment of seventeen months, being at one time or another in nearly all of the prisons and stockades of Virginia, Georgia and the Carolinas. He is now Clerk of the District Court of Phillipsburg, Kansas.

Adam Vroman sleeps in an unknown grave, probably at Andersonville, it being understood that he died soon after his removal to that place.

Edwin Van Dyke was a prisoner for seventeen months, going the long round with the others who survived, and being released near the close of the war. He was discharged from hospital at Springfield, Ill., in the spring of 1865. His health was permanently broken, and he died from chronic rheumatism, at Kansas City, Mo., February 6, 1885.

John V. Wilkerson, of Company H, who was among those captured on Missionary Ridge, has written quite a full and graphic account of his experiences, a portion of which must be omitted, as it would be a repetition of what has been previously written by others. On his arrival at Richmond, Va., he, with 3,000 others, was confined in a cold room in what was known as Scott's tobacco house, remaining there from October, 1863, until March or April, 1864. Many of the men had the small-pox, and deaths were very frequent. The food of the sick and well consisted of about one half pound of corn bread per day, with occasionally a couple of ounces of meat, until January 1, 1864, when the Sanitary Commission of the North sent rations which were issued by the Rebels. This made their condition much more tolerable, so far as food was concerned, but there was still great suffering from cold. In the spring, all able to travel were sent to Andersonville, Wilkerson, with the rest, being among the first to arrive in that prison pen. There he endured all the suffering that came from starvation, nakedness, heat, cold, and body lice, but was fortunate enough to survive. A half pint of dry corn meal, without salt or means to cook it much of the time, and the horrors of the place, almost made demons of the men it did not kill. He assisted in the work of ferreting out and hanging the "raiders," and was engaged in one or two unsuccessful tunneling enterprises. Before the war was through he suffered greatly from scurvy, which made him nearly blind. On one occasion the notorious Captain Wirz came into the stockade to make an inspection, his dog following him. That dog was soon missing, and made a dainty meal for a large number of the boys. A piece of the fore-leg fell to Wilkerson, which he declared was the sweetest bit of meat he ever ate, although he did not even have salt with which to season it. A fellow-prisoner by the name of Barnes, who had a \$20 bill for a copy, managed to get some paper and manufactured quite an amount of counterfeit money, which he palmed off on the unsuspecting Rebels, thus securing the means whereby to obtain some addition to the scanty rations afforded by the prison authorities. Wilkerson, and many others, shared

the food thus obtained. All of the genius possessed by the Yankees was brought into use, and many small articles were manufactured and traded to the Rebels for anything which they had to offer that it was possible for a Yankee stomach to digest. Late in the autumn of 1864, Wilkerson was removed to Florence, where he remained three months. He was then sent to Goldsboro, N. C., where the Rebels found their communications cut, and paroled their prisoners. Gen. Terry with the Union forces was near at hand, and came to their rescue. The men were almost at starvation point, and to prevent death from over-eating, each one was allowed but two crackers, a pint and a half of coffee, a small piece of meat, and an allowance of whisky. Notwithstanding this precaution, the allowance was too much for many, and a large number died from over-eating. Alphonzo Marshall of Company H, who had been Wilkerson's companion during the eighteen months of imprisonment, was one of the many who died soon after coming under the protection of the Union flag. Each soldier was given a bath and clean clothing and sent on a steamer to the exchange camp, and thence to St. Louis, where all were furloughed home for thirty days. Wilkerson was discharged at Springfield, Ill., and soon went west. He now resides in Indian Valley, Washington county, Idaho.

RECAPITULATION.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the number captured from the NINETY-SIXTH during the battle of Chickamauga, exclusive of Capt. Blodgett, Henry Barnum, Sergt. Cowan and perhaps some others, who were retaken within a few moments, was thirty-five. Two of this number,—Sergeant Quigley and Squire Inman,—died within a few days. Twenty-five, whose names appear on page 514 of this work, were paroled within ten days. Of these, Blackstone, Martin, Mack and O'Leary, of Company E; Davis and Wheeler, of Company G; and Morris, Curry and Johnson, of Company H, died shortly afterward. Sergeant Major Quinn was accidentally drowned while on furlough, and Whitney, Murray, Dodge, Doolittle Howe, Stevens, Robbins, Wearne, Darby and Ward were

permanently disabled, never again joining the Regiment. Connor, Benson, Hamilton and Schultz so far recovered from their wounds as to again take their places in the line. Of eight others captured during the action, Thayer, Dimick and Bunce died while prisoners of war; Rowan, Bangs, Bush and Metcalf returned after some months in prison, and Graves and Hayth were released near the close of the war, but were not again with the command. Hayth died in October, 1865, as the result of the hardships endured in prison.

Of the thirty-five captured on Mission Ridge, September 22, 1864, eighteen died while prisoners of war, or within a very few days after being taken within the Union lines at Wilmington or Annapolis. They were: Huntington, Bensing, Green, Madden, McClellan, McCreddie, Payne, Rodenberger and Sturm, of Company C; Boothby, Flannery, Marshall, Andrews, Ingersoll, Kerby, Stanchfield, Vroman and Wheelock, of Company H. Of the Company C boys who survived their prison experiences, Cutler was soon exchanged, returned to the Regiment, and was killed in battle; Kearney and Savage were never again with the command; and Earle, Schwerie and Weistoff alone rejoined the Regiment. Of the Company H boys who survived their prison experiences, Doud, Foster, McWain, Sallee, Van Dyke and Wilkerson were discharged without ever joining the command, and Yates, Hileman, Cullen, Hawkes and Johnson rejoined the Regiment, most of them near the close of the war.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS.

BY LIEUTENANT CHARLES W. EARLE, CHICAGO.

Captured at Buzzard Roost—Narrative of Harrison Menzemer—The Captures at Resaca—Narratives of Myron J. Brown, Corporal Wm. B. Lewin, First Sergeant Thomas J. Smith, Richard Spencer, Lewis Miller—Captured at Kenesaw Mountain and Atlanta—Albert Barney's Narrative—Captured at Franklin.

FOLLOWING Chickamauga and that fatal 22d of September, when Companies C and H were so nearly blotted out, five months elapsed without further losses by capture. Then came the Dalton reconnoissance and the Buzzard Roost affair, in which Charles and Harrison Menzemer, of Company A, were made prisoners. These two men were cousins and tent-mates. When the Regiment moved back from its advanced position, during the night of February 25, 1864, they were sleeping so soundly a little way apart from the command that the noise made by their comrades did not awaken them. Their absence was not noticed for some time, and even then it was supposed that they, like many others, had become tired out with the hard marching experienced during that week of active campaigning, and had merely fallen to the rear. When they finally awoke, it was to find themselves confronted by the Rebel skirmish line, with a demand that they surrender. Taken thus at an entire disadvantage, they submitted. Their experience can, perhaps, be best told in Harry's own words :

HARRISON MENZEMER'S NARRATIVE.

The men who captured Charley and myself treated us well, and soon started us for Dalton, two and one-half miles distant, under a single guard. I resolved to capture that guard, if possible, and two or three times fell back with the intention of overpowering him. He was a resolute, wide-

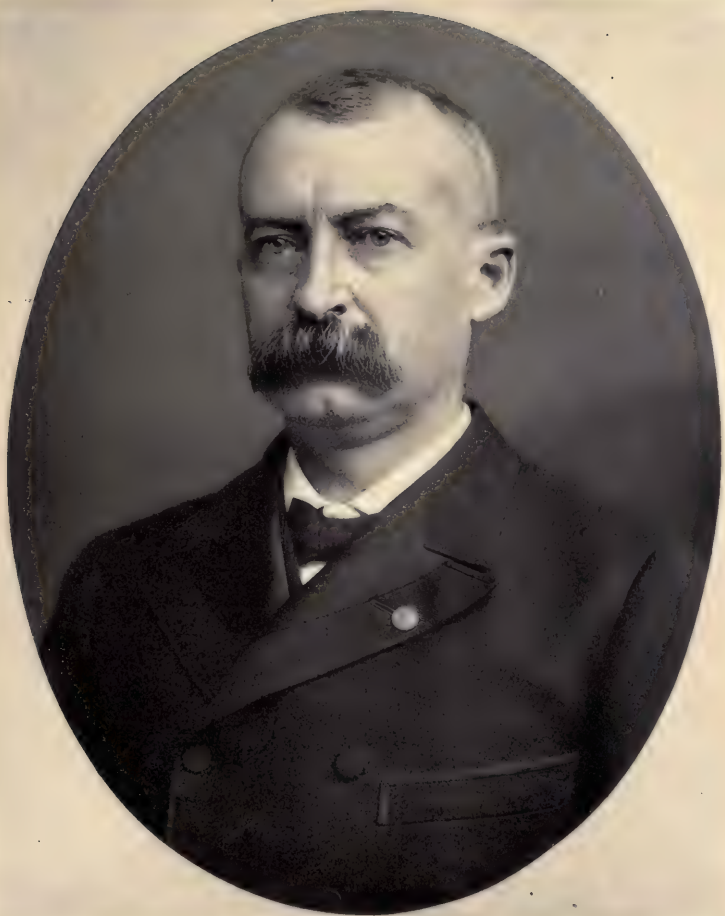
awake fellow, however, and detecting my purpose, assured me that he was no recruit, and that while he did not wish to shoot me, he should do so, unless I kept straight ahead of him. Seeing that he was not a man to be trifled with, I marched along, and we were soon placed in the second story of a building in Dalton, with other prisoners, and a little before night were started for Atlanta by rail. Arriving at that place, we were but lightly guarded, and I got through the line, and might have escaped had I been willing to go alone, but I wanted Charley with me, and so went back for him; but by the time I found him the guard had been increased, and the opportunity was lost. We remained in Atlanta a month. Immediately upon our arrival we began work on a tunnel, and in a short time had it so far completed that in one more night we should have used it, and, at least, have attempted an escape, when a sneak betrayed us. Fortunately for this man, the authorities removed him from the prison, else I believe the boys would have killed him. About April 1, 1864, we were taken to Andersonville. On the way I was constantly on the alert to escape, but no opportunity offered. Small-pox soon broke out in the prison, and the officials directed that all of the prisoners be vaccinated. I and one other of the ten in our squad refused to allow the surgeon to touch us, declaring that we would never be vaccinated alive. I urged Charles to also refuse, but he thought no harm would come from it, and submitted. Next day I managed to procure some caustic, and burned out many of the arms of those who had allowed the surgeon to operate upon them, but Charles would not allow me to touch him. In a short time he was suffering terribly from the gangrenous virus, his arm swelling and sloughing off until he was compelled to go to hospital. I could get no trace of him afterward, but learn since the war that he died June 16, 1864, and is buried in grave No. 5,049. I may mention here that it was almost certain death to go to the hospital at Andersonville, very few ever returning to the camp.

A party with whom I was associated, dug a well twenty-five feet deep, with no other implements than a case-knife

and the half of a canteen. The well was but a blind, however, for every night we were at work on a tunnel, through which we hoped to escape. We had completed our work to the stockade, where it was necessary to crib the passage,— a most difficult matter, owing to the scarcity of material suitable for the purpose. The work was so imperfectly done that the tunnel caved in. The air was foul, and after three men had died in attempting to overcome these obstacles, we reluctantly abandoned the enterprise.

I had kept remarkably well until this time, although I had seen several of my chosen mess-mates one after another die or go to hospital. One of them,— Joe Shaw, a cavalryman and a splendid fellow,— gave me his jacket before he died, a garment I greatly needed. I then chose two strangers as partners. Cutting the buttons from my jacket, I tendered them to a guard as a consideration for taking us out on a detail to bring in some wood. The offer was accepted, and we were sent out in charge of a long-legged Georgian. Pursuant to an agreement made before leaving the stockade, I watched my opportunity, and when near the creek attempted to disarm the guard. My partners did not come to my assistance at once, and I had a terrible struggle. At last one of them seized the gun and tore it from the grasp of the guard, who fled to the stockade as soon as I released my hold upon his throat. Another guard was near by, in charge of three other prisoners, but did not fire. Throwing the gun into the swamp, we ran through the woods. It was about four o'clock when we started, and by one o'clock next morning we had made twenty miles. Notwithstanding all of our efforts to throw them from our trail, the dogs were after us, and evidently very near. The two other men got on a log in a mill-pond that we had reached, and I pushed them across. The dogs followed through the stream, but did not reach us until we had scattered and climbed up separate trees. The hounds having clustered about the tree occupied by one of my companions, I dropped to the ground, and running back to the stream, attempted to wade to a cluster of willows, but the bottom was so soft that I had a narrow escape from drowning.

Going back to the shore unobserved, I ran for a mile or more when I heard the dogs close behind me. Running to the swamp, I pulled the tangled vines apart and tried to secrete myself, but without avail. I was soon surrounded by seven blood-hounds and a bull-dog. I had dropped a club in pulling apart the vines, and had no weapons except my hands and feet. Exhausted though I was, I fought with an energy born of desperation and despair. How long I kept them at bay I never knew, but certainly for some time. At last they overcame and threw me to the ground, and their teeth were crunching and tearing my flesh, when the men who had followed them came up and rescued me. One of them showed some pity, but another acted the part of a brute. I was at once returned to the prison, and taken before Captain Wirz, who asked why I did not take my negro brothers with me when I tried to escape. I replied that I had no negro brothers. "Yes, you have," said he; "the negroes are in your army, and therefore must be your brothers." I was in a towering passion, and caring little whether I lived or died, I shouted back, "You are a dirty dog; at least you have dogs in your army, and must be a brother to them." Instantly I found myself looking squarely down the barrel of a big revolver. Gen. Winder, who was standing by, laughing heartily at our interview, promptly interfered, and prevented my being shot, although he directed that I be made to wear a ball and chain. A sixty-four pound ball, with a twelve-inch chain was riveted to my right ankle, and I was turned into the stockade. By constant work I sawed off the manacle next day. Four days afterward I crawled into a tunnel, again hoping to escape, but failed, after being almost smothered. Then some one, with the hope of getting an extra ration for himself, told the authorities that I had taken the ball off. When they came to examine me I had replaced it, but could not conceal the opening. They then placed a sixty-four pound ball on either leg, one of which I wore five weeks, and the other six weeks. My limbs swelled so as to almost conceal the shackles, and I suffered greatly. When they finally consented to remove them, they cut the rivets with two old axes



HENRY H. GAGE,

CORPORAL, COMPANY G.

PROPERTY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA

on a black oak stump. It seemed as if every blow would break my leg, but I managed to live through it.

While I was wearing the shackles Capt. Wirz offered me five dollars a day and rations if I would leave the prison and go to work for him. I was indignant, and not only refused; but gave him a very forcible rejoinder, to which he replied in his own peculiar way.

For four months I could not walk, but crawled around on my hands and knees. To the bites of the dogs and the laceration of the manacles, was added the effects of scurvy. And now, Doctor, let me give you the recipe which brought me relief. Procuring some mullein leaves, I wilted them, tearing up the only shirt I had to make bandages with which to bind them on the sore and swollen limbs. That remedy proved effectual and saved my life, although my recovery was slow.

After I had been in Andersonville nearly six months I was taken, with about 1,500 others, first to Charleston and then to Florence, under guard of old soldiers, who used us well. At Florence we were corralled in a field, and permitted to put up shelter to protect us from the sun, bushes being the material used. We again dug a well, and planned for a tunnel. For three days they gave us nothing to eat. My partner at that time was a Tennessean named Anderson, a man of resolute character and a natural leader. We resolved to attempt to raise 1,000 men, each to be sworn to fight until he died, hoping to overcome our guards and escape. Ten of us set quietly at work. I was successful in getting a list of 100, but some of the others failed, and only 550 were secured. We held a quiet meeting, and while I have always believed that we could have accomplished our purpose with the men secured, and others who would have come to our assistance, yet a majority thought otherwise, and the plan was abandoned. There were several regiments of the guards, and it would have been a desperate undertaking at best. but we were in a desperate condition, and should have made a resolute fight. The plan having failed, I went as near headquarters as the guards would permit, and cursed the Colonel

in command, openly and boldly, until some of my comrades crowded around me and insisted that I stop.

William Clink, of the 4th Regulars, with Anderson, whom I have mentioned, then proposed that we run the lines. We were in an old field, with a furrow plowed around for a dead-line, and guards every fifteen yards just beyond this furrow. We three started together, walking side by side. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, so that every movement could be seen. Our feelings can be better imagined than described, for we expected every minute to be shot. To our great surprise, we reached the timber in safety, and turning about, could see at least one hundred men who had followed us, while the entire camp seemed to be rushing toward us. The guards began firing with their muskets, and also with two cannon, killing about forty of the five hundred men who crossed the line. We snatched a few ears of corn from a field through which we ran. A man from the 4th Michigan Cavalry, known as "Scrub Oak," joined us, and our party of four, after traveling four days and nights, reached the Pedee River. Here three of us built a raft, leaving "Scrub Oak" on guard. Overcome by the terrible strain, our guard fell asleep, and before we were aware of it, a party of seventeen armed men were upon us, and again we were prisoners. A brute named Wetherby demanded that we bring back the rails used in making the raft, and repair the fence from which they had been taken; but the Doctor, to whom the fence belonged, told Wetherby that the prisoners needed something to eat more than something to do, and ordered his negroes to put up the fence. We were then marched to the station, and given some corn-bread and soup, which the Doctor sent from his house, a most acceptable meal, as we had lived on raw corn since our escape. We were then taken to Cheraw, S. C., where a home guard abused us until a Rebel soldier, with one arm in a sling interfered. From Cheraw we were returned to Florence. There were so many who had escaped that no attempt was made to punish us. Anderson and myself crawled between the inside line of guards one evening and spent the entire night in trying to make our way between the outside

guards. I verily believe we crawled three miles on our hands and knees, but all to no purpose, and at last we returned to the stockade. A large number, in sheer despair, took the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, for the sake of getting outside the prison, and others betrayed those who sought to escape. Many became fairly wolfish in their hunger, and thought only of themselves and how they might secure food.

For a time there was little further effort to escape. Winter was upon us, and with great labor we made an excavation, or dug-out, where we could escape the cold winds. No sooner was this completed, than the authorities decided to make a hospital of our corner, and we were driven to another part of the prison. Securing a mill-pick, we set at work to make another dug-out, and from it a tunnel; but using the mill-pick so hard that it was heard by other prisoners, we were betrayed, and one of our party was threatened until he told where the implement had been secreted. This was my last attempt to get away.

About December 20, 1864, I was selected, with the first thousand, to be paroled. Giving all of my clothing, excepting a thin shirt and some ragged drawers to my companions who were left behind, I took my place in the line and was marched outside of the hated stockade. We were first taken to the woods, where we built fires, and tried to make ourselves comfortable. Soon we were ordered into an open field for the night. That was a night of horror, for all were thinly clad, and without shelter or fires, and a cold rain-storm lasted throughout those dreadful hours, turning into sleet and covering everything with ice. Probably not less than three hundred of the one thousand were left lying upon the field next morning, and the others were more dead than alive. Next day the sun came out, and those who were able to walk were placed on a train and taken to Charleston, and thence to vessels that had been sent to convey us to Annapolis.

From Annapolis I was sent to my home at Galena, Ill., but the trip is remembered only as a dream, for I was delirious with fever during the five days spent upon the road, and did not leave my bed for three weeks after reaching home.

When captured I weighed nearly two hundred pounds, and after my return home but ninety pounds.

I could write much more concerning the hanging of the "raiders," of the fate of comrades, of how the stockade was washed out during a heavy storm, of the terrible wetting from the continuous rains of that terribly rainy June, of individual suffering, and the constant dying, dying, dying, of those about us, but I remember that my narrative is already a long one, and that others will tell of these and other incidents.

THE CAPTURES AT RESACA.

During the first day of the battle of Resaca, Ga., eight men were captured, as described in Chapter XVI. Of these, three were wounded. They were, First Sergeant Thomas J. Smith, of Company I; Richard Spencer, of Company F; and Lewis Miller, of Company G. All of these wounded men were recaptured May 16, when the enemy retreated. Smith and Miller did not long survive, but Spencer recovered, although never again able for duty.

The five who were not wounded were, Corporal William B. Lewin and Orange M. Ayers, of Company C; First Sergeant Joseph B. Leekley, of Company F; and Corporal Deloss Rose and Myron J. Brown, of Company G. Of these, Ayers, Leekley and Rose died in prison, and Lewin and Brown suffered a long imprisonment. It was supposed that Edward Darby, of Company G, was also a prisoner, but as none of those taken at the time saw anything of him, and no trace was ever received from any source, there is little doubt that he was killed, his body falling into the hands of the enemy when the lines were forced to retreat.

Orange M. Ayers bore up bravely for many months, while at Andersonville and Florence, although badly broken in health. He escaped from the latter prison, as narrated by Corporal Lewin, and for many years his fate was shrouded in mystery. In collecting facts for this work, however, it was learned that he is recorded as having died at Salisbury, N. C., January 15, 1865, and is buried in grave No. 2,712. The supposition is that he traveled northward until exhausted or

forced to seek food at some house, when he was again captured and taken to the prison, where he died. There is a rumor that some Vermont soldier, who had known him in early life, was with him in his last hours, but no definite facts have been ascertained that tend to verify the report.

First Sergeant Joseph B. Leekley was doubtless captured in about the manner described by Corporal Lewin. He endured all the privations of that terrible summer in Andersonville, dying in the prison October 1, 1864. Shortly after the war, friends visited the cemetery and disinterred the remains, which were fully identified and taken to Council Hill, Jo Daviess County, Illinois, for final burial.

Corporal Deloss Rose was taken while on the skirmish line, as described by Myron J. Brown. But little is known of his experiences, except what is told by the latter. He is reported as having died at Florence, S. C., January 28, 1865, his grave being given as No. 216. He is also reported as having died on the same date at Salisbury, N. C., his grave being given as No. 2,712. Correspondence with the Quartermaster-General fails to develop the fact as to which statement is correct. That official writes, under date of December 8, 1886: "The lists of burials at Florence and Salisbury were made up mainly from such records of the Confederate prisons at those places as were obtainable at the time the Roll of Honor was prepared. These records were both incomplete and imperfect, and in some cases conflicting; but as there were then, and are now, no means of correcting the manifest errors, the Department had but one course to pursue, and that was to publish the record as it was."

MYRON J. BROWN'S NARRATIVE.

I was captured just before sunset, May 14, 1864, at Resaca, Ga. Company G had been deployed as skirmishers in front of the Regiment, and ordered to advance to the edge of an open field in front. That was the last order I heard. The trees and underbrush made it difficult to see where the skirmish line was, and to keep in proper position. I did the best I could, but was soon alone. I thought I had been too slow,

so I hurried forward to an open place to see if I was with the line. As I stood listening, and peering through the woods and brush, trying to see my comrades, the firing on the left increasing and bullets zipping in fearfully close proximity to my ears, my own Regiment delivered a volley. That was a great surprise to me, and I could not at once think what to do. Thoughts of Andersonville, and of being shot in the back, flashed through my mind, but the instinct of self-preservation led me to instantly shelter myself with a tree at my back and a large log in front, which was barely accomplished when a second volley came from the rear. The bullets struck the tree that sheltered me, and fragments of bark flew in my face. I remained in my shelter but a few seconds, just long enough to ascertain that the Regiment was not going to continue firing, and then arose to go to the rear. As I arose, I faced the Rebel line-of-battle not more than twenty feet from me. Instantly the muskets for about a rod of the line were leveled at me, and I was ordered to surrender. Then I thought again of Andersonville, and laid my gun against a log. One of the soldiers left the line and started toward the rear with me, when the Adjutant of the regiment came to us and ordered the soldier back and took charge of me himself. He carried a revolver in his hand, and conducted me to the division commander.

As we went this Adjutant regaled me with denunciations of the "Yanks" and boastings of what they were going to do with us. He spent his vocabulary in a bombastic tirade, which was followed by the insane boast that they were going to sweep us into the Gulf of Mexico. I replied that they were moving in the right direction, but were on the wrong side of the broom. That ended the war of words, and he soon found the division commander, who detailed a mounted orderly to escort me to the commanding General, Joseph E. Johnston, who in person questioned me about the Union army there, asking how many wagons were in the supply train, and how many army corps we had. I thought that to be unsoldierly and unusual, and answered vaguely. He, after a time asked the direct question: "How many men

does Sherman have in his command?" I answered: "You are in better condition to know than I am, but I think he has at least one hundred and eighty thousand." That was the last question, and the General turned away with the air of a man who had become disgusted.

My escort was ordered to go with me to the railroad station house. While we were going there my gallant (?) guard, as he rode beside me, took my nearly new hat off and dropped his crownless rim over my head. He also told me to give him the coffee and sugar I had in my haversack, which I did *not* do, and he did not attempt to take them or anything more from me. I had my rubber blanket and half-tent, besides my rations. It is without doubt to the shelter of my tent and blanket that I owe my survival of Andersonville, Ga., and Florence, S. C. I was, with about sixty other luckless Union soldiers, among whom were Deloss Rose, of the same Company as myself, and William B. Lewin, of Company C, put in the loft of the station house, through the roof of which some Union bullets passed during the fore part of the night. The next morning we were sent across the river, where we were held most of the day and then were sent in box cars to Atlanta, Ga., and placed in an inclosed camp. The next day we were sent to Macon, where we passed a night in jail cells, eighteen in a cell twelve feet square. We were kindly supplied with food and coffee by some Christian women. The following day we traveled in box cars south to Andersonville, where we were delivered to the tender mercies (?) of Wirz, the fiend.

The horrors of Andersonville have been so often and graphically described that any details of my general experience there would be superfluous. Rose and myself each had a half-tent, and we joined with two others, who were strangers to me. Our tent was close by the edge of the swamp, on the north side, and about the fourth from the "dead-line," along the east side. We were ushered into the pen at the time when the camp "raiders" were in full operation, and I lost everything I did not wear, the first night. My haversack, with its contents, was taken, and I regretted that I had not

given my sugar and coffee to the poor fellow who had asked for them a few days before. My quart-can coffee boiler contained my first Andersonville day's ration, viz., a pint of cow-pea-bug soup, and somebody's ration must have been short in bugs, for in mine the bugs were more numerous than the peas. I had set the can beside the tent to await the time when I might have an appetite, but the *raiders* took the can and soup.

We had been in the stockade but a few days, when, hearing an unusual noise, Deloss and I stepped outside our tent and witnessed a most shocking outrage, committed by a member of the Georgia chivalry, from which our guards were drawn. A man was killing a snake nearly in front of his tent, which stood alongside the dead-line. This dead-line was distant about twenty feet from the stockade. In the excitement of killing the snake, the man went about a yard on the wrong side of the dead-line. The guard, without previous warning, fired, but missed the man who was killing the snake, and hit his tent-mate, who was lying ill in the tent. He was wounded with buckshot through the face and one thigh. All know that the Rebels' cartridges were numerously made up with a bullet and three buckshot over the powder. I was standing within fifteen yards of the parties.

I remember meeting several members of the NINETY-SIXTH in prison,—some Jo Daviess men, and some members of Company C. One Jo Daviess man, Harrison Menzemer, of Company A, we found with ball and chain to his ankle, and receiving no rations. He had to live by the charity of his comrades. That was his punishment for an attempt to escape. He had succeeded in getting away from his guard on one occasion when he was outside the stockade to get wood for fuel, but was recaptured by a pack of hounds. He was covered with scars, which he said the dogs made. I remember James Kearney, of Company C, who was one of Lewin's tent-mates at Andersonville. Kearney was permitted to go outside on parole to perform some service for the prisoners, and I changed quarters and became Lewin's tent-mate, but I met Deloss Rose daily afterward. Rose was despondent and gave

way to melancholy forebodings. I made many acquaintances whose names I cannot recall. About June 5, 1864, Sergeant Devlin and Albert Barney, of Company D, were turned in amongst us. They found us, and we did the best we could by them. There were now quite a number of us old comrades and friends to share each other's misery. Rose was down-hearted, Lewin cheerful, though cramped with scurvy, Devlin spunky, and I,—well, I was resolved not to lie down and die in that hole. I had the sick of our mess to see to, and it kept me busy from one to three hours daily to have the helpless taken to the gate to be taken to the hospital, and to deliver the sumach berries and acid that the surgeons furnished for the cure of scurvy and dropsy, the prevalent diseases while I was there. I was also engaged in a tunneling scheme which comprehended the liberation of a large number of prisoners, but we were removed from Andersonville before this was completed.

I was in the "pen" from May 17, 1864, until September 3, of the same year. On the latter date we were loaded into box cars as thick as we could stand, and a journey of several days duration was begun. It was reported that we were to be paroled. We went by way of Augusta, Ga., and Charleston, S. C., to Florence, in the latter named state. Many of the boys believed the story, and confidently expected to be paroled and sent north on arriving at Charleston. Therefore, great was the disappointment of the sanguine, and loud their lamentation when our journey was continued to Florence. Deloss Rose had been one of the sanguine, and now seemed to sink still lower in spirits and energy. But it is no wonder his spirits sank and his energy failed; it was so with all of us the first few weeks at Florence. We had received three days' Andersonville rations just before leaving that place, and we were at least three days in the cars. The most provident of us had exhausted his supply of food before the end of the second day, and we had been at Florence two days before rations were issued to us. Then the ration was only a corn pone, and a very small one indeed it seemed to a man who had been between two and three days with noth-

ing at all to eat. It was several days before we were receiving regular prison rations,—namely, three spoonfuls of flour and two of rice. Our rations continued about thus for eight or ten days, when they began to increase, and were also changed until they finally settled to a pint of meal, about a half pound of sweet potatoes, and a few spoonfuls of molasses,—genuine “nigger toe.” Often, however, the potatoes and molasses came but twice a week. For about three weeks after arriving at Florence, we were kept in a guarded camp in an open place, with a cultivated field on the north side. Along this field was a fence, beside which was the guard-line, and the dead-line was two rods from the guard-line. Beyond the field to the north was the forest. The Rebels neglected to furnish sufficient fuel for us the first few days, the rations were uncooked, and the nights cold. Thus our miseries increased, until the best of us cared but little whether we were shot down or not. One chilly morning almost the whole camp, as if moved by a common impulse, rushed *en masse* for the rail fence. No attention whatever was given the guards, and we captured all the rails in that fence in a very few moments. Many of the boys did not stop with that, but fled across the field and into the forest, and it looked very much as though they had started for the North and freedom. It was an exciting hour. The idea was contagious. I was affected by it, and longed to flee also, but I did not see how I was to find my way to the land of the free from that place. No guns were fired until the boys had disappeared in the woods; then we heard occasional reports the rest of the day. Hounds, followed by mounted men, pursued the fugitives, and many were brought back, but many others were never heard of again. Among the latter was Orange M. Ayers, of Company C. During this term of wretchedness,—the first eight or ten days at Florence,—I knew of two men who became so crazed with their misery that they ran at the guards with the apparent intention of getting relief from suffering by being killed. One was shot, the other wounded with a bayonet, both dying soon. At the end of about three weeks we were placed in the pen that the Rebels had had the negroes make for us. In one corner a

space was set apart and fitted up with rough barracks for camp hospital. Deloss Rose tried to gain admittance there, and was soon successful. It was arranged between us that I should call at a certain place every day about nine A. M., and he would meet me there. If he did not meet me I was to know that he was unable to walk. This meeting each day was continued a long time, and Rose seemed consoled and cheered thereby. One morning he greeted me with a less constrained smile, and more cheerfully than was his wont. In our talk that morning, he told me that the sick were being paroled, and he was to start for Charleston the next morning. When we parted that last time, he was feeling remarkably well, and in better spirits than I had seen him since our capture, and we spoke a very cheerful good-bye. I called at our place of meeting the next day and the next, and again the third day, but did not see Rose. This third day I passed along the whole line between the camp and hospital, and made inquiries of hospital attendants, and I became convinced that Rose had started for the North with other paroled sick prisoners, and I felt very glad for him. This is all I know about Deloss Rose. I cannot conceive what unhappy fate overtook him at last.

My tent-mates at Florence were William Lewin, Michael Devlin, Eli Thayer and John Young, the latter a member of some Indiana regiment. The horror and suffering there were for me greater than at Andersonville. My greatest suffering was caused by exposure to the cold. I have spent day after day for many days trying to drive out the chill that had penetrated to the very centre of feeling, but trying in vain; and the intervening nights were passed walking the streets of the camp in the same fruitless effort to obtain relief from the chill of a South Carolina winter. Oo—oo—h! it makes me shiver to think of it. Many dug holes into the ground and made excavations beneath the surface in which to build fires, and to lie down in, with a hole at the top just large enough to admit of crawling out and in. The dwellers in these excavations did not much resemble human beings, when seen coming out of their holes. This mode of existence caused a new and

mysterious disease among the prisoners, called "camp fever." Many died of it. Our tent had no case of it until near the end of our stay at Florence, when Eli Thayer became sick and exhibited symptoms of the strange and fatal fever. We were removed from Florence while he was sick, and the sick remained, the date being about the last of January, 1865. I never knew of Eli afterward.

When we left Florence there were rumors again of a parole or exchange, but we went into North Carolina toward Goldsboro; left the cars and railroad, and marched twenty to twenty-five miles, camped in the woods two or three days, then marched back to the railroad, and again in cars. Our journey was finally ended at Wilmington, and we learned that Gen. Terry had captured Fort Fisher and was advancing up Cape Fear River. This was cheering news, and we felt that the end of our prison life was near. We were also given a realizing sense of the frailty of the poor life that was in us. We were in camp on open ground, a ravine having a stream at the bottom, where we got our water, on one side; a swamp on another. The fever had stayed with us, and several who appeared as well as the rest of us when they lay down at night, were found dead and stiff in the morning. Without premonitory symptoms, none knew who would be the next to go. Then we were ordered to the cars. Fearing we might be returned to Florence, Devlin and myself again began to devise ways of escape, and urged Lewin to accompany us; but Lewin was in a bad condition, and became taciturn, and refused to go with us. The sick being called up to go to the railroad by themselves, Devlin and myself feigned more sickness than was really felt, and went to the railroad track, stopping near a deep cut. Fires were built upon the bank, and when night came on, we crawled into the shadow of this bank on our hands and knees until past the guards, going in a northeasterly direction. We met with some misadventures, but succeeded in eluding the camp and picket posts of the Rebels. Coming to a river, we changed our course to a southeasterly direction until we came to a swamp, following which, we found ourselves going back toward Wilmington. Indeed, we

were come to the very camp-ground of the previous day, which we found occupied by a squad of Rebel soldiers. Our only course seemed to be to cross the railroad track. Devlin was "moon blind," and I had to lead him. In coming to the track the cracking of a bush was heard by the Rebels, and they started toward us from their camp-fires, but we laid down by the side of a bank and escaped discovery. We then passed between a cavalry camp and Wilmington, and although we could see mounted soldiers passing in and out from the camp, we succeeded in crossing the line, and reached a place of seclusion, where we rested and slept till about ten o'clock in the forenoon. We then resumed our journey as soon as possible, camping under cover of the bushes and timber. The day we left the guards we had received three days' rations, consisting of three pints of corn meal, and about an ounce of raw beef. The beef we consumed that morning, but the dry, raw meal stuck in our throats. We made some progress during the day, and after dark took a road and traveled more rapidly. Soon we discovered a long line of camp-fires in the distance, which we supposed to belong to the Rebels. To go around that long line of camp-fires seemed a hard task, and we ventured to call at a house to make inquiries. There we found a man, who, although a Rebel, sympathized with us, and blamed his government severely for the sufferings of the prisoners. His family shared his feelings, and prepared a meal for us. The meal over, he accompanied us a short distance, and gave us directions as to the line, advising us to hide in the woods until the Rebel army had retreated, which he believed they would do in a day or two. After walking a short distance, we concealed ourselves in the woods and went to sleep, awakening the next morning about ten o'clock, and finding ourselves near two houses, one of which was a genteel, country home, which we discovered to be wholly abandoned. Going to the other house, we found a Union family, who entertained us bountifully, and gave us further directions. Proceeding a short distance that night, we found some deserted huts, which had been formerly occupied by salt workers, in one of which we remained during the night, and

most of the succeeding day. A boy from the house last visited brought us food regularly. We also fished up some oysters on the sea coast, near which our shanty was situated. The boy reported that the Rebel army was likely to retreat that night. To lessen the chances of discovery, we again concealed ourselves in the thicket, remaining until one o'clock the next day, and then set out on our return trip to Wilmington, eight miles distant. On arriving near the town, our eyes were gladdened by the sight of the boys in blue.

Shall I describe my appearance when I entered the Union lines at Wilmington? I was fearfully emaciated. I was a mere skeleton, and could span my arm at almost any point with thumb and finger. Before my capture I weighed 166 pounds; a month after my escape, 125 pounds. My suit consisted of a crownless hat, a bottomless remnant of a coat, the waistband of my trousers, to which hung portions only of the pantaloons, so torn that they parted at every step, and utterly failed to protect or conceal my lower limbs. I had no other garment, or part of a garment. Devlin was but little better off. The soldiers who first saw us were so affected by our appearance that they expressed great horror, and declared they could shoot the Rebels with a clearer conscience than ever before. They speedily provided us with full suits, and then we reported to the Provost Marshal, and were assigned quarters with about 300 other escaped prisoners. If I remember correctly, it was from the 14th to the 18th of February, 1865, that Devlin and myself were on this trip.

A few days later we were sent to Annapolis, Md., where we received new clothing and the amount due us as commutation for rations during the term we were prisoners. From Annapolis we went by rail to St. Louis, Mo., where we obtained a sixty-days furlough, and arrived at Waukegan, Ill., March 18, 1865.

My furlough expiring, I reported at St. Louis, and was sent to Springfield, Ill., where I was discharged June 24, 1865, arriving in Chicago just in time to join my old comrades and return to Waukegan with them and share the pleasures of the kind reception given us by our home friends.

The following, which was read before Waukegan Post, No. 374, Department of Illinois, Grand Army of the Republic, in 1886, by William B. Lewin, is so full of interest that it has seemed best to give it entire :

CORPORAL LEWIN'S NARRATIVE.

During the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864, while our Regiment was supporting a brigade on our right in a thicket, after several attempts the enemy succeeded in dislodging them, and exposing us immediately to a terrible fire at short range, causing us to fall back on the main line. The regulation tactics require one hundred and sixty twenty-inch steps per minute in double-quick time ; *ours* were even quicker and longer than these. Crossing a road in full view of the enemy with pieces leveled, my tent-mate, O. M. Ayers, and myself were captured by the main line of Cleburne's Division. We were at once taken to Gen. Johnston, who inquired concerning our numbers in the engagement. Our answers not being satisfactory, we were ordered to the rear, our rations to consist of bread and water. I learned, after living with them a short time, that it was unnecessary to make any comments on the rations.

A short walk found us in the enemy's fort, manned by old soldiers, who received us kindly. On learning what State we were from, the Captain said, "What in the name of goodness are you fighting for? You are *our* men." What could have prompted such remarks, I cannot say. I am sure we did not look, dress or *think* alike. *We* were fighting to maintain a united people and one flag ; he for the stars and bars and a Southern Confederacy. He was about six feet in height, hair long, uniform rather seedy, while his general appearance protested strongly against their ration system. Our clothing was good, and our persons indicated that the Commissary Department was in excellent working order, although heavily taxed.

Later in the day we were taken before the Provost Marshal, our names, Company and Regiment given, and were about to depart, when my comrade informed the Marshal that

the guard had borrowed his watch for an indefinite time, whereupon that officer ordered the property returned at once.

The day following, while marching, we passed by several men in a field, each commanding three or four large bake-ovens and several sacks of corn meal. Upon inquiry we were told that this was the brigade bakery. The meal, after being mixed with water, was baked and thrown upon the ground.

We soon arrived at Calhoun, and found the place swarming with home guards and ladies, the latter wearing badges inscribed, "Ladies Soldiers' Aid Society." Some of the home guards on our arrival became enraged over pictures of Federal prisoners appearing in *Harper's Weekly*. Our adopted Captain informed them that battles were not fought on paper, and that if they would go to Resaca real Yankees could be found in abundance. He afterward told me that "taps" would find these guards in their old camp-ground.

Leaving Calhoun, we took cars for Atlanta, accompanied by about thirty comrades and several car loads of Confederate wounded. On our arrival we were placed inside the first prison walls. A short time was spent the following day in taking prisoners' names by one who happened to be captured, although not a soldier,—he promising to inform our friends of our capture; and after obtaining the desired information, left for parts unknown. He belonged to the reporters' staff. A few days and we were persuaded by bayonets to accept seats in a freight car for that prison, above all other prisons, recorded as having no parallel in the world's history.

A description of Andersonville by those who suffered even more than death, can at least be but meagre. I speak words and sentences; the number called to endure a life of excruciating pain and misery tells you pages. The twelve thousand nine hundred and twenty-six graves made at Andersonville speak volumes to you! The officers and guards searched us, even running their fingers through our hair,—necessary in my case then,—but time wasted now.

The articles taken usually consisted of knives, rings, pens, portraits and watches, the officers promising to return them when we were released. This they failed to do; perhaps one



EDWIN DRURY,

COMPANY G.

PROPERTY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MALAYA

reason for the failure was that the prison officials were not permitted by our Great Commander to visit them after their departure, which in so many cases was from earth to heaven.

Our appearance inside the prison gate created no little excitement among those of the NINETY-SIXTH who had preceded us. They were overjoyed to meet us, but sorry we came. The first met with was Comrade Schwerie; then came comrades Kearney, Savage and Madden,—all who were living, save one who had been exchanged, out of the fourteen captured at Missionary Ridge from my Company.

Being assigned to a detachment, we were now full-fledged prisoners of war. A detachment consisted of two hundred and seventy men, containing first, second and third nineties of the same; a smaller division of first, second and third thirties, for convenience in counting and the division of rations. The prisoners fell in four deep, and were counted daily. Rations were brought in wagons, their first division being to the detachment sergeants, the second to the ninety sergeants and lastly to the thirty sergeants. When corn bread was issued, it was cut into thirty small pieces, and one of the number asked to "call off," as we termed it. Blindfolded, and with his back to the ration sergeant, this man would proceed to call each one's number in the thirty, not in rotation, but by naming first the odd and then the even numbers, and *vice versa*, and I can tell you before our release we had many experts at calling off. We occasionally received unbolted corn meal, rice or cow peas, usually from one half to a pint, doing the cooking ourselves in small tin cups, if we were so lucky as to have them, making two meals a day. The wood was brought in daily by our men, split into rations with a railroad spike, a ration being the size of a common stick of stove-wood, and about twelve inches long. Many could not eat the rations which they drew, and would walk all day, calling aloud, "Who will exchange bread for peas, rice or meal?" while others were exclaiming, "Here is where you get your hot soup! twenty-five cents a dish." The exclamations annoyed the Confederates when enumerating the prisoners and the venders were often called upon to make sacrifice of

their highly seasoned soup, much to the discomfort of a passing comrade, who received it in his face instead of his stomach.

Our water supply was poor, being obtained from a creek passing through the wall and under the dead-line. With the exception of a few wells, thirty-two thousand soldiers were supplied here. Our clothing consisted of what we *happened* to have. If you were unlucky enough to be a prisoner many months, you would be clothed in nature's robes, and your Heavenly Father the proper authority to appeal to.

For shelter some had parts of coats, pants, tents, rubber and army blankets, sewed together and hung on poles. Others made mud houses, while a few dug holes in the ground. Probably fifteen thousand rested at night on the bosom of mother earth, with heaven's starry canopy a mantle for all alike.

Our sick were cared for by four or five Confederate doctors, who, I think, did all in their power to alleviate the terrible sufferings of our men.

It was not an uncommon occurrence while going for water in the morning to be obliged to pass over several dead bodies on our way. These were picked up during the day, placed inside of the dead-line, and taken out in the evening and numbered, the number corresponding with the name on the book when known, and buried in a sandy hill nearly one-half mile from the prison, which is the resting place of 12,926 of our comrades, and which has since become a beautiful national cemetery.

The prison was not a congenial place for amusements, our minds being taxed to the utmost concerning our condition and release. A camp rumor would be repeated by nearly everyone in a few minutes, and in an incredibly short time it would be exaggerated into a possibility and a probability.

Soon we were reinforced by Comrades Devlin and Barney, of Company D. After several months it was rumored that a certain number of detachments were to be exchanged in thirty days. Those not strong and able to walk would not be counted in, and by this order I was excluded. The scurvy

had so contracted my limbs as to make it impossible for me to walk but a few steps at a time, and caused me severe pain.

By a pure Yankee trick, I had managed to keep my watch until now. At this time in our own lines it would have brought from twenty to thirty dollars. I started out, offering it for eight dollars, but I could find no buyers. Soon I met a soldier selling potatoes and biscuit, all of which were contained in a knapsack. Upon inquiry I found that potatoes were worth one dollar and fifty cents per dozen, and biscuit fifty cents apiece. I proffered my watch for the lot and two dollars. "No; even up!" he said. And the thought flashed through my mind instantly that I was about making an important change, upon which my future existence in this world largely depended. I did not lose a moment in closing the trade, and upon investigation I found my investment panned out seven and one half dozen potatoes and two biscuits; total twelve dollars and twenty-five cents. Very quickly we par-took of raw scraped potato. A Confederate physician stated that one large potato eaten in this way by a person afflicted with the scurvy, would prolong said person's life a month.

The day following I reached Comrade Madden and gave him the biscuits. Words will not do justice to the kind expressions he made me for this small offering.

I had concluded to be ready for the talked-of exchange, which was to take place now in less than thirty days. Down upon the creek I selected a small piece of ground, thinking by continual exercise I might become able to walk again, and so gain my liberty with the rest. Many were the hours that I walked here to accomplish my object. My comrades for several days were puzzled concerning my whereabouts at certain portions of the day. Not being satisfied with my statement, they concluded to watch me. All at once, when coming in on the home stretch, I was confronted by one of my comrades. My race-track was a secret no longer. "Well, Billy! What is your record to-day? Is the track favorable? When you win do not forget your groom." How well I remember these ejaculations of my comrades! And well I knew they were favorably impressed with my novel idea,

which was crowned with success, not in thirty days, as anticipated, but weeks afterward.

The days passed wearily by, the food being barely enough to keep life in our frail bodies, and with no reading matter to nourish our mental faculties. Secret organizations were formed to try and effect an escape by tunneling. The work was carried on by reliefs, digging from five to seven feet in depth, and then at right angles toward the wall. The excavation was large enough for one man at a time. The work was done with knives, sticks, cups and half canteens. The earth was taken by others of the detail in pant legs, caps and skirts of coats, and scattered through the prison, and as this was performed in the night, and in the dark of the moon, many a poor, tired captive would have his ears, mouth, eyes or neck filled with sand by some of the tunnel sowers during the night. Some succeeded in escaping through the tunnels, but only to be recaptured in a few days or weeks, and were often mangled by the ferocious blood-hounds, or subjected to severe punishment in the stocks, or going without food for days, and joining the chain-gang. Some of our men, who were no doubt previously hardened in crime, became vile wretches, robbing and murdering their comrades. Arrests were made, and an impartial trial given them by our men. Some were sentenced to run the gauntlet, and others were put in stocks, bucked and gagged or branded, while six of what was known as "Mosby's Gang" were hung, myself standing a few feet from the scaffold, and I can say they fairly merited their penalty.

The walls of the prison were formed by hewing trees on two sides, and placing them side by side in the ground, four or five feet deep, and twelve or fourteen feet high, enclosing fifteen or twenty acres. The number of prisoners held at one time was 32,000, and altogether within its walls were 49,485. The death-roll during some part of August averaged one hundred and sixty per day. No clothing or cooking utensils were furnished, and those who had been prisoners several months were in a deplorable condition.

The dead-line was a railing placed a few feet high and

twelve feet from the wall. It was death to any one who crossed it, purposely or otherwise. I was an eye-witness to one comrade who had his forehead shattered by a rebel bullet while getting water for his sick companion, having accidentally fallen under it. Others entered purposely to end their miserable existence.

Those who violated their oaths as members belonging to a tunneling organization, by informing the Confederates of the whereabouts or the progress of the work in contemplation, for a ration of bread, or to be allowed to pass to the outside of the prison wall, in every instance were severely dealt with. I saw one victim branded with a red-hot iron on the forehead with the letter "T," and another whose shirt was removed and hot grease dropped slowly on his back, by taking a piece of fat meat, blazing from the fire, and holding it over him, returning it to the fire as often as the flame ceased.

Several hundred prisoners assembled at the gate under a plea of exchange, and in four ranks passed by the inspecting officers, for none were to go who could not walk. The first sight of the fields and trees covered with Nature's verdant robes, and the thought of home, was more than could be endured by their frail forms, and, because of a kind of nervous prostration, many fell to the ground and were returned to the prison, and soon passed through the gate ajar for them in heaven. A short walk, and those who did not fall out were inside freight cars, in one corner of which had been placed corn-bread and pork for rations on the trip. With guards inside and on the top of the train we proceeded by the way of Macon to Augusta, Ga., and then to Branchville and Charleston, S. C. Here we heard the first Union guns since the day following our capture. The very air was rent with wild cheers as the screeching missiles went crashing through the brick buildings. A few days and we were *en route* for Florence, S. C. Soon ten thousand Union soldiers were inside another Southern prison. Our greatest anxiety was as to who the officials would be. A change for worse was not possible. The news soon came that our former commander, Gen. Winder, was to have charge of us. Most all hoped for

a change, and their wish was granted by the overruling power of Providence, for at the last moment, arriving at Florence by rail, and stepping from the car, he dropped dead on the platform.

The rations, treatment and general plan of our confinement was in substance the same as at Andersonville, excepting that we had to endure cold rains and hail-storms, common during the winter months, and this with our clothing in a worse condition, and a large percentage of the men barefoot.

I must not fail to mention a number of small boys, ranging in years from eleven to fourteen, who were not enlisted soldiers, but served in different regiments as officers' waiters, or in other capacities. Their age and previous occupation making them fit companions for each other, they generally paraded the prison in a body, and woe to the Confederate who dared to utter sentiments of disloyalty in their presence. It was a common occurrence to see four or five of these little fellows about to attack a seedy looking Southern soldier and make him take back what he had said against the Federal government. I think there was no ill-treatment severe enough to change their unceasing devotion to the Union. My companion, O. M. Ayres, suffering more than death a hundred times, but never faltering in the cause. Disease held a firm grip on him, and preferring to run the guard or die in the attempt, one afternoon at sunset we shook hands and he started. I saw the deadly shot fall around him. God must have been his shield at this time, for they fell harmless at his feet, but during the night the musket finished its work and in the morning I was told my comrade filled a soldier's grave a short distance from the stockade.*

As we were about taking our departure from Florence, one or two comrades and myself conveyed Eli Thayer, of Company D, to his final resting place; and I can bear willing testimony that he was a brave and true soldier. As for myself, I can say I owe a debt of gratitude to all of my army comrades, for I feel that through them my life was saved, and I shall always have a warm place for them in my heart.

*This appears to be a mistake, as explained on page 548.

About the middle of February, 1865, four or five hundred prisoners were called to the gate, and under guard were marched to freight cars and in a few hours were unloaded near Wilmington, N. C. We thought our troops would soon capture it, for guns could be distinctly heard. Here Comrades Devlin and Brown made their escape, and it was thought by them that at best I could survive but a few days, as I was very low at the time with swamp fever.

The day following we boarded a freight train and went back to Goldsboro, N. C., and were paroled. Even now we could not be induced to believe that we were soon to be *en route* for our lines. At midnight we started, and at three or four o'clock P. M. of that day arrived at a branch of the Cape Fear River, eight miles from Wilmington, N. C. The train came to a standstill, and, as there was no station in sight, we at first thought it stopped for wood or water; but our attention was soon drawn to a flag of truce on the engine. This was visible, there being a curve in the road so we could see distinctly. This caused considerable excitement. The train moved on, passing the Confederate pickets, and soon we were confronting a Federal outpost. Now, for the first time, we felt sure of reaching our lines. In a few moments Gen. Schofield and staff met us at the train. After a short consultation among the officers, we passed between them and were counted. Once inside of our lines, a short walk brought us to the pontoon, near where Gen. Schofield's main army rested, and here we received a welcome never to be forgotten. It at once occurred to us that our men were expecting us, for across the road and by the sides, were flags and banners inscribed with such appropriate mottoes as "Home, sweet home," "Thrice welcome, comrades," and "Home again," while bands of music beside the road played their choicest selections. Pen cannot describe our feelings. We were overjoyed to be at home once more, under the folds of the dear old flag. After receiving a good army ration, we journeyed to Wilmington, N. C., and, boarding a steamer, sailed down Cape Fear River, around Cape Hatteras, and landed at Annapolis, Md. Here we received clothing, food and two months' pay. After a few

days we left for St. Louis, Mo., where we were granted a furlough for thirty days, at the expiration of which we returned and went to Springfield, Ill., where we were mustered out May 24, 1865.

Among the men taken prisoners by the enemy from the Regiment in the first day's fight at Resaca, as already mentioned, were First Sergeant Thomas J. Smith, of Company I, commissioned and awaiting muster as First Lieutenant of the same Company; Private Richard Spencer, of Company F; and Private Lewis Miller, of Company G.

The fate of these men was unknown until two days later, when their whereabouts was made known in the following manner. On the sixteenth day of May the Regiment was delayed in crossing the Coosa River while a pontoon bridge was being built. While lying upon the river bank a staff officer came over from Gen. Hooker to see Lieut.-Col. Smith, and inform him that his brother the Lieutenant, and two other men had been found wounded upon the road on which Gen. Hooker's column was marching. An ambulance under guard was immediately sent over to find the men, and bring them to the Regiment. Upon the return of the ambulance it was found to contain the three men, Lieutenant Smith, who was mortally wounded, having been shot through both thighs; Miller, also mortally wounded, having one leg amputated, and Spencer, severely wounded, the shot being across the stomach.

The experience of these wounded men while in the hands of the enemy is best told in the language of Lieutenant Smith, as he related it to his brother, our Lieutenant Colonel, while waiting for the crossing of the Coosa.

"When our Division was overwhelmed and in retreat I was wounded and fell, with a shot through both legs. Being unable to rise, I lay upon the ground until the enemy's lines had passed over, when a skulker in their rear came up, and calling me his prisoner, ordered me to get up and go to the rear. I attempted to rise, but fell. Making the second effort, I again failed, when the Rebel, placing his bayonet to my breast, swore he would run me through unless I got

up and went to the rear. Seeing a determination in his eye to do as he threatened, and not knowing what else to do, I gave the grand hailing sign of distress of the Odd Fellows. (Lieutenant Smith was Vice Grand of Galena Lodge No. 17, I. O. O. F., of Galena, Illinois, when he entered the army). This sign was recognized by the surgeon of a Georgia or Alabama regiment,—whose name I forget,—who immediately came to my rescue, drove the cowardly scoundrel away, and then sat down to talk with me. In answer to his question as to what he could do for me, I replied: 'There are several of the wounded men of my regiment around me; I wish you would attend to them first, and then wait upon me.' He did so, and found among the number Richard Spencer and Lewis Miller, who are now with me. The surgeon gave us every attention,—as much so as if we had been his own men,—and spent much time with me while we were in their hands. He told me that as Johnston's army was going to push our forces back to Chattanooga, that we would be sent with the first train to Atlanta, and offered to write me a letter to some officers in that city who were Odd Fellows, and assured me that they would see that I was given every attention consistent with their duties. I declined the letter, insisting that our boys were going to Atlanta, and told him that when Joe Johnston retreated, I wished that he would have us left by the roadside, that we might fall into the hands of our friends. The Doctor said I was mistaken, that he would not argue the case with me, as I was too weak; but if such proved to be the case, he would see what could be done for me. Last night the enemy commenced their retreat, and this morning we were loaded on a farm wagon,—Spencer and Miller being with me. We were being driven along the road in a column of troops, when the Doctor rode up and demanded to know of the driver what he was doing with those Yankees in his wagon; ordered him to put us out by the roadside, and take their own men who were unable to walk. We were tenderly lifted and laid outside of the marching column, when the Doctor, bending over me, said: 'Brother Smith,

you will soon be in the hands of your friends. Good-bye, and God bless you !' You know the rest."

Miller died May 27, and Smith June 9, both as a result of their wounds. Spencer recovered after a time, and is still living.

As the army was approaching Kenesaw Mountain, June 18, 1864, the NINETY-SIXTH was ordered to relieve the skirmish line and picket the front of the Brigade. The order was received at dark. Before it could be carried out the skirmishers had retired, leaving the front uncovered. Of this the members of this command knew nothing, and in groping their way to the front in the darkness they advanced too far. Halting the main line, a few men went forward to reconnoitre. Sergeant Michael Devlin and Albert Barney, both of Company D, although going but a few yards in advance of the line, were captured by the enemy. Devlin escaped near Wilmington, as reported in the narrative of Myron J. Brown. The story of their capture and of their prison experiences is told by Albert Barney.

ALBERT BARNEY'S NARRATIVE.

I was captured June 18, 1864, near Kenesaw Mountain. While the pickets were being relieved the Rebels probably advanced and occupied the rifle-pits of our men, and Sergeant Devlin and myself upon going into one of the pits which we supposed we were to occupy, were surprised to find it pre-occupied by Rebel soldiers, who demanded our surrender. We were captured by the 6th South Carolina Regiment, and taken to Gen. Hardee's headquarters, where we were questioned in regard to the number of our forces, but we gave no correct information. Gen. Hardee grew disgusted with us, and told the guard to "take these Yankees to Gen. Johnston's headquarters," and there we were questioned again, but gave no correct account of the movements of our army. We laid in the corn-field until the morning of June 19. From there we were taken to Marietta, Ga., and put into a room in the old Court House, remaining there until three o'clock, when we were transferred to Atlanta, Ga., and placed in what was

called a "Military prison." At that prison they searched us and took all valuables from us. June 21 we were transferred to Andersonville, going by way of Macon, where we stopped over night, and the next morning we were put on board cars,—some eighty in number in one box car,—and arrived at Andersonville Prison about four o'clock, June 22. That was our first introduction into Jeff Davis' largest boarding house. Our first meal consisted of one-half pint of sour mush. We laid on the damp ground until the morning of June 23, when we began to look for acquaintances. I soon found William B. Lewin, Myron J. Brown, Eli Thayer and Joseph Schwerie, all of our own Regiment. They gave me the rules regulating our camp, and showed me the dead-line. The first ration issued to me was so distasteful that I threw it away. I soon learned that this was not wise. Our usual ration was one-half pint of corn-meal, which was ground cob, corn and husk together, without any salt to season it, and often with no wood to cook it. The rations were usually issued to one thousand men, and then reissued to squads of a less number, a Sergeant being appointed to superintend the issuing of rations to smaller squads. A kind of pea was used which grows in that vicinity, which was very hard and cooked with the greatest difficulty, even when wood was comparatively plenty. On account of their hardness they could not be cooked properly, and upon being eaten would pass through the bowels absolutely undigested, not being acted upon by the digestive juices at all; and men, nearly starved, would pick these out of the fecal masses and eat them again. Such a statement seems almost incredible, but it can be substantiated by hundreds.

Vermin, or body lice, troubled us greatly at this time, for we were without water to wash either our bodies or our clothes; and it was a part of our daily task to rid our clothes of these little insects. The vermin, coming in contact with the skin, produced more or less sores, and some of our men being wounded, vermin would come in contact with their wounds; and between body lice and maggots, which infected many, their condition was rendered most miserable.

Andersonville Prison consisted of about twenty-five acres, enclosed by timbers about twelve feet high. Guards were placed on top to watch the prisoners. About twenty feet from the stockade was what they called the "dead-line," and any man who was seen putting his hand on the dead-line was shot at. It did not make any difference to them whether they hit the one who touched the line or some one else; any guard was honored with a thirty-days furlough for shooting a Yankee. As an instance, one of the guards shot at a Union soldier while he was going for water,—missed his mark, and hit another man in the southeastern part of the stockade, who was lying asleep in his tent.

The worst hand-fist fight I saw while in the service was between two Union soldiers confined at Andersonville Prison, over what I would call one of those little wood mice. The man saw the mouse running from the stockade toward the dead-line. The diminutive animal was about to get away from him, when another man kicked it inside the prison with his foot. About the same time the first man hit it with his hat. Both claimed it, and then had a regular fist-fight for its possession. Finally the case was arbitrated, and the mouse divided between the two men.

About June 30 the so-called raiders became so troublesome that it was not safe for a man to lie down at night with a blanket, coat, pair of shoes, or anything that happened to be valuable, for fear of being killed during the night. Captain Wirz came to the prison about three o'clock one afternoon and told the men that he would issue no rations until every raider in the camp was taken out. Those of our men who were able at once organized a regular police force, and took out 150 raiders the first afternoon, and the next day increased their force and took out fifty more. Then they organized a court, tried every man, and out of the two hundred, six were convicted of murder in the first degree, and five of murder in the second degree, or manslaughter. The six murderers were condemned to be hung July 11, 1864; the five found guilty of manslaughter had to run the gauntlet,

and three or four died as the result of injuries received in that terrible race.

During the hanging of one man an accident occurred. As the trap was sprung he fell and the rope broke, snapping so that it could be heard in the farther end of the prison. The doomed man made a rush for liberty, crossing the swamp, where at any other time he would have sunk in the quicksand out of sight. He supposed that he was going into a body of his own friends, but instead he ran into a squad of the police before mentioned. They took him back, and put the rope around his neck the second time, when he was swung off into eternity. From that time on the camp, or prison, was very peaceable and quiet. If a man was caught stealing even a stick of wood, or any other article belonging to one of the prisoners, he was reported to police headquarters and tried; if convicted, his punishment was from five to fifty lashes on the bare back.

The prisoners were continually trying in every way to make their escape. There were several tunnels in operation, but they were never finished, on account of some traitor who would inform Capt. Wirz, and thus secure an extra half pint of corn meal. One man was detected informing Capt. Wirz of a tunneling process, and a letter "T" was printed upon his forehead in India ink, by the prisoners, as a sign of a traitor.

The latter part of July there came a heavy thunder-storm, which washed away part of the stockade on both sides of the prison. Some of the prisoners jumped into the water and floated down the creek among the rubbish, going four or five miles, and tried to make their escape into our lines, but the Rebels had a squad of cavalry and about seventy-five blood-hounds to put upon their track, and soon recaptured them. One of the men was torn nearly to pieces before the Rebel guard could get near enough to drive off the dogs. During this storm a spring of water bubbled up between the stockade and the dead-line, upon a high ridge. The boys dug a ditch from the spring to carry the pure water inside the dead-line. The prisoners often said that they thought it was

a Godsend that the spring should break out where it did. Before this supply came, we were compelled to drink the water from the wash of the Rebel camp, and our guards, thinking the water was not filthy enough, threw two or three dead dogs into the creek.

In order to keep the men in good spirits, some one of the prisoners pretended to read in a paper that we would be exchanged on the 10th, 15th or the 25th of each month, but that got to be an old story, and we put no confidence in it. I have seen men come into camp with nothing but their undershirts and drawers on, the rebels having stripped them of their outer garments, leaving them with no shelter from the storm. Many of the prisoners would burrow in the sand to hide themselves from the burning sun. We resorted to every conceivable device in order to earn an extra ration of corn meal. A comrade named James Drum and myself started a barber shop, he having a brush and a piece of soap, and I a razor and strap. I did the shaving and we divided the profits between us.

On the 15th of September we were taken from Andersonville to Florence, S. C. The Rebels, thinking Gen. Sherman was too near Andersonville, feared they might lose us. We found Florence no better than Andersonville had been.

For more than four months I was afflicted with scurvy to such an extent that my teeth became loose, and upon opening my mouth they would rattle. The cords of my limbs were drawn up until at last I was unable to assume an erect position. Should I desire to go to any place, I would work myself along the ground, and when I left that terrible prison I crawled on my hands and knees until I got out of the horrible pen.

The Rebels had told us that we were to be exchanged, and of course everybody was anxious to get out. While making this effort I became so exhausted that I fainted, and was only revived by some of my comrades throwing water in my face. When we were removed to Florence I was so bad that they put me into a large wagon with some fifteen others, and conveyed me to the cars. When we reached Florence I

was so weak that some of my comrades took me from the cars, and placed me under a tree, where I remained two or three days without any shelter whatever. After a while I was placed in a hospital, where the only protection was poles arranged with boughs of trees, which simply protected from the sun. We suffered greatly from the cold during those nights. At this time I succeeded in disposing of a pair of buckskin gloves, which I had retained, and purchased some apples and sweet potatoes, which doubtless saved my life. At last we were placed upon a transport on the Savannah River on the 30th of November, and were once more under the old flag. New clothing was distributed to us and all the food we could eat, although the greatest care had to be exercised not to eat too much. When I exchanged my old clothes for the new ones given us by the government, I inadvertently threw away a testament which my mother gave me when I left for the war, and which I should have been very glad to have preserved, but in my delirium and apathetic condition it was lost. We were taken to Annapolis, where I was kept until able to be furloughed, reaching home on the 27th of December, 1864. In March, 1865, I went to the general barracks, but was never able to return to my Company. Was mustered out at Springfield, Illinois, and have never been well since.

The experience of Sergeant Michael Devlin, of Company D, was identical with that of Albert Barney for some time following his capture, and in his escape he was associated with Myron J. Brown. To the narratives of these two comrades the reader is therefore referred for an account of his capture and escape. Devlin is now residing in Chicago.

Twilight of June 19, 1864, found the NINETY-SIXTH in an exposed condition south of Nose's Creek, near the base of Little Kenesaw. A skirmish line was hastily thrown forward, as soon as the position across the creek or swamp was gained, and William H. Ehlers, of Company C, was captured in this advance. He was taken to Atlanta and Andersonville, and had many months' experience in captivity. Near the close of the war he was released and discharged from the service. He now resides in Nebraska.

August 2, 1864, while the enemy was confronting Atlanta, four members of the Regiment were captured by Rebel cavalry, while out after forage in the rear of the Union left. They were Henry W. Williams, of Company F, W. W. Jellison and W. M. Montgomery, of Company E, and Hugh Williams, of Company I. Their experience was not unlike that of others.

Hugh Williams, of Company I, was in poor health, and did not long survive, dying at Florence, S. C., November 29, 1864.

Wallace W. Montgomery, had a long and trying experience, and is understood to have been among the last prisoners released. Indeed, many of the members of his company supposed that he died at Florence, S. C. After the war had closed he reached home, and subsequently removed, as near as can be learned, to Wabasha, Minnesota.

W. W. Jellison, of Company E, writes from his home at Dorrance, Kansas, that he was at Andersonville from August until early winter, when he was removed to Florence, remaining at the latter place until near the final break-up. He declares his inability to adequately describe the sufferings he witnessed and endured. He saw George W. Dimmick and Charles Heath, of his Company, daily, in both prisons, but is in doubt as to the fate of the former. He remembers that Dimmick was still suffering from an unhealed wound received at Chickamauga, the bullet having caused the loss of one eye and serious injury to the other. He was very weak and badly broken down while at Florence. Jellison became so weak in mind, as well as in body, that he did not know when he left Florence. Returning to consciousness after a fortnight's delirium, he found himself in the fourth story of a brick building at Wilmington, N. C., with many other sick soldiers. He was soon sent to Annapolis, Md., and St. Louis, Mo., and finally discharged at Springfield, Ill., in the summer of 1865.

HENRY M. WILLIAMS' NARRATIVE.

I was captured near Atlanta, Ga., August 2, 1864, while out with some comrades after corn. A party of mounted



MICHAEL UMBDENSTOCK,

COMPANY C.

RECEIVED
JAN 11 1911
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

infantry having surrounded us, we had no alternative but to surrender. Our feelings can be better imagined than described. After being kept in Atlanta two or three days, we were packed in a freight car like sardines in a box, and after a ride of nearly two days were turned into Andersonville, tired, hungry, discouraged and homesick. The first acquaintance found was Sergeant Devlin, and the next was Eli Thayer, both of my own Company. It took some of the sharp edge off to meet friends, even amid such gloomy surroundings. Time wore on, with all its want and privation. On the arrival of election day, in November, we went through the form of an election, and I voted for Abraham Lincoln and the party that saved the Union, as did nearly all. This brought upon us the penalty of starvation, for our rations were reduced as a punishment, and we were given but a meagre allowance of corn meal, ground cob and all, for the ensuing three days.

The horrors of Andersonville no tongue can tell and no pen can portray. One after another the men were shot down on the most trifling pretext, or died from want and exposure, while those who escaped suffered a thousand deaths. After five months of misery, we were taken to Charleston by rail, and placed for a short time in the old fair grounds. Then we were taken to Savannah and imprisoned for three weeks, when I was so fortunate as to be paroled and sent by steamer to Annapolis, Md. I was at that place three weeks, and sent thence to Columbus, Ohio. My average weight was about 150 pounds, but when released I weighed but ninety-eight pounds. I was soon furloughed home, where I remained about four months, and returning to Ohio, was discharged July 3, 1865. The years had strangely altered my appearance, and from being a strong and rugged boy, I found myself prematurely broken down, but proud that I had been permitted to do something for my country, and that the old flag waved in triumph over a restored Union. My residence, at the time of writing this sketch, is Libertyville, Lake county, Illinois.

After the fall of Atlanta, Corporal Jared O. Blodgett, of Company G, obtained a furlough, and went by rail to Ack-

worth, Ga., to visit a brother in the 15th Illinois. Soon afterward Gen. Hood succeeded in reaching that point, and Blodgett became a prisoner of war. The following is

CORPORAL BLODGETT'S NARRATIVE.

I was captured at Ackworth, Ga., with a detachment of the 15th Illinois Infantry, October 4, 1864. There were, including some from other commands, about four hundred of us. We were marched back to the Chattahoochie River, under the escort of old soldiers, who treated us well, and did not seem to fear our getting away. As long as we were with them everything went well, but when we got into the hands of the state militia, at West Point, the show began. We were guarded closely, and when on the march we had to keep our ranks closed up. Nearly every man of the guard had a revolver in his hand, and when one of them told a man to close up, he would point his revolver at him. The second night that we were with the militia we were exhibited to a large audience of ladies and gentlemen of the South. There was a man who acted as crier to the exhibition, and he did full justice to the occasion, calling us the wild Yankees of the North, Yankees with horns, and every imaginary name you can think of, which made the prisoners quite wrathful.

The third day after our capture we were placed on board a train of flat cars, and taken to Andersonville. On arriving inside the stockade the order was given to come to a front face. Then the announcement was made that we were to be searched, and that if any one had more than fifty dollars, it would be taken from him and the amount placed to his credit, and when released he could receive it again. As it proved, that was the last of it. After the search was over we were marched into the stockade and organized, which meant to be formed into companies of one hundred each, and a man to be chosen from the ranks to take down the name of each man in the hundred. That man was called "Sergeant of the Hundred."

The camp was laid out in regular order, each detachment having a company street. In the morning a Confederate

Sergeant would come in and call the Sergeant of the first hundred, who would call the roll of his hundred. This continued until the whole camp was gone through with. That took until noon or after. During this time there was a man outside with a pack of hounds. We could hear him blow his horn, after which the dogs would start around the stockade, the man following then on horseback. He would go two or three times around, and if the dogs failed to strike a trail, they went back for that day; but if they struck a scent, you could hear them go into the woods, and they never failed to bring back their man, and the captured man always became a subject for the stocks. The stocks were made in two ways, or for two different positions; one for standing, and one for lying down. They were constructed of plank, hinged together so that the two edges would join. In each plank a hole was cut, so that when they came together the hole was just large enough for a man's neck. For a standing position the plank could be raised or lowered to suit the height of the prisoner, the victim being made to stand partially on tiptoe. For the horizontal position, there was a plank for the feet as well as the neck, causing a man to lie at full length, without the power of moving. The victims were kept in the stocks from three to six hours, according to the degree of punishment they wished to inflict. The men in the stocks also lost their rations for that day. During the first month that I was in Andersonville, we had cooked rations; after that they were issued raw. They were brought in wagons, and measured out to the Sergeants of the hundreds, who divided them among the men. The ration for a day to each man was as follows: about a gill of corn meal, a like amount of what we called cow peas, every pea having a hole in it, and every hole a family of bugs, black as night and hard-shelled, so that when they got between the teeth,—as they always did,—they would crack. They looked very much like the seed in wild grapes. A piece of meat about the size of your two fingers, with the aforesaid meal and cow peas, constituted the rations for one day. For a change we received sorghum molasses instead of meat, with the meal and peas. The Ser-

geant of each hundred received double rations for his trouble in issuing to the rest. The rations were brought in about three o'clock every afternoon, and you can imagine about 3,600 men standing on their feet about one o'clock, with their eyes strained to see if they could get a glimpse of the ration wagon. For nearly two hours they would stand watching, and when they caught the first sight, a cheer would go up as if a great victory had been won.

When the rations were issued, we got the meal first, and this would be eaten raw; likewise the peas; the meat, being last, was our dessert. Then we had to wait again until the next day. We were removed to Millen in a short time, but returned in a few days and spent the long winter at Andersonville.

About April 1, 1865, we left Andersonville *en route* for Jacksonville, Fla., under guard. Part of the distance was traversed on foot, and part in cars. We arrived within our lines about April 28, 1865. The guard left us when we were about eighteen miles distant from Jacksonville, sending a flag of truce ahead to notify our men that their prisoners would be with them in a short time. We arrived in Jacksonville about four o'clock in the evening, and were received with great rejoicing by our fellow soldiers.

There were none of my own Regiment with me at the time I was confined at Andersonville, although there had been some before I came. But they had been either removed to some other prison or had died before I arrived. I learned that Myron J. Brown had been removed to another prison and Deloss Rose had died there. Both of these men were from my own Company. I was soon sent north, and was finally discharged about the time the Regiment arrived at home. Present residence, Duncan, Neb.

Corporal Blodgett gives the following description of the prisons of the South :

Andersonville embraced about thirty acres, and was a stockade constructed of logs, which were flattened on two sides, set in the ground about four feet and as close together

as they could be placed. They projected above the ground about ten feet. There were sentinel boxes, about one hundred feet apart, and built high enough for sentries to look over into the enclosure. Within the stockade,—a distance of twelve feet from the fence,—was a dead-line, which consisted of posts about three feet high, placed in the ground about ten or twelve feet apart, with light strips or boards nailed from one to the other. Prisoners were not allowed to pass this line on peril of their lives.

There was a sluggish stream of water running through the north half of the enclosure, which was so filthy as to be hardly fit to wash in.

In the south end of the stockade was a rough board shed, open at the north side, and containing bunks built of rough boards for the use of the sick prisoners. This was called the hospital. There was not a stump in the stockade when I arrived there in the fall of 1864. The trees of which the stockade was built were cut from the ground enclosed and the stumps had been dug up by the prisoners for fuel. There were no houses to protect the prisoners from the cold and rain. Wells of great depth had been dug by the prisoners within the stockade. These were not protected by railings, and hence we were liable to fall into them on a dark night. In the digging, half canteens were used for shovels, buckets were made by the prisoners for lifting the dirt, and torn-up blankets were used for ropes. Previous to my arrival a spring of water broke out just within the stockade, the water being conveyed under the dead-line in a trough, and supplying the entire camp.

I was also in Millen prison, which was a stockade similar to Andersonville, but not as large, and much cleaner and better managed.

During the time that Gen. Sherman was marching to the sea, we were moved around considerably, usually camping in the woods, with only a guard around us. At Savannah, Ga., we were guarded in this way, but they told us there that we were all to be exchanged soon, and therefore we did not try to escape. From there we were put on the cars and sent to

Blackshear station, on the Gulf Railroad, where we camped in the woods. We bought an axe with Confederate money, paying fifteen dollars for it, and soon built a house. We had plenty of wood for fuel. There was a great deal of running-guard during the fortnight spent there. As soon as it began to grow dark you could hear the command, "Halt!" and then bang would go a gun. As they were losing five or six men every night in that camp, they moved us to a place called Thomasville. On the day of our leaving Blackshear there were so many prisoners missing that the guard instituted a search. Some were found secreted in various ways and places. The camp was then set on fire, and as many of the prisoners had dug holes and covered themselves with branches of trees, which of course soon caught fire, the hidiers were compelled to come out, some of them being quite badly burned in escaping.

At Thomasville we were put into a camp with only a ditch dug around us. The ditch probably enclosed ten acres. It was about ten feet wide at the top and eight feet deep, the dirt being thrown up on the outside. We were in this camp, I should think, a month or more. Then we were marched to Albany, a distance of fifty miles, and from there sent on cars to Andersonville again, where we arrived Christmas night, each man receiving about one saucer of cooked rice with sorghum for that day and the next.

OTHER CAPTURES.

When Gen. Hood made his march to the north of Atlanta, in October, 1862, Edwin Drury was in hospital at Dalton, Georgia, and became a prisoner with many others, the officer in command surrendering the entire garrison, together with all of the sick and wounded, and the hospital attendants. Drury was so fortunate as to be left, having the care of some sick and wounded men from either army at the time, and in a few hours, the enemy having moved off, was a free man again, without having been obliged to submit to even the formality of being paroled.

On the night of November 29, 1864, while the army was

retreating to Franklin, Tenn., Elihu Gray, of Company B, was a prisoner for a few moments, near Spring Hill. He was driving a team at the time, and happened to be at the point where the Rebels dashed across the pike and captured and destroyed a few teams and wagons. Fortunately it was so dark that Gray readily escaped, the Rebels leaving in great haste.

On the retreat to Franklin, Tenn, November 30, 1864, and when about two miles outside of the village, the Regiment halted to rest for a few moments, but was very soon ordered to the top of the ridge they had just crossed, and out to the westward. At the first halt many threw themselves down and immediately went to sleep. One of the number was Albert J. Paddock, of Company D. Worn out with the continuous strain of being up for several days and nights in succession, he did not awaken when the Regiment was ordered away, and being behind a log he was not seen by any of his comrades. The line soon retired to Franklin, and when the Rebels came up he was rudely awakened to find himself disarmed and a prisoner. He was sent to the rear under guard, and after a long, hard march, was confined in the prison at Cahawba, Alabama. From there he was sent to Vicksburg, arriving at the latter place a little past the middle of April, 1865. A month later he was sent to St. Louis, and then furloughed home. He rejoined the Regiment in Chicago, and was there discharged and paid off. His present address is Spencer, Iowa.

During the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864, Thomas Craig, of Company I, was detailed for skirmish duty, and, advancing from the works near the right, he, with a few men from another command, in passing some evergreens, behind which were concealed a number of Rebels, was compelled to surrender. He was kept under guard that night, and next day assisted in burying the Union dead on the battle-field. He was then taken to Columbia, and on the morning of December 15, started on the long march to Corinth. The Rebels robbed him of his boots, and the weather became so cold that his feet froze, causing him great suffering.

He arrived in Corinth Christmas day, and a week later was sent, in company with many sick and wounded, to the southward. He was for a short time at Meridian, Miss., Mobile, Ala., and Montgomery, Ala. February 15, 1865, he started for Jackson, Miss., and in just a week was paroled at the Big Black River, going thence to Vicksburg. March 11 he started northward, and before the close of the month joined the Regiment in East Tennessee, and was finally discharged with them in June. He is now a liveryman in Stockton, Kansas.

Craig had previously served in Company I, 19th Illinois, for three years, and had joined the NINETY-SIXTH about a month before his capture. He had been a prisoner on two occasions while a member of the 19th Illinois. He was first captured by guerillas, near Nashville, Tenn., September 10, 1862, but escaped after a fifteen days' confinement. At Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, he was severely wounded and left in the enemy's hands, but was paroled ten days later. He justly thinks that he had his full share in this line and was fully satisfied to have it "three times and out."

While the army was chasing Hood southward, late in December, Charles Sammons, of Company C, fell out of the ranks and stopped at a house to rest and recuperate. Some irregular cavalry, hovering on the flanks and rear of the army, after the Union column had moved to Huntsville, captured Sammons and kept him with them for a few hours. They talked seriously of hanging him, but in view of his extreme youth concluded that such a sentence would be too harsh, and upon his signing a parole written with a lead pencil, turned him loose.

Gustavus Bollenbach, of Company B, went out from Huntsville, Ala., February 1, 1865, in search of forage. He was accompanied by several members of the Regiment, all mounted upon mules. A party of Rebels were encountered and gave chase. Bollenbach's mule being neither speedy nor reliable, was soon overtaken and its rider was compelled to surrender. He was taken to some high hills near the Tennessee River, where he found quite a camp of Rebels, most of

them stragglers from Hood's army. He also found a number of prisoners in the camp. The force had no supplies on hand, but were living off the country, and seemed to have no definite purpose in view. The prisoners fared very poorly so far as rations were concerned. Bollenbach watched closely for an opportunity to escape, and in about two weeks, while out after wood, succeeded in eluding the guard and making his way to the Union lines, arriving at the Regiment thoroughly worn out from exposure and fatigue.

Norman O. Pratt was captured near Kingston, Ga., while on detached service in the signal corps, taken to Millen, and afterward to Andersonville. He stated that at one time with the guards which surrounded the prison there were twenty-four blood-hounds, which were kept to assist in the capture of any prisoners who might attempt to escape. At the close of the war he, with about five thousand others, was turned loose, and finally reached our lines somewhere in Florida. He never regained his strength, and from being a stalwart young man became an invalid, and died in Wauconda, Ill., in 1885.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS.

BY LIEUTENANT CHARLES W. EARLE.

Companies C and H on Picket—Withdrawal of Army—Anxious Moments—No Relief—Preparations for Defense—More Fighting—The Capture—March to Dalton—Trip to Richmond—Separation of Officers and Men—Libby Prison—First Day in Prison—Who were There—The Early Morning Roll Call—Old Ben—Rations—Boxes from Home—Occupation and Amusements—Traitors in Our Midst—A Night in Prison—Attempts at Escape—Gen. Morgan in Libby—The Conception of the Successful Tunnel—The Working Parties—Discovery by the Writer—The Passage Through the Tunnel—In the Streets of Richmond—In Company with Rebel Soldiers—Experience of Successive Nights—Assistance from Negroes—Passage of the Chickahominy—In Our Lines—Reception—Home and Regiment.

If any doubt ever existed in the minds of those who have read the preceding pages, concerning the terrible treatment of our prisoners by the Confederate authorities, they have by this time been fully removed. The narratives have been written years after the war, when time had softened, if it were possible, the distressing and pitiless experiences. For obvious reasons the manuscripts sent in have been allowed to remain in the language of the authors, only very slight changes having been made. Occasionally a repetition has occurred, but this is not regarded as objectionable,—indeed, it may be desirable, for “in the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established.”

No one can read the story of Westoff,—delirious from starvation to such an extent that he was hardly conscious of passing through Chicago, and almost dying on the threshold of his home,—the deplorable and helpless condition to which so many were reduced by impure vaccination, as told by Sergeant Hileman,—the prostration to which Cullen was reduced by small-pox, pneumonia and erysipelas,—without wondering how it was ever possible for human beings to endure such pri-

vations, or beings having the semblance of humanity, permitting it; and if these experiences were not verified by repeated testimony, the terrible story of the sufferings of our soldiers in Rebel pens and prisons would not, at this day be regarded as authentic.

It was not alone from sickness that this brave fellow suffered,—the diet was insufficient and absolutely indigestible, inducing disease,—the guards, especially those not in active service at the point, seemed absolutely destitute of any feelings common to human beings, and the means resorted to to recapture those who made their escape were simply despicable. That American citizens engaged in a warfare against other American citizens would resort to such measures as letting loose packs of blood-hounds to overtake and recapture emaciated and prostrate prisoners of war, is almost beyond belief. The story of Menzemer will not be agreeable reading to friends of the Confederacy, if any feelings of humanity remain.

Throughout all these dreadful months and years our men were true to each other and loyal to the old flag, and the patriotic passages occurring to some of their recitals will be precious legacies to relatives and friends. The last words of Henry Cutler, who, after suffering in prison, was at last exchanged and hurried back to rejoin the Regiment at the front, "God bless father and mother, and save the country," will never be forgotten,—they will be imperishable. The bursting forth of a spring of water in the dreary waste of Andersonville is almost comparable with the pouring out of water from the rock by which the thirst of the children of Israel was quenched. And the summary yet legal disposition of some of their own number, who had forgotten that they were Union soldiers and became thieves and villains, earning the designation of "raiders," was only possible among and by such men as composed the glorious and patriotic volunteer army gathered to restore the Union. But time and space forbid further reference to many topics which would be of great interest and it remains for me to describe the loss to the Regiment of its centre companies.

THE CAPTURE OF COMPANIES C AND H ON MISSIONARY RIDGE.

The General and Company Historians will record the facts concerning the *Regiment* during the night of September 21, 1863, but it will remain for some one in either Company C or H to portray the events of that night as regards those two Companies.

Between 9 and 10 o'clock of that evening while we were in line-of-battle looking toward the old Chickamauga battle ground, Company C was detailed to re-inforce the pickets upon our regimental front, a position held by Company H. Colonel Champion personally gave me explicit orders, which were as follows: "Take your Company to reinforce the pickets in front of the Regiment, and remain there until you are relieved by proper authority. The command will retire towards Chattanooga, and if you are attacked before you are relieved, retreat in the direction of that place." The order was obeyed, and a few minutes after ten P. M. we were in the place assigned.

From our position on the picket line we could hear our army withdrawing, the movement being from the left toward the right, and conducted with the greatest precaution and utmost order. One of the historians of the army of the Cumberland says that the withdrawal of the entire army was concluded by seven A. M. the next morning, and that not a man was lost. Seated in his editorial chair several years after the war, he probably imagined that he was narrating facts; but the terrible experiences recited in this chapter demonstrate his great mistake.

By midnight everything was perfectly still on the top of the ridge, and a few minutes later the pickets to my left moved back to where the main line formerly rested, and passed off toward Chattanooga. I heard the order distinctly, "in retreat march," as they began the movement, and expected every moment to hear the same for my command, but it did not come. The anxiety which we experienced at this time (midnight) can hardly be described, and I began to investigate the position. The pickets on my left, as I have before remarked,

had been withdrawn by some one, and consequently our left was exposed. On my right I found a detachment of the 40th Ohio, commanded by Capt. Meagher, whose orders in regard to relief and rejoining his command were exactly the same as mine. After consultation we decided to remain, in the belief that it was regarded necessary by our commanders to sacrifice a certain number of men who should present a strong picket line to cover the withdrawal of the main army. The fact of the matter was, as I learned upon my return to my Regiment six months afterward, that a staff officer was sent at two o'clock in the morning to relieve us, but failed to reach our advanced position.

The reasons why Companies C and H were not relieved are best told by Lieutenant Pepoon, who was in a position to know better than any other officer of the Regiment, and perhaps better than any other staff officer in either the Brigade or Division.

About midnight September 21, 1863, Gen. Whittaker, commanding our Brigade, asked a Lieutenant who was a member of Gen. Steedman's staff, and serving temporarily upon the staff of Gen. Whittaker, on account of the reduction, by capture, wounding and killing of all his staff with the exception of one, if he could find Gen. Steedman's headquarters. This staff officer replied negatively, and turning to Lieutenant Pepoon the General requested him to report to Gen. Steedman that in obedience to orders the Second Brigade had left its position on Missionary Ridge at 12 o'clock at night and was then *en route* for Chattanooga. While Lieutenant Pepoon was executing this order the other staff officer was ordered to go and relieve the two Companies of the NINETY-SIXTH Regiment, Illinois Volunteers, and one other company from the Brigade, who were left upon Missionary Ridge.

In the course of a short time that staff officer returned and reported that the Companies had been relieved, and it was not known at Brigade Headquarters for two days that they were not only not relieved, but were by that time well along on their way to Richmond,—prisoners of war. The General was greatly exasperated when he learned that these Companies

were captured through the cowardice of a staff officer, and his language was more impressive than polite in the conversation which followed. He threatened to prefer charges against this unfaithful Lieutenant, but Gen. Steedman was his personal friend, and finally persuaded Gen. Whittaker to let the matter drop. The orderly who was with this staff officer said that they went toward the pickets until they could hear talking, and then, after a short delay, the Lieutenant said that they were undoubtedly Rebels, and that he would proceed no further. He then returned to Chattanooga, and made the report that the Companies were relieved. It seems, then, that these Companies were sacrificed,—were allowed to be captured, and went through all the horrors of Libby, Richmond, Danville, Andersonville and Florence, a large majority of them meeting their deaths in these places,—because a staff officer had not the courage to do his plain duty, which could have been done without a particle of trouble.

At daylight, beyond the interval on our left, made vacant by the pickets' withdrawal during the night, we discovered a continuation of our line, which was closed by extending my line, and a consultation of officers was held. We represented four or five regiments, and numbered seven officers and about one hundred men, the ranking officer being a Captain.

We found that no discretionary power had been given to us to rejoin our commands. Our orders were imperative,—to stay where we were posted,—and although we could see nothing to be gained, it was unanimously agreed to protect our flanks and hold our ground. It was now ten o'clock in the morning. We could see the Confederate army passing through Rossville Gap, and from the clouds of dust trending toward Chattanooga we knew that we were at least two or three miles in its rear. In the meantime several stragglers from the enemy had been captured, and a depot for prisoners established a short distance down the Ridge. Here we collected seven or eight men and a few horses and arms. It is difficult to say what we proposed to do with these trophies of war, for we had no rations for ourselves, and certainly we could illy spare a guard for prisoners. It was absolutely necessary to detain

them, however, as they would communicate our position if allowed to escape, and then, too, the hope was not altogether banished from our minds that in some way, at sometime, we would be relieved, and with our captured prisoners, horses, and arms, march triumphantly into our camp. It terminated somewhat differently, however.

At 11 o'clock, our position being discovered, Gen. Humphrey's Brigade of McLaw's Division moved at right angles to Missionary Ridge against us, and with our small force it was but a question of a few minutes before we were surrounded and captured.

We foolishly attempted to resist the advance of the entire Brigade, and had planned a very elaborate line of defense and retreat. Our scheme was to form three lines-of-battle, and as the first was forced back it was to retreat to a position in the rear of the third, until by fighting and retreating in order we might rejoin our army. Our tactics were a failure; and after having one man killed,—James Forsyth, of Company H,—and several wounded, we found ourselves surrounded and forced to surrender.

We were taken directly down the point of the Ridge looking toward Rossville, and placed in an open field, and filled our canteens from the old spring, where we were guarded closely during the remainder of the day and night, and regaled with fabulous stories of the destruction of our army; at one time it was 25,000 prisoners, at another the entire army excepting one Brigade, and they were nearly surrounded; the pontoon bridge was destroyed, they said, and all the trains. We did not see any considerable number of prisoners coming to the rear, however, and were not at all discomfited.

About noon, September 23, we started for Dalton, the nearest railroad connection, marching over the road we had taken three or four days before when going toward the front. It was thirty miles distant, and we marched it in one day with a cavalry escort. And here I must pause one moment to bear testimony to the kindness and consideration shown us by the fighting Rebel soldiery. While nothing can be said in extenuation of the terrible conduct exhibited and perpetrated by the

guards of different prisons, and the want and woe and sufferings and wretched deaths experienced by our noble and brave men, this much I must say for our captors and for the men who were really our opponents on the field of battle. Capt. Wm. P. Turner, of the 19th South Carolina regiment, commanded our guard, and a more gentlemanly or kind-hearted person one rarely meets. Every attention possible was shown us, and all the liberties ever extended to prisoners of war were freely granted. The evening of the 25th we reached Atlanta, the 27th Augusta, the 28th Columbia, the 29th Raleigh, and at midnight October 1, Richmond, Va.

This journey of nearly 1,000 miles, was made in platform cars and with scant rations; a few crackers, a small piece of pork, and one or two pints of corn meal, being all the food issued by the authorities. The corn meal was made eatable by mixing with water, pasting this dough to a board and standing it near the fire until it was in some slight degree baked.

As our train would stop for wood or water, our men would occasionally jump out, run into the woods adjoining the track and hastily pick a few persimmons, by which our scanty diet was slightly varied.

The captain of our guard extended many courtesies to the twelve or fifteen officers on the train, which we shall never forget. Under his escort we were permitted to visit several hotels as we passed through the different cities, and to take our meals, paying for such from \$2.00 to \$3.50, Confederate currency; and at Crown Point, a station in Georgia, the ladies of the place furnished us a very elegant lunch.

At nearly every station we would find traders of various notions,—Confederate relics, fruits or attenuated pies; these were surreptitiously exchanged for greenbacks.

By the time we arrived at Richmond we were very destitute of blankets and clothing, as at every point where we changed cars, or went into barracks for a night, the local Rebel authorities insisted upon a rigid examination for articles contraband of war. At one place they would demand our overcoats, at another our knives, at another our wool or rub-



LIBBY PRISON.

(From a war-time sketch.)

THE
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

ber blankets. Indeed, it seemed as if we were expected to make up any deficit in the general equipment of the local military.

Upon our arrival in Richmond we disembarked from the cars, and, with the officers at the head of the columns, marched through the streets of the city. After proceeding some distance we halted, and word was passed down the line that the officers were to be sent to one prison and the men to another. I had only time to run back to my Company, bid them good-bye, and divide with them a little Confederate money which I had received from the sale of a watch, and we were separated,—the officers passing into Libby, and the men into other prisons in the vicinity.

Almost a quarter of a century has passed since that night of parting, yet its memories are as vivid as if it was yesterday. I see the dimly lighted streets of the Capitol; the lines of determined yet dejected men; those heroes of Chickamauga, now prisoners of war, anxious and solicitous as to the future. I hear the measured step of the soldiers at that midnight hour, and their quiet yet earnest conversation, as the possible fate of the morrow is discussed. These remembrances come freshly to my mind at this time as I write of that trying situation.

We were marched into Libby, as I have before remarked, at midnight, where we were registered, and subjected to the fourth or fifth examination. The small amount of United States currency we had managed to conceal up to this time was taken from us, and we were informed that its value would be returned in Confederate money,—about seven dollars of Southern currency for one dollar of United States. In justice to those having this matter in charge, I must say that about one month later this return was absolutely made.

The preliminaries of proper enrollment on the prison book having been concluded, we were conducted through two or three rooms,—the floors of which were covered with sleeping men,—up two or three flights of stairs, and finally told to make ourselves comfortable (?) for the night. As the floor was of hard lumber, and we had neither blankets nor overcoats,

least of all a mattress to lie upon, this was a somewhat difficult task ; but we were so tired from our journey of a thousand miles, that sleep soon came and our sufferings and inconveniences were for the time forgotten.

We awakened the next morning to find ourselves surrounded by a crowd of men, some of whom we recognized as fellow officers in other regiments, but whose exclamations and actions we were at a loss to understand. Cries of "fresh fish," "fresh fish," "fresh fish," filled the room, and question after question in quick succession, was hurled at us. "How is the army ; where is Rosecrans ? Got any greenbacks ? How about the Army of the Potomac ? Fresh fish," etc., etc. We soon learned that we were among one thousand officers of the Union Army, and that this was the usual manner of initiation. Some of them belonging to the Army of the Cumberland, interested themselves in our behalf, and we were soon engaged in looking over our quarters and making preparations for an indefinite residence.

The noted prison which was to be our home, was formerly a tobacco warehouse, and situated on the corner of Carey and Eighteenth streets, within a few feet of the Lynchburg canal, and but a short distance from and in full view of the James river. It was three stories high in front, and four in the rear, with a frontage of 165 feet, and a depth of 105 feet. It was exceedingly well built, of brick and stone, and divided into three apartments by very thick brick partition walls extending from the foundation to the roof. The cellars, or the first story in the rear, were on a level with the dock bordering the canal, and were inaccessible to the prisoners ; one was used as a dungeon where were incarcerated any who disobeyed the rules of the prison ; a second may have been for cooking purposes ; the third was entirely unoccupied, but served a very excellent purpose, which I shall presently describe. The first story proper was occupied as follows : the first room by the prison authorities, the middle room, to which we had access, as a cooking and dining room for the prisoners. The next room was used as an officers' hospital. The second and third stories were assigned to the prisoners, and here, in seven rooms,

more than 1,100 United States officers cooked, ate, washed, breathed and slept for many months.

THE FIRST DAY IN PRISON.

This was occupied in being assigned to a mess, forming acquaintances, writing letters to my parents, and attending a prayer meeting. We found men here who had been incarcerated for twelve months, and were informed that no exchange would probably take place till the close of the war, and it was thought advisable to commence a residence which might be extended for years, by attending a prayer meeting.

At this place I may say a word in regard to meetings for religious exercises, which occurred from time to time during my imprisonment in this place. There were a number of army chaplains in Libby when I first arrived there, chief among whom was the Rev. C. C. McCabe, whose influence for the right, and whose cheerful example did every one good with whom he came in contact. These gentlemen, in the main, conducted these exercises, although after their release, which occurred early in my captivity, the meetings were continued. In those days, and it is feared in the quarter of a century which has nearly elapsed, the subject of religion did not, and has not engaged the attention of any considerable number of our soldiers; but, amid it all and since, there are those who thank God for the faith which then abided in them, and which in those dark days, was a source of comfort and consolation to them. And to-day there are thousands of fathers and mothers in both North and South, who laid their first born on the altar of our country, whose only solace is the faith that sometime they will see them.

WHO WERE THERE.

The officer of highest rank during my imprisonment was Gen. Neal Dow, of Maine, the great temperance lecturer and reformer. He was at that time quite advanced in years, but was always cheerful, and very frequently delivered addresses on various topics (temperance by preference), to large audiences of officers. Col. A. D. Streight, of Indiana, was also a

prisoner at this time. It will be remembered that in 1863, he obtained permission and organized a brigade of mounted infantry for an expedition into Alabama and Georgia for the purpose of destroying the supplies and threatening the railroad communication of the Confederates in these States. After several severe and bravely-fought battles, the entire force was compelled to surrender to Gen. Forest, near Rome, Georgia.

Other officers were: Col. Bartleson, 100th Illinois, who was afterward killed at Kenesaw Mountain; Col. Carleton, 89th Ohio; Col. Le Favor, 22d Michigan; Col. Rose, 77th Pa.; Col. D. Cesnola, 4th N. Y. Cavalry,—in all some fourteen Colonels, about thirty-five Lieutenant-Colonels, thirty-nine Majors, more than three hundred Captains, and about seven hundred and fifty Lieutenants. These officers represented regiments from nearly every Northern State, and every department of the great army and navy marshaled for the restoration of the Union.

Our men during the winter of 1863-4 were inside a guard line on Belle Isle, a barren, sandy tract opposite Richmond. Their rations were insufficient at all times, and during a considerable portion of the winter, they had neither barracks nor tents, nor shelter of any kind.

The privations which they endured no pen can describe, and the recollections of those days, as given by some of our men in these chapters, are almost beyond belief.

A detailed account of the daily round of duties, including cooking and eating, and the various occupations and amusements, and the arrangements for sleeping, will give a fair idea of the way in which we managed to while away the time; in the main with cheerfulness and hope, but with occasionally a wretched and dreary day.

THE EARLY MORNING, THE "GENERAL," AND OLD BEN.

Attached to the prison were several colored men, who had formerly been cooks and servants to the United States officers. These men were employed in scrubbing and caring for the prisons. One of the first duties to be performed in

the early morning, and which usually wakened us, was for the "General" (one of the colored men) to go through the prison with a kettle of burning tar for fumigating purposes, who would repeat on every occasion the remark that it was "bery beneficial to the gemmen, kase it was Union smoke." A few minutes after the "General" had completed his duties, another one, known as "Old Ben" would commence to cry out the morning papers, and arouse to consciousness any who were still sleeping: "All four de mornin' papers. Tala-graphic dispatches from ebery whar. Rise, gemmen, and buy de mornin' news. Great news from de Rappehannock; great news from Charleston; great news from Chattanooga;" and becoming somewhat general, and not particularly correct in regard to points of the compass, he would conclude by crying: "Great news from the Northwest, the Southwest and the Eastwest!"

ROLL CALL—THE PRISON CLERK.

This concluded, the nasal twang of Georgia, the prison clerk, would be heard commanding the prisoners to "fall in for roll call." This man was said to be a deserter from our army, and was, from the first, and continually and consciously, hated by every man in the prison. He subjected us to every petty tyranny which an abnormal mind could suggest. The names of the officers were not always called, but we were sometimes packed into one room and counted as we passed into another, or formed in ranks of four and counted. At other times the roll would be called. Later, in our prison experience, when the tunnel was in process of construction, and one or two men were working during the day, their absence would be accounted for by one or two who were in the secret, forming at first on the right of the line, and after being counted they would move slyly to the extreme left and be counted twice. This made the number appear correct, and no suspicion was excited.

Another scheme for deceiving our captors and making one man more in prison than there really was, worked well for a long time. Lieutenant Jones would be in the tunnel at work

when the roll would be called, and as each answered to his name he would be required to pass from one room to another in the presence of the clerk. Lieutenant Smith, knowing the secret, would answer to Lieutenant Jones' name, and pass before the clerk. In the general summing up Lieutenant Smith would, of course, be absent, and he would be summoned to appear at the office. He would be asked where he was when roll was called, and why he did not respond. His reply would be that he did respond when his name was called, and passed before the clerk, and was here to demonstrate that the authorities had made a mistake. This, like many other devices, was called a "Yankee Trick" by the Confederate authorities, and remained unexplained for a long time.

January 30, we had roll call nearly all day, as there was some discrepancy in the rolls. The prison clerk, Ross, after working nearly the entire day to correct his roll, finally gave it up, with the remark: "How in the devil can I manage a thousand Yankees, when, after counting them all day, I have twenty-four more men in prison than ever were here. On the following day, after continuous roll-call countings, there were *thirty-seven* more men in prison than there should have been. The way this was worked upon the Rebel authorities was for the boys to crawl out of one scuttle hole upon the roof, and down through another, and pass before the prison authorities, and thus be counted twice.

OUR RATIONS—BOXES FROM HOME.

Immediately after roll call came breakfast, and then the distribution of rations. These were issued in the middle room, first story, to which it will be remembered the prisoners had access. Here also we did the most of our cooking. The rations were brought in, and placed on the floor, a pile of bread, a pile of meat, and a bag of rice. The prisoners were divided into messes of from twenty to thirty, and each mess was entitled to one representative to receive rations. The commissary of each mess distributed the rations to individuals, and when received the ration consisted of one loaf of brown bread, about the size and density of a Calumet brick, a piece

of meat about half the size of a man's hand (small hand), and a gill of rice, and this for dinner, supper and breakfast.

We were allowed to receive small boxes of provisions and clothing during part of my sojourn in this place. Everything was closely searched, before we came into possession of our boxes, for contraband goods, more particularly for arms and wet goods. The devices to conceal, especially the latter, were quite ludicrous, a very thin tin box concealed by a false bottom, being the most successful.

I have recently heard of a prisoner who was successful in receiving a bottle of some alcoholic by having it secreted in a small jar of butter.

OCCUPATION AND AMUSEMENTS.

Between meals and during the evening we were usually very busy at something. We indulged in amusements of all kinds, cards, checkers, and chess particularly. Some cultivated their love for music, others studied Italian, French, military tactics and phonography. We had sword exercise in the cooking room, carried on with wooden weapons, while many busied themselves from morning to night in manufacturing ornaments from the bones of our beef (or some other animal) issued to us.

The means by which a few of the officers earned an honest dollar were many and varied. Peddling apples was a favorite vocation. A major or lieutenant colonel, accustomed to all the luxuries of home, and the pomp and parade around headquarters, would be found seated by the side of a barrel of apples, and, with a few of the choicest on a board as samples, would cry out his wares with all the gusto of a street fakir.

THE PRICE OF PROVISIONS.

From one of the newspapers I copied the following :

Flour, from \$100 to \$110 per bbl. ; corn, \$13 to \$14 per bu. ; bacon, \$2.56 per lb. ; lard, \$2.25 to \$2.35 per lb. ; butter, \$3.75 per lb. ; apples, \$45 to \$60 per bbl. ; beans, from \$12 to \$15 per bu. ; tallow, \$2.50 per lb. ; baled hay, from \$10 to \$11 per 100 lbs. ; sweet potatoes, \$12 per bu. ; Irish potatoes, \$7 to \$8 per bu. ; turnips, \$6 per bu. ; sugar, \$2.35 per

lb. ; salt, \$45 to \$60 per lb. ; whisky, \$50 to \$60 per gal. ; two sheets of paper and five envelopes, 50 cts.

Among the organizations for amusements I remember the Libby Prison Minstrels and the Libby Historics. A programme of one of our entertainments appears below :

THE
LIBBY PRISON MINSTRELS.

MANAGER,	Lieut. G. W. Chandler
TREASURER,	Capt. H. W. Sawyer
COSTUMER,	Lieut. J. P. Jones
SCENIC ARTIST,	Lieut. Fentress
CAPTAIN OF THE SUPERS,	Lieut. Bristow

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24, 1863.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

OVERTURE—"Norma,"	Troupe
OPENING CHORUS—"Ernani,"	Troupe
SONG—"Who Will Care for Mother Now,"	Capt. Schell
SONG—"Grafted in the Army,"	Lieut. Kendall
SONG—"When the Bloom is on the Rye,"	Adj. Lombard
SONG—"Barnyard Imitations,"	Capt. Mass
SONG—"Do They Think of Me at Home?"	Adj. Jones
CHORUS—"Phantom,"	Troupe

SECOND PART.

DUET—Violin and Flute—Serenade from "Lucia,"	Lieuts. Chandler and Rockwell.
SONG AND DANCE—"Root Hog or Die,"	Capt. Mass
BANJO SOLO,	Lieut. Thomas
DUET—"Dying Girl's Last Request,"	Adjts. Lombard and Jones
MAGIC VIOLIN.	Capt. Mass, Chandler and Kendall
SONG—"My Father's Custom,"	Lieut. McCaulley
CLOG DANCE,	Lieut. Ryan

RIVAL LOVERS.

JOE SKIMMERHORN,	Capt. Mass
GEORGE IVERSON	Lieut. Randolph

PART THIRD.

COUNTRYMAN IN A PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

PROPRIETOR,	Capt. Mass
BOY,	Lieut. Randoiph
COUNTRYMAN,	Maj. Neiper

MASQUERADE BALL.

MANAGER,	Adj. Jones
DOORKEEPER,	Capt. Mass
MUSICIAN,	Capt. Chandler
MEMBER OF THE PRESS,	Lieut. Ryan
MOSE,	Lieut. Welsh
BLACK SWAN,	Lieut. Moran
BROADWAY SWELL,	Lieut. Bennett
RICHARD III,	Capt. McWilliams

THE WHOLE TO CONCLUDE WITH A GRAND WALK-ROUND.

Performance to commence at 6 o'clock.

Admission Free. Children in Arms not Admitted.

ADJT. R. C. KNAGGS, Business Agent.

DISCIPLINING RECALCITRANT AND SUSPICIOUS PRISONERS.

It was expected that every prisoner would be imbued with intense patriotism and loyalty to our government. Any remarks to the contrary were always treated with contempt, and the unhappy prisoner was usually subjected to some sort of discipline.

October 25 we had an indignation meeting at the expense of a surgeon belonging to a Michigan regiment. By some means it was learned that this unhappy doctor had written a letter to the commandant of the prison, asking for a blanket, saying, in conclusion, that by thus doing he would confer a favor upon one who, under any other circumstances, would be a friend to the Confederacy. By some means this letter was mislaid and brought back into prison, and fell into the hands of some of the intensely loyal officers. A meeting was at once organized, a chairman elected, and a committee of three appointed to wait upon the doctor and bring him before the meeting. It was demanded that he should show his colors and give an explanation. The President made a few remarks, and called upon Dr. G—— to make the explanation. He was invited to explain his conduct, and it was hoped that it would be “freely, frankly and fully given.” The doctor was rather an inferior looking man, and when he arose and attempted to explain everybody was hurrahing, and it was impossible to hear what he said. He commenced by saying

that he would speak "freely, frankly and fully," but the yelling drowned what he had to say, and the little man became frightened, fearing that he might be injured by the boisterous crowd. After a while, however, quiet was restored, and he made his explanation, as expected. In closing, the Chairman gave the Doctor some advice, and said, among other things, that he hoped that the Doctor had learned a lesson; that the Doctor, in future, would be more discreet; that the Doctor would get his blanket, and that the Doctor would get everything from the Confederate authorities which he desired.

A few days after this a lieutenant colonel of the Army of the Potomac was suspected of giving some information in regard to the doings within the prison, and he also was disciplined. In fact, it was a poor place for one not thoroughly imbued with all the sentiments of a most loyal and devoted Union soldier.

The national holidays, and Christmas and New Year's Days, were always celebrated with all the enthusiasm and gusto that our surroundings would permit. I was not a prisoner on July 4, but from others I gather that their patriotic sentiments were freely expressed. A Star Spangled Banner was extemporized by sewing together clothes of different colors; patriotic speeches were made and patriotic songs were sung, much to the discomfort of the prison authorities.

December 25—Christmas—was celebrated by a dance in the dining room, and a general good time was enjoyed. However, no wood was issued to us that day, and our cooking was done by wood which was obtained by tearing down the partitions and breaking up the tables.

On New Year's Day we sang the Star Spangled Banner, and gave three cheers for the Union, much to the consternation of our guards.

NEWS FROM THE NORTH.

The results of the October elections of 1863 in Pennsylvania and Ohio were received, and created great enthusiasm. This was the time that Curtin was elected, and Vallandigham was so terribly defeated. News from the different armies, both

from the Rebel and northern papers, was occasionally received.

About the time that the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge took place the Rebel papers were filled with the anticipation of soon defeating the Union army, and of driving it into Tennessee, and perhaps north to Cincinnati.

At the time the NINETY-SIXTH made its reconnoissance toward Ringgold it was reported that the Union army was defeated, and was being driven rapidly toward the north. When, however, the combined massing of Grant's, Sherman's and Thomas' forces were being made, by which the capture of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain was brought about, the Rebel papers said that the Southern people might as well be making up their minds for another of Bragg's retreats, and in one or two days their worst fears were realized.

A NIGHT IN PRISON.

With eleven hundred officers sleeping upon the floors of six rooms, with no cots, and with but very few blankets, it can be very easily seen that it required uncomfortably close packing.

We were in the habit of lying down in rows ; the first row with heads toward the wall, then two rows in the centre of the building, with heads next to each other, leaving a short alley between the feet of the different rows. In the middle of the night, in a room where nearly two hundred men were sleeping or trying to sleep, it would not be remarkable if, occasionally, there was a man who snored. This was frequently the case, and the midnight hour would sometimes be made almost hideous by the snoring proclivities of a dozen or so of our men.

If the noise became unbearable some fellow would cry out : "Roll him over." "Throw water on him." "Where is the clothes pin?" and, if he did not subside, an old piece of corn bread would be hurled in the direction of the noise, striking against tin pails hanging from the ceiling, and generally coming in contact with exactly the person whom the thrower did not desire to disturb.

ITEMS.

October 14, the British Consul called upon the prisoners. He sailed for Europe in a day or two, and it was said he had been dismissed from the Confederacy by President Davis. I do not now know the significance of this procedure.

MEN OF MY REGIMENT WHOM I SAW.

Dimmick, of Company E, passed Libby Prison October 21, and Eli Thayer, on the 23d of the same month. At Columbia, on my way to prison, I saw Orderly Sergeant Bangs, of Company B. Captain Rowan arrived in prison October 10.

October 26 we heard that Rosecrans was relieved, and that the President had called out 300,000 more men.

After the battles of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain the Rebels claimed that the Union Army had lost 20,000 men,—a gross exaggeration.

Lieutenant Hannon, our Quarter-Master on Brigade Staff, and Lieutenant Keith, an old school teacher and acquaintance in Lake County, were in prison with me.

It was reported at one time that three or four corps with Meade's army were on their way to reinforce Rosecrans.

December 26 we witnessed, from the back windows of our prison, a most sad sight, and were powerless to avert the calamity or to render any assistance. A company of little boys were at play on the ice which covered the canal a short distance from the back of the prison. All at once they broke through, and cried for help. Several of our officers gave their word of honor not to attempt to escape if they might be permitted to rescue the little fellows, but they were not allowed to do so, and before help could arrive from the outside one or two had been drowned.

During my residence in Libby we were permitted to write short letters to our friends, and to receive our mail from the North, both subject to the scrutiny of the authorities. On the arrival of a mail, Lieut. Knaggs, who was acting post-master, would select some elevated place, perhaps a beam in one of the upper rooms, and call out the names of the lucky ones for whom letters had arrived. The exquisite happiness

depicted in the faces of the fortunate ones was more noticeable as the gloom and disappointment of those not thus favored manifested themselves. Certainly no one thing brought so much consolation and hope and joy as a letter from home.

A few days after our escape this happy privilege was to a certain extent denied, as the following order from the commandant will show. It is given *verbatim* :

“OFFICE C. S. MILITARY PRISON,
RICHMOND, Va., 14th Feb., 1864.

‘Hereafter prisoners won’t be allowed to write no letters to go to the so-called *United States* of more than six lines in length and only one letter per week. By command of

“THOMAS P. TURNER, Major C. S. A.”

EXCHANGE.

Rumors in regard to exchange were frequent—at times favorable and at others so dismal as to extinguish every ray of hope. October 3 it was reported that all prisoners captured previous to September 1 had been exchanged ; on the 10th it was denied. During the 13th exchange was high. (We used to quote it as business men speak of stocks and bonds.) Ten steamers were at City Point to carry us to Fortress Monroe ; Milroy’s men were to go down in the morning. On the 27th the report was that the United States Government would exchange no more prisoners till the close of the war. That day we had simply bread and water to eat. November 8 there were rumors of an *immediate* exchange of everybody, and for hours some of the more despondent would stand and look down James River for the United States transports which were to carry them to our lines and to their homes. Suffice it to say they never came, and so for months, and in many cases for one and two years, these same officers, and thousands of our brave men suffered and languished and died in those wretched places.

ESCAPE FROM LIBBY.

Owing to the uncertainties of exchange, and to our wretched treatment, and the innate love one has to be free, and the

desire which was almost universal to be once more by the side of our comrades to help fight the war to a successful termination, many of the prisoners were restless and impatient, and thought long and seriously of escape. This was particularly true of the younger officers. Those who were older and had families at home, although extremely anxious to see their loved ones, were not as willing, so far as my observation extended, to take risks in attempting an escape which might be fatal to their lives. I have heard them remark that they were captured in the line of duty by no fault of theirs, and if the government needed them it could effect an exchange. A certain number, however, were always on the alert, and scheme after scheme was discussed. It was constantly in our minds, the subject of conversation among our confidants during the day and our dream at night. But an escape seemed almost impossible. We were surrounded by a strong guard at every point, and could we escape from the building we were in the midst of an enemy's country, without food or money or allies, and withal weak from insufficient food and improper clothing.

ATTEMPTS AT ESCAPE.

The first escape from the prison which I remember was effected by one of the officers, by assuming to be one of a party of workmen who were engaged in the prison in strengthening the window protections. He assumed the dress of a laborer, blackened his face and hands slightly, as if he had been working with iron, and shouldering some tool or a bar of iron, marched out of the door, passed the guard, and was *free*. I am not informed whether or not he reached our lines in safety.

In December, Captain Anderson, of the 5th Indiana Regiment, and Lieutenant Skelton, of the 17th Iowa Regiment, escaped by bribing the guards. They reached our lines after passing through innumerable hardships and dangers.

During the night of December 20, Col. Streight and his adjutant, Lieut. Reid, effected an escape from the prison by giving to the sentinel \$100 in greenbacks and two silver

watches. As soon however, as they were outside the guard-line an irregular fire was opened upon them, and after a short struggle they were captured and returned to a cell, where they were kept twenty-one days. The affair was simply a plot on the part of the prison officials to rob and perhaps murder these two officers.

A short time after this, the Rebel Gen. Morgan, having escaped from the Ohio penitentiary, made us a visit, accompanied by several Rebel officers of rank and some of the Richmond civil authorities. I witnessed his introduction to Gen. Neal Dow, and as the conversation between these two noted gentlemen was somewhat sarcastic, I note two sentences.

"General Dow," said General Morgan, "I am very happy to see you here; or, rather, as you are here, I am happy to see you looking so well." General Dow immediately replied: "General Morgan, I congratulate you on your escape, although I can not say I am glad you did escape, but since you did, I am happy to see you here."

During the night of January 15, 1864, several officers again attempted to escape, by bribing the guards and letting themselves down from the prison windows by means of some kind of rope. The guards again proved treacherous, and made one who had descended climb back. The day following, considerable amusement was caused by allusions to this unfortunate adventure, and that night after the officers had retired and the Chickamauga room was still, Capt. Smyth, of the 16th U. S. Regulars, offered the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, Several of our fellow officers, disgusted with the scant rations and mule-beef of the Confederate authorities, and inspired with the love of liberty and a desire to see once more their wives and little ones, attempted to escape last night from their confinement; and

WHEREAS, Said attempt was ignobly and most unfortunately frustrated by the base treachery of the sentinels; therefore

Resolved, That the aforesaid officers have our warmest sympathy in this their bitter disappointment, and that we earnestly deprecate the disposition of some among us to ridicule their misfortune, and to make light of their honest endeavors to obtain that dearest boon of an American citizen,—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Resolved, That although the aforesaid officers have *lowered* themselves

in the sight of their fellow officers, yet their earnest endeavors under the most embarrassing circumstances, to rise again to their former position, have again placed them on an equal footing with us all.

Resolved, That the action of the sentinel in turning traitor to his government, by consenting to the escape of a prisoner, and then turning traitor to the prisoner, by preventing his escape, was but a *change of base*.

Resolved, That the feelings that prompted a sentinel to cock his piece at one of our fellow officers, while he was hanging on the slender thread of fate, was an offshoot of humanity.

Resolved, That while mechanical principles plainly teach us that watches may run down, the events of last night show that they cannot with equal facility be made to run up.

Resolved, That the events of last night plainly show the true value of time.

Resolved, That although a watch may *run down*, it is no reason that the owner should be.

Resolved, That officers in escaping should use the starboard-watch, which is *right*, and not the port-watch, which is *left*.

Resolved, That if officers would watch more they would not be *watchless*.

Resolved, That officers should not palm off on a sentinel watches not having a good *escapement*.

Resolved, That under present circumstances officers should not attempt to escape on *tick*.

The resolutions were greeted with immense applause, immediately adopted, and after a few patriotic songs, we quieted for the night.

During all this time the idea of escape by tunnel was being discussed. There were, however, apparently insuperable difficulties to a plan of this kind. It was absolutely impossible, as far as we could see, to obtain access to an outside wall in the basement, or, indeed, to any part of the cellar floor.

Just who thought of the plan by which we succeeded in gaining an entrance into the cellar, it is, perhaps, difficult to state, but as I understand it, and as I know is in the main correct, the following are the names of the men to whom belong the honor of planning and carrying forward to a successful termination this bold enterprise.

Lieut. Wm. G. Galloway, of the 15th U. S. Regulars, was suffering from fever, and one night being quite wakeful as one of the results of his sickness, he *thought* of a tunnel from



LIEUTENANT CHARLES W. EARLE.

From a photograph taken in 1864.



CAPTAIN ROWAN AND LIEUTENANT EARLE.

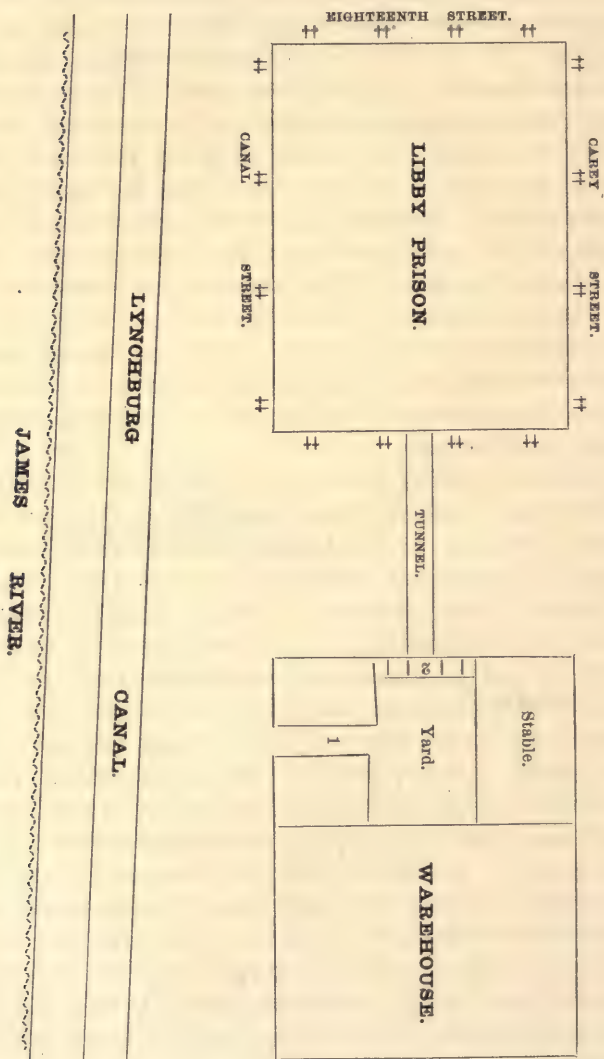
Crossing the Diascon River. See page 622.

PROPERTY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

some point in the east basement. The following day he confided his idea to Lieut. Ludlow, of Battery M, 4th Regular Artillery, and Lieut. Clifford, of the 16th U. S. Regulars. After consultation it was thought best to increase the party, and Col. T. E. Rose, of the 77th Pennsylvania, and several others were added. From this moment Col. Rose became the acknowledged manager and engineer. Concerning this there can be no doubt. The honor of being the leader of this scheme has been claimed by others, but to Col. Thomas E. Rose it rightfully belongs. The working party was thoroughly organized and bound to secrecy by a solemn oath, administered by the manager. This proceeding was absolutely necessary, both to protect the party from discovery by spies, who undoubtedly were in the prison in our very midst, and from a few very weak individuals among our own officers, who, for certain considerations, were constantly imparting information to the prison officials.

The party having in charge the work to obtain entrance into the cellar, and who were engaged in working on the first tunnel,— which I shall presently briefly describe,— was composed of the following officers: Col. Rose, Capts. Lucas and Gallagher, Lieuts. Galloway, Ludlow, Clifford, Brown and Hamilton, with possibly two or three others whose names I cannot obtain. It must be remembered that our quarters were in the two upper stories, and that we had access to only the middle room on the first story, which was our cooking and dining room. At one point on the east side of this room was situated a fire-place, built in the massive brick and stone partition, which, as I have before remarked, extended from basement to roof. Around this fire-place three stoves were placed for our use, leaving a very small space between the back of the stoves and the fire-place. It was at this point that some one conceived the idea of gaining entrance into the cellar, *under* the next room, which would give easy access to an outside wall, and a chance for tunneling. It will be seen that if an opening could be made in the floor of this fire-place, by oblique digging we would come out in the cellar of the adjoining room, which was seldom, if ever, used.

THE PRISON AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.



++ Guards.

1. Open Carriage Way.

2. Upright Board Fence.

Capt. Hamilton was a stone-mason, and removed the first brick and stone from the fire-place, through which we hoped to reach the basement. During the day this opening was kept closed, and so ingeniously were the bricks and stones replaced, aided by a few ashes and one or two worn-out skillets thrown carelessly in, that one would never notice that anything had been disturbed. After I was aware that this opening existed, and that a working party was in the basement, I have looked intently (knowing that no one was observing my movements) for evidences of carelessness in closing this opening,—for a little fresh dirt that possibly might furnish a clue to our operations, but I could see nothing. Every possible clue to detection was minutely guarded. The basement, or cellar, to which we now had access, and from which the tunnel proper was commenced, was dark,—rarely, if ever, opened,—and had the appearance of not having been cleaned for years. There was found here some straw, a few boards, some old boxes, and, I believe, some old stoves, and plenty of rats.

The first tunnel was from the south end of the cellar, and was made with the intention of tapping the sewer between the prison and canal. It was found impossible, on account of the terrible odor and the small size of the box sewer, for a man to enter, and was therefore abandoned, and the attention of the working party directed toward the east side.

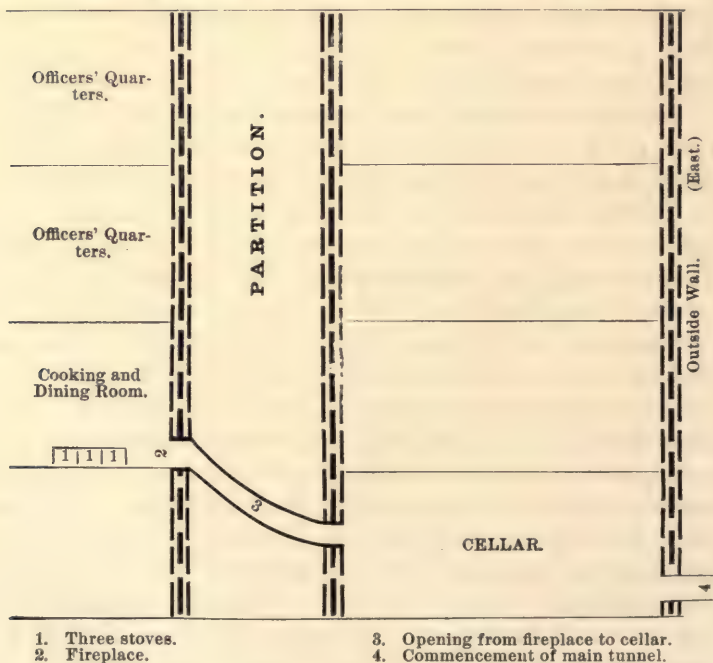
About this time, probably one or two days before the abandonment of the sewer tunnel, possibly when escape in that direction was determined to be impracticable, there was a division in the working party. I am not aware that any direct disagreement took place, but, without consulting certain ones who were at work, additional officers were taken into the secret, and without the knowledge of all belonging to the first party, a new tunnel from the east side was commenced. This new working party, as given to me by Col. Rose in a recent communication, was as follows: Maj. Fitzsimmons, 30th Ind. Inf.; Maj. McDonald, 101st Ohio Inf.; Capt. A. J. Hamilton, 12th Kentucky Cav.; Capt. Clark, 79th Ill. Inf.; Capt. Gallagher, 2d Ohio Inf.; Capt. Randall, 2d Ohio Inf.; Capt. Lucas, 5th Kentucky Inf.; Capt. Johnson, 6th Kentucky Inf.;

Lieut. Fistler, 12th Ind. Inf.; Lieut. Mitchell, 79th Ill. Inf.; Lieut. Simpson, 10th Ind. Inf.; Lieut. Garbet, 77th Penn. Inf.; Lieut. Foster, 29th Ind. Art.; Lieut. McKean, 44th Ill. Inf.

Bounding the prison on the east was an alley or narrow street, and on the opposite side of this narrow street from the prison were situated what I suppose to have been a warehouse and an unused stable. There was also a small yard concealed from view in the alley by an upright board fence.

The situation will probably be better understood by reference to the accompanying diagram.

Section of the heavy partition wall, showing the opening in the fireplace by means of which the tunneling party gained access to an outside wall.



One of the most difficult tasks of the entire work was to effect an opening in the foundation wall. It was accom-

plished, however, after great labor, and the tunnel commenced nearly on a line with the floor of the cellar, probably eight or nine feet below the surface of the ground. The distance to be tunneled was from seventy to eighty feet, although it has been estimated by some at one hundred.

The man at work was obliged to recline on the anterior part of his body, and the tools at his command were only common knives, small hatchets, sharp pieces of wood, and a broken fire-shovel. After the tunnel was fairly commenced it required two men to work successfully,—one in the tunnel digging, and a second at the cellar opening to haul back the earth, which was done, at least partly, in shallow frying pans.

And now I must answer one question which is always suggested: “What did you do with the dirt?” In reply I would say that it was distributed over the cellar floor, and straw carelessly scattered over it, or placed in boxes in small quantities, or in barrels, a little here and a little there. It has been stated by a writer in the *Philadelphia Weekly Times* that some of the dirt was emptied into a sewer. In any event, there was not a great amount; and indifferently distributed in a cellar 55×105 feet, it would hardly be noticed, even if the guards or officials entered this part of the prison.

The time required for the construction of this tunnel was nearly three weeks, and it was about half finished when I discovered it and was taken into the secret.

Sunday night, January 24, I had been reconnoitering and making an examination in regard to the feasibility of an escape,—indeed, there was probably not one hour during any night when some impatient soul was not looking out to detect some guard asleep on his post, or watching with the hope that something would transpire that would enable him to gain freedom. Later I had approached the stoves, which were standing around the fireplace, to make some arrangement for breakfast, or to wash some article of clothing, I do not now remember which, and had placed a light I had in my hand upon one of them. Immediately a man whom I had not observed, although there were a few at the other end of the room, stepped up to me and said: “Please put out that

light." I hesitated only a moment, and the thought flashed through my mind that some one was trying to force the lock in the door, and I was just on the point of extinguishing the candle, when the man whispered, "For God's sake, put out that light! to-morrow I will explain all!" By this time the light was out, and I passed up to my quarters, and wished for the morning. I had recognized the officer, and at a favorable opportunity the day following, interviewed him. It was Capt. Lucas, of the tunneling party, and in charge of the work for that night. He was changing the working party, and had the opening behind the stoves in the fire-place uncovered. The light I placed on the stove jeopardized the entire scheme; hence the solicitude and remarks of the officer in charge. He administered the charge of secrecy, to which I agreed, reserving the right of acquainting one man who should be my companion during our attempt at escape. I immediately made application for a position on the working party, but was refused, upon the ground that there were already plenty who had had experience and could do better work than one unaccustomed to it; but the promise was made that I would be informed when the tunnel was completed. I immediately confided the secret to my comrade, Capt. Chas. E. Rowan, and we began quietly to make arrangements for a sudden change of residence. I copied a little map of the peninsula, and upon trifling excuses borrowed or exchanged clothing more suitable for traveling in an enemy's country. In the meantime we had determined to watch the movements of some whom we knew to be in the secret, and not depend upon being informed by any one when the tunnel was completed. During the night of February 8th we became satisfied that the enterprise was finished, but no attempt was made to escape, although a number of those whose movements we were watching did not retire until very late. I have been informed since that it was the plan to open the extreme end of the tunnel during the night of the 8th, and that the escape *was* to have taken place. It was really opened but, terrible to relate, it was on the wrong side of the fence, and in plain sight of the guards with loaded muskets; the tunnel was not

long enough, a mistake in measurement having been made. The opening was immediately closed, and the tunnel continued two feet, when an opening was made in a safe place.

According to the statements made to me by Col. Rose recently, the sensational part of the above will have to be omitted, and yet part was true. It was not the intention to make the escape on the 8th, but contrary to his instructions a very small opening was made during that night, which nearly jeopardized the entire enterprise. However, it was remedied immediately, and no discovery made.

During the evening of the 9th it was agreed that I should watch operations, and at half past nine o'clock, most of the officers having retired, I visited the lower room, and was surprised to find at least thirty men around the fire-place, rapidly lowering themselves into the cellar. The exodus had commenced. Hastily returning to my friend, I communicated the fact to him, and we were soon in the crowd around this first opening. We had provided ourselves with three or four loaves of prison bread, two or three pieces of meat, and an empty pop bottle for carrying water. Around the fire-place everything was conducted with terrible earnestness. There was very little order, but it was quiet. We found that everybody except ourselves belonged to some one's party,—Col. A., or Col. B., or Col. C,—and every one was going out first. It has been said that the managers of the tunnel believed that not more than one hundred among the eleven hundred officers knew anything in regard to the undertaking, and that it was the plan for fifty to leave the first night, and, the prison clerk being deceived in regard to the number of men really in prison, which had been done before, fifty should leave the second night, and so on. The officer charged with the responsibility of conducting the escape the second night, becoming convinced that absolutely no control could be exercised over the movements of men escaping from prison, became alarmed, and made his own escape. Concerning the above plan I know nothing; but this I do know, as early as half past ten o'clock in the evening,—the time we arrived at a point as near the fire-place as the crowd would permit,—

there was no order or plan. Everyone was for himself, and my companion and myself soon became part of the crowd, and belonged to a party that was going out next if possible. We accomplished our undertaking in just about fifteen minutes. I have always supposed that the working party made their escape first, and that my companion and myself were numbers thirty and thirty-one out of the tunnel. We proceeded somewhat as follows: We were now in the midst of some thirty or forty men, all struggling to get past three stoves and attain the little opening in the bottom of the fire-place. Some hard words were undoubtedly said. We may ourselves have possibly dropped a word not absolutely in conformity with army regulations and the most refined society, although we had our testaments in our pockets, and nothing but a pop bottle full of water ;— but we were in a hurry,—we were striving for freedom, for homes, and our regiments in the field. In a few minutes we were at the fire-place, and my associate thrust his feet into the opening. This rather pre-empted the position, and he went down and out of my sight. Two or three beside myself were struggling to be next. I effected a compromise and was second. In a moment I was in the cellar, and by my predecessor conducted to the east wall and to the vicinity of the second opening or entrance to the tunnel. Here I found my companion with four others, each one determined to make the passage first. Another compromise and I was number three to make the escape. Only one man was allowed in the tunnel at the same time, on account, I suppose, of the bad air. The exit of the man preceding could be easily determined by the cessation of the terrible noise made in forcing one's body through a long narrow shaft, which the tunnel really was. I had arrayed myself in an army overcoat, in which I had made two large inside pockets, and placed a loaf of bread in each, as I desired to have my hands and arms free for any emergency. My head and shoulders passed into the tunnel without trouble, but when the enlargement caused by the bread engaged, I could go no farther. I immediately pulled myself back,

took off my overcoat, and, pulling it behind me with my right hand, proceeded to worm myself through the tunnel.

It must be stated that this was no light and airy opening, but a narrow, dark and damp hole, just large enough for one to pull himself through, and the noise and racket produced by one man kicking and floundering against the walls of this cavern were simply indescribable. The noise is comparable to the working of a steam fire-engine, or cyclone, or an army reunion. The exact time consumed in passing through I cannot say ; it could hardly have been more than two or three minutes. We had no way of knowing when we approached the external opening, but I remember that the shaft seemed to change direction abruptly upwards, and it also was more contracted,—indeed, I could again proceed no farther, and stopped. Some one whispered to me, “ Don’t breathe so loud ; stop blowing,” and I felt a hand which I grasped, and was pulled out of the external opening, which was in the open yard I have described, on the opposite side of the fence from the guard. My assistant proved to be my companion, Capt. Rowan. We could now breathe once more the pure air of heaven, but our dangers were by no means passed. We were in direct proximity to the guard, and in the midst of the Confederate capital. We crept very cautiously behind the fence into the open carriage-way toward the canal, for once there, we were for the time out of sight of the guards. It has been supposed by many that those of us who escaped organized into parties for protection, and that we journeyed in considerable numbers. Not so. It was necessary to pass from the vicinity of the prison singly or by twos, in order to avoid suspicion, and it would have been absolutely impossible for any number to have kept together. All those who had escaped before us had disappeared except one. He communicated the manner of proceeding to escape from the vicinity of the prison, which had been successful up to this time, by those preceding us, and then he passed out. We communicated the plan to the next party, and so every one had the benefit of the experience of the one preceding him. We were in the carriage-way, fronting the canal ; four guards were slowly pacing along the south

side of the prison. One guard on the east of course met his fellow at the southeast corner, and the same was true at the southwest corner. We were then less than three hundred feet from six armed men, whose duty it was to shoot us if they observed our movements. From our shadowed position in the carriage-way we could look up and down the street, and choosing a moment when it was comparatively clear, we passed out and walked slowly and deliberately down the canal,—in full view of the guards, remember,—but, assuming the manners of those walking in the streets who had the right to do so, we were either not seen by the guards, or, if seen, supposed to be citizens. This was one of the most dangerous points we passed during the escape, and in many respects the most wonderful. How these guards could stand there and see the number of persons on Canal street walking away from them, and none passing, and not have their suspicions aroused, is almost a miracle. The guards were also relieved once or twice every night, and new men must have observed the unusual activity on that obscure street during that entire night. One hundred and nine men passed out, and not one, as far as I am informed, was even halted by the prison guards. We walked probably two blocks on Canal street, and then turned abruptly to the left, and were for the first time out of range of the guards' muskets. Of course we took a long breath, for, although I do not remember that the matter of being shot was spoken of,—and certainly we evinced no fear of danger to each other,—when we were beyond the range of those guns, there escaped from us an expression of relief.

Continuing our course to the left one block, we came to Carey street, which was brilliantly lighted, and many of the shops were still open. We observed quite a group of soldiers walking in front of us, talking and laughing, and several others, who apparently belonged to the same party, soon came up. They were evidently going out to some Rebel camp, after spending the evening in the city. We mingled freely with them,—talking to ourselves on subjects similar to those we observed they were discussing. We avoided coming in direct contact with them, however, and, gradually,

as we approached the outskirts of the city, allowed them to pass us, until at last, after being in their company probably half an hour, we found ourselves alone on the Charles City Railroad, about one mile to the east or north-east of Richmond. We had, up to this time, made no plans for our journey. We had said to each other we will, if possible, escape from the prison and gain some point outside the city, going in the direction that presents the fewest obstacles ; then we will decide upon a plan for the future. We knew something of the position of the Army of the Potomac. We knew that West Virginia was mountainous, and that a trip in that direction would consume weeks, perhaps months, and we knew that our forces occupied Fortress Monroe, with outposts some distance up the peninsula. We decided at once to attempt to make the latter point, and with nothing but the polar star to guide us, we started. We had concluded to travel nights and secrete ourselves during the daytime, and toward daylight we selected a place in a swamp, about five miles from Richmond, as we supposed, and by arranging brush and evergreens, prepared a place for concealment. We could hear distinctly the réveille in the camps around the city, but we were not disturbed that day.

Our escape through the fortifications around Richmond was made without any great difficulty. We really crawled on the ground a great part of the first night, stopping every few minutes and scanning every bush and tree, where, from previous experience, we would expect a picket to be posted or a scout secreted. The following day was occupied in maturing our plans for the journey, and devising schemes to meet emergencies which might arise. We also divided the bread and meat we had managed to escape with, into six parts, expecting that our journey would consume six days, and agreed to eat only a daily portion, knowing well that we would need as much the sixth as the first day.

The *second night* we traveled a little south of east, and toward morning, being somewhat in doubt as to our whereabouts, we approached a small cabin, which we supposed to be occupied by a negro. We were correct in our opinion,

and he gave us some general directions, and a small piece of corn bread,—it was all he had. We suffered greatly during the day, when in our places of concealment, from the cold. We avoided all roads, and pushed directly through swamps and tall briars, so that by morning our clothes would be thoroughly wet and considerably torn. We would then secrete ourselves, and with our wet clothing clinging to us, the cold air caused us to suffer severely.

We had anticipated great trouble in crossing the Chickahominy River, as my companion could not swim, and I had no desire to engage in that pastime in the middle of February, and with our then present surroundings.

Toward the morning of the *third night*, we reached what we supposed to be a swamp, and concluded to stop on its banks until early light, and then pass through it. We rested under a tree and went to sleep. Imagine our surprise, upon awakening, to find ourselves on the Chickahominy, and also to find within a few feet of where we rested, a large tree, which had been blown down and across the narrow, rapid stream, making for us a complete bridge. It was the work of only a few moments to pass the point where we had expected to find our greatest difficulty.

During the *fourth night* out, finding that our strength was becoming somewhat exhausted, we planned to approach a farm-house and confiscate a chicken, which we intended to eat raw. We felt the need of a change of diet. The bread and meat we had expected to last for six days had disappeared, and the water, of which we took large quantities, did not seem to strengthen us for our severe march at night and the terrible cold of the day. We had kept the pop bottle which we had when we started, and at every little stream crossed, we would not only drink large quantities, but fill the bottle, as the water seemed to revive us somewhat till the next stream was reached. While we were reconnoitering the out-buildings of a farm-house for the chicken I have mentioned above, we were discovered by a negro. He knew at once who we were, and said we were "Yankee officers, 'scaped from prison," but he gave us such assurance of sympathy and help that we

trusted him at once. We were taken immediately to his cabin, and were soon before a blazing fire in an old-fashioned fire-place. A guard of colored people were posted to prevent surprise, and the mother of the family began to prepare us something to eat. How the *pones* of corn-bread, shaped in the old granny's hands, and baked in the ashes before us, disappeared, and how delicious was that meat,—I have always thought it was stolen expressly for us, from the slave-holders' pantry. And the cabbage, fried in a skillet! No Grand Pacific Hotel bill of fare ever equaled that meal. We were thoroughly warmed and well fed, and started out with new courage and definite directions in regard to our route.

One of our greatest fears throughout the entire journey was from dogs. It seemed as if the country was full of them. One of these animals would commence to bark a little to our left, another over to our right, and then one directly in our path, and then they would all bark. It is no exaggeration when I say that it *seemed* as if there were a hundred thousand dogs on that peninsula. We avoided them, by deflecting from our course many, many times.

During the *fifth day* we suffered greatly on account of our exposed position for concealment, and to add to our discomfort, it commenced to snow shortly after noon. About four o'clock, unable to remain quiet, we started on our way, the snow falling rapidly, and thawing quite as fast, making it very difficult to travel. We were deprived of our only safe and constant guide, the North Star, and after proceeding till nearly dark, we came to the exact spot whence we had started two hours before. We were exceedingly discouraged, very tired, cold, wet and hungry. Just at this time we saw a one-horse covered cart approaching, and supposing its occupant was one of our colored friends, we halted him, but to our dismay found it was a white man. We told him we were Confederate scouts, and desired information as to the position of the Yankees. A few minutes' conversation, however, convinced us that he was a Union man and our friend. He gave us valuable information in regard to roads; where to find a negro family who had the means to furnish us some food,

and also assured us that in all probability we would come in contact with some of our troops if we eluded the rebel scouts during the next twenty-four hours. He informed us, however, as did the colored man who at midnight gave us a good, substantial meal of corn-bread, pork and rye coffee, that we were on very dangerous ground, the scouting ground between both armies,—a place full of guerillas and bushwhackers. We traveled very cautiously and met with an exceedingly vexatious delay in crossing a river, concerning which we knew nothing, but called by the negroes the Diascon.

At this time in our journey, the *sixth night* since our escape, and at a time when we were almost within our own lines, the strength and heroism and capacity to direct and decide, which were all virtues of my companion, all at once seemed to disappear. From the terrible mental and physical exertions of the week, from exposure to cold and suffering from hunger he became absolutely prostrate. He had had experience in an attempt to escape when in Georgia, before he arrived in Libby, and he had really decided most of our movements until now. Not only was he prostrate, but he was indifferent. I urged him forward with all the powers of persuasion left, but a little before daylight we were obliged to stop and rest. At sunrise we concluded to travel during the forenoon, as we were confident our troops must be near us, and as the country was more open and exposed, the facilities were not as good for concealment during the day. In fact, it was the last effort we could make, and for the first time we traveled in a road. About nine o'clock there suddenly appeared, as a curve in the road was attained, a squad of cavalry, a few hundred yards in our advance. We recognized them at once as our own men, and knew that we were safe.

It is impossible to express in appropriate words our feelings at that time,—indeed, I doubt my ability to do so. No words of mine could form a fitting peroration to that event, commencing at the terrible battle of Chickamauga, and ending with an escape from military prison,—a battle, than which none could be more bravely fought, in which scores of my young friends went down, schoolmates and neighbors

the anxiety and solicitude of that picket duty, the thousand mile trip to a Confederate prison, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments, the waitings and watchings while incarcerated, and the days and nights of peril and sufferings and cold and hunger, the swamps and briar thickets, the anticipation of success and the despair at the thought of recapture; all this, and, finally, freedom and home and friends,— what words can express it all?

A few words and I have finished. We came into our lines a few miles from Williamsburg. Some of the escaped officers reached our lines the third day out from Richmond, and Gen. Butler, who was at that time commandant at Fortress Monroe, sent out, on alternate days, the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry and the 1st New York Rifles to drive back the enemy, and to patrol the country with tall guidons to attract the notice of the escaping prisoners. The 1st New York Rifles were our deliverers. No one can describe the kindness shown to us by this body of men. Every attention was showered upon us. We were banqueted at Company A's headquarters, and feted at Company B's, and banqueted again at Company C's, and so on.

As soon as possible we reported at Washington. Every paper was full of the escape from Libby. Fifty-five out of one hundred and nine reached our lines; the others were recaptured. We were ordered to rejoin our respective regiments, permission being given to delay reporting for thirty days. Flying visits were made to friends, and then we were back to go over nearly the same ground, although under different circumstances, as we participated in the Atlanta campaign.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DETACHED SERVICE.

BY CAPTAIN AND BREVET MAJOR WILLIAM M. LOUGHLIN.

The Pioneer Battalion—Causes Leading to its Organization—Nature of the Service Required—A Building Blown Up—Building Bridges and Forts—A Reconnoissance—How Swan Pond was Crossed—The Cumberland Pontoon—A Valuable Invention—Building Block Houses—Formally Transferred—The Roster.

It is doubtful whether, at any time, the term “detached service” ever had a more general application than in the armies of the United States during the War of the Rebellion. The years of profound peace which preceded that war, and the almost exclusive attention of the people of the loyal States to the development of their mechanical, agricultural and commercial interests left them little time, and less inclination for the study of the art of war. As a result of this condition, military knowledge, except to a very limited extent, was confined to the graduates of our military schools. These men, who in after years honored themselves and their country by their splendid military achievements, had, up to this time, no better field of practice than such opportunities as garrison and frontier duty furnished. All classes, therefore, had from necessity, much to learn, the officers how to organize and direct the forces placed at their disposal, the recruit, the duty of the soldier in active service with all which that implies. These things meant, in this instance, the selection and instruction of company, battalion, brigade and division commanders for an army of a million men, and the drill and equipment of that vast number of soldiers. That the lessons were well learned, the successful operations of the splendid armies thus formed have fully established.

In the report of the Adjutant General of this State, only such details as become permanent *transfers* were recorded,



WM. M. LOUGHLIN.

CAPT. 1ST U. S. VET. VOL. ENGINEERS,

FORMERLY 1ST. LIEUT. CO. C 96TH ILL. INFTRY.

PROPERTY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and while there were but a small part of the actual details, they furnished some evidence of the amount of the service required and performed. The total number of enlisted men transferred from the NINETY-SIXTH ILLINOIS, as per Adjutant General's report, independent of the transfer of recruits, was sixty-nine (69), viz.:

To Veteran Reserve Corps.....	34	At various times.
" U. S. Vet. Vol. Engineers.....	22	April 7, 1863.
" Company B to D.....	1	
" 1 each to Companies E, G and H..	3	21st Illinois.
" 92nd Illinois.....	2	
" Accept Com. in U. S. C. Troops..	6	
" Signal Corps.....	2	
" 3d Missouri Cavalry.....	1	
" Marine Brigade.....	1	
Total.....	72	

The twenty-two men here credited to the U. S. V. V. Engineers were originally detailed as *Pioneers*, and as such were still members of the NINETY-SIXTH ILLINOIS. Only as such will their service be noted in this review of their operations, for after their transfer to the 1st U. S. V. V. Engineers, they ceased to be on detached service.

As it is impossible, in such a brief paper as this must be, to even sketch, with any satisfaction, the service of the various detachments sent from this Regiment during its term of service, I shall confine my statements to a review of the service rendered by the Pioneer detachment, which I had the honor to command, it being the largest body sent from the Regiment at any one time for special duty.

To more fully understand the nature of their service, some mention of the reason for the organization, and the order under which it was formed, seems necessary.

Shortly after taking command of the Army of the Cumberland, Gen. Rosecrans, and the officers acting with him, became satisfied that the efficiency of the army would be greatly increased by the formation of a Brigade of skilled mechanics, selected from the various regiments, and under the immediate command of the Chief Engineer, trained for pontoon, pioneer and engineer service. For this purpose a

General Order (No. 3, Series 1863) was issued, requiring each regimental commander to detail one officer, two non-commissioned officers and twenty men from their several commands, — the men to be selected for their superior skill and natural adaptation for the work, and the officer for his courage and enterprise, as well as his experience and ability. These detachments were directed to report to the Chief Engineer, and, after being inspected and approved by him, were formed into companies and battalions.

The NINETY-SIXTH ILLINOIS, with the Army of Kentucky, to which it was attached, was transferred from Kentucky to Nashville, Tenn., in February, 1863, and a short time afterward was united with and made a part of the Army of the Cumberland, and under the order above described furnished regimental details for the Pioneer Brigade. These details were made April 7, 1863, and required the detachment to report on the day following at Franklin, Tenn., to Capt. William E. Merrill, Chief Engineer of the Army of Kentucky, by whom they were inspected and organized as the 4th Battalion Pioneers. The detachment of the NINETY-SIXTH, with that from the 78th and 92d Illinois, formed Company B of that Battalion, with First Lieutenant William M. Loughlin in command. The Battalion was immediately assigned to duty in the construction of Fort Granger, on the right bank of the Harpeth river, opposite and commanding the town of Franklin, Tenn. They had hardly commenced work there when the Confederate General Van Dorn, with a large force of cavalry and artillery, made a spirited attack (April 10, 1863) on our forces, driving in our pickets and taking possession of the principal part of the town, which they held for some time, but were finally driven off after a sharp engagement, with serious loss to them.

An incident in this fight furnishes additional proof of the declaration so often made by our generals, and especially by Gen. Grant (1 vol. *Memoirs*, p. 468), viz.: That "the Yankee soldier was equal to any emergency." The enemy having taken possession of the town, commenced, under cover of a large brick mill, to annoy our bridge guards and threaten the

river crossing on our front. How to remove the building which afforded this shelter was the important question. Capt. William E. Merrill, then Chief Engineer, Army of Kentucky, called the attention of Lieutenant Loughlin to the situation, and expressed a wish for men capable of blowing up the structure with ordinary gunpowder. The Lieutenant stated that he could find the men to do the work if the Captain could furnish the tools and materials. He was ordered to furnish the men, and at once rode to the camp of the NINETY-SIXTH ILLINOIS, knowing as he did that the Regiment contained six companies from Jo Daviess County, on the rolls of which were many men experienced and skilled as lead miners. Colonel Champion, as soon as the matter was explained to him, directed Lieutenant Robert Pool to make selection of the men, take charge of the detail, and report to Capt. William E. Merrill. The latter had the fuses prepared, and procured the necessary powder by unloading shells. The buildings were successfully mined and fired, and in a brief time, to the surprise and gratification of our army, it was a mass of ruins. The enemy retreated from the town, and Gen. Baird's division, to which the NINETY-SIXTH ILLINOIS belonged, was sent across the river in pursuit.

But few men of the Regiment knew then, or since, for that matter, that a detachment of their own Regiment had thus opened the way; but none the less was the credit due the Regiment as a whole, for a true account of its work will regard all the acts of its members, whether those of individuals, companies or battalions, and which go to make up the sum of its usefulness in a military way. For this reason the history of the Battalion is substantially the history of the detachment or companies of which it was composed.

After the completion of the fortification at Franklin, Tenn., June 2, 1863, the Battalion marched to Triune, Tenn., the headquarters of the Corps, and from this time up to the capture of Shelbyville and the occupancy of Wartrace, Tenn., they took part, under the direction of Lieutenant Loughlin as construction officer, in all the operations of the Reserve Corps (formerly Army of Kentucky), and which then formed the

right wing of the Army of the Cumberland. In the Tullahoma campaign it was always at the front, wherever pioneer or engineer service was required. At Wartrace a depot of supplies had been established, and the Battalion was directed to construct suitable defenses for the same. Before this work was completed, however, they were ordered back to Franklin, Tenn., to rebuild the railroad bridge across the Harpeth river, which had been carried away by an unusual flood, resulting from the heavy and almost incessant rains which prevailed during that campaign.

The work was completed so entirely to the satisfaction of the District Commander, that a special request was made of the Department Commander to allow the Battalion to construct other bridges between Franklin and Columbia, Tenn. The request was granted, and the Battalion continued on this work until January, 1864, when, after completing the last bridge north of Columbia (at Rutherford's creek), they were ordered to Athens, Ala., to construct the railroad bridges across Swan creek, nine miles south of that city. Some knowledge of the character and value of the service rendered by this command can be obtained from the following extract from my report as commander of the Battalion at the completion of this work :

* * * * * The 4th Battalion Pioneers left Columbia, Tenn., January 17, 1864, for Athens, Ala.; marched the entire distance via Pulaski and Elkton, between ninety and one hundred miles; built two railroad bridges across separate branches of Swan creek, whose united length was over 640 feet, taking the timber from the forest, and after completing the same started for Chattanooga, February 17, 1864.

This was done in mid-winter, with only four small companies, whose total effective strength was less than 200 men, and doing our own guard and picket duty nine miles in advance of any supporting force, and only four and one-half miles north of Decatur, Ala., then held in force by the enemy. The necessity for extreme care on our part to prevent being surprised is evidenced by the fact that during our operations there Gen. Roddy, with several regiments of Confederate troops, infantry and cavalry, crossed the Tennessee river just below us, passed to our right and rear, attacked and captured the town of Athens, Ala., and destroyed large quantities of supplies, but were forced to make a hurried retreat by the vigorous and persistent attacks of Col. Phillips, with his regiment, the 9th Illinois Mounted Infantry, and the 92d Illinois Mounted Infantry, under Col. Smith D. Atkins.

One of the most unfortunate results of the expedition above referred to was the pain and anxiety of our friends at home, caused by reports in the northern press, which had us all either killed or captured.

I will give a single incident, which will convey some idea of the duty required, and the prowess and courage that was equal to every demand. Shortly after reaching Swan creek I took Lieut. Warren, 84th Indiana, Sergeant J. C. Lee, NINETY-SIXTH ILLINOIS, and ten other men, and started for Decatur, Ala., following the railroad, to ascertain, if possible what might be expected from the movement of troops from that direction, the country there being about equally divided between large fields and large bodies of heavy timber. After traveling about four miles we came to a body of water, about 600 feet across, formerly spanned by an iron truss railroad bridge. At that time nothing remained but the stone piers, nine in number, which stood some eighteen feet above the water, and the railroad iron stretching from pier to pier. The ties and every other semblance of bridge and track were gone. The rails sagged by their weight almost to the water between the piers, and offered no apparent means of transit. The scouts had reported this to be the Tennessee river, but we knew it was not wide enough for that stream. To find the Tennessee we must cross this, but how, was the question. All around was forest, but no timber suitable to build a raft could be found. On the opposite shore a canoe was seen, drawn up on the bank. Sergeant Lee started for it on one of the suspended railroad irons, sliding down to the centre, and then, by his superior muscular power, climbing up the smooth iron to the next pier, and repeating the operation over again. Every eye was directed to the opposite side, and every rifle ready, but no foe appeared, and the intrepid soldier made the crossing, launched the canoe, and by it we gained the other side two at a time. Eight of the party, with Lieut. Warren and myself, moved on to Decatur, a march of one-half or three-quarters of a mile bringing us to the bank of the Tennessee.

In front of that town we deployed as skirmishers; the long roll was sounded on our appearance, and the busy street was deserted. Even boats in the river were abandoned as soon

as they were beached, and everybody took to cover. We had no desire to report our actual strength and limited transportation, and therefore quietly withdrew. The object of our expedition had been fully attained. We learned that the body of water crossed by us was Swan pond, a lagoon or bayou, running parallel to the Tennessee river, and, under the circumstances, of more benefit to us than to the enemy. All the men of that expedition deserve special mention for cool, unflinching courage and promptness in action, and I sincerely regret that at this time I can recall the names of but two others,—Charles Phillips and Andrew J. Dimmick.

A march of two days brought the Battalion from Swan Creek to Huntsville, Alabama, where we took cars to Chattanooga, and, after being separated for several months, found ourselves again with the Army of the Cumberland, which was then preparing for the Atlanta campaign.

Among the leading questions under consideration by the officers of that department were railroad defenses and improved pontoon bridge equipments. At that time the only bridge boats in use for field service were the French batteau, a wooden boat, known in our army as the Cincinnati pontoon, and the Russian pontoon, a canvas boat,—each twenty-two feet long, and requiring a long-gearred wagon to transport them. This was a serious defect, for in a rough, mountainous country such wagons were always breaking, and the progress of the army delayed.

Several alterations had been suggested in the construction of pontoon boats, but none had been adopted. Colonel (then Captain) Wm. E. Merrill, Chief Engineer, Army of the Cumberland, had recommended the construction of boat-sides for canvas boats with a hinge in the centre, so that they might be folded, and loaded into an ordinary army wagon. This idea was generally approved, and an order was issued detailing Capt. P. O'Connell, 1st Ohio Infantry, and fifty men of the Pioneer Brigade to go to Nashville, Tenn., and after consultation with Lieut. James R. Willett, the Acting Engineer officer in charge of the shops there, to construct a boat frame with the hinge coupling, and with such other modifications as

might seem advisable. After being fully advised of their duty, I was called upon to furnish twenty-five men for this detail, which I did, placing them in charge of Sergeant J. C. Lee, with Isbon Gleason as assistant. On their arrival at Nashville, Lieutenant Willett furnished them a plan for a boat side which was a slight modification of the Russian, adjusted to the hinge. Sergeant Lee asked and obtained permission to make a plan which changed the structure in many particulars, and, though increasing the number of braces and bed-timbers, it reduced their size and weight, without impairing the strength of the boat, by using horizontal as well as vertical iron tie-rods. Lee's plan was adopted (both of the plans are now in my possession), and the first boat built stood the test so satisfactorily that orders were given to construct a train of fifty boats for immediate use. They were built and equipped, and Captain P. O'Connell took them to the front, taking Sergeant Lee and his detail with him to instruct the pontooniers how to put them together and use them. The first bridge of these boats was laid across the Etowah, near Resaca, in the Atlanta campaign, and gave general satisfaction. At Kingston, Ga., Captain O'Connell was taken sick, and Sergeant Lee was left in charge, and remained in charge until the pontoon service of that army was turned over to Col. G. P. Buel, 58th Indiana, who from that time had charge of the pontoon service in Sherman's army, and used for bridge purposes this boat only which Lieut. Willett had so justly named the "Cumberland Pontoon."

Sergeant Lee, after turning over his pontoon train to Col. Buel, was sent with his detachment to report to me at Charleston, East Tennessee, where I was fortifying the railroad crossing of the Hiawasse river, and the account here given as to the origin and history of the construction of that now celebrated bridge boat, aside from what I give as of my personal knowledge, is from the report made to me by Sergeant Lee at that time, and has been fully verified by other facts; and the eminence afterward attained by Sergeant Lee as a bridge-builder proved his ability in that work. The value of that boat to the government, in the reduction of cost of transporta-

tion, as well as in time saved, would be quite an item, and worth considering. That it was valuable the amount asked for this invention by one whose claim as inventor was properly rejected (*viz.*, \$100,000) fully attests. J. C. Lee has gone to his reward, and if faithfulness to his country and his fellow men is to be reckoned, that reward is sure. Justice to his memory, and to the brave men associated with him, demands these facts from one who esteems it an honor to have served with them, much more to have held command.

Shortly after reaching Chattanooga, I was sent with fifty picked men to fortify the railroad crossing of the Hiawassee river at Charleston, East Tennessee, with orders to call upon the post commander for such assistance as I might need. This was the most important point on that line, next to Loudon, and if communications with Knoxville during the Atlanta campaign were to be maintained, which was almost a necessity, this point must be held.

The defense consisted of a block-house, with out-works on each side of the river. The work was prosecuted under great difficulties, the men having frequently to rally in their own defense, but it was completed so satisfactorily to the department commander that a tablet was placed in the principal block-house by his order, giving my name, rank and regiment.

This work was substantially the last of our detached service. The Pioneer Brigade was soon after disbanded, and all the officers and men not selected for service in the Engineers were returned to their regiments. The following is a complete roster of the Pioneer Detachment of the NINETY-SIXTH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY:

First Lieut. Wm. M. Loughlin, Company C Lake Forest.

* Sergeant John C. Lee, Company F Elizabeth.

† Corporal Cleveland M. Kinney, Company K Warren.

* NOTE.—J. C. Lee, who for many years represented the Canton Iron Bridge Co. in northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and Nebraska, and was justly considered authority on bridge structures, died at his home in Elizabeth, Ill., April 22, 1886.

Sergeant John A. Francisco, of Company H, was at first detailed with the Battalion and served a few weeks, when he was returned to his company and promoted to First Sergeant, whereupon Sergeant Lee was detailed in his place.

† Corporal Cleveland M. Kinney, of Company K, died a little before his term of service expired.

Privates, Henry Peeper, Company A.....	Galena.
Peter D. Campbell, Company A.....	Stockton Center.
Isaac Barrus, Company B.....	Goodale.
Alfred Castle, Company B.....	Ela.
Wm. G. Morley, Company C.....	Antioch.
Charles Phillips, Company C.....	Fremont.
Martin M. Blunt, Company D.....	Antioch.
Andrew J. Dimmick, Company D.....	Antioch.
Jasper N. Lindsey, Company E.....	Scales Mound.
Isaac Noggles, Company E.....	Apple River.
Joseph Perkins, Company F.....	Vinegar Hill.
Charles N. Hammond, Company F.....	Hanover.
Isbon Gleason, Company G.....	Libertyville.
Levi Shupe, Company G.....	Libertyville.
Hiram P. Millet, Company H.....	Warren.
Theopholus Pettibone, Company H....	Warren.
Thomas B. Bray, Company I.....	Elizabeth.
Thomas Holland, Company I.....	Elizabeth.
Oliver H. Pruner, Company K.....	Rush.
Peter Shick, Company K.....	Rush.

All the members of this detachment were transferred in July, 1864, to the First Regiment U. S. Vet. Vol. Engineers, where many of them received promotions (which acknowledgment for meritorious service they could not receive while on detached duty), and where all served until finally discharged by death, or at the close of the war, with credit to themselves and their former comrades of the NINETY-SIXTH ILLINOIS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

Notes from an Old Diary—A Middle Tennessee Scouting Expedition—How the Scouts were Fooled by a Rebel—Jeff Davis' Feat Discounted—A Very Tired Man and a Bad Government Mule—An Incident at Moccasin Point—Corn Doled Out in Spoonsful—Color Corporal Robison—How he Lost an Arm—His Hospital Experience—The Ambulance Corps—Wounded Men, and Who Carried Them—Fidelity and Courage of the Stretcher Bearers—Poem by A. R. Thain.

MANY comrades have responded to the call for incidents or personal experiences. In most cases these have been woven into the general narrative; others appear in the personal sketches; a few are given herewith. The first is contributed by Myron J. Brown, of Company G.

A SCOUTING EXPERIENCE.

In my diary, under date of August 29, 1863, I find the following: "A scouting party, which went out from camp yesterday afternoon, returned this morning, bringing five persons of suspicious character, two of whom are charged with helping to hang two Union soldiers, last Sunday, not very far from camp." We were then in camp at Estell Springs, Tenn. The next day (Sunday, August 30, 1863) I was detailed to join a party to go into the country and make other arrests of bushwhackers, deserters and discharged soldiers from the Rebel Army, and men suspected of having the intention of joining it. Our party consisted of the Sergeant-Major and Quartermaster Sergeant of our Regiment, a Sergeant and two orderlies from Brigade Headquarters, a Sergeant and three cannoneers from a battery, and three privates from the NINETY-SIXTH, all under command of Lieutenant Richardson, of Company E, of the same Regiment. The party was mounted. The three privates from the NINETY-SIXTH rode mules. It is hardly necessary to mention that I rode a mule. I will now copy again from my diary: "We rode west until

dusk, when we found ourselves in the midst of a dozen or so old, decaying log-houses, inhabited by women and dogs, which collection of logs, women and dogs was called Ridgeville. As we were leaving this village we came upon two young men who were trying to elude us. They said they thought we were bushwhackers. When they learned who we were and our business they immediately offered to act as guides. One of them told us of a man who was 'aiming' to join Holman's Cavalry that night, and he was ordered to lead the way to him, 'double quick.' After a half-hour's hard ride over a very rough road,—or one that seemed rough to a man on a mule,—we halted near the house where our guide said we would find the man, whose name was Buchanan, or, as the guide spoke it, "Buckhannon." We proceeded on foot, and surrounded the house. The Lieutenant inquired for Buckhannon, and was told that he went a half-hour before up the creek to the next house. Leaving that house surrounded, the rest of us went off up the creek to the next house, about a quarter of a mile distant. Buckhannon had not been seen there since before dinner, and we returned to house number one, and searched it. We found the occupants to be a family by the name of Smith and a visitor in the person of a neighbor woman,—a young mother, with babe in arms. She had been prevented from going home earlier by the guards, who detained her until the search of the house was finished. She was then assisted to mount her palfrey by some of the gallant members of our party, and permitted to go home. Buckhannon was not found. We learned, however, that the head of this family, Smith, had been a Lieutenant in the Rebel Army, and had lately resigned and come home. He was told he would have to go along with us, but remonstrated, saying he had not been at home from the army an hour when we called, and he begged to be left with his family until morning, when he would meet us at any place we might name, or go by himself to our camp at Estell Springs. The Lieutenant of our party would not trust him, but concluded to leave one man with Smith, who should report with him at a certain place next morning. I was the man detailed to remain with Smith. I

presume the mule was glad, and perhaps I ought to have been, but I was not. I did not like to miss my share of the night's sport, and I did not know what sort of callers I might have to help entertain before morning. Lieut. Smith was agreeable, and tried to make my situation pleasant, but I was not at ease. I had been there about an hour when we were all startled by the clatter of hoofs near the house. Smith showed great uneasiness. Suspecting bushwhackers and treachery, I sprang to arms, intending to defend myself desperately. I did not have to though, for the clatter was made by the horses of Lieutenant Richardson and some of his party. They had concluded that as there were so many bushwhackers and returned Rebel soldiers in the neighborhood, and as two Union soldiers had been hung not far from there only a week before, it was not safe to leave me there alone. I was thus relieved of my dread, and permitted to have the fun of riding a mule all night. During the night we arrested five suspected men, and visited the homes of several others who were wanted, but not at home. One Jack Eaton had joined Forrest's Cavalry a few days before we called for him. At dawn on Monday morning we found ourselves once more at Ridgeville. From there our prisoners and Lieut. Smith were sent to camp, escorted by our Sergeant Major and Quartermaster Sergeant and the Brigade Headquarters Sergeant. We breakfasted at one of the log piles, and rested until about 10 o'clock A. M. We then visited a man named Osborn, of whom our guides said we could get dinner and whisky. There was, indeed, plenty of the latter-named article to be had there, but none of our party seemed to care much for whisky that day, and we continued on in search of a returned Rebel soldier, who, when found, showed a parole, so we had no use for him. As the day was very hot, we returned to Osborn's for rest and refreshments. We remained there until evening, had a good supper and then started on another night's sport. A new guide was necessary. After procuring one, we called on another Mr. Osborn, who was brother to the one with whom we supped, and who was charged with bushwhacking, horse-stealing, etc. We expected resistance and a night skirmish there, as it was

reported that three or four of the same sort were with him. Only two men, however, could we find,—Mr. Osborn and Doc Mann,—and they did not seem to be in the humor to resist. Osborn pretended to be very sick. His wife feared he was about to die. The part was overacted, strained, and the pretense became too thin. He was pulled out of bed, thrust into his pantaloons and assisted to mount, after which he seemed quite well. The next name on our Lieutenant's list was Silvertooth. He was not at home. One more person was captured without trouble or excitement, after which we started for Estell Springs, arriving at our camp there about 4 o'clock A. M., Tuesday, September 1, 1863, just in time to hear *réveille* and answer to roll-call. To say I did not sleep all that day, and that I was not very, very sore and lame when I was awakened, would be untruthful; and I have not yet fully recovered from the ill effects of so long riding that lean, rough, tough, wiry, waltzing, limber-legged, stiff-legged, bad, bad government mule, although it is now Sunday, September 6th."

The foregoing was taken from my diary, which I wrote during my service in the army. I heard afterward that the Buckhannon we were after that Sunday night came to our camp soon after, took the oath of allegiance, and told how he eluded us by changing his attire while the Lieutenant went "up the creek to the next house," borrowing a young child of the Smith family and personifying a young mother and neighbor woman.

RATIONS AT MOCCASIN POINT.

The following is contributed by Sergeant Charles J. Miller, of Company G:

I will give a brief account of high life on picket, which will illustrate or show the straits to which we were sometimes driven for something to eat.

The location was at Moccasin Point. The time was the day the NINETY-SIXTH went four miles down the river to guard the Pioneers while they were putting a pontoon across the river. That morning I was detailed as Sergeant of the

guard. As I had nothing with which to get breakfast (as the Irishman would say), it did not take me long to get it, and therefore I was at headquarters on time. The acting Sergeant Major went through the guard mount in about the usual style. After turning the guard over to me, he told me to wait a moment. Then he went into the Adjutant's tent, soon came out with an armful of corn, and gave each man three ears. Then the men stopped their clamoring for rations, and away we went to the picket line, contented if not happy. That day the Regiment went four miles down the river, and the next morning we were not relieved. It soon became evident that we had to stay on guard another long twenty-four hours, but the great trouble that was constantly before our minds was our empty stomachs and empty haversacks. About noon we saw the Sergeant Major coming from Chattanooga (we were on the road to Chattanooga), riding an army mule, with a couple of bushels of corn in a coffee-sack. He told us he did not know when we would be relieved. I asked him for some corn; at first he refused, saying that he had so little for the Regiment he could not spare any. I told him we belonged to the Regiment, and *ought to have our share*. Then he gave me *three ears of corn*, which I shelled. There were twenty-seven spoonsful, and nine men of us. I gave each man three spoonsful, as his ration, on which he was to grow strong, and fight for God and native land. Reuben Miller was on the guard of which I have written. At one of our reunions he spoke to me about that experience, and of how much better we fared than the men on the other posts, who dined on acorns.

COLOR CORPORAL ROBISON'S EXPERIENCE.

Corporal J. A. Robison, of Company F, contributes an article, from which we condense as follows:

I was detailed as one of the Color Guard shortly after the Regiment entered Kentucky, and served in that capacity until wounded that bloody day at Chickamauga. That battle I need not describe. My position was in the front rank, next

to the colors, and directly on the left of Color Sergeant Bruner. Of the long hours on the left, the rapid march to the right and the trying experience of getting into position and taking the first fire, others must write. Once in the battle the nerves grew steadier, and we sought to do our duty. Our gun-barrels soon became so hot from our rapid loading and firing that we could hardly handle them. The men fell rapidly all about me. A Corporal in Company H was shot, and fell over against me. I saw Walton Reed when he was hit. Apparently a bullet struck him squarely in the forehead, and he fairly leaped into the air, falling to the ground to rise no more. He was a tall man, with light hair, so that I readily recognized him.

We soon fell back, and Longstreet's men seemed to think their victory complete, and hardly knew what to make of it when we kept on fighting, rallying and coming up to meet them again. Evidently they were not accustomed to seeing troops act in just that way. They greatly outnumbered us, and we fairly slaughtered them as they swarmed along our front.

Shortly after the battery had taken position I was wounded. I was in the act of loading my gun, and had the ramrod in my hand, when a ball passed through my right elbow, shattering the bones both above and below the joint. Such was the effect that I could not release my hold of the ramrod, but had to draw it out from between my fingers with my left hand. An instant before I had seen Corporal David Isbell shoot a big Rebel just in our front. I let Isbell know that I was wounded, and started for the rear. In a few moments he was shot and probably killed, for we never saw him again.

I made my way to the rear as best I could. I was bleeding badly, and felt weak and faint. For a time the bullets fell around me like hail, but I soon got out of range. It has always been a mystery to me how any one escaped. I soon discovered that not all were doing their duty, for there were numerous skulkers in the rear, a few of whom I knew. These cowards, perhaps, served a good purpose, for they riled me so that I almost forgot my wound.

The sound of the battle seemed to come from every side, and I hardly knew which way to go, but after a time I reached the surgeons, and saw Colonel Clarke on a litter ; also many of my comrades, wounded in every conceivable manner. My wound was hurriedly dressed and bandaged. After waiting in vain for an ambulance, I started toward Rossville just at dusk, going as far as I could, and then stopping by a rail fire. Next morning I went on and reached the old camp, where I saw Color Sergeant Bruner sitting on a log, with great ball holes in his right arm and breast. His wounds were being dressed, and I then believed he would not long survive, but have been gratified to know that he recovered. I met him at the reunion in Waukegan, in 1875.

The day following the battle I went to Chattanooga, and crossing the Tennessee river, sat all night by a little fire. Next morning my arm was fearfully swollen and painful. I started for Bridgeport with a wagon train, but could not stand the jolting of riding, and so walked almost the entire distance in two days. After a night at Bridgeport I took the train to Nashville, where I was placed in Hospital No. 16. Orders were issued for all of the severely wounded to go on to Louisville, and we were given no attention. I begged for treatment, and after two days, with only a water dressing, got a surgeon to examine my wound. He found the arm not only badly shattered, but considerably mortified, and in a few hours the knife had done the necessary work, the amputation was completed and but a two-inch stump was left. Dr. Seymour and his assistants gave me excellent care, and in three weeks I was walking around.

I remained in that hospital until the middle of December, with many little incidents and pleasures along with the pains, the relation of which would require too much space, but which will be always remembered. I visited Corporal Taylor, of Company C, who had lost an arm, and who died in a short time. I sometimes walked out to the hospital where Fred Miller, of Company F, was under treatment. His wound was on the side of the right knee, and was not thought to be very serious at first, but erysipelas set in, and finally killed him

A Group of Pioneers.



WILLIAM G. MORLEY,
Company C.

JOHN C. LEE,
Sergeant Company F.

ISBON S. GLEASON,
Company G.

THOMAS B. BRAY,
Company I.

CHARLES PHILLIPS,
Company C.

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

after long weeks of suffering. The case was so peculiar, and he lived so long after the disease reached a point where immediate death was expected, that an autopsy was made by the surgeons at the hospital.

After leaving Nashville I was in an old contract hospital in Chicago for six weeks, and my recollection of it is both vivid and unpleasant. It stood near the Rush street bridge. At last I was discharged, and reached home, crippled, but with a country and a flag that was soon restored to peace and prosperity. Consider this brief sketch my contribution to the History of the Regiment.

THE AMBULANCE CORPS.

Prior to the opening of the Atlanta campaign there had been but little system in the matter of removing wounded men from the battle field during an engagement. As a natural result it frequently happened that where a man was killed or wounded, two or more comrades would leave the ranks and bear him from the battle field. The result of this was very demoralizing, for not infrequently comrades, out of their pure kindness of heart and without the least intention of being cowardly, would carry a wounded man for a long distance, and, if a surgeon or ambulance were not readily found, would remain with him, perhaps for hours. Then there were those, in almost every command, who were rather glad than otherwise of an excuse or opportunity for going to the rear in time of action; consequently the ranks of a company or regiment were often greatly thinned by those who had gone as escorts to wounded companions.

Just before the opening of the Atlanta campaign, what was known as the "Ambulance Corps" was organized. At this time the NINETY-SIXTH was laying at Cleveland, Tenn. An officer appointed for the purpose visited the Regiment, had the Companies called out, and walking along the line selected six stalwart men to serve in the Ambulance Corps. The six were, Harlow D. Ragan, of Company A; Edward Hancock, of Company F; George E. Smith of Company D; William McDonald of Company I; John K. Beck and Joseph Clark,

of Company G. In addition, and belonging to this corps, were two ambulance drivers: O. H. Perry, of Company I, and Morancy Putnam, of Company K. McDonald was classed as a supernumerary, and had partial charge of the outfit. John Harrington, of Company G, served with this detail in one or two engagements.

Three canvas stretchers were provided for the use of the detail, and they were given quite minute instructions as to what their work would be. All of these men were of good size, and were chosen as being possessed of considerable strength and good courage. This corps proved useful from the very outset. Their first experience was at Rocky Face Ridge, where, at great personal risk, they carried nearly a score of dead and wounded men from the battle field. From that time forward it was rare for any man to leave the ranks to assist a wounded comrade back for a greater distance than a few rods. At Resaca some of them narrowly escaped capture while carrying Stanley, of Company D, to the rear. At Kenesaw Mountain Hancock and Smith were both wounded by the same bullet, the former in the heel, so severely as to disable him for some days; and the latter on the ankle, but not so badly as to take him away from duty. Perhaps their hardest day's work was June 20, 1864, while the Regiment was engaged at Kenesaw Mountain. Smith and Ragan carried no less than sixteen men to the hospital, a distance of one and one-half miles, traveling probably not less than fifty miles in twenty hours. It was a terrible day's work for them, and they were not unfrequently the target of Rebel sharpshooters. They were so fatigued that when they closed their work at nine o'clock in the evening and lay down for the night, both of them slept until eight or nine o'clock in the morning, notwithstanding that there was heavy firing all about them, and were awakened only by being notified that they were wanted to carry off more wounded men.

On this line occurred one instance that must not be omitted. A soldier of the Regiment had been wounded on the skirmish line at the point where Sergeant Payne had been mortally wounded the day before. While the stretcher bear-

ers were removing Payne probably not less than one hundred bullets were fired at them. When this last named man was shot, George Smith remarked to Ragan, "I am going to try a new plan and see whether the Rebels have any honor in them. I don't believe it will be possible for me to escape being shot, as I did yesterday, should I run out to the line, but I will show them the stretcher and see if they won't respect it." Ragan was rather opposed to this, and said, "Don't trust them too far." George Smith took the stretcher, held it upright, opened it out to its full width, and deliberately walked through the field to the skirmish line, and was not fired upon until he stooped down and was putting the wounded man upon the stretcher, when a few bullets whizzed uncomfortably close. However, he was not injured, and when Ragan joined him they lifted the wounded man and walked slowly back across the open field, and although a few bullets passed just to the rear of them, the shots were apparently fired more than half in sport, and with a view of hastening their speed rather than of hitting the stretcher bearers. This experience led to a better understanding between the armies, and a stretcher was seldom fired on afterward. At Lovejoy Station, Atlanta, Franklin, Nashville and many other points the work was most trying, but the members of the Ambulance Corps were always on hand willing to take any risks to carry off a wounded man, the wonder being that any of them escaped. The work was especially fatiguing, and often exceedingly dangerous. The men were often sent to assist in carrying from exposed places the wounded of other commands. Ragan, Hancock, Smith and McDonald, who were most constantly with the command, gained a wide reputation for their tact and courage, and many a wounded soldier owes his life to their promptness and fidelity.

THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

When beneath Mount Lookout's frowning steep,
In the vale of slumber we lay,
Fame whispered thus through the bars of sleep :
"Soldiers, awake ! fresh laurels to reap—
Up ! make a historic day."

The *réveille* spoke with a louder tone,
And the day that perplexed the eye,
Seemed the dimmest day that ever shone ;
For sky and earth were not two, but one—
A gray bridal of earth and sky.

At times when the crags of the mountain clove
Dim rifts in the vapory veil,
It seemed like the seat of Olympian Jove,
To scale which the Titans once mightily strove,
But though gods, they could not prevail.

And thunderbolts leap from yon rocky height,
Such as Jove never wielded in war :
See ! a sulphurous cloud—a flash of light—
And a shell flies shrieking downward to smite
Like the hammer of angry Thor.

Short time will suffice for a soldier's needs ;
And soon, with a mien that was grand,
The men of the Line, and the Staff on their steeds,
Heroes, ready to utter their manhood in deeds ;
Stood waiting the word of command.

Hark, our Leader speaks ! and what does he say
As he bares his blade to the light ?
"Brave boys, we must do great deeds to-day ;
We must plant our Flag on yon mountain gray,
Before the approach of night."

What might be done we were ready to try ;
But O, what a rough battle field !
As steep as a roof, mist-drenched, cloud-high ;
Volcanic with guns to the verge of the sky—
Will the foe such advantages yield ?

And see where yon terminal palisade
Juts out like the end of the world,
A trap of death for our feet hath been laid—
As though Earthquake and Wind on the slope had played—
Rocks and trees in confusion hurled.

THE BATTLE.

'Twas thus that the battle was skillfully planned
By brave Joseph Hooker, who led the command ;
While he, in the teeth of the foe should advance
Straight up to the heights, Cruft would hazard the chance
To steal southward unseen 'neath the cloudy bank,
Climb the Ridge, find the foe, and fall on his flank.

Our "Iron Brigade" of the noble Fourth Corps,
That day had this perilous glory in store :
To climb through the clouds to the right of the line ;
To clamber through thickets of scrub-oak and pine ;
To hug the high rocks on the mountain's flanks,
From whose verge leaden hail dropped into our ranks.

Now glance to the left down our steep-sloping line :
This is no Grand Review, nor Dress Parade fine ;
But a scramble o'er ground so broken and rough,
That to conquer a path seems conquest enough :
Here are boulders enough now in open view
To hide all the clansmen of Roderick Dhu.

What a fierce roar of cannon rolls up through the mist !
'Tis "Fighting Jo," pounding, with sledge-hammer fist,
The ribs of the mountain ; and Lookout replies
Like a pugilist raining blows out of the skies ;
And this fierce show of fight on their front from below,
Conceals our advance from the unwary foe.

Ho, "Iron Brigade !" you may soon write your name
'Neath this head-line of rock in letters of flame ;
For see ! to the left, and below us appear
The works ! we can turn them ! yes, take them in rear !
Don't forget Chickamauga ! close up ! be staunch !
Now sweep down on their flank like an avalanche !

Had the skies rained men, or the mountain given birth
To an army with banners right out of the earth,
The surprise of the foe could have scarce been more great
Than it was when our onset decided their fate ;
For, threatened at once on their front, flank and rear,
They fly from their works in confusion and fear.

But so rich in defense is this rough mountain track,
That they form a new line, and though still beaten back,
Yet they stubbornly cling to each acre of rock,
Till we buy it with blood in fierce battle shock ;
And invisible foes from the crags overhead
Enfilade our steep line with death-dealing lead.

Then He who protected His people of old
 With vapor and fire, in His cloud-chariot rolled
 To our aid in that strife so unearthly and weird,
 And our army in deepening clouds disappeared ;
 And when we emerged from their shelter near night,
 On our left, Chattanooga lay in full sight.

But what single pen the full story can show ?
 How Hooker stormed up from the valley below ?
 How Whittaker clung to the rocks on the right ?
 How Geary and Grose did wonders in fight ?
 How our men, ere they doubled Point Lookout with joy,
 Had to battle like lions, and climb like chamois ?

At nightfall the mountain was ours, but the foe
 Still defended the precipice-guarded plateau
 At the crest of the ridge, and their lofty abode
 Could only be gained by the Summertown road ;
 And their force on our front made a final stand
 As darkness closed in, that road to command.

THE BIVOUAC.

That day so dark and bright
 Gave place to gloomy night,
 And chill November ranged across the rocks ;
 Searching each mountain nook
 With urgent Borean crook,
 Up-sheparding with haste her cloudland flocks.

Right in the battle's track
 We went into bivouac,
 To seek refreshment such as might be found,
 Where Bethel pillows lay
 By thousands, cold and gray,
 But search revealed no spot of level ground.

Our camp fires burning clear
 Had double power to cheer,
 For, from the valley thousands saw their light ;
 Marking our lines along
 Like notes of some high song,
 A grand Te Deum blazing through the night.

Dispoſed in social groups,
 Our tired and hungry troops,
 Sit round the blazing fires with hands outspread ;
 Happy is he, I ween,
 Who has a full canteen,
 And may add coffee to his army bread.

But who lies here so still ?
Has sleep o'er powered his will,
And weariness weighed down his belted breast ?
Ah ! 'tis a leaden sleep,
So cold, and quiet, and deep,
That Ætna's thunders could not break his rest.

Shot through the heart : Ah me !
That bullet, whistling free,
Flies northward now a mother's heart to smite ;
This is her only boy,
A widow's pride and joy ;
And he lies dead on Lookout's breast to-night.

And here, not far away,
A soldier clad in gray,
Lies stark and still upon a rocky bier ;
Amid Floridean pines,
His distant home light shines,
Soon to be dimmed, alas ! by sorrow's tear.

And see ! his pulseless arm,
Towards the breathless form
Of his late foe lies stretched in mute appeal ;
As though, with his last breath
He said, "Let mighty death
Unite us now, and our sad quarrel heal."

War's battle front is grand,
When foemen hand to hand,
Contend with courage stout to win the day ;
But sad it is to see
The price of victory,
Which men with wounds and gory death must pay.

Such sleep as sealed our eyes,
Mid rocks and frosty skies,
Was gained by dint of downright weariness ;
And when the morning light
Won Lookout back from night,
We stirred at dawn our vantage ground to press.

SALUTING THE FLAG.

The morn was clear and bright,
And to the sense of sight,
Almost at bow-shot Chattanooga lay ;
The winding Tennessee
From shrouding mist was free,
And Lookout laughed to see so fair a day.

But what if yonder height,
Where cannon stood last night,
Should on our unmasked lines pour missiles down ?
Then would we wish and pray
For the clouds of yesterday,
And Lookout's laugh would be to us a frown.

But see ! a little band
Beneath Point Lookout stand,
As though they thought to scale that upright crag.
O, heroic Fifteen !
What does this movement mean,
As you upward bear your regimental flag ?

Now in sight and now unseen
They climb the crags between
Up clefts which mountain goats would wisely shun ;
And we trace their fearful way
Up those ramparts cold and gray,
By the glinting of the light on flag and gun.

We hold our breath in fear,
Lest aching sense should hear,
Sharp shots come rattling from the rocks o'er head ;
And from each stony stair,
Where Courage climbs mid-air,
Should see a gallant soldier dropping dead.

But still they upward climb,
And is it not sublime,
To see our flag still higher reappear !
And now by two and two
They disappear from view,
And leave us tossed about by hope and fear.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! our Flag
Waves from yon utmost crag !
Proclaiming Lookout ours from base to crest ;
Now is the time to shout !
Let cheer on cheer ring out !
Rejoice, O East ! be jubilant, O West !

Ah ! it was good to hear
Our war scarred veterans cheer,
When that Flag of Freedom blossomed in the sun ;
Old Lookout seemed to shout,
And all the hills about,
Tossed back their mighty echoes, one by one.

First round the Flag it roared,
Then down the slope it poured,
And leaped the Tennessee without a bridge ;
From Right to Left it ran,
Inspiring every man,
To prophesy the fall of Mission Ridge.

O Flag of sunset dyes
And azure of the skies !
May the God of nations multiply thy stars !
And may He grant that we
Shall evermore be free
From civil strife and desolating wars.

A. R. THAIN..

Galesburg, Ill., Oct. 7, 1885.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

BY R. S. THAIN, BRIGADE POSTMASTER, SECOND BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION,
FOURTH ARMY CORPS.

How was the mail brought to the camp, and carried from hence? For the purpose of answering these questions in a brief way, this chapter is written.

Each Regiment had its Postmaster, whose duty it was to collect the mail, and carry it each morning to Brigade headquarters, where it was deposited with the Brigade Postmaster, who placed it in one or two large sacks, according to the quantity received, strapped the sacks to his saddle, mounted his steed, and rode away to the nearest railroad communication, which might be one mile or fifty, and deposit it in the Postoffice established for the purpose; and receiving the mail for his Brigade from the Division Postmaster, return with it to the camp, distribute it into Regimental piles, when the Brigade bugler would sound the "Mail Call," and the Regimental Postmasters would assemble and carry it to their several Regiments, divide it into Company piles, which would be taken by the Orderly Sergeants, and by them delivered to those to whom it was addressed.

Such are the bare facts connected with the mail service in the field, and with this brief explanation might I fulfill my promise made to the historian of the Regiment to write a chapter upon this subject, were it not for the assurance that somewhat of detail in regard to this branch of the service would prove of interest.

Let us take, then, the history of one day during the Atlanta campaign. I start for Marietta in the morning with the mail just as the army begins to move forward toward Atlanta. At Marietta I meet my assistant, who goes to the front the same day with the mail from the north. I remain

in Marietta over night, and on the following day, after receiving the mail from the north, start for the front soon after noon. I meet my assistant between the Chattahoochie and Marietta, and having heard cannonading, inquire, How goes the battle? but as he left before it had been decided, he could only say that it was "a hot one," and thus we salute and each go our way.

After crossing the Chattahoochie I must trust to luck and the vague directions of my assistant as to which is the right road to reach my command, and press forward, guided in a general way by the roar of the battle, which, as I approach, and as the day wanes, begins to grow less and less fierce, and I know that victory has come to one side or the other, but to which side I am not able to tell. At length, as darkness begins to overtake me, I reach the rear of our army, and begin to inquire for the Fourth Army Corps, and then for the First Division, and then for the Second Brigade.

I can learn very little about the battle, except that we are victorious, and that, among others, General McPherson has been killed. I press on, and wonder why I do not see any more troops, but soon the welcome sight of camp fires are seen in the distance, and I urge on my tired horse, for the journey has been a long one, and the mail is heavier than usual to-day. At last I come to a stream, but the bridge has been burned, and the stringers at each side are still smouldering. How shall I cross? for the banks are steep. I dismount, and to the left I find a foot-path leading along the bank. Surely there must be a ford not far off; so I follow the path, which leads me into an abrupt bend in the stream.

Peering through the darkness, I imagine I see some one on the road on the opposite side, where the stringers of the bridge are smouldering. I am just about to hail him, and ask where I can find a crossing, when I see a flash, and am quite sure that I heard the zip of a bullet at almost the same instant as the crack of the rifle. Not yet realizing that I have passed through our lines, and am now only a few yards from the enemy's pickets, I call out, "Hello, boys, what are you shooting for?" and am answered with an angry "halt!" and a

shot from the left, from the opposite bank of Peach Tree Creek, and another from the right, admonishes me that thirty-five or forty yards is altogether too close to a "Johnnie Reb," if he is mad and has got his rifle loaded.

Not daring to go back by the path on which I came, as I would be exposed to the fire of the pickets while doing this, I attempt to lead my horse through the underbrush and up a hill, straight away from the enemy, but my horse refusing to follow, and the shots from the pickets increasing, I run like a rabbit on all fours up the hill, and when I am out of harm's reach, sit down to plan my escape; for here I am between the picket lines of the two armies, and as likely to be shot by my friends as by the enemy.

Taking my bearings from the camp-fires of the enemy, I start back through the timber in the direction which I hope will take me to our lines. Knowing that sometimes our pickets have a way of promptly punctuating their challenge to one approaching their lines from the direction of the enemy with an exclamation point written with powder and lead, I am not careful to approach silently, but blunder on through the underbrush, whistling a lively air to show my indifference. After going on in this way about two hundred yards, I hear the challenge, and it comes in "orthodox" form,—

"Halt! who comes there?"

And now I am in a quandary. Is this friend or foe? for I am so confused by my recent experience and by the darkness that I am uncertain whether I have approached the Union or the Rebel lines. But I must say something, and that right quick, and so I say something very unmilitary indeed:

"Hello! what Regiment do you belong to? And the answer is quite as unmilitary: "The Eighty-ninth Illinois."
"All right; I belong to the NINETY-SIXTH."

I had struck a new recruit, and needed no password, and had it not been for that ever-meddlesome mortal, the Corporal of the Guard, I could have passed through the lines safely. But the Corporal was not a new recruit, and insisted on making a prisoner of me, and marching me off to the officers' headquarters, who would not believe my story, and would not

allow me to return and try to rescue the mail, but sent me, under guard, to General Whittaker, to learn if I were indeed the Postmaster of the Second Brigade. Upon being assured by the General that I was what I claimed to be, and when the Corporal who accompanied me inquired of the General what I was doing outside of the lines, and was assured by him that I had a right to go to Atlanta for the mail if I wanted to, I was allowed to go back, and through our lines to search for my horse and the mail, carrying with me General Whittaker's admonition to "be right careful, Dick, and not get a bullet put into you." "And, Corporal, do you find out what fool picket let my Postmaster ride through the lines without halting him, and see that he is placed under arrest for it, sah!"

It turned out to be another new recruit of the Eighty-ninth who was stationed on the road down which I went, and his excuse was that he thought I must be the "officer of the day," and I was flattered, and he arrested.

I followed the same road, down to the burned bridge; crept softly down the footpath to the point where I had left my horse, and to my joy heard him browsing not many feet from where I had left him; and to my delight found him unharmed, and, better still, the two mail sacks untouched.

I doubt not that the rebel pickets thought they had killed me, and were willing to allow my horse to remain until morning, with the hopes of capturing him. I led him away very slowly to what I considered a safe distance, and then mounted and rode into camp, as proud as if I had captured the day's mail of the entire Southern Confederacy, for well I knew that many a comrade would be sadly disappointed if the mail which I carried that day had fallen into the enemy's hands.

And thus I have given the history of one day of a Brigade Postmaster's life at the front. A rather eventful day—much more so than common—and yet there were many days equally as eventful. Twice did I find myself inside the enemy's lines, with the mail strapped to my saddle—once when a detachment of Rebel Cavalry made a raid in the rear of our lines, when in front of Atlanta, and once when falling

back from Atlanta to Nashville; and yet I had the good fortune never to lose a letter, or to be captured.

And thus the Brigade Postmasters rode back and forth, with authority to go wherever they pleased, and whenever they pleased, to take and bring the mail. And many an errand they had to do for officers and men, such as buying swords, and hats and gloves, and an endless variety of articles. I remember when Colonel Taylor was commanding the Brigade, he called me to him as I was starting for the rear, and he said: "Dick, I need a new hat" (and he certainly did need one badly); "will you buy one for me?"

"Certainly, Colonel, with pleasure. Of course you want a dress hat, with a gold cord and an ostrich plume?"

"Oh, no, Dick, don't get one of that kind; the boys would make fun of me if I wore one like that; get a good black hat; the gold cord is all right, but don't get any feathers."

But Captain Temple overheard the conversation, and calling me aside, he instructed me to get the most stylish hat I could find, and I did, and told the Colonel that they did not have any plain hats in stock, and he shook his head and said, "I know the boys will laugh at me if I wear that hat."

I was told by Captain Temple that they prevailed upon the Colonel to wear it the next time they rode out, and that some of the boys shouted, "Hello, the Corporal has got a new hat!" and that when he returned to headquarters, he solemnly proceeded to remove the ostrich plume, and never wore it afterward.

"Hello, Dick, are you going to get a letter for me?" "Hello, Dick, have you got a letter for me?" Hundreds of times each day did I hear these questions, for I was known to nearly the entire Brigade. Usually the question was put as a pleasant guy, but I have heard it asked many a time in such a tone of earnest questioning that I doubted not that "a letter from home" would be the most welcome thing I could bring, unless, indeed, it should be the one the questioner longed to hear from.

Sometimes, for days, the trains would not arrive, and

then the poor Postmaster would be plied with questions from all sides, but usually, considering the difficulties of war time transportation, the mails came with fair regularity, and the soldier who was so fortunate as to have good correspondents, was often cheered by receiving "a letter from home."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A CHAPTER OF INCIDENTS.

BY R. S. THAIN.

ALMOST every day in camp witnessed notable incidents,—incidents humorous, ludicrous, pathetic. Should all the interesting incidents that transpired in connection with the NINETY-SIXTH be recorded, a volume much larger than this would be required to contain them. Every company had among its members practical jokers,—men who were always ready to create fun for their own and their comrade's amusement, and they were real benefactors; that is, if the jokes they perpetrated were of the innocent sort, for they helped to season the soldiers' hard fare, and shed pleasant sunshine on many a day which otherwise would have been dreary enough.

A few of these incidents, which escaped the regular historian, are here given.

THE COVINGTON "CAN-CAN."

While Companies B, C, D, I, and K were in barracks at Covington, Ky., two of the boys in Company D, of whom the writer was one, managed to get hold of a couple of old dresses, and in the evening rigged up and promenaded arm-in-arm with two other boys through the barracks, and as only a few of the soldiers were let into the joke, quite a sensation was created. Soon they began a dance of the "can-can" order, and some of the soldiers reported to Captain Blodgett that the boys had brought two drunken women into the barracks, and were having a "high old time." The Captain came on the scene while the wild dance was at the highest, and after making his way through the crowd which had gathered around the dancers, he gazed with wondering eyes for a time on the mad scene, and then ordered the parties participating placed under arrest; but when one of the supposed females stepped up

COMPANY C.



THOMAS W. DWYER.
WILLIAM H. WHEELER.

JOHN G. THRASHER.
Serg't EDWARD MALONE.
JOSEPH DABBY.

GEORGE N. PHILLIPS.
CHRISTIAN KNOPP.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

to him and held out his hand and said, "How are you Cap?" and the fun-loving Captain took in the situation, he laughed heartily, and said, "Hold on, boys; just keep this up until I get word to Major Smith." And so,

"On with the dance,
Let joy be unconfined,"

was the order, and by the dim lights of the flickering candles the dancers went at it as madly as the "witches and warlocks," described by Burns in his "Tam O'Shanter," and just as Tam gazed at the "unco' sight," so came Major J. C. Smith; but instead of saying, "Well dune, cutty sark," he said: "Men, this is shameful! This must be stopped at once! and these women and the men who have taken part in this must be placed under arrest." But when the boys all began to laugh, and the dancers came forward and shook hands with their goodnatured Major, he looked very much like a man who had been "knocked down" at a very low price, and made some orthodox remark about his future, and withdrew his forces in good order. Soon after, the four boys were summoned to his tent, and he handed them a box of cigars, with the remark that he had no objection to their having a little fun, but they must be careful not to carry it too far.

ADJUTANT BLODGETT'S BUG.

It was the general impression among men and officers that Adjutant Blodgett spent the hours that ought to have been devoted to sleep to the invention and manufacture of jokes, and he had a way of perpetrating them that was "all his own." Some of the Adjutant's "hand-sewed" jokes have been used constantly since the close of the war, and show no signs of ripping at this late day.

One of his cruelest was perpetrated while the Regiment was stationed at Harrodsburg, Ky. It will be remembered by those who ever had a prescription written by Surgeon Evans that his handwriting was unique. He had a sort of a forward-by-left-oblique-fourth-company obstacle! by-the-right-flank-to-the-rear-into-column-march style, which always gave a person who attempted to read it a sense of "dizzy-headiness."

Blodgett accused him of utilizing a tumble-bug as his amanuensis.

One day, while the Regiment was stationed at Harrodsburg, Ky., the Adjutant noticed Dr. Evans in his tent wrestling with his pen, and he solemnly set to work to perpetrate on him a most cruel joke. Going to an old stump he scraped among the roots and found a beetle, such as only the soil of Kentucky could produce. Having surrounded his bugship and made him a prisoner, he repaired to Colonel Champion's tent and made him a party to the plot. Immediately the Doctor was summoned to the Colonel's tent to answer some important questions in regard to the sanitary condition of the camp, and the Adjutant informed some of the officers that if they wanted to see some fun to drop into Doctor Evans' tent.

The Doctor had left his unfinished letter on his camp table, and his hat beside it, and the Adjutant, after dipping the bug's feet in ink, placed it on the unfinished page, and putting the Doctor's hat over it, sat down with those he had summoned, and waited the return of the Doctor, who, on entering the tent, greeted his fellow-officers in his brusque, hearty way, and, after seating himself by his table, lifted his hat to look for his unfinished letter, and the disgusted look that came over his face can better be imagined than described. And the Adjutant said, in his cheery, dress-parade voice, "Hello, Doc! got your bug at work again, have you?" And the Doctor made no reply, but his look, being interpreted, meant: "You curly-headed scamp, if ever I get a chance to prescribe 'one every four hours' for you, the prescription will contain something that will do more than 'keep up a nausea-tion.'"

TOM SHIRK'S BAD BREAK.

Tom Shirk was not the liveliest bugler in the Army of the Cumberland, but what he lacked in speed, he made up in strength and clearness of tone. The tones of Tom's good bugle could be heard as far as any. Tom did not believe in slighting any of the notes. While many of the buglers delighted in sounding the réveille in a toot toot-er-oot-toot,

staccato style, Tom loved the to-o-o-o to-o-o-o to to-o-o-o to-o-o-o legato style, and there was this advantage, that the men had the more time to get into line for "roll call" within the prescribed time.

Tom's master piece was the "sick call." When he straightened himself up, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and placed his trusty, battered bugle to his honest lips, and sounded the "quinine call," he'd blow so strong a blast that no sick man in all the camp could fail to hear the invitation; and the old bugle would seem to be mourning that any of the NINETY-SIXTH boys should be sick while away from home.

When the Regiment was in camp at Cleveland, Tenn., one day Tom went out to sound the "sick call," and while he was in the middle of one of his best tones, some one who had no "music in his soul," and no sense of the solemnity of the occasion, hit Tom a smart slap on the back, and the majestic to-o-o-o-t of the bugle was cut so short, and ended in such an unmusical blurt, that the entire Regiment was out, fearing that Tom had ruptured his diaphragm. But no; there he stood on the hillside, and, calmly as possible under the circumstances, he placed his bugle to his lips, and finished the call amidst the cheers of his comrades.

Honest old Tom! God bless him! We saw him last summer at the reunion at Galena, and the sight of no other man started such a train of thought as the sight of his happy face. He told us that he could not blow the "good old bugle" any more, on account of having lost his front teeth.

A HORSE DOWN CELLAR.

While on Moccasin Point, forage and rations were so scarce that all sutlers' trains and officers' horses were ordered to the rear; but the order was not strictly complied with. One horse, belonging to an officer in the NINETY-SIXTH, was secreted in an old building near camp, and subsisted for a time upon very scanty fare. The Rebel shell annoyed the camp, and the men sought to protect themselves by building bomb-proofs.

In looking about for material some of the members of Company G visited this hovel one night, and concluded that the heavy hardwood plank of which the floor was made would serve a good purpose as a covering, and accordingly took them up and bore them to camp. When a few planks had been removed the horse was pushed off into the cellar, which was some three or four feet deep. Next day the negro groom sought to lead him out, and had succeeded in getting his fore feet over the threshold, when the fog lifted and the sharpshooters from beyond the river began practicing, using the head of the horse as a target. The animal was too weak from long starvation to raise himself out of the building, and so the groom skedaddled at the first shot. The Rebels soon finished their work, and the horse lay dead across the doorway.

EARLY POTATOES.

A citizen near Triune, Tenn, industriously planted potatoes one afternoon, not a great distance from the picket outpost. Next morning Oscar Rector and Charles Sammons, two of the pickets, had potatoes for breakfast, harvested from the same field, and declared them the earliest variety they had ever known.

DIDN'T KNOW HIS SON.

John Shatswell, of Company C, had a somewhat peculiar experience in the spring of 1865. He had been transferred to the Mississippi Marine Brigade, and after the strife had been transferred from the great rivers, he, with others of his command, were employed in driving ambulances. In April the ambulances were sent out from Vicksburg toward Jackson to meet a large body of prisoners who had been paroled and were on the way to the Mississippi to secure transportation northward. John was driving along the road when the column was met, under orders to go to Jackson to take the weaker soldiers who had been unable to march. Suddenly he spied a familiar face, and called out to the soldier: "Hello! I believe you are my father!" The man accosted looked up, and, supposing the remark to have been made

simply because of his advanced age, replied, "I guess so," and marched along. A younger pair of eyes were close beside the escaped prisoner, however, and they detected familiar features in the face of the boy teamster, and recognized him as indeed the son of the man first addressed. There was a halt, and in a moment John was greeting his father and two brothers, all members of the 15th Illinois V. V. I., who had been prisoners at Andersonville for more than six months. All were greatly rejoiced at the unexpected meeting, and their pleasure was shared by the large group who witnessed the family reunion. Just then a Surgeon rode up and directed John to turn around and drive back to the Big Black River for a medicine chest.

That four miles' ride was greatly enjoyed, for the driver had as company those whom he loved dearly, and whom he had not expected to ever see again. A mere stripling when they parted, John had grown to manhood, and it is not to be wondered that his father did not recognize him when they came together in so unexpected a manner.

CORPORAL MALONE'S SALUTE.

At the storming of Lookout Mountain two men were missing from the ranks, having disappeared while the Regiment was clambering through the thickets and among the towering rocks. Corporal Ed. Malone was sent for the truants, and returned with them after the Regiment had advanced quite a distance and when it was under a galling fire. The Corporal proudly marched in the men, brought his own gun to a shoulder and saluted before seeking cover, remarking: "Here they are, Captain; the d—d hospital buzzards. They have to shed their feathers twice before they can fly away from this child."

HERE RING!

When Hooker was expected to arrive from the East, in the autumn of 1863, Whittaker's Brigade was sent across the Tennessee River, at Brown's Ferry, to meet them. The NINETY-SIXTH had the lead, and the advance guard was cau-

tioned not to fire upon any troops they might see, unless certain they were Rebels. Arrived at a farm-house, the column halted, and soon the expected reinforcement was seen approaching. The NINETY-SIXTH had broken ranks at the command to halt. They were without knapsacks or other impediments, except their guns and ammunition; ragged to the last degree, for the teams could not bring half rations of food, to say nothing of clothing. Some were bare-foot, and many almost bare-headed. Colonel Champion had gone into the farm-house, and the soldiers were eagerly crowding around a corn-crib, filling their haversacks with the highly prized golden ears, when the troops, fresh from the Potomac, marched up, halted, dressed their lines, stacked arms, unslung knapsacks, and received the order, "In place, rest!" An elegantly-mounted and stylishly-attired field officer rode up, and in loud tones ordered the soldiers to cease their "pillaging," as he termed the filling of their haversacks. Hearing the boisterous order, the Colonel of the NINETY-SIXTH came out from the house, and started toward the outbuildings. Instantly the Potomac officer turned toward him and repeated the command in tones of thunder. "Who are you, sir?" demanded Colonel Champion. "I am Col. —, of New York, commanding — Brigade, and I command this pillaging to stop!" responded the angry officer. "And I am Colonel Champion, commanding the NINETY-SIXTH Illinois, and no d—d New York Colonel can drive my men away from a corn-crib! men, fill your haversacks!" was the reply. The New York Colonel sought to frame an answer, but his voice was drowned in a chorus of shouts from the NINETY-SIXTH. In a moment, with a loyalty to their respective commanders characteristic of the true soldier, the men had taken sides. The eastern troops called out "Ragamuffins," "Corn-crackers," and kindred names. The western boys responded with whistles, as if calling a dog, and cries of "Here, Ring!" "Here, Ring!" which referred to the white collars worn by the newly arrived force. There was much jesting regarding the two armies, the matter of foraging, and the fighting qualities of the troops, with allusions to "Chancellorsville," and

responses intended to be equally cutting. The big knapsacks of the eastern men were denominated "hospital packs," and "peddlers' packs," and they were asked if they drew soft bread and cheese every day, or every other day, and how often they changed their "boiled shirts," how frequently they obtained furloughs, and how much a pair their white gloves were.

All of this may have been unfortunate, but it was, at all events, very ludicrous, or would have been if it had been less in earnest. The men almost came to blows, and occasionally afterward there were personal collisions between individuals. And all of this seems to have had its origin in the difference in the practice of the Eastern and Western armies, at that time of the war, regarding the matter of foraging in an enemy's country, and the over-zealous regard for "property" on the part of a New York Colonel.

LIEUTENANT EARLE'S "PLUMP GIRL."

While the Regiment was in camp at Cleveland, Tenn., Lieutenant C. W. Earle, who had escaped from Libby prison, returned to the Regiment, and was given quite an ovation; and, in imitation of the custom of Oriental festivities, the affair was prolonged for several days. On the evening of one of these days, the festive sons of Mars invited in some of the fair Southern belles in order to have a "hop," and Charley, being the hero of the occasion, after having swung a buxom lass through the "giddy maze," was seated by her side, and essayed to engage her in conversation; but she seemed shy, and responded only in monosyllabic words. In vain did the gallant young Lieutenant try to touch upon some theme which should meet with a more hearty response from this rural Southern damsel. At last he resorted to flattery, and her lips were unsealed. He said: "Well, now, you *are* a nice, plump specimen of a Southern girl. Do you live near Cleveland?" And the blushing fair one answered: "Well, now! Do yo all think I'm plump? Sakesy alive! yo ought to hev seen-a-me before I hed the diaree!"

From this moment the Lieutenant decided if he ever returned North to study for the medical profession.

NED MALONE AND "AB" CHANDLER.

Among the wounded in one of the reconnoissances before Atlanta was Ned Malone, of Company G, who received a bullet in the leg. As he limped to the rear Gen. Stanley observed him, and remarked, "Well, Corporal, I hope you are not badly wounded;" to which Ned replied: "If I thought I had been pecking away at them all these years and hadn't hurted them worse than they've hurted me I'd go hang mesel'!" and then, looking his commander square in the face, he added, "I say Gineral, have yez ary drap of whisky wid yez?" Ned was promptly handed a flask, and Gen. Stanley never tired of repeating the story of the Irish Corporal in the NINETY-SIXTH who asked him for whisky. It should, perhaps, be added, that Ned was not addicted to drink, at least not during the latter years of his life.

While the Regiment was in front of Kenesaw Mountain. Company D, Lieutenant Earle commanding, occupied, for the day, the skirmish line. The firing at times was very sharp, but the men held their position and did excellent service in pushing the enemy back toward their main line. Just before the 21st Kentucky relieved the skirmish line, preparatory to making the charge by which the enemy's rifle pits were captured, an exclamation from one of the men was heard: "Oh! I'm shot! I'm killed! I'm shot in the belly!" and then he coolly added: "Never mind, boys, I gave them sixty rounds first." It was "Ab" Chandler, who had received a bullet in his abdomen, and, true to the tradition, thought that inasmuch as the bullet had probably lodged in his abdominal walls it must necessarily be fatal. Fortunately it proved to be only a flesh wound, from which he speedily recovered.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Twenty-First Illinois—Experiences of the Transferred Men—Down the Tennessee and Mississippi—The Camp at New Orleans—Across the Gulf—Sea-sick Soldiers—A Fearful March—Scarcity of Water—Victoria and San Antonio—Mustered Out.

As stated in Chapter XXIX, the order for the muster-out of the NINETY-SIXTH was accompanied by directions to transfer all men whose terms of service did not expire before October 1, 1865, to the TWENTY-FIRST Regiment Illinois Veteran Volunteer Infantry. The men to be transferred felt honored at being assigned to the Regiment with which Gen. Grant entered the service as a Colonel, and which during the long years of its service had never failed to reflect honor upon its first commander. The formal transfer was made June 9, 1865. About 190 were carried upon the rolls, a number of whom were absent in hospitals, and never reported to the TWENTY-FIRST, but were discharged for disability.

About the middle of June the command took the train at Nashville, going by rail to Johnsonville, Tenn., where they embarked on transports. An uneventful trip down the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers followed, and near the close of the month the command went into camp on the old Chalmette battle-ground, near the city of New Orleans. Two weeks later they went by steamer across the gulf to Matagorda Bay. The passage occupied but two or three days, but a terrific storm raged, and it was nearly a week before the "lighters" could venture out to convey the men to the shore. With few exceptions the soldiers were terribly sea-sick, and all were glad when once more on land. They were in poor condition to make a long and rapid march, after a week or more of almost continuous sea-sickness; but, as there was no water suitable for drinking purposes on the coast, they were ordered to move at once to Green Lake, a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles. Unacclimated and weakened as they were, it was deemed imprudent to march under the burning July sun, and

a night trip was undertaken. The men struggled bravely forward, but with many the broad prairies seemed to have partaken of the motion of the vessel, and only the stronger and more resolute reached the camp before the heat of the morning sun had become almost unbearable. Hundreds straggled, and rescuing parties, with wagons, had to be sent to bring them in. A few died beside the road or after reaching camp. Even the veterans agreed that the march from Indianola to Green Lake was the most trying in their experience, for the most frugal were without water after the first few miles were passed, and all suffered intensely from thirst.

A good story is told of Gen. Willich, commanding a Brigade in the Fourth Corps at this time. Before starting upon this march, he issued strict orders that there should be no straggling, and no entering of houses. As it proved, there was not a house on the entire line of march, and the latter clause of the order, to which he had given especial emphasis, was obeyed to the letter.

From Green Lake the command moved to Victoria, camping three miles outside the town, on the river bank. The duties were light, as the troops merely served as an "army of observation," and were only required to hold themselves in readiness for active service should the threatened trouble with Mexico prove serious. No trouble came, however, and, beyond the necessary work of caring for the camp, the men were idle.

From time to time a few men were discharged for disability, or on special orders from the War Department. Early in October the terms of service of nearly one-half of those who had been transferred from the NINETY-SIXTH expired, and these men were sent to Springfield, Ill., under charge of Captain Harrison Black, now of Marshall, Ill. They marched from Victoria to Lavaca, and went thence by boat across the Gulf, and up the Mississippi to Alton, Ill., and by rail to Springfield, when, early in the month of November, they received their final pay and discharge.

In October, the remainder of the Regiment, with other troops, marched to San Antonio, where they remained in

comparative idleness until their final muster out, December 16, 1865. Their trip northward was uneventful and tedious. They arrived at Camp Butler, Springfield, Ill., January 18, 1866, for final payment and discharge.

Of the entire number, six are reported to have died while members of the TWENTY-FIRST, as follows : Frederick Dryer, July 24 ; James Delaney, August 2 ; Albert T. Higley, August 21 ; James Diehl, September 2 ; George Woodward, October 16 ; Henry W. Mitchell, December 7. A half dozen were promoted to the rank of Corporal or Sergeant. The men felt themselves thoroughly at home in the TWENTY-FIRST from the outset, and received generous and soldierly treatment from their associates and commanders. Although not called upon to engage in battle, or in active campaigning, save the forced march from the coast, they were nevertheless subject to many trying experiences incident to an extreme change of climate at a season of the year that was exceptionally unfavorable, and it is a matter of congratulation that the fatalities were not more numerous. So far as they can be gathered, the personal experiences of the men are given in the sketches which follow the several Company histories.

CHAPTER XL.

THE FIELD AND STAFF.

Personal Sketches—The Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers—Who they were and What they Did—Whereabouts and Occupations of the Survivors—Shoulder Straps and Chevrons.

IN Chapter II will be found the Roster of the Field and Staff of the NINETY-SIXTH, as originally made up, together with a statement as to the manner in which the Regiment was organized. Other chapters give the changes among the commissioned officers as they occurred. It is therefore necessary, in this connection, to merely give personal sketches of

THE FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel Thomas E. Champion was born in Palmyra, Wayne County, New York, August 3, 1825. At twelve years of age his parents removed to the West, settling in Michigan, where he assisted his father in the work of the farm until he was sixteen years of age. He then entered a printing office, where he remained several years, during which time his leisure hours were employed in the study of medicine. He subsequently graduated from the University of Michigan, and was admitted to practice in 1847. In 1848 he married Miss Mary E. Deane, who still survives him. He removed to Freeport, Ill., in 1850, and to Warren, Jo Daviess County, in 1851, practicing medicine in each place with marked success; but, having a natural taste for law, he studied the usual text books, and was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court, at Ottawa, Ill., in June, 1855. In 1856 he commenced the practice of law, entering upon his work with enthusiasm, and achieving more than local fame. At the same time he began to take an active and prominent part in the discussion of the exciting political topics of the day, and was recognized as an able and impressive speaker.

He assisted in recruiting what afterward became Company K, and at the organization of the Company was elected its Captain. At the organization of the Regiment he was chosen Colonel. In a surprisingly short time, and without previous military experience, he mastered the intricacies of military text books. Of commanding appearance, and possessed of an admirable voice, he became an excellent drill master, and speedily gained the confidence of his men. At Chickamauga he had two horses shot under him, and rode the third from the battlefield; his clothing was

pierced with bullets, and more than one-half of his command were killed or wounded. At a critical period in the battle he commanded the Brigade for a considerable time, and was especially commended for meritorious conduct by his superior officers. At Lookout Mountain he was a conspicuous figure, and by his rare military skill saved at least a temporary disaster to the Brigade, if not to the army. In the earlier engagements of the Atlanta campaign he was chosen to make numerous important and difficult movements, and in every engagement bore a distinguished part. At Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 20, 1864, while defending some newly captured works from the repeated and desperate assaults of the enemy, he was struck by a bullet, which penetrated his face, injuring the bone and causing a painful wound. His system was enervated by the long and arduous labors and the constant anxiety of the campaign, so that the injuries prostrated him and made the wound slow in healing. He returned to the Regiment in the September following, but was still in poor health, and unable to remain for many weeks. He was afterward with the Regiment, but only for a brief period, not being able for active field duty. He commanded the Brigade at several periods and always ably. No officer ever enjoyed more fully the confidence of his men, and few so fully merited it. He was urgently recommended by his superior officers for promotion to the rank of Brigadier General, but never sought advancement himself. The lists being full he was given merely a brevet commission. He resigned after hostilities ceased, and left the service about simultaneously with the muster-out of the command. Removing at once to Knoxville, Tenn., he resumed the practice of law, winning high distinction at the bar. His health was broken by the wounds and exposure incident to his army life, and he died from consumption, June 13, 1873, leaving a wife, three sons and one daughter, all of whom are living at Knoxville, Tenn.

Lieutenant Colonel Isaac L. Clarke was born in Williamstown, Orange County, Vermont, February 29, 1824, and graduated at Dartmouth College in 1848. In the following September he settled at Waukegan, Lake County, Illinois, as principal of the academy in that city, a position in which he labored for several years with great success. In May, 1853, he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of Illinois, where, by reason of his recognized ability and success, he soon commanded a large and lucrative practice. He married Miss Lemira M. Dean, at Waukegan, November 1, 1853, who still survives, and resides in Grafton, Vt. Their union was blessed with one child, a son, who now resides in Waukegan, Ill. He was a leader in all public matters, and in his later years took an active part in politics, warmly supporting Abraham Lincoln for President in the campaign of 1860. When the call came for "Three hundred thousand more," he left his office and extensive practice to serve his country, and by his own exertions he soon raised a company of Volunteers, of which he was made Captain. On the formation of the Regiment he was unanimously elected Lieutenant Colonel. As a soldier fearless and brave, Colonel Clarke was the peer of anyone, and as a discipli-

narian he had few equals. Loved and honored as were few of his rank, he fell mortally wounded, with his face to the foe, in one of those fierce charges on that ever memorable Sabbath at Chickamauga. He was tenderly carried from the field, but survived only a few hours, dying as he had lived, a true Christian, a courteous gentleman, and a brave soldier. His remains were taken to Waukegan, Ill., for interment.

Lieutenant Colonel John C. Smith was born in Philadelphia, February 13, 1832, and continued to reside in that city and its vicinity until arriving at the age of twenty one years. Having served an apprenticeship to the carpenter and joiner trade, and become master of the same, he spent one year in superintending the construction of prominent buildings in New Jersey and New York. In May, 1854, he removed to Chicago, and in the following September to Galena, where he continued to reside until the time of enlistment. He married Miss Charlotte A. Gallaher, the daughter of a prominent official of Galena, March 24, 1856. Their union has been blessed with five children, four of whom are living. In 1860-1 he was engaged as assistant superintendent in the construction of the U. S. Custom House, at Dubuque, Iowa. Surrendering several heavy contracts at a great loss, he enlisted as a private soldier in what became Company I, and was elected Captain at the organization of the Company, and Major at the organization of the Regiment. At the battle of Chickamauga he did gallant service upon the Staff of Gen. Steedman, receiving complimentary mention in the official reports of his superior officers. Following the battle he was promoted to the position made vacant by the death of Lieutenant Colonel Clarke. He subsequently commanded the Regiment at various periods, and always creditably. In the action at Kenesaw Mountain, June 20, 1867, he was severely wounded in the shoulder, and so disabled as to unfit him for field service for many months. During the latter part of the war he served as president of a military commission at Nashville, returning to the command of the Regiment shortly before its muster-out. At the battle of Nashville he served as a volunteer Aide on the Staff of Gen. Steedman, his former commander. He was Brevetted Colonel by President Lincoln in February, 1865; and made Brevet Brigadier General by President Johnson, a few months later. Patriotism seemed to be a family trait, for the General's father and both of his brothers were in the army,—one brother, Lieutenant Smith, of Company I, being fatally wounded at Resaca, and the other, Robert, who was a member of the 7th Ohio Cavalry, being killed at Duck River, Tenn., shortly before the battle of Franklin. Since the war General Smith has been almost constantly in the service of the public. In the Internal Revenue Department, as Chief Grain Inspector in Chicago, as State Treasurer for two terms, and later as Lieutenant Governor, he has filled every place with credit to himself, and is to-day one of the most widely known and most universally esteemed men in the State of Illinois. To a degree that, perhaps, has few parallels he enjoys the confidence and high regard of the men whom he commanded, a feeling that is reciprocated, as has been demonstrated during the years intervening since the war closed.

Major George Hicks was born at Ludlow, Massachusetts, February 1835. He was educated in the common schools of Galena, Illinois, the Galena Academy (under Dr. Magoun), and Beloit College, leaving college in his sophomore years. At college he took the initiative in establishing the *Beloit College Monthly*, which has since been continued by the students. In 1855 he was assistant editor of the *Milwaukee Daily Wisconsin*, and edited the *Galena Gazette* in the presidential campaign of 1856. He studied law in the office of Hon. R. H. McClellan, at Galena, and was admitted to practice in 1858. In the same year he was elected School Commissioner of the County of Jo Daviess, and was re-elected in 1860. He carried an enthusiasm into this work that was productive of great good to the public schools of this county. In 1862 he enlisted a company of volunteers a little prior to the organization of the other portions of his Regiment, and his command was accorded the position of Company A, of which Company he was chosen Captain. After the battle of Chickamauga, where he earned especial distinction, he was promoted to be Major. Toward the close of the war he was brevetted Lieutenant Colonel, and just before the Regiment was mustered out was brevetted Colonel. He was engaged with the Regiment in all its battles, except that during the first night of the battles in front of Kenesaw Mountain, he was, by order of the doctor, in the field hospital, taking medicine. That night the Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel were brought into the hospital, wounded, and in the morning Major Hicks left the hospital and took command of the Regiment, and was in command during most of the further battles of the Atlanta campaign. From his enlistment he was continuously on duty with the Regiment, except that at intervals when the Regiment was in quarters, he acted as Judge Advocate of the Division; and except also that a furlough (granted him just before the grand army reconnoissance on Rocky Face Ridge, and used after the return of the Regiment to camp), gave him a brief visit north, to settle the affairs connected with his office as School Commissioner. Following his return home at the close of the war he organized the movement which resulted in the erection of an elegant monument, at Galena, in memory of the deceased soldiers and sailors of Jo Daviess County. After practicing law in Freeport and Mount Carroll, and his health breaking down, consequent upon the exposure of campaign life, he removed to a southern State, and became editor of the *Kansas City Journal*. His health still failing, he went, in 1870, to the Island of Jamaica, in the West Indies, and, after a three years' sojourn, came back to Missouri, first visiting England and the Continent of Europe. His health again failing, he returned to Jamaica in 1875, to make that island his future home. He became a citizen of Jamaica, and accepted the post, which was offered him on his first visit, of Assistant Inspector of Schools, which office he continues to hold.

While in Jamaica he has published a number of lectures and essays, among which are: Abraham Lincoln; Better Homes for the People; Missing Rounds in the Educational Ladder; Plans for Organizing

Teachers' Associations; Reading for the People. His essay upon Educational Progress in Jamaica is included in the volume recently published by the Bureau of Education, containing the papers read at the International Congress of Educators held at New Orleans. Upon plans suggested and advocated by him the government has established a Female Teachers' Training College, and he has caused the organization of several teachers' associations and the establishing of many reading clubs. On the 18th of May, 1886, he was married to Miss Susette Walder, of Zurich, Switzerland, who, for several years, had been Principal of the Moravian Training College for Female Teachers in Jamaica.

Adjutant Edward A. Blodgett was born in Will County, Illinois, September 1, 1835. At the outbreak of the war he was farming at Downer's Grove, DuPage County, Illinois. He enlisted at once, being the second man in the county to sign the muster roll, but when the Company was organized he was rejected, although most of the men who enlisted at that time became members of the 13th Illinois. A little later he entered the service with the 37th Illinois, and at the organization of the Regiment was appointed Quartermaster Sergeant. He participated with that command in the battle of Pea Ridge, and earned a promotion, which came in the form of a commission as First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 74th Illinois. He joined that Regiment at Rockford, Illinois. When the NINETY-SIXTH was organized, Anton Nieman, who had previously held a like position in the 37th Illinois, was commissioned Adjutant, and the two exchanged places, each being formally transferred. One of the reasons that led to this was the fact that Adjutant Blodgett desired to be with his brother, Captain A. Z. Blodgett, of Company D; the further fact that he had at one time lived in Waukegan, and had many acquaintances in the Regiment also had to do with the transfer. His previous military experience had fitted him admirably for the place, and he proved of great service to the command, acting as drill master often during the early months of their experience. At Lookout Mountain Adjutant Blodgett was wounded in the hand. He participated in all of the engagements of the Atlanta campaign until Kenesaw Mountain was reached, when he was prostrated by sickness. Partially recovering he again joined the Regiment, but was in poor health. On the march up the Chattahoochie River, July 10, 1864, he sustained a sunstroke, which compelled him to go to hospital. Returning to the Regiment he participated in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, and at the latter engagement was especially conspicuous for his gallantry, and received personal favorable mention in the official reports. He was always a popular officer in the Regiment, and served with it until the close of the war. After his return he married Miss Julia E. Wygant, of Chicago, and engaged in business as a druggist at Warrensburg, Mo. In 1875 he returned to Chicago and accepted a position as purchasing agent for the West Division Street Railway Company. He has been twice elected a member of the State Board of Equalization, and is an acknowledged leader in Chicago politics. He resides at 109 South Peoria street.



First Ass't Surgeon MOSES EVANS.
Second Ass't Surgeon F. W. BYERS.

Surgeon CHARLES MARTIN.
Surgeon BYRON G. PIERCE.
Quarter Master STEPHEN JEFFERS.

Second Ass't Surgeon D. A. SHEFFIELD.
Quarter Master GEORGE W. MOORE.

PROPERTY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Quarter Master Stephen Jeffers was born in Broome County, New York, and was forty-two years of age at the time of his enlistment. He assisted in recruiting Company F, and upon the organization of the Regiment left his farm at Hanover, Jo Daviess County, and was appointed Quartermaster, with the rank of First Lieutenant. He served in that capacity until April 6, 1864, when, upon the recommendation of Gen. Grant, whom he personally knew, he was appointed Commissary of Subsistence in the regular army, with the rank of Captain, and assigned to duty at Chattanooga. March 13, 1865, he was brevetted Major. He was mustered out at Nashville, Tenn. Since the war he has been engaged in farming at Hanover, Ill., where he still resides. He has represented his township as Supervisor repeatedly, and is a successful and respected business man.

Quarter Master George W. Moore was born in Ireland, and was twenty-five years of age when he entered the service. Prior to his enlistment he was a farmer, and resided at Hanover, Ill. He was appointed Second Lieutenant of Company I at the organization of the Regiment, and was promoted to First Lieutenant October 6, 1863. At the battle of Lookout Mountain he was severely wounded in the leg, and disabled for some weeks. In the spring of 1864 he was assigned to duty as Regimental Quartermaster, and served in that capacity until the close of the war. He is now a large farmer and stock-raiser at Essex, Page County, Iowa.

Surgeon Charles Martin, the first Surgeon of the Regiment, was born near Norristown, the county seat of Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, in January, 1812. His father was a physician, as was his grandfather—the latter a Prussian who came to this country about the middle of the last century. Five of his father's brothers were also physicians. His father had three sons, all of whom studied medicine, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania. The subject of this sketch graduated and received his degree in March, 1833, practiced medicine a short time in his native county, and afterward at Mechanicsburg, Pa. In 1834 he laid down the lancet, studied theology, and was engaged in the duties of the ministry until 1856, when he entered upon educational work. In 1859 he located in Warren, Jo Daviess County, Ill., and resumed the practice of medicine, being associated with the late Dr. B. G. Pierce, who succeeded him as Surgeon of the Regiment. At the commencement of the civil war he went to Philadelphia, attended another full course of lectures in the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1862 returned to Warren, and was again associated with Dr. Pierce. In September, 1862, he was appointed Surgeon of the Regiment, with the rank of Major, and served in that capacity until January, 1863. Army diarrhoea and hemorrhage from the bowels compelled him to resign and return home. His resignation was accepted February 6, 1863. Following his return from the service he practiced medicine for a time, but for some years past has successfully conducted the "Young Ladies' Institute" at St. Joseph, Mo.

Surgeon Byron G. Pierce was born in Rochester, N. Y., August 13, 1825. When six years old he removed to Ohio, where he grew to manhood. He received his medical education at the University of Michigan and in Rush Medical College, Chicago. In June, 1853, he married Miss Marilla E. Allen, who died in 1857, leaving one child, Miss Ida. In 1858 he married Miss Alicia Gilmore, who died shortly after the close of the war, leaving three children—Miss Emma V., Byron and John. Byron died at the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., a few months before graduating. In the summer of 1854, Dr. Pierce came to Warren, Ill., where he practiced medicine until commissioned Surgeon of the NINETY-SIXTH, being associated for a time with Dr. Charles Martin, whom he succeeded in the field in February, 1863. He joined the command at Franklin, Tenn., and was with it almost continuously until its muster-out at the close of the war. His labors with the Regiment were arduous in the extreme, but during that trying first summer in the field, when at times a large proportion of the command were almost prostrate from disease, and in the after-days when battles came thick and fast, and days and nights were blended into an almost unceasing round of surgical labor, he was ever a patient, painstaking, kindly physician and surgeon, retaining the confidence and regard of both officers and men to a degree unusual in the experience of army surgeons. Returning home at the close of the war he remained at Warren until his death, which resulted from consumption November 27, 1884. During his life he retained the respect, goodwill and confidence of the people who were his neighbors, and held the position of County Coroner at the time of his death. He was an honored member of the Masonic brotherhood, including the order of Knights Templar. His mortal remains were laid to rest by Galena Commandery of Knights Templar, Warren Post of the Grand Army of the Republic acting as escort, and many comrades from the Regiment being present as sincere mourners.

First Assistant Surgeon Moses Evans, First Assistant Surgeon of the Regiment from its organization until its muster-out, was born in Fryeburg, Oxford County, Maine, January 1, 1820, and worked upon his father's farm during his early life. At eighteen he began the study of medicine, and at twenty took his final course of lectures at Dartmouth College. In 1840 he marched under the banner of "Log Cabin and Hard Cider," and cast his first vote for "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too." In the autumn of 1843 he completed his studies and received his diploma of "M.D." In 1844 he removed to Waukegan (then Little Fort), Illinois, and was associated with Dr. David Cory until the death of the latter, from cholera, in 1854. In 1843 he married Miss Ann Sanford, who was his companion for thirty-eight years, and who died in 1885. He practiced medicine continuously, and, in the spring of 1862, in company with Hon. H. W. Blodgett, visited the battle-field of Pea Ridge to look after the sick and wounded Lake County soldiers in the 37th Illinois, remaining there and doing excellent service for a fortnight or more, and on the return trip having in charge Lieut. Huntley, who was seriously wounded.

The following summer he assisted in recruiting the NINETY-SIXTH, and at its organization was mustered as Surgeon of the Regiment, but immediately resigned, and was appointed and mustered as First Assistant Surgeon. He was with the Regiment on the march, in the camp and in the trenches. At Kenesaw Mountain his services in caring for the wounded were of a character to call for special mention in the reports of the battle. After the terrible battle of Chickamauga, where he made almost super-human efforts in caring for the unfortunate, he was sent to Stevenson, Ala., in charge of an ambulance train of wounded. The route lay along the Tennessee River at one point, and in passing an exposed position the train was fired upon from the opposite bank, the Doctor receiving a flesh wound in the calf of one leg. After the battle of Jonesboro he was placed in charge of an ambulance train of wounded and sent to Atlanta. A souvenir of that trip he still wears and prizes as a cherished relic; it is a gold ring, presented him by a soldier who died soon after reaching camp, and who thus sought to testify his high regard for the tender care given to himself and other comrades by the Doctor. Returning to Waukegan the Doctor resumed the practice of his profession, serving the public for a time as Postmaster and also as a County Coroner. Suffering from asthma he went to California, residing two years at Monterey. Securing partial relief he again returned to Waukegan, but was soon warned by a return of his old complaint that he must make a permanent change of climate, and he removed, with his family, to San Francisco, California, his present address being No. 10 Market street. Just before leaving for California he was tendered a banquet by his former comrades residing near Waukegan, which was largely attended, and served to show the high esteem in which he is held by his old army associates.

Second Assistant Surgeon Daniel A. Sheffield, who served as Second Assistant Surgeon of the Regiment from its organization until February 6, 1863, was born in Jewett's City, Conn., August 29, 1836, being the sixth of a family of nine children. He removed to Gilbertsville, Otsego County, N. Y., with his parents in 1845, and in 1856, with an older brother, settled at Dixon, Ill., and began the study of medicine in the office of the late Dr. N. W. Abbott. He began the practice of medicine at Ogle (now Ashton), Lee County, Ill., in 1859, but in December of the same year removed to Apple River, Jo Daviess County, Ill., where he has continued in his chosen calling, and where he still resides. He received his literary education at the Gilbertsville Academy and Collegiate Institute, and graduated in medicine in Rush Medical College, Chicago, in 1859, and at the Chicago Medical College in 1867. The Doctor married Miss May N. Brookner, of Dixon, Ill., December 1, 1859, who has borne him ten children, only three of whom are living. While on detached service, at Hickman Bridge, Ky., in December, 1862, the Doctor was taken seriously ill, and after being removed to Danville, Ky., he seemingly hovered between life and death for a period of six weeks. Partially recovering, he resigned, and, being ordered before a medical board, he was pronounced to be dying of tuberculosis, and his resignation was accepted. He subse-

quently recovered, and is apparently in robust health. He has been repeatedly chosen as a member of the Board of Education of his village, and was elected to the General Assembly of the State of Illinois in 1884, serving creditably as a member of the House. He was President of the Alumni Association of the Chicago Medical College for the year 1883-4. He has made quite a reputation as a fluent and forcible speaker, and is an acknowledged leader in political and social matters in his county and district.

Second Assistant Surgeon Frederick W. Byers, who was Second Assistant Surgeon of the Regiment from May 7, 1863, until the close of the war, was born in Shippensburg, Pa., February 10, 1837, his boyhood being passed on a farm in Pine Grove Township, Chenango County, Pa. By his own exertions he secured an academic, partial collegiate, and a medical education. He came to Illinois in 1857, teaching school and prosecuting his studies, residing in Stephenson and Jo Daviess Counties during the period intervening until his muster-in as Assistant Surgeon. He joined the command at Franklin, Tenn., accompanying it until July, 1863, when he was placed on detached duty at Duck River and Normandy. He was soon taken sick and sent to the Regiment. When the command marched to Chattanooga he accompanied it as far as Stevenson and was then sent back to Nashville, where, improved in health, he was assigned to duty in the general hospitals of the city. He reported to the Regiment for duty in May, 1864, near Resaca, Ga., served with the command during the trying experiences of the Atlanta campaign until August, when he was detailed Chief Surgeon of the Artillery Brigade of the Fourth Corps. After the capture of Atlanta he was ordered to duty in the field hospitals of the Fourth Army Corps, remaining on this duty until the muster-out of the Regiment. Without disparagement to others, it may be said that he was always the most jovial and popular member of the medical staff, and held the affections of the entire command to a degree that was certainly exceptional. At the close of the war he located at Lena, Ill., and practiced medicine, and removed from there to Monroe, Wis., in 1877, where he now resides. Dr. Byers has been U. S. Examining Surgeon for Pensions since March, 1880, and is Medical Director of the Grand Army of the Republic for the Department of Wisconsin. He was commissioned a Captain in the Wisconsin National Guard in 1882, and is now Surgeon of the 1st Regiment W. N. G. He was a member of the Wisconsin Assembly for 1885-6, and as such was Chairman of the Committee on Militia, and served on the Committee on Medical Societies. He was selected a delegate to represent Wisconsin at the obsequies of Gen. Grant, in New York City, and attended that imposing funeral in company with Gov. Rusk and his military staff. Present address, Monroe, Wis.

Chaplain J. M. Clendenning was born in McHenry, Ill., and was twenty-two years of age at the time of enlistment. He joined Company K as a private soldier, and when the Regiment was organized was appointed Chaplain, with the rank of Captain. He served in that capacity

several months, but resigned January 20, 1863. He subsequently enlisted in Company F, 15th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and was promoted to be Captain of his Company. He is now preaching in the M. E. Church at Rockford, Ill.

Chaplain Horace G. Woodworth succeeded Rev. J. M. Clendenning, and joined the Regiment at Franklin, Tenn., in April, 1863. He was a Baptist, and a man of marked ability. He remained with the command but two months, resigning his commission June 16, 1863. On the petition of the officers of the Regiment he was again commissioned, in the spring of 1864, but some delay occurred in the receipt of the official notice of his appointment, and when it finally reached him he had accepted a pastorate which prevented him from joining the command. He has since preached at various points in the West, and is now a resident of Minneapolis, Minn.

Sergeant Major Francis P. Quinn, appointed from Company I at the organization of the Regiment, was desperately wounded at Chickamauga and fell into the hands of the enemy, but was paroled ten days later, and went home on furlough; starting to return to the Regiment, he was accidentally drowned in Chicago River, February 19, 1864. (See Roster of Company I.)

Sergeant Major Charles A. Partridge; appointed from Company C, May 1, 1864; served in that capacity until the close of the war; commissioned Second Lieutenant of Company C June 8, 1865; resides at Waukegan, Ill. (See Roster of Company C.)

NOTE.—Sergeant Wallace Tear, of Company K, acted as Sergeant Major from September 20, 1863, until promoted to Lieutenant November 9, 1863, and Sergeant F. A. Weir, of Company A, until promoted to First Sergeant in March, 1864, when Sergeant C. A. Partridge, of Company C, was detailed to fill the position. It was not known until April that Sergeant Major Quinn was dead.

Quarter Master Sergeant William S. Bean; appointed from Company A at the organization of the Regiment; served in that capacity until the battle of Chickamauga, where he was killed while bravely encouraging his comrades in the desperate hours of that bloody conflict. (See Roster of Company A.)

Quarter Master Sergeant George Jeffers; appointed from Company F, September 26, 1863; was a son of the Quarter Master; returned to Company roll to allow him to accept a detail with his father upon the promotion of the latter as a Quarter Master in the Regular Army; resides at Hanover, Ill. (See Roster of Company F.)

Quarter Master Sergeant Benjamin F. Shepard; appointed from Company G in April, 1864; served in that capacity until the close of the war, except when absent because of wounds received at Chickamauga; resides at Gurnee, Ill. (See Roster of Company G.)

NOTE.—Thomas J. Moore, of Company I, acted as Quarter Master Sergeant of the Regiment for a time in 1864.

Commissary Sergeant Morris S. Hill ; appointed from Company B at the organization of the Regiment, and served until discharged for disability January 26, 1863 ; resides at Wauconda, Ill. (See Roster of Company B.)

Commissary Sergeant James Edward James ; appointed from Company A, in 1863, and served until the close of the war ; died at Galena, Ill., in 1879. (See Roster of Company A.)

Hospital Steward Harvillah Cooley ; appointed from Company C at the organization of the Regiment, and discharged for disability December 31, 1862 ; died at Lamont, Mich., September 7, 1876. (See Roster of Company C.)

Hospital Steward George G. Ferguson ; appointed from Company D in April, 1863, serving in that capacity until promoted to First Lieutenant of Company H, in the autumn of 1864 ; resides at Waukegan, Ill. (See Roster of Companies D and H.)

Hospital Steward Royal J. Cooper ; appointed from Company E October 1, 1864, and served in that capacity until the close of the war ; resides at Nora, Ill. (See Roster of Company E.)

Principal Musician Niles Carver ; appointed from Company H at the organization of the Regiment, leading the band as Fife Major until discharged January 20, 1863 ; resides at Blanchard, Iowa. (See Roster of Company H.)

Principal Musician Frank Carver ; appointed from Company H, and served as Drum Major from early in 1863 until the close of the war ; resides at Blanchard, Iowa. (See Roster of Company H.)

Principal Musician Wallace B. Gage ; appointed from Company D, and served as Fife Major for about six months in 1863 ; was subsequently returned to the roll of his Company ; resides in Menominee, Mich. (See Roster of Company D.)

Principal Musician Hiram Weatherly ; appointed from Company B July 1, 1863, and discharged for disability February 6, 1865 ; served as Fife Major, except when absent sick in hospital. (See Roster of Company B.)

Principal Musician Charles O. Biddlecom ; appointed from Company G, February 6, 1865, and served as Fife Major until the close of the war ; had acted in that capacity at various times prior to his appointment ; resides at Wadsworth, Lake County, Ill. (See Roster of Company G.)

NOTE.—Freeman James, of Company G, served as Drum Major most of the time until his death, which occurred at Danville, Ky., January 18, 1863. George James, of Company G, and Adrian R. Douglas, of Company D, each acted as Fife Major for a time.

CHAPTER XLI.

COMPANY A.

BY C. H. BERG.

The First Company—Nearly Filled in July—Officers Elected—Swords Presented—The First to Reach Camp Fuller—Early Experiences—Again in Galena—Good-by Again—Final Move to Rockford—The Letter “A”—Detached at Harrodsburg—On the Skirmish Line at Triune—The First Anniversary—The Battle Casualties—A Long List of Killed and Wounded—Present Whereabouts of the Survivors—Sketches of the Officers and Men.

Soon after the call of President Lincoln, in July, 1862, for 300,000 more volunteers, George Hicks, John G. Schaefer, William Vincent, and others, opened a recruiting office in a vacant store on Main street, in Galena, for the purpose of raising a company. Recruiting was actively commenced about the twenty-fifth. The different townships of the county were visited, rolls were circulated, and signatures obtained. On the thirtieth quite a number of young men from the city enlisted, so that by the first of August the Company was nearly filled, upward of eighty names being on the rolls. While the recruiting was progressing, the men were permitted to remain at home, for the purpose of settling up their business affairs. Those who had come from the country to enlist were quartered at the different hotels and boarding-houses. August 7, nearly all of the members of the Company being present, the election of commissioned officers took place, with the following result: George Hicks, Captain; William Vincent, First Lieutenant; Robert Pool, Second Lieutenant. Although disappointment was depicted upon the countenances of some who had aspired to the Second Lieutenancy, good feeling predominated, and congratulations were in order. The selection of non-commissioned officers was deferred for the time being, John G. Schaefer, however, acting as Orderly. On the following day the Company was drawn up in line in front of the

De Soto House and sworn into the service by a Regular Army officer.

After the organization of the Company, a sword was presented to Captain George Hicks by the school teachers of Jo Daviess County. A sword was also presented to First Lieutenant William Vincent by his friends. Second Lieutenant Robert Pool was also the recipient of a sword, presented to him by members of the Company and other Galena friends, with the names of the donors engraved upon it. J. E. James and C. H. Berg were each presented with a fine Colt's revolver by D. W. Scott, Esq. Indeed, nearly every man was the recipient of some token of friendship from near and dear friends.

Early on the morning of August 9, the Company took the cars for Rockford, reaching that city at noon, and marching to the Holland House for dinner. After dinner the men were permitted to go around the city, but ordered to report at the hotel for supper. After supper the Company was ordered to "fall in," and took up a line of march out of the city about two miles, and came to a halt on the banks of Rock River,—being the first troops on that memorable camping ground. Here bundles were thrown down, and the men put at work in various ways, some being detailed for guard and others for "fatigue" duty; every man had some duty to perform. For the first time the boys realized that to be soldiers meant work. The boys always remembered what a pleasant time they had in putting up their first tents,—the Sibley. At midnight straw arrived, and the men retired to rest. Next morning the Company was aroused early, and again marched to the hotel for breakfast; and then marched back to camp. At 3 P. M. dinner was served for the first time in camp. It was now learned that the camp was to be called "Camp Fuller," although the boys always called it "Dead Horse Camp," on account of the dead horses that were found upon the ground, and either buried or hauled away from there by the members of the Company.

On Monday morning other companies arrived, and took

up their quarters near by, each company pitching five Sibley tents.

The non-commissioned officers were here appointed by the Captain, as follows : First Sergeant, John G. Schaefer ; Sergeants — John L. Pringle, David Rogers, Frank A. Weir, William S. Holmes ; Corporals — William S. Bean, C. H. Berg, John Vincent, William Price, John R. Taylor, Henry Peeper, J. E. Shipton, Jason B. Isbell. There had been a list prepared prior to this, but owing to the rejection of several men on account of physical disability, it was revised as above.

The Company remained in camp at Rockford, drilling twice a day, and doing such other duties as fell to the lot of soldiers in camp, until the evening of August 18, when they marched to the depot and took the cars for Galena, arriving home on the morning of August 19, on furlough, with a view of being mustered into a Regiment, which it was thought at the time might be made up entirely of Jo Daviess County men. The Company was warmly received by the citizens, and during the two days they remained in the city were entertained most royally. On the morning of August 22 the Company formed on Main street, and marched to the Fair Grounds, then called Camp Washburne. Here were two other Companies, composed of men from Galena and the immediate vicinity. While at this camp the boys had rare sport, many amusing incidents occurring. The Company was quartered in the cattle-sheds, partitioned off so that four, six, or more, were in one apartment. These were fixed up according to the taste and means at the command of the occupants. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the sentinels and the Corporal of the Guard, every night most of the boys would be out of their quarters, but back in the morning for roll-call.

This happy state of affairs continued until the morning of September 3, when the three Companies marched to the depot, where an immense crowd had assembled, every available space being occupied. Here occurred the saddest event of all up to this time,—the leave-taking from wives, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers and sweethearts, alas, in too many cases, for-

ever ! But the train was soon seen coming over the bridge, and halted at the depot ; then, while the bands were playing inspiring music, amid loud cheering and the low whisper of many a mother's " God bless you, my son ! " the train moved slowly away. At Warren three additional Companies took passage on the train, making six Companies from Jo Daviess County.

The train arrived at Rockford at noon. The Company disembarked, formed in line and marched to Camp Fuller. How changed ! Long lines of barracks had been erected, and instead of a few companies occupying the grounds, there were now as many regiments. The Company was assigned quarters, and made as comfortable as circumstances would admit. September 5 the Company, with the other Jo Daviess and four Lake County companies, were organized as the **NINETY-SIXTH** Regiment.

Although it was known prior to this that the Company would have the letter " A," the importance of the position was not generally understood. That night, after roll-call, Captain Hicks fully explained what would be required of them in their position on the right of the Regiment, saying that it would be the duty of this Company to become proficient in the skirmish drill, the bayonet exercise, and all other drills ; in fact, he wanted it to be what the letter A indicated,—the first Company of the Regiment. The remarks of the Captain were assented to with hearty cheers. How well the men kept this promise, their subsequent history as a Company has amply proven. Whether in camp, on the march, on the skirmish-line, or in line-of-battle, Company A always did its full duty. For proficiency in the various drills, it was excelled by none ; every member felt a pride in its appearance and conduct. The Company was only once detached from the Regiment, when, with Company E, it did provost duty at Harrodsburg, Ky., in November, 1862, being quartered in the barracks and having a pleasant time.

On the 9th of June, 1863, when Wheeler's Cavalry attacked the camp at Triune, Tenn., Company A was thrown out as skirmishers in front of the Regiment, in a peach

orchard, and for the first time met the enemy. Only a few shots were fired, when the enemy drew off. Several of the men were hit in their clothing, but no one was injured.

Saturday, September 5, 1863, being the first anniversary of the muster in of the Regiment, the members of Company A had a celebration. The command was then lying at Estell Springs. To provide for the event, permission was obtained to go outside the lines, and the day before a volunteer party, under the lead of Lieutenant Vincent, took a four-mule team and army wagon into the country, returning with an abundant supply of sweet potatoes, pickles, peanuts and other articles. The potatoes and peanuts were dug from the fields where they were growing. The Regimental sutler was patronized quite freely, and between the Quarter Master, the sutler and the foragers, an elaborate banquet was spread. Captain Hicks presided and made appropriate remarks, and the day passed most pleasantly.

At Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, the Company suffered severely. The casualties in this battle were as follows: First Sergeant John G. Schaefer was shot in the neck and almost instantly killed. William S. Bean, Quarter Master Sergeant of the Regiment, but always claimed as a member of the Company, was killed. Corporal William Price was killed. Corporal David Isbell, detailed with the Color Guard, was first shot in the arm, but, going forward with the Regiment again, was struck in the breast, mortally wounded, and the last seen of him was on a stretcher, probably dead. The killed all fell into the hands of the enemy. John H. Witman was mortally wounded in the breast, and died October 30. Christian Kaufman was wounded in the wrist and arm, and died four days after the battle. First Lieutenant William Vincent was severely wounded in the left leg, below and back of the knee. Sergeant Frank A. Weir was wounded in the wrist. Corporal Jason B. Isbell was hit in the right shoulder, fracturing the collar-bone. Private John W. Connor was hit in the side, the ball passing through his body. He fell into the hands of the enemy, but was afterward paroled and sent into our lines. Gottlieb Beck was struck under the chin, the

ball passing through the throat and inflicting an ugly gash, but he was not long disabled. John Einsweiler was severely wounded in the thigh. Milton Glover was shot in the head, and severely hurt. Joseph D. Young was wounded in the leg. Edward Simpson received a severe sabre cut on the head, while on the skirmish line on Saturday. Josephus Metcalf was wounded in the head and rendered temporarily unconscious, being left on the field for dead ; but, recovering, found himself inside the Rebel lines, and was a prisoner of war for nearly a year. Edward Reubeno had a finger shot off. Nearly every man in the Company was struck somewhere about his clothing and accoutrements.

In the movement to the right, on Sunday, thirteen prisoners were taken by the Company, and safely delivered at corps headquarters by a Sergeant and first four men from the right. These men had a great deal of trouble in getting the prisoners safely to headquarters, owing to the constant changing of the lines of the respective armies ; and if it had not been for Gen. Garfield, who, with several orderlies, was passing and gave them instructions how to proceed, they would, doubtless, have been captured.

Soon after this battle Captain Hicks was promoted to Major, and First Lieutenant Vincent to Captain, but, being absent on account of his wound, Lieutenant Pool, who was promoted to First Lieutenant, took command of the Company. Sergeant Pringle was promoted to First Sergeant, in which capacity he acted until March, 1864.

While at Moccasin Point, opposite Lookout Mountain, the Company was small, and fared very badly, for want of food and clothing. At the battle of Lookout Mountain, November 24, 1863, Lieutenant Pool was slightly wounded in the head. Sergeant John Vincent was severely wounded, a ball entering just below the right eye, passing through his head and coming out back of left ear. Harlow D. Ragan was wounded in the hand, Nicholas Wearmouth was wounded in the side, and some others were struck, but none so severely that they left the command. After we had possession, and while on the mountain, a heavy wind storm blew down a tree on the right

of the Company, breaking Lieutenant Pool's leg, and also injuring Corporal W. H. Richards and several others. Lieutenant Pool never recovered sufficiently to be able to join the Company, but was detailed as Military Conductor on the Chattanooga & Knoxville Railroad.

At Buzzard Roost, February 26, 1864, Francis J. Robinson was slightly wounded in the foot, and Harrison Menzemer and Charles Menzemer were captured. The latter died in prison. Harrison's experience is given in another chapter.

At Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864, Joseph E. Consalus was wounded in the face; C. H. Berg received a flesh wound in the calf of the left leg; Francis J. Robinson received a slight wound in the left foot; and Corporal Jason B. Isbell in the right hand.

At Resaca, May 14, Gottlieb Weber was wounded in the face, and John A. Binninger in the face and shoulder. At Dallas, Francis J. Robinson was wounded in the neck, and Francis Johnson in the foot.

At Kenesaw Mountain, June 21, 1864, Sergeant F. A. Weir was wounded in the face; Sergeant C. H. Berg, right arm; Francis J. Robinson, three balls in left leg, severe; Theodore Hopp, left hand, severe. July 10, Joseph D. Young was wounded in the left leg while going out to the skirmish line, near the Chattahoochie River. At Atlanta, August 19, William Lewis was killed, being shot through the head; Ebenezer Tate received a painful wound in the head; First Sergeant F. A. Weir was wounded in the right arm. At Lovejoy's Station, September 2, Andrew Disch, Jr., was killed, a ball striking him in the neck. At Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, John H. Holden, was wounded in the head. At Nashville, December 16, Eugene Langdon was severely wounded in the leg.

In the autumn and early winter of 1864, the following named men joined the Company: John Abel, Philip Allendorf, John Bryson, N. H. Davis, James Delaney, August Hiller, Christian Kuntz, David Reed, Nathaniel Tutin, Robert Virtue, John S. Weir, Robert G. Willson, John Wheeldin, I. M. Wilcox, Henry Wayman, Fred Waemers, Matt Youtz,—

all of whom participated in the battle of Nashville and the pursuit of the enemy to the Tennessee River.

At Russellville, East Tennessee, in April, 1865, the Company was again increased by forty new members (whose names appear in the roster), all of whom were transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois Infantry, at muster-out of the NINETY-SIXTH, except I. M. Wilcox, who died at Russellville, and Thomas Bray, Thomas Metcalf, James Richards and Nicholas Tippet, who died at Nashville.

During the three years' service, six of the original Company were killed in battle ; two died from wounds ; five died of disease ; one died in prison ; one was discharged by order of the Secretary of War ; one on account of wounds ; twenty for disability ; two deserted, and five were transferred to other commands. Fifty-five recruits joined the Company, five of whom died of disease, six were mustered out with the Regiment, and forty-four were transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois Infantry.

It is due to the Company to say that it ever maintained high discipline, and bore its full share in making the history of the Regiment illustrious.

THE COMPANY ROSTER.

Captain George Hicks.—Age 27 ; born in Ludlow, Mass. ; lawyer and County School Commissioner ; also associate editor of the *Galena Gazette* ; enlisted from Galena ; elected Captain at the organization of the Company. Was the senior Captain of the Regiment ; promoted to Major September 20, 1863 ; brevetted Lieutenant Colonel near the close of the war ; brevetted Colonel at the close of the war. Participated in all the engagements of the command ; m. o. with Regiment. Is now Assistant Inspector of Schools in the Island of Jamaica. Postoffice address, Kingston, Jamaica. (See Roster of Field and Staff.)

Captain William Vincent.—Age 33 ; born in Cornwall, England ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena. Was elected First Lieutenant at organization of Company ; promoted to Captain September 20, 1863. Was severely wounded in the leg at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863 ; absent from command four months ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a prosperous farmer near Galena ; has filled the office of County Coroner, Supervisor, Assessor and Collector. Postoffice address, Galena, Ill.

First Lieutenant Robert Pool.—Age 22 ; born in England ; clerk ; enlisted from Galena ; elected Second Lieutenant at organization of Com-

pany ; promoted to First Lieutenant Sept. 20, 1863. Was struck at Chickamauga, carrying away his blouse pocket, with hard-tack in it ; also received slight wound in the head at Lookout Mountain ; severely injured after the command had possession of the Mountain by a tree falling on him, causing a fracture of the right leg, disabling him for six months ; when able for duty was appointed military railroad conductor, and served till m. o. with Regiment. Has been Sheriff of Jo Daviess County two years. Now resides at Ashland, Oregon ; is disabled for manual labor by reason of the fracture of his leg.

Second Lieutenant Frank A. Weir.—Age 23 ; born in Mercer County, Pa. ; school teacher ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; appointed Sergeant at organization of Company ; promoted to First Sergeant in March, 1864 ; to Second Lieutenant May 19, 1865. Wounded in wrist at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863 ; in face, thigh and leg at Kenesaw—(face and thigh by bullets, leg by piece of shell) ; by bullet through right arm at Atlanta, Aug. 19, 1864 ; disabled from duty by reason of last wound twenty-six days. Is now a physician and surgeon, and holds the office of Railroad Surgeon for the Ill. C. R. R. Residence, Jesup, Iowa.

First Sergeant John G. Schaefer.—Age 21 ; born in South Germany, but came with his parents to Galena when 9 years old (1849) ; enlisted from Galena ; school teacher and law student ; appointed First Sergeant at organization of Company. Was killed while charging the enemy at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863. Had passed a successful examination before a military board at Nashville some weeks previous to the battle of Chickamauga for promotion to the rank of Captain in another branch of the service. Was an ambitious, hard-working student. At an early age he worked at printing and book-binding, studying evenings until qualified to teach school ; then commenced studying law, teaching evenings.

First Sergeant John L. Pringle.—Age 21 ; born at Owingsville, Ky. ; school teacher ; enlisted from Galena ; appointed Sergeant at organization of Company ; promoted to First Sergeant after battle of Chickamauga by Captain Hicks ; reduced to Sergeant afterward by Captain Vincent, owing to some misunderstanding. Participated in all engagements, without being wounded, and was mustered out with Regiment. Was in hospital once at Nashville, February, 1863, with catarrhal fever ; did not remain long. Had previously served four months in the 12th Ill. Vols. (three months' service), and was then taken home, reduced to a skeleton by typhoid fever ; recovered and enlisted in Company A at its organization. Is a fruit-grower at Brooklyn, Ind.

First Sergeant Christopher H. Berg.—Age 21 ; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. ; printer ; enlisted from Galena ; appointed Corporal at organization of Company ; promoted to Sergeant April 6, 1863, and subsequently to First Sergeant. Received flesh wound in calf of left leg at Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864 ; struck in breast at Resaca, May 14, ball passing through eagle, strap and memoranda book, cutting skin ; right arm by piece of shell at Kenesaw Mountain, June 21, 1864 ; m. o. with Regiment.

Since 1867, has been a member of the firm of Palmer, Winall & Co., printers and blank book manufacturers, Dubuque, Iowa.

Sergeant David Rogers.—Age 39; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Derinda; appointed Sergeant at organization of Company; was taken sick in Kentucky, and discharged from hospital April 6, 1863, and died some time after the close of the war.

Sergeant William S. Holmes.—Age 21; born in Jo Daviess County Ill.; clerk; enlisted from Galena; was appointed Sergeant at organization of Company. Participated in all the engagements of the Regiment, but escaped severe wounds; was struck in foot by piece of shell at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863; m. o. with Regiment. Since the war has been engaged in mercantile business at La Crosse, Wis. Is now part proprietor of a hotel at Beatrice, Nebraska.

Sergeant John Vincent.—Age 22; born in Galena, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Galena; appointed Corporal at organization of Company; promoted to Sergeant and Color Sergeant. At the battle of Chickamauga a ball passed through boot top and pants just below knee; at Lookout Mountain, Nov. 24, 1863, was severely wounded by ball entering just below his right eye, passing through his head and coming out below and back of his left ear, between the two main arteries, causing the loss of sight of right eye; was taken to hospital, but rejoined the Company in a few weeks and served as Color Sergeant until mustered out with Regiment. Was in the grocery business at Galena for a time, but is now farming in Franklin County, Iowa. Postoffice address, Hampton, Iowa.

Sergeant Jason B. Isbell.—Age 22; born in Guilford, Ill.; miner of lead ore; enlisted from Guilford; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company; promoted to Sergeant in June, 1864. At Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, was wounded in right shoulder, collar bone fractured; disabled eight days; also bullets through cap-box, five balls through blouse; also had gun stock broken by bullet while in his hands,—all at Chickamauga. At Rocky Face Ridge was wounded in right hand. Was in every engagement of the command, and mustered out with the Regiment. Present occupation, solicitor for portrait orders. Postoffice address, Winnebago, Ill.

Sergeant Ernest Barthold.—Age 21; born in Germany, but came with his parents to Galena when quite young; clerk; enlisted from Galena. Was promoted to Corporal, afterward Sergeant. With command all the time, participating in all the engagements, but escaped wounds; m. o. with Regiment. Since the war has been merchandizing at Marshalltown, Iowa; is now Postmaster at Sheridan, Pennington County, Dakota, and is also engaged in mining operations there.

Corporal William S. Bean.—Age 24; born in Bridgeworth, Shropshire, England; clerk in dry goods store; enlisted from Galena; appointed Corporal at organization of Company; promoted to Quarter Master Sergeant at mustering-in of Regiment; served in that capacity to

COMPANY A.



First Serg't C. H. BERG.
Serg't JOHN VINCENT.
OTTO J. BUCK.

Capt. WM. VINCENT.
Q. M. Serg't WM. S. BEAN.

Com. Serg't J. E. JAMES.
EBENEZER TATE.
EDWARD SIMPSON.

PROPERTY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA

the satisfaction of all concerned until killed at the battle of Chickamauga while charging with the Regiment. (See Roster of Field and Staff.)

Corporal William Price.—Age 31; born in Fulton, Ill.; engineer; enlisted from Galena; appointed Corporal at organization of Company; detailed with color guard much of the time, and was killed at battle of Chickamauga. He left a family who reside at Sun River, Montana.

Corporal John R. Taylor.—Age 23; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Guilford; appointed Corporal at organization; detailed as Mail Messenger, and served in that capacity much of the time; m. o. with the Regiment. At last accounts resided at Palatka, Fla.

Corporal Henry Peeper.—Age 24; born in Germany; carpenter; enlisted from Galena; appointed Corporal at organization of Company. Detailed in Pioneer Corps April 7, 1863, and transferred to 1st Regiment U. S. Veteran Engineers August, 1864; m. o. of that command June 30, 1865. Is a carpenter at East Dubuque, Ill.

Corporal J. E. Shipton.—Age 20; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Derinda; promoted to Corporal. Discharged from hospital at Cincinnati, Feb. 13, 1863, for disability. After the war went to California, and was accidentally killed.

Corporal David Isbell.—Age 25; born in town of Guilford, Jo Daviess County, Ill.; miner; enlisted from Guilford; was appointed Corporal at organization of Company; was detailed as color guard. At Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, as the Regiment was falling back to re-form after the second charge, he was struck in the right elbow, shattering the bone; although ordered to the rear, he went with the Regiment on the third charge, and the last seen of him he was being carried back, to all appearance dead, a ball having struck him in the left breast. He was never heard of afterward.

Corporal William H. Richards.—Age 19; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Weston; promoted to Corporal; left leg injured on Lookout Mountain by falling of a tree; at Kenesaw a ball passed through his knapsack, and the lock of his gun was cut away by another ball; at the battle of Nashville a ball passed through his coffee bucket, but he escaped wounds; mustered out with Regiment. Is now comfortably located on a 320-acre farm near Hampton, Franklin County, Iowa.

Corporal Edwin Rogers.—Age 38; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Woodbine; promoted to Corporal Feb. 27, 1863; was never wounded, but participated in all the engagements of the Regiment; at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, received the print of a bullet on the stock of his gun while in his hands; m. o. with regiment. Since the war has been engaged in farming. Is now the owner of a fine farm of 160 acres of land in Turner County, Dak. Has a family; children all grown and married. P. O. address, Parker, Turner County, Dak.

Corporal Harrison Menzemer.—Age 22 ; born in Galena, Ill. ; machinist ; enlisted from Galena ; promoted to Corporal October, 1863 ; knocked down at Chickamauga by spent ball striking him in the ear ; slightly wounded at Lookout Mountain ; captured at Buzzard Roost, Georgia, in February, 1864 ; was taken to Andersonville, where he spent six months ; while there tried to make his escape three times—twice by tunnelling, and the third time by taking the guard's gun, and succeeded in getting away, but was recaptured by blood hounds, taken back and manacled, wearing the chains until the flesh had swollen over the shackles before they were taken off. Was then sent to Florence, S. C., where, with other prisoners, he was corralled in an open field for three months, when he made his escape ; rejoined the Company, and was mustered out with Regiment. Is now proprietor of the Shawneetown Foundry and Machine Shops, at Shawneetown, Ill.

Corporal Josephus Metcalf.—Age 26 ; born in Pecatonica, Ill. ; engineer ; enlisted from Galena ; wounded at Chickamauga, and fell into the enemy's hands. Was taken to Richmond, Va., where he remained two months ; then taken to Danville, where he was kept five months and ten days, and then exchanged. Returning to the Regiment, he was left at Chattanooga to guard supplies, and when on his way to join Regiment at Pulaski, he fell off the cars and sprained an ankle ; sent to hospital at Nashville, and from there to St. Louis. Returned to Company, and was promoted to Corporal ; m. o. with Regiment. Before enlisting in Company A he was with the 3d Missouri Cavalry. Is a stationary engineer at White Oak Springs, Wis.

Corporal Edward J. Godat.—Age 19 ; born in Galena, Ill. ; miner ; enlisted from Galena ; promoted to Corporal in January, 1864 ; always with command, but escaped wounds ; at Chickamauga, a ball passed through haversack and clothing ; mustered out with Regiment. Is engaged in silver mining in Colorado. Postoffice address, Soda Springs, Lake County, Col.

Corporal W. H. H. Willard.—Age 22 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Guilford ; promoted to Corporal May 31, 1865 ; participated in all the engagements of the Regiment, but escaped wounds. Since the war has been an officer in the Wisconsin State Militia. Is now a carpenter and builder. Resides at 917 Chicago street, La Crosse, Wis.

Corporal William J. Virtue.—Age 20 ; born in Galena, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from the town of Rice ; always with the Regiment. At Chickamauga a ball was shot through his canteen and clothing. Promoted to Corporal ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Galena, Ill.

Corporal Conrad Hesse.—Age 26 ; born in Germany ; carpenter ; enlisted from Galena ; company bugler for skirmish drill ; promoted to Corporal. Participated with the command in every engagement, and was mustered out with Regiment. Is a contractor and builder at Galena, Ill.

Musician Benjamin F. Fox.—Age 14 ; born in Prairie du Chien, Wis. ; laborer and school-boy ; enlisted from Dunleith as musician. Was disabled at Moccasin Point while cutting timber, having split left knee-cap ; was off duty two weeks ; was struck on the right elbow by bullet at Kenesaw Mountain, June 27. Always with the regimental band. The youngest man in the Company ; mustered out with Regiment. Is now one of the trusted locomotive engineers on the Iowa Division of the Ill. Cen. R. R. Postoffice address, Waterloo, Iowa.

Wagoner John Strong.—Age 31 ; born in Portsmouth, Ohio ; miner ; enlisted from Elizabeth, as wagoner ; served in that capacity until discharged for disability at Bridgeport, Ala., Sept. 13, 1863. Is mining at Elizabeth, Ill.

Anderson M. Allison.—Age 29 ; born in Vermilion, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; served with Company until its muster-out, participating in all the engagements of the command ; escaped wounds ; resides at Scotland, Edgar County, Ill.

John A. Bininger.—Age 27 ; born in Vienna, Austria ; located at Pilot Knob, near Galena, in 1838 ; miner ; enlisted from Galena. Was cook at regimental headquarters most of the time during his service, but participated in a number of engagements with his command. At Resaca was wounded in right shoulder, face and right side of head, severely ; was absent from command until recovered, and returning served until mustered out with Regiment at Nashville. Since the war has resided at Galena, his occupation being that of a gardener. P. O. address, Galena, Illinois.

Gottlieb Beck.—Age 35 ; born in Wurtemberg, Germany ; shoemaker ; enlisted from Dunleith, Ill. ; was severely wounded at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863, by gun-shot, ball entering under chin, passing through throat, cutting some of the arteries, the effects of which have impaired his eyesight ; was absent from command only while disabled from this wound, and participated in all the engagements of the command ; was m. o. with Regiment. Since the war has been serving as stationary engineer, and is now living at East Dubuque, Ill.

John Buys.—Age 39 ; born in Wayne, N. Y. ; enlisted from Galena. Discharged at Danville, Ky., Jan. 25, 1863, for disability. Died after the war.

James M. Beall.—Age 20 ; born in Fulton, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena ; died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 1, 1863,—the first death in the Company.

Josiah Beall.—Age 24 ; born near Ellisville, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena ; was taken sick, and died at Nashville, Tenn., April 11, 1863, being the second death in the Company. Was a noble young man, beloved by all his comrades. Is buried in Nashville National Cemetery.

Charles Barrett.—Age, 25; born in Jefferson, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Derinda; discharged for disability at Nashville, April 3, 1863, and sent home. Resides near Warren, Ill.

Otto J. Buck.—Age 25; born in Maryland; farmer; enlisted from Derinda. Participated in all the movements of the command until discharged for disability at Nickajack Cove, Dec. 22, 1863. Is still a sufferer from disease contracted while in service. Is farming at Westminster, Los Angeles County, Cal.

John Bastian.—Age 38; born in Yorkshire, England; farmer; enlisted from Elizabeth. Was with the Company all of the time until its muster-out, except when detailed to be with the Regimental Pioneers. Has a family of children, all grown up. Lives at Apple River, Jo Daviess County, Ill.

Alfred Burgess.—Age 30; born in Allegheny, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Scales Mound. Served with his Company until its muster-out, participating in all the engagements; escaped wounds. When last heard from was farming in Illinois.

David R. P. Ball.—Age 21; born in Erie, Pa.; farmer; enlisted from Stockton; served with Battery most of time. Discharged at Blue Springs, Tenn., in February, 1864, for disability.

George Bowman.—Age 18; born in Iowa City, Iowa; lead miner; enlisted from Elizabeth, Ill., as musician, but preferred to serve in the ranks. At Resaca a ball passed through the corner of his knapsack; also had boot-heel cut in two; at Kenesaw, June 27, ball passed through his cartridge box; at Dallas was buried with wood and earth, when a shell struck in front of the Company, splintering the head-log and knocking down part of earth-works. Participated in all the engagements of the command. Mustered out with Regiment. Was with Company C, 27th Illinois, as Captain's boy in the three months' service for a time, but was not regularly enlisted, and went home after the battle of Belmont. Since the war his occupation has been that of master builder. Residence, 4446 Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Harrison M. Campbell.—Age 25; born in Pennsylvania; farmer; enlisted from Woodbine; deserted in Kentucky January 29, 1863.

Joseph E. Consalus.—Age 21; born in Allegheny County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Nora; received wound in face at Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864, while skirmishing with sharpshooters; though painful, did not leave the command; was taken prisoner only once, at Big Shanty, and that by our own men, for foraging, but soon released. Participated in all the engagements of the command, and was mustered out with Regiment. His occupation since the close of the war has been that of a railroad conductor,—for a long time on the Illinois Central, but is now running between Buffalo and New York City. Postoffice address, Bradford, Pa.

John W. Connor.—Age 20; born in New Brunswick; printer; enlisted from Galena. Was severely wounded at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, a ball passing through his body; fell into the enemy's hands, and was afterward sent into our lines and taken to hospital. Finally recovered sufficiently to be discharged from hospital; reported to the Company, and served until m. o. with Regiment. Since the war has traveled over the country, and worked as a journeyman printer. His last known address was Augusta, Ga.

Peter D. Campbell.—Age 18; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Stockton Center; detailed in Pioneer Corps April 7, 1863, and transferred to 1st Regiment U. S. Veteran Engineers in August, 1864, serving with that command until the close of the war. Resides at Rockwell City, Iowa.

Andrew Disch, Sr.—Age 48; born in Germany; laborer; enlisted from Galena. Discharged for disability Jan. 25, 1863. Returned to Galena, where he still resides.

Andrew Disch, Jr.—Age 19; of German parentage; teamster; enlisted from Galena; always with the Company, participating in all the engagements of the Regiment until killed at Lovejoy's Station, on Friday afternoon, September 2, 1864, charging the enemy, the ball entering his neck, killing him instantly. He was a true Christian, and a brave and faithful soldier—beloved and mourned by all his comrades. We buried him not far from where he fell; but his remains were subsequently reinterred in the National Cemetery at Marietta, Ga.

M. R. Einhart.—Age 23; born in Marion, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Hanover, Ill.; was discharged at Danville, Ky., January 25, 1863, for disability.

John Einsweiler.—Age 23; born in Germany; miner; enlisted from Galena; severely wounded in thigh at battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, and disabled for several weeks; returning, served with Company until mustered out with Regiment. Since the war has been mining; is now engaged in farming at Hazel Green, Wis.

R. L. Erskine.—Age 30; born at Lincoln, Me.; farmer; enlisted from Guilford; discharged at Chicago, Jan. 19, 1863, for disability.

James C. Fletcher.—Age 30; born in Sangamon County, Illinois; farmer; enlisted from Guilford. Discharged, on Surgeon's certificate of disability, at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1863. Is a public-spirited citizen, and has been School Director for ten years in different districts. Present occupation, farmer. Postoffice address, Loup City, Sherman County, Neb.

Charles B. Flick.—Age 20; born in Philadelphia, Pa.; chairmaker; enlisted from Galena; participated in all the movements of the Regiment until after the battle of Lookout Mountain. Not being strong, he contracted a severe cold, which resulted in consumption; was discharged Dec. 2, 1863, at Louisville, Ky.; returned home, but, thinking it beneficial

to his health, he moved to Louisiana, Mo., where he died at the age of 29 years, leaving a wife and one child.

Adam Funstan.—Age 24 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from the town of Rice ; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Sept. 25, 1863. Died near Galena since the war.

John Greenwald.—Age 19 ; born in France ; farmer ; enlisted from Menominee, Ill. ; was with Company until discharged for disability, at Nashville, Feb. 13, 1863. Went home, got well, and re-enlisted in Company F, 12th Illinois. Was severely wounded while with that Company at Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864, having one ball in head, one in breast, lodging in right shoulder, from which it has never been extracted ; also wounded in right leg, shell wound across left leg ; also bayonet wound in left hand, disfiguring it badly ; in fact, was shot all to pieces. Is living on a farm, and, with the aid of his sons and a pension, manages to make a living. Postoffice address, East Dubuque, Ill.

Samuel C. Gault.—Age 23 ; born in Mercer, Pa. ; farmer ; enlisted from Derinda. Mustered out May 16, 1865. Postoffice address, Lanark Illinois.

William L. Gayetty.—Age 28 ; born in Venango County, Pa. ; farmer ; enlisted from Derinda. Contracted a severe cold while afflicted with measles in Kentucky, which resulted in injury to spine ; was discharged for disability at Nashville, Feb. 3, 1863 ; re-enlisted in the same Company, April 13, 1865 ; reported to command, and was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois ; promoted to Corporal, and served with that command until mustered out in December, 1865. Is a carpenter at Savanna, Illinois.

William Geyer.—Age 31 ; born in Germany ; forester ; enlisted from Galena ; was with Company during entire term of service. Participated in all the engagements of Regiment, but escaped wounds ; was m. o. with Regiment. Died in Chicago soon after the war.

Louis C. G. Goatia.—Age 26 ; born in Gratiot, Wis. ; farmer ; enlisted from Menominee Township, Jo Daviess County, Ill. Participated in all movements of the Regiment until he was taken sick ; died at Cleveland, Tenn., April 12, 1864.

Milton Glover.—Age 41 ; born in Phelps, Ontario County, N. Y. ; miner ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; wounded in the head at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863 ; had a ball shot through haversack at Kenesaw Mountain June 27, 1864 ; was with Regimental Pioneers part of the time. Always with command, and m. o. with Regiment. Is mining at Apple River, Jo Daviess Co., Ill.

Theodore Hopp.—Age 20 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Guilford. Was wounded in left hand at Kenesaw Mountain, June 21, 1864 ; was with command all the time, and a good soldier ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Houghton, Jo Daviess County, Ill.

John H. Holden; born in Alton, Ill., May 1, 1843, of English parents; his mother died when he was five years old; at fifteen he was left wholly alone. He battled through the years, working at farming and the butcher business and serving an apprenticeship at the cooper's trade, which he had just completed at the time of entering the service; enlisted from Galena; declined an appointment as Corporal, and served through the war as a private, never missing a day's duty, an engagement, or but one roll-call, and that by only five minutes; never reported to the doctors; was a model soldier. At the battle of Franklin was struck in the head by a bullet and quite seriously wounded, but with commendable pluck remained with the command; m. o. with Regiment. Resides in San Francisco, Cal., where he has a well established business as an employing cooper, at 105 Clay Street; has a wife, two sons and two daughters, and is a highly respected business man.

John Hoch.—Age 24; born in Wurtemberg, Germany; shoemaker; enlisted from Galena; participated in all the engagements of the Regiment without receiving any wounds, although frequently struck in his clothing; had his haversack shot away at Chickamauga. Served with the Regiment until its muster out. Has been engaged in the boot and shoe business since the war, part of the time at Sherrill's Mound, Dubuque County, Iowa. Present Postoffice address, Galena, Ill.

J. Edward James.—Age 19; born in Liverpool, England; printer; enlisted from Galena; served in the ranks until after battle of Chickamauga, when he was promoted to Commissary Sergeant of the Regiment, in which capacity he served until mustered out with Regiment. Returning to Galena, he engaged in the photograph business, and prospered. Died in Galena in April, 1878, of tuberculosis, aged 35 years, leaving a family.

Francis Johnson.—Age 18; born in St. Joseph, Mo.; farmer; enlisted from Fairplay, Wis.; was severely wounded in the foot at Dallas, Ga. Was absent sick at muster-out of Regiment, and was discharged at Quincy, Ill.; was last heard from at Salida, Chaffee County, Colorado.

John Johnson.—Age 20; American; enlisted from Galena. Deserted while on the march from Danville to Louisville, Ky., Jan. 30, 1863.

Franz J. Keiburz.—Age 26; born in Switzerland; pastry cook; enlisted from Galena; was company cook until discharged for disability at Nashville, Tenn., March 10, 1863. Died since the war.

Christian Kaufman.—Age 23; born in Germany; farmer; enlisted from Galena; was a good, faithful soldier; always with command until wounded at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, from the effects of which he died four days later.

Clemens Kuntz.—Age 19; born in France; enlisted from Galena. Served with Company until discharged at Wartrace, Tenn., June 17, 1863, by order of Secretary of War. Residence, Galena, Ill.

Eugene B. Langdon.—Age 19; born in Columbia, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Galena; was with command in nearly all the engagements of the Regiment. Severely wounded at battle of Chickamauga, and again at Nashville, Dec. 16, 1864; was discharged on account of wounds at St. Louis, Mo., April 7, 1865.

William Lewis.—Age 21; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Galena. Killed at Atlanta, Ga., August 19, 1864, in a charge made by the Regiment on the Rebel works. His body was recovered late in the evening, and the next day he was buried with military honors by his comrades. His remains now rest in the Marietta cemetery.

James McCann.—Age 22; born in St. Lawrence County, N. Y.; miner; enlisted from White Oak Springs, Wis. Was with the Company in every engagement, but, with the exception of a broken rib, escaped wounds; m. o. with the Regiment. Is farming at Shullsburg, Wis.

William B. McMaster.—Age 18; born in Galena, Ill.; school boy; enlisted from Galena; sprained his knee while in service; was Regimental Postmaster for some time; balance of time served with the Company; was previously in Company F, 12th Illinois, for three-months service. Discharged from Company A for promotion in 7th Kentucky Heavy Artillery, December, 1864; was transferred to colored regiment and stationed at Memphis, Tenn., until three months after close of the war, when he was mustered out at the latter place. Since the war he has been mining in Colorado.

Samuel R. Marsden.—Age 22; born in Jefferson County, Mo.; miner; enlisted from Galena; served in the Company until discharged for disability at Bridgeport, Ala., Sept. 13, 1863. Since the war has been Captain and Engineer of steamboat; now operating the ferry between Savanna, Illinois, and Sabula, Iowa, on the Mississippi River. Postoffice address, Sabula, Iowa.

Richard K. Miller.—Aged 18; born in Galena, Ill.; school boy; enlisted from Galena. Participated in every engagement of the Regiment, and, although he had many close calls, escaped being wounded; was m. o. with the Regiment. Since the war has served five years in the Regular Army, as Sergeant. Is now a prosperous farmer and stock-raiser at Clay Center, Clay County, Kansas.

Charles C. Menzemer.—Age 18; born in Galena; school boy and miner; enlisted from Galena. Participated in all engagements of the Regiment until captured, near Buzzard Roost, Ga., Feb. 26, 1864; was taken to Andersonville Prison, where he died from being vaccinated with impure virus, June 16, 1864. No. of grave, 2,049.

John J. McKinley.—Age 38; born in Cumberland County, Pa.; farmer; enlisted from Derinda. Discharged at Nashville, Tenn., April 5, 1863, for disability; re-enlisted, in 1865, in 21st Illinois, and m. o. in December of same year at San Antonio, Texas. After his return home he moved to Kansas, where he held the office of Justice of the Peace;

from Kansas he moved to Jackson County, Mo., where he died Oct. 1, 1885, of nervous prostration.

Robert Neal.—Age 19; born in Pennsylvania; farmer; enlisted from Woodbine. Died at Franklin, Tenn., March 22, 1863.

Harlow D. Ragan.—Age 21; born in Meigs, Ohio; carpenter; enlisted from Logan County; received a slight wound in hand at Lookout Mountain, Nov. 24, 1863; served with Ambulance Corps during last fourteen months; was in three months' service at beginning of war in some Illinois regiment; was m. o. with Regiment, and, immediately after being paid off at Chicago, went to Columbia, Tenn., where he was shot dead a few months later.

Francis J. Robinson.—Age 17; born in New York City; farmer; enlisted from Galena; was in the battle of Lookout Mountain and all of the engagements that followed until Kenesaw Mountain; at the Buzzard Roost reconnoissance, Feb. 25, 1864, was slightly wounded in foot; at Dallas, Ga., was wounded in the neck, and at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 21, 1864, was three times hit in the left leg by bullets, one of which he still carries in the limb; he afterward narrowly escaped death from gangrene, and was not again able for duty until the Regiment had reached Huntsville; m. o. with Regiment. Afterward graduated from the State Normal School, and was for some years engaged in teaching; is now book-keeper for the printing house of A. M. Wood & Co., 184 and 186 Monroe Street, Chicago. Residence at River Park, Cook County, Illinois.

Christian Rausch.—Age 50; born in Germany; contractor; enlisted from Galena; remained with the Company until Feb. 20, 1863, when he was discharged for disability, at Nashville. Resides at Galena, Illinois.

Edward Reubeno.—Age 23; born in Galena; farmer; enlisted from Galena; participated in all the engagements of the Regiment, and had a finger shot off at the battle of Chickamauga; m. o. with Regiment. Is a large and prosperous farmer and stock-raiser near Galena, Illinois.

William Saulsbury.—Age 18; born in Harrison, Virginia; farmer; enlisted from Galena; most of the time driving a Division team, but participated in several battles; escaped wounds. Died at Camp Douglas, Chicago, Jan. 9, 1865. Is buried at Rose Hill Cemetery.

Edward Simpson.—Age 27; born in Ireland; laborer; enlisted from Dunleith, Ill.; always with Company, except when in hospital on account of severe sabre wound in head, received at battle of Chickamauga; mustered out with Regiment. Is a laborer on railroad, at Waverly, Iowa.

Calvin Turner.—Age 24; born in Adair County, Kentucky; farmer; enlisted from Galena; was one of the Company cooks first eight months; was discharged for disability at Nashville, April 5, 1863; has never been able to do manual labor since; has been a canvasser for the last eight years. Postoffice address, Savanna, Carroll County, Ill.

Theodore Treftz.—Age 33 ; born in Germany ; accountant and clerk ; enlisted from Galena ; served with Company until m. o. with regiment, participating in all the engagements. Died in Galena after the war from disease contracted in service.

Ebenezer Tate.—Age 26 ; born in Erie, Pa. ; carpenter ; enlisted from Galena. At Chickamauga his clothing was riddled with bullets, but no injury to body ; at Atlanta received a slight but painful wound on the head ; was with the command all the time until m. o. with Regiment. Since the close of the war has been farming in Iowa ; is now engaged in that business in Kansas. Postoffice address, Cheney, Sedgwick County, Kan.

Frederick Utrecht.—Age 53 ; born in Prussia ; enlisted from Galena ; discharged for disability, April 4, 1863. Died at Galena, Ill., November 2, 1883.

Thomas Vickers.—Age 32 ; born in England ; miner ; enlisted from Vinegar Hill ; was with command all the time, except when sick with small-pox at Nashville, Tenn. ; m. o. with Regiment. Postoffice address, New Diggings, Wis.

Nicholas Wearmouth.—Age 26 ; born in England ; miner ; enlisted from Vinegar Hill. At Chickamauga bullet passed through coat and haversack ; at Lookout Mountain was hit in left side ; at Resaca rim of hat was taken off by bullet. Was with Company until its muster out. Is mining at Mill Bridge, Jo Daviess County, Ill.

John H. Witman.—Age 20 ; born in Illinois, of German parentage ; druggist ; enlisted from Galena. Served faithfully with Company until mortally wounded at Chickamauga, and died Oct. 30, 1863. Is buried in the National Cemetery at Nashville, Tenn.

Gottlieb Weber.—Age 33 ; born in Wurtemberg, Germany ; gardener ; enlisted from Dunleith, Ill. ; severely wounded in face by gun-shot, at Resaca, May 14, 1864 ; with command all the time, participating in nearly all the engagements of the Regiment ; was m. o. with Regiment. Is mining and gardening. Postoffice address, Dubuque, Iowa.

Harvey G. Wilson.—Age 25 ; born in Illinois ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth. Discharged July 23, 1863, for disability. Residence, Aspin, Colorado.

Joseph D. Young.—Age 18 ; born in Holland ; laborer ; enlisted from Menominee, Jo Daviess County ; was wounded in leg at Chickamauga, also in left leg near Atlanta, July 10, 1864 ; was absent for short time only ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at New Richland, Waseca County, Minn.

RECRUITS TO COMPANY A.

John A. Abel.—Age 21; born in Oldenburg, Germany; clerk; enlisted from Galena, Oct. 3, 1864; was with the Company at the battle of Nashville, and in the pursuit of Hood; had hemorrhage of lungs, caused by exposure in that campaign, and was sick for some time; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; finally m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 15, 1865. Present occupation, laborer and gardener. Postoffice address, 537 Lawson Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Philip Allendorf.—Age 21; born in Jo Daviess County; miner; enlisted from Galena, Sept. 19, 1864; joined the Company at Nashville; participated in the battle and the campaign following; m. o. with Regiment. Is mining at Galena, Ill.

John Bryson.—Age 45; born in Ireland; farmer; enlisted from Woodbine, Oct. 1, 1864; joined the Company in time to participate in battle of Nashville and pursuit of Hood; was m. o. with Regiment. Died in Galena, Feb. 6, 1868, from white swelling and dropsy. He left a family, who reside at Cheever, Dickinson County, Kan.

Thomas Bray.—Age 24; born in Elk Grove, Wis.; farmer; enlisted from Galena, March 2, 1865; joined the Company at Russellville, and died at Nashville, Tenn., April 26, 1865, of typhoid fever.

Robert Bryson.—Age 36; born in Ireland; farmer; enlisted from Elizabeth, March 3, 1865; joined Company at Russellville, and at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Ill.; date of final m. o., Dec. 16, 1865. Died June 17, 1869, at Elizabeth, Ill., where his family still reside.

Elisha R. Bennett.—Age 32; born in Cayuga, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Council Hill, March 13, 1865; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; m. o. Sept. 4, 1865, at Prairie du Chien, Wis.

George Bingham.—Age 32; born in Ireland; farmer; enlisted from Galena, March 24, 1865; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; m. o. Dec. 16, 1865. Died in 1883.

William H. Collins.—Age 19; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Galena, March 16, 1865; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; m. o. Dec. 16, 1865.

Noah N. Davis.—Age 43; born in Green, Indiana; farmer; enlisted from Woodbine, Sept. 21, 1864; was in the battle of Nashville; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Pleasant Valley, Jo Daviess County, Ill.

James Delaney.—Age 39; born in Ireland; miner; enlisted from Galena, Oct. 14, 1864; was in the battle of Nashville; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois, and died Aug. 2, 1865, at Green Lake, Texas.

Henry A. Davis.—Age 21 ; born in Delaware, Ohio ; cooper ; enlisted from Halleck, Peoria County, Ill., Jan. 24, 1865 ; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois ; m. o. Dec. 16, 1865.

Charles Eby.—Age 44 ; born in Baden, Germany ; dyer ; enlisted from Elizabeth, March 3, 1865 ; joined Company in East Tennessee ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois ; finally discharged Dec. 16, 1865. Is now operating the Elizabeth Woolen Mills. Postoffice address, Elizabeth, Ill.

John Hefty.—Age 37 ; born in Switzerland ; farmer ; enlisted March 3, 1865, from Elizabeth ; was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois, at m. o. of Regiment ; finally m. o. Dec. 16, 1865. Died after the war at Elizabeth, Ill.

Baalam Hull.—Age 27 ; born in Hanover, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth March 3, 1865 ; was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois, at m. o. of Regiment ; finally m. o. Dec. 16, 1865, at San Antonio, Texas. Since the war has been Postmaster two years ; is disabled for labor. Postoffice address, Hanover, Ill.

Albert F. Higley.—Age 18 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena, March 13, 1865 ; joined Company at Russellville, Tenn. Was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois, at m. o. of Regiment, and died Aug. 21, 1865, at New Orleans, La.

William Hilderbrandt.—Age 30 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Rice township, March 2, 1865 ; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois ; m. o. Dec. 16, 1865. Resides at Woodbine, Ill.

August Hiller.—Age 19 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; cooper ; enlisted from Galena, Sept. 27, 1864. Was with command at battle of Nashville, and the pursuit of Hood ; m. o. with Regiment. It is understood that he died a few years since at St. Louis, Mo.

Christian Kuntz.—Age 29 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena, Oct. 8, 1864 ; joined the Regiment at Nashville, and participated in the battle and campaign following. Transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois ; m. o. Oct. 15, 1865, at Victoria, Tex. Resides at Galena, Ill.

Thomas Metcalf.—Age 24 ; born in England ; miner ; enlisted from Benton, Wis., March 2, 1865 ; joined Company at Russellville, Tenn. Was taken sick, and died at Nashville, May 16, 1865.

Leonard Metcalf.—Age 30 ; born in England ; miner ; enlisted from the town of Benton, Wis., March 2, 1865 ; joined Company at Russellville, Tenn. At m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois ; m. o. at San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 16, 1865. Died in August, 1871.

Christopher Metcalf.—Age 21 ; born in England ; miner ; enlisted from Benton, Wis., March 2, 1865 ; joined the Company at Russellville, Tenn. At m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois Regiment ; served with that command until m. o. at San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 16, 1865. Is farming at Centre Grove, Dubuque County, Iowa.

James Metcalf.—Age 22; born in Glimerside, England; miner; enlisted from Benton, Wis., March 2, 1865; joined Company at Russellville; Tenn. At m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; served with that command until m. o. at San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 16, 1865. Is now a druggist at Benton, La Lafayette County, Wis.

John Metcalf.—Age 23; born in England; butcher; enlisted from Benton, Wis., March 2, 1865; joined Company at Russellville. At m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; served with that command until m. o. at San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 16, 1865. Is a banker at Paulina, O'Brien County, Iowa.

James H. McAllister.—Age 20; born in Philadelphia, Pa.; farmer; enlisted from Hanover, Feb. 24, 1865. At m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; finally mustered out Dec. 16, 1865. Is farming at Freeman, Hutchinson County, Dak.

John McCoy.—Age 34; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Elizabeth, Ill., March 3, 1865; joined the Company at Russellville, and at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; finally m. o. at San Antonio, Dec. 16, 1865. Postoffice address, Elizabeth, Ill.

Christopher Menzemer.—Age 16; born in Galena, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Galena, March 2, 1865; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; m. o. Dec. 16, 1865. Is mining at Idaho Springs, Colorado.

John Martin.—Age 18; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Council Hill, March 2, 1865; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; mustered out Dec. 16, 1865.

Robert B. Mallor.—Age 22; born in Livingston County, Ky.; farmer; enlisted from Galena, March 24, 1865; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; mustered out Dec. 16, 1865.

James Nicholas.—Age 25; born in Cleveland, Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Mt. Carroll, Ill.; joined Company at Russellville, Tenn.; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; finally m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Is farming at Cuba City, Wis.

William R. Oliver.—Age 18; born in Carroll County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Derinda, April 13, 1865; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; m. o. Dec. 16, 1865.

James Richards.—Age 17; born in Hazel Green, Wis.; school-boy; enlisted from Galena, March 2, 1865; died at Nashville, Tenn., May 9, 1865.

David Reed.—Age 38; born in Ireland; farmer; enlisted from Rice, Oct. 14, 1864; was with command at Nashville and in the pursuit of Hood. At m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; was absent on furlough when that Regiment was mustered out. Died near Galena after the war.

Henry Rosenthal.—Age 37; born in Prussia; physician; enlisted from Galena, March 2, 1865; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois;

absent sick at muster out of that Regiment; resides at Dickeyville, Grant County, Wis.

Joseph Rubado.—Age 19; born in Grant County, Wis.; smelter; enlisted from Hazel Green, Wis., March 11, 1865; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; m. o. Dec. 16, 1865.

Harmon Redeke.—Age 37; born in Germany; farmer; enlisted from Derinda, April 13, 1865; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; m. o. Dec. 16, 1865.

John Sausen.—Age 44; born in Germany; laborer; enlisted from Rice Township, March 2, 1865; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; m. o. Dec. 16, 1865.

Chas. W. Skemp.—Age 20; born in England; clerk; enlisted from Galena, March 20, 1865; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois, but never reported to that command.

Nathaniel Tutin.—Age 34; born in England; currier; enlisted from Galena, Sept. 27, 1864; was with command at Franklin and Nashville, and in the pursuit of Hood; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Bartlett, Wheeler County, Nebraska.

Nicholas Tippit.—Age 26; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Galena, March 20, 1865; joined the Company at Russellville. Died at Nashville, Tenn., May 3, 1865, of typhoid fever.

William H. Tippit.—Age 29; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Galena, March 20, 1865; joined the Company at Russellville, Tenn. At muster-out of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois. Was sick in hospital at New Orleans two months with chronic diarrhœa; finally discharged at Springfield, Ill., Jan. 22, 1866. Is farming at Galena, Illinois.

Corporal Chapman Thistlewait.—Age 34; born in England; miner; enlisted from Galena; had served three years in 19th Illinois Volunteers; was mustered out of that Regiment at Atlanta, as Corporal. At muster-out of NINETY-SIXTH was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois, and appointed Corporal. Finally mustered out at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Is mining at Cuba City, Grant County, Wis.

Robert Virtue.—Age 26; born in Ireland; farmer; enlisted from the town of Rice, Oct. 14, 1864; joined the Company at Nashville, and participated in the battle and the campaign following. At muster-out of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois; finally m. o. Oct. 15, 1865, at Victoria, Texas. Died Dec. 6, 1865, of chronic diarrhœa.

John Wheeldin.—Age 27; born in England; miner; enlisted from Galena, Sept. 27, 1864. Participated in the battle of Nashville and in the pursuit of Hood. A bullet struck his frying-pan, which saved him from injury; was injured at Huntsville, in hauling wood; m. o. with Regiment; resides at Galena, Ill.

John S. Weir.—Age 30 ; born in Mercer County, Pa. ; farmer ; enlisted from Woodbine, Oct. 8, 1864 ; was with Company at the battles of Franklin and Nashville ; detailed as clerk of Division Court Martial, at Huntsville, Ala., January, 1865. Since the war has been engaged in the grocery business ; is now farming and stock-raising at Pauline, Kansas.

Isaac M. Wilcox.—Age 17 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; miner ; enlisted from Galena, Oct. 14, 1864 ; joined Company in time to participate in battle of Nashville and pursuit of Hood. Died at Russellville, Tenn., April 16, 1865.

Robert R. Willson.—Age 20 ; born in Niagara, Ontario ; clerk ; enlisted from Hanover, Oct. 8, 1864 ; joined the Company at Nashville, before the battle, and was with the Regiment in the campaign following. At muster out of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois ; m. o. at Springfield, Ill., Oct. 15, 1865. Is a prosperous merchant at Hanover, Ill.

Henry Wayman.—Age 16 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from the town of Derinda, Oct. 15, 1864 ; was with Company in battle of Nashville ; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois ; m. o. Oct. 15, 1865. Died at Westminster, Los Angeles County, Cal., Feb. 19, 1883, leaving a family.

Frederick Wiemers.—Age 40 ; born in Germany ; tailor ; enlisted from Galena, Oct. 14, 1864 ; was with command at Nashville and pursuit of Hood ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois ; absent sick at final m. o. ; is a tailor at Galena, Ill.

George Woodward.—Age 37 ; born in England ; mason ; enlisted from Elizabeth, March 3, 1865 ; was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois ; promoted to Corporal ; died Oct. 16, 1865, at Victoria, Texas.

Henry Willy.—Age 34 ; born in England ; sailor ; enlisted from Council Hill, Ill., March 2, 1865 ; joined the Company at Russellville, and at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois. Date of final m. o. Dec. 16, 1865. Is farming at Cuba City, Wis.

Frederick Wolford.—Age 33 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena, March 29, 1865 ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois ; finally m. o. Dec. 16, 1865. Is farming at Galena, Ill.

Gregory Weitzenaker.—Age 40 ; born in Switzerland ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena, March 24, 1865 ; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois ; m. o. Dec. 16, 1865.

Corporal Thomas Winters.—Age 32 ; born in Warren, N. Y. ; carpenter ; enlisted from Galena, April 10, 1865 ; transferred to Company B, 21st Illinois ; promoted to Corporal June 16, 1865 ; m. o. Dec. 16, 1865.

Mathias Yontz.—Age 39 ; born in Germany ; miller ; enlisted from Galena, Sept. 27, 1864 ; was with command at Franklin and Nashville, and in the pursuit of Hood ; m. o. with Regiment. Died in Galena, Ill., in 1885.

CHAPTER XLII.

COMPANY B.

BY GEORGE WAIT.

How the Company was Recruited—The Organization at Hainesville—Three Times Sworn In—Incidents in the Early Days—Man Afraid of His Knapsack—Fort Mitchell—Promotions—Ante-Battle Losses—Casualties at Chickamauga—Subsequent Losses—"Gus" Bollenback's Capture and Escape—Company Statistics—A Proud Record—The Complete Roster.

DURING the spring and early summer of 1862, although opposing armies were in the field and at the seat of war, the rank-and-file were over-taxed with duty and the Generals commanding put to their wits' end to know just what to do. Farther to the north, and more remote from those accompanying scenes of carnage and bloodshed, comparative quiet seemed to reign, and a hope that the worst was past seemed to pervade every neighborhood and fireside. But what a change soon passed over the country! Fresh disasters to our armies set the wires in motion, bearing to the extreme portions of the North the call of our "Father Abraham" for 300,000, and shortly afterward for 300,000 more, making in round numbers 600,000 men. In obedience to these calls, I. L. Clarke, Esq., of Waukegan, and Dr. David Salisbury, of Hainesville, started out in July to recruit and organize a Company, believing that, with the united efforts of the people, Lake County could raise her quota of that mighty host, and that, too, without a draft. In every town and village the sound of the mustering drum was heard. Patriotic men left the store, the workshop and the farm, eager to place their names upon the rolls, believing the time had come when the preservation of the Union depended upon the united efforts of the people of the North.

Hardly had Messrs. Clarke and Salisbury made the effort to recruit one Company, ere they found they had upon their

COMPANY B.



Serg't ARTHUR COOK.
DIGHTON GRANGER.

HENRY DOMBSKI.
Second Lieut. GEO. WAIT.
Corp'l HAMILTON C. WHITNEY.

Serg't WARREN E. POWERS.
OSCAR E. WHITCOMB.

PROPERTY OF THE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

rolls names enough to make nearly two, and so by mutual consent they parted. About twenty men who had signed a roll in the village of Wauconda joined Dr. Saulsbury, and a Company was organized at Hainesville, Ill., on Saturday, August 10, with David Saulsbury as Captain, Rollin H. Trumbull, of Wauconda, as First Lieutenant, and Allen B. Whitney, of Avon, as Second Lieutenant, with a total of one hundred men, varying in age, with a few exceptions, from seventeen to thirty-five, and in appearance and power of endurance equal to the heroes of the 15th and 37th Regiments, or, in fact, to the men of any other organization that had previously left Lake County. When formed in line, as they were upon one or two occasions, they gave the little village of Hainesville quite a military appearance.

Shortly after the organization of the Company, and after swords had been presented to the officers by the patriotic citizens of Avon and Wauconda, the Company was disbanded for a time, the men being allowed to return to their homes, gather up their effects and provide for the future of their families (such of them as had families), as best they could, previous to entering camp, September 1. As the men, or boys as most of them were, were about to start for Waukegan, *en route* for Rockford, Ill., where they were to enter camp, who can describe the feelings of father and mother, of brother and sister, of wife and children, as they parted with their loved ones,—many of them never to meet again this side of the River of Death! The writer remembers one instance where friends gathered around a young man who, when a lad of four or five years, was left an orphan, and, without so much as a brother or sister, had made the journey of life to manhood alone, a neighboring farmer took him by the hand, and, when he could trust his voice to speak, he said: "If the time ever comes, in the future, that you need money, a home, or a friend, come or send to me."

September 3 found the members of the Company all together again in Waukegan. The Company was formed on the Court House Square, and again sworn into the service, although it had previously been sworn in, at Hainesville, by

Esquire Marvin. During the Company's brief stay in Waukegan some of the men were quartered at the Sherman House, some at the Waukegan House, and others at the City Hotel.

The morning of September 5 found the men taking leave of the friends who had remained in town to see them off. Then, tendering their thanks to the patriotic ladies of Waukegan, who had presented each member of the Company with a nicely arranged pin and needle cushion, the Company marched down to the depot, and, with the other three Companies from Lake County, was soon on board the train. Hardly had the train got under motion over the up-grade, when it came to a station, then called Rockland, where there was standing what was, no doubt, a truly loyal and patriotic citizen, waving his handkerchief. Hanging upon his arm was a basket containing a nice roast of beef. A white-haired youth of Company B, believing that, to be good soldier, one should begin early and learn easy, slipped his foot through the handle of the basket, and, as the boys used to say, "took it in." This was the first indulgence in what afterward became a prominent feature of the War, namely, foraging.

The train made but a short stop at Chicago, and was soon moving on its way, a few hours' run bringing it to Rockford, where the four Companies disembarked and marched through the city to Camp Fuller. When the men were ordered to break ranks, each one made a rush for the barracks to secure a bunk; the next thing in order being refreshments. Hardly had the fires been kindled, and the dinner,—or supper, as it might be called,—got under way, when the order was given to fall in, and Company B, with the other Companies, marched out and was mustered in as a Regiment. This being the third time Company B had been sworn into the service, the mustering officer no doubt thought it would do, so the men were marched back to camp to finish the meal already cooking. The coffee was again warmed up, the meat given another turn in the skillets, and when the men were gathered around that rude table which contained meat, soft bread and molasses, the expression upon each one's countenance seemed to say,—

“I am not dining at mother’s table, but at Uncle Sam’s Hotel.”

After finishing their meal the men took a stroll around camp for a short time previous to entering the barracks, where they spent the evening in singing songs and telling stories, and if any gloomy thoughts were entertained of home, they were not expressed, but each one seemed to do his part to pass off the first evening in camp as pleasantly as possible. When the hour for retiring came, most of the boys had their first experience in making up beds,—which consisted of straw without a tick, pillows without a feather, and the soft side of a pine board for a mattress,—that would not let them sleep long enough to have any sweet dreams of home without waking them up and causing them to turn over. The next morning the men came out of their quarters seemingly refreshed, and ready for any duty that might be assigned them.

Captain Saulsbury, the previous evening, having drawn the second letter in the list, the Company was ever after known as Company B. The list of non-commissioned officers was announced, as follows : Sergeants, E. J. Gillmore, Morris S. Hill, George H. Burnett, Orskine Ferrand and Henry Annis ; Corporals, Ambrose A. Bangs, George Wait, William D. Whitmore, John D. Fulsom, Daniel Osman, Samuel H. Lindsay, Arthur Cook and Willard Whitney. The men were arranged in the Company according to size or height, and the commissioned and non-commissioned officers assigned to their places. The Company daily went out for Company drill, usually under command of Lieut. O. S. Johnston, of Waukegan, who had seen service in the 51st Illinois, and was a good drill-master. When the Regiment went out for battalion drill Company B took its place upon the left of the Regiment, next to Company G, a position that ever afterward, when on the march, the order being right in front, gave it the rear, and if left in front, the advance of the Regiment. Few things of interest transpired while the Regiment was in camp at Rockford. The drawing of arms and accoutrements was a matter of curiosity as well as interest. The men looked with equal curiosity upon the knapsack, in which they were to carry their

clothing and everything pertaining to the comfort of the outer man ; the haversack, in which they were to carry their food to strengthen the inner man ; the canteen, from which they were to slake their thirst ; the cartridge-box, in which they were to carry their supply of ammunition ; and their gun, with which they were to help whip into subjection those who dared to raise their arm against the Constitution and the Flag of our country.

An incident occurred when the outfit was drawn that brought a smile upon the faces of all. George Rix, of Company B, after packing his knapsack with his personal effects, and strapping his overcoat and blanket upon the top, found it to be a healthy looking object and a burden not easily borne. Being full of pluck and nerve, he placed it upon his back and made secure the fastenings ; then, straightening up, he looked at his shadow to see what kind of an appearance he made ; then looking over his shoulder, and acting as if scared at the object he saw, he went prancing around the camp like a wild colt loose upon the prairie, with a rider strapped to his back. Little did his comrades think then that within four short months, through the deep muds of Kentucky, keeping step to the sound of the muffled drum, they would be following him to his last resting place.

October 8 found the Regiment under orders for Cincinnati, and the members of Company B hurrying to their place on the left of the Regiment. The command of Colonel Champion was repeated by the Captains along the line,—“ Right, face ! ” “ Forward, march ! ”—and the NINETY-SIXTH was marched to the city, boarded the train, and was soon on its way to the front. While the Regiment was in barracks at Covington, Ky., a portion of the Company, under command of Sergeant Ambrose A. Bangs, was detailed to guard Fort Mitchell. When the Regiment started for Lexington, Ky., Company B was one of the five Companies under Colonel Champion, marching *via* Williamstown and Georgetown. When Lexington was nearly reached the Regiment came to a halt, and the men of Company B, tired of their long march, stood leaning upon their guns. Dighton Granger, a lad of

twenty years, with no matrimonial prospects, so far as any one knew, gave his knapsack a nudge, and, turning to his file-mate, said: "My! we will help put down this Rebellion, but if there is ever another war, our children will have to go to the front."

At Harrodsburg Company B received notice of the death of Hiram W. Hollister, at Lexington, November 25, his being the first death in the Company. While at Danville the Company received notice of the resignation of First Lieutenant Rollin H. Trumbull, who had been sent to hospital at Cincinnati, Ohio. Upon the receipt of this notice Allen B. Whitney was promoted from Second to First Lieutenant, and an election was called to choose a Second Lieutenant. The election was an interesting though friendly one, and resulted in a tie between Corporals John D. Fulsom and George Wait, and, consequently, no choice was made. A few days later the Company officers, to make good a promise given by them at the organization of the Company, when it was thought Captain Salisbury would be made a member of the Medical Staff, sent the name of First Sergeant E. J. Gillmore to Governor Yates, and requested that he be promoted to Second Lieutenant, which was done.

Company B was detailed, December 29, 1862, to guard the Hickman Bridge across the Kentucky River, on the Lexington and Danville pike, but rejoined the Regiment January 3, 1863. After the return of the Regiment to Danville from the Lebanon march, through a torrent of rain, nearly one-half of the men in the Company were sick, three of the number,—George Rix, James Brown and Alfred Collins,—dying within a short period. During the last day's march from Danville to Louisville, William S. Skinner deserted; and while ascending the Cumberland River by transport, Corporal John D. Fulsom and Lafayette Collins deserted. While the Regiment was in camp at Nashville, Tenn., Captain David Saulsbury resigned, and Allen B. Whitney was promoted from First Lieutenant to Captain, E. J. Gillmore from Second to First Lieutenant, and George H. Burnett from First Sergeant to Second Lieutenant.

During the first year, and previous to the battle of Chickamauga, the losses of the Company were twenty-seven, as follows : Captain David Saulsbury and Lieutenant Trumbull, resigned ; Morris S. Hill, William Bottom, William S. Clark, Hiram Boogar, John H. Crosby, George H. Day, Whitman O. Fisher and James Young were discharged ; James Brown, James Bottom, Alfred Collins, Eleazer Graves, Hiram W. Hollister, James O'Connel, John J. Price and George Rix died ; Corporal John D. Fulsom and Privates William S. Skinner and Lafayette Collins deserted ; Isaac Barrus and Alfred Castle were detached, and J. W. Devoe was transferred.

The survivors of Company B, like those of many other organizations, will never forget the terrible battle of Chickamauga and the tempest of shot and shell of the enemy passing through their ranks, like a whirlwind of death, leaving upon the field to die many of their bravest and best men, while others were borne to the rear, many of them crippled and maimed for life. The Company went into the battle with less than forty men. Of these, four were killed or left dying upon the field, nine were wounded, one was taken prisoner, and nearly one-half of the remainder had their clothing pierced by bullets. After reaching the right, the Regiment had hardly halted and come to a front, when Charles N. Fox was struck in the breast by a ball and instantly killed. When the Regiment had advanced up the hill a few rods, Thomas Potter was shot in the bowels. He returned to within a few feet of where Charles Fox fell, and lay down and died. When the line had fallen back and re-formed, it was found that William Kimball was missing, having doubtless been killed, although no one saw him fall. The Regiment had advanced a second time but a short distance, when Emery Dart was missed, and is supposed to have been killed outright. In the first charge John H. Cruver was wounded in the right elbow so severely that he afterward suffered three operations, having portions of the elbow and five inches of the bone above taken out, and being compelled to carry his arm in a sling three years. Henry Annis was wounded in the left leg, below the knee, and also received a scalp wound. Corporal Hamilton C. Whitney was

shot in the side, the ball passing through and coming out the other side. When taken from the field eight days later, under a flag of truce, his wound was filled with maggots. John Cashman received a severe wound in the foot, and never afterward rejoined the Company. Sergeant William D. Whitmore was wounded severely in the shoulder, Caleb Whitney slightly in the heel, William W. Tower severely in the right leg below the knee, and Charles McCusker in the shoulder. Near evening First Sergeant Ambrose A. Bangs received a slight scalp wound. Soon afterward he and Arthur Cook, both of whom had remained too long at the front, differed as to the direction the Regiment had taken in a retrograde movement, each taking his own way; Cook quickly rejoined his comrades, and Bangs soon found himself in the enemy's lines and a prisoner. The total loss to the Company in killed, wounded and missing at Chickamanga was fourteen.

When the Regiment was drawn up in line at the foot of Lookout Mountain on the morning of November 24, 1863, a thoughtful expression was upon the face of every man, when Charles McCusker stepped out in front, and, facing the Company, said: "Well, boys, it is a hard fight that no one gets through to tell the story!" The spell was broken, the order given to advance, and soon all were on the move. When the Regiment was swinging around the point of the mountain, near the white house, Esau Rich was killed, and James Litwiler and Valentine Traut were slightly wounded. A singular circumstance happened during this battle. While Valentine Traut and Gustavus Bollenback were passing a plug of tobacco from one to the other, it was struck by a ball, leaving a portion in each of their hands.

From the battle of Lookout Mountain to the opening of the Atlanta campaign, few things of importance transpired in Company B. The Company took part in the Dalton reconnoissance, but without loss. The service the men had seen in the past gave them a foretaste of what the future had in store for them, and, to say the least, nearly every man was a hero, ready to stand by his comrades in battle and by the flag of his country at any hazard. In the sharp engagement that

followed the first meeting of the enemy at Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864, Fred Brainard was struck in the top of his shoulder, the ball passing downward and causing instant death. Corporal Warren E. Powers was severely wounded in the right arm, and Erastus Cleveland in the left ankle. At Resaca, May 14, while the Company was on the skirmish-line, Herman Hoogstraat was killed, and it was thought by members of the Company that Malcolm McMillen killed the man who shot Hoogstraat. Near evening, after the Company had rejoined the Regiment, James Litwiler was struck by a ball and instantly killed. June 3, Carlisle Druse, while on the skirmish-line in front of the enemy, was killed by a falling tree. June 19, near Kenesaw Mountain, Orskine Ferrand was wounded in the left hand. June 20, at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Captain E. J. Gillmore was mortally wounded, being shot three times, and dying three days later. Sergeant William D. Whitmore was struck by a ball, and almost instantly killed. David Wells was severely wounded in the left hand. Erastus Cleveland was also wounded in the left hand. August 3, near Atlanta, Myron Gillmore was wounded severely in the left leg, and was never after able to join the Company. August 19, while the Regiment was advancing on the enemy's skirmish-line, William W. Tower was wounded in the neck and shoulder, and died five days later.

Just previous to the battle of Nashville, Tenn., December 15 and 16, eleven recruits came to Company B, as follows : Herman W. Hall, Ami Lovejoy, William J. Lindsay, John T. Mitchell, Stanislaw Mattax, Walter E. Stone, Volney Washburn, Myron A. Bryant, Owen Dady, Joel Gove and Allen B. Whitney, the latter being Company B's former Captain. At the battle of Nashville, December 16, 1864, while charging the enemy's works, John Washburn was instantly killed by a ball which struck him in the breast ; Orskine Ferrand was wounded in the left hand ; and, after the Company had entered the enemy's works, Corporal John McCusker was severely wounded in the foot. At the close of the battle Company B was detailed on picket, and was relieved the next

morning, drenched with rain, only to find that the Regiment had, nearly two hours previously, taken up its line of march for Franklin. Upon rejoining the Regiment in the evening, Company B received especial commendation from the commander of the Regiment, Major Hicks, for its gallant service.

While the Regiment was in camp at Huntsville, Ala., Gustavus Bollenback went out with a foraging party, and was taken prisoner; but, being one who made the best of everything, and an expert at any kind of a game, he was frequently called upon by his captors to join them in a game of cards, and gaining their confidence, they soon permitted him to help gather wood for the fire. Going out one evening, he got a little in advance and failed to "gather," but, striking out across the country a distance of thirty miles, he rejoined his Company the next evening, somewhat thinner than when he left it twelve days before, and his growing appetite and frequent visits from tent to tent during the evening made it necessary for the Company to draw rations next morning.

While the Regiment was in camp at Russellville, Tenn., in the spring of 1865, Ambrose A. Bangs, who had been taken prisoner at Chickamauga, rejoined the Company, and was mustered as First Lieutenant.

During the three years' service, thirty of the Company were struck by bullets or shell in battle. Twenty-three died or were killed before the close of the war. Of this number, thirteen were killed or mortally wounded in battle, ten died of disease,—nearly all during the first year. Those dying from disease were James Brown, James Bottom, Alfred Collins, George T. Cooper, Eleazer Graves, Hiram W. Hollister, Nelson Huson, John J. Price, George Rix and Corporal James O'Connel. Sixteen men were discharged for disability, caused by wounds or disease. Two commissioned officers resigned, six men were transferred, three men deserted, and two—Morris Hill and Hiram Weatherly—were promoted to the non-commissioned staff. Twenty-two different men were non-commissioned officers in the Company. Of the commissioned officers, Captain David Salisbury resigned, First Lieutenant Rollin H. Trumbull resigned, Allen B. Whitney was

promoted from Second Lieutenant to Captain, and resigned ; E. J. Gillmore was promoted from First Sergeant to Captain, and was mortally wounded at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., dying three days later, greatly regretted by his command ; George H. Burnett was promoted from Third Sergeant to Captain, and remained with the Company until the close of the war ; Ambrose A. Bangs was promoted from First Corporal to First Lieutenant, and George Wait from Second Corporal to Second Lieutenant. The non-commissioned officers at the close of the war were as follows : Sergeants—Daniel Osman, Samuel H. Lindsay, Arthur Cook and Willard Whitney ; Corporals—Charles McCusker, Orville P. Barron, Jerome Burnett, Warren E. Powers, Henry Annis, John McCusker, Caleb Whitney and Major H. Cleveland. Just previous to the Regiment's leaving Nashville for Chicago, the eleven recruits were transferred to the 21st Illinois. At the final muster-out of the Company, only forty of the original members were present.

During the three years' service, Company B was never found wanting when called for, and never failed to do its full duty ; and now, at the end of more than twenty years, its survivors look with pride upon the results of the war, that they, in their feeble way, helped to bring about,—namely, a happy, united and prosperous nation. The following is

THE COMPANY ROSTER.

Captain David Saulsbury.—Age 27 ; born in New York ; enlisted from Avon, where he had been a physician in regular practice for several years ; was elected Captain at the organization of the Company ; was detailed as Acting Surgeon for a few weeks ; his health failing, he resigned at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 17, 1863, and returned home. Nov. 11, 1864, he was made Assistant Surgeon in the 128th Indiana Volunteers at Salisbury, N. C., and remained there and at Morgantown until April, 1865. Died at Salem, Wis., of typhoid pneumonia, April 18, 1872.

Captain Allen B. Whitney.—Age 28 ; born in Willoughby, Ohio ; sailor ; enlisted from Avon ; was elected Second Lieutenant at the organization of the Company ; promoted to First Lieutenant Jan. 6, 1863, and to Captain Feb. 17, 1863 ; resigned Jan. 8, 1864, on account of ill health ; recovering, he re-enlisted as a private Oct. 10, 1864, and rejoined the Regiment at Nashville, Tenn., just prior to the battle of December 15

and 16, in which he participated ; returned home with Regiment ; died in Chicago, Feb. 19, 1879.

Captain Evangelist J. Gillmore.—Age 26 ; born in New York ; farmer and teacher ; enlisted from Avon ; appointed First Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Second Lieutenant Jan. 6, 1863, and to First Lieutenant Feb. 17, 1863, and to Captain Jan. 8, 1864 ; at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Georgia, June 20, 1864, he was mortally wounded while attempting to retake the breastworks from which the 35th Indiana had been driven, being shot three times, and dying three days later, beloved and regretted by his associates of whatever rank. His body was, by special order of the Department Commander, taken to his former home at Avon Center, Lake County, Ill., for interment.

Captain George H. Burnett.—Age 27 ; born in Lyons, Wayne County, N. Y. ; gun and locksmith ; enlisted from Avon ; appointed Third Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; promoted to First Sergeant Jan. 6, 1863 ; to Second Lieutenant Feb. 17, 1863 ; to First Lieutenant Jan. 8, 1864 ; and to Captain June 25, 1864 ; was slightly wounded at Lookout Mountain ; was in charge of the Regimental Pioneers on the Atlanta campaign until Captain Gillmore was wounded at Kenesaw Mountain, when he asked to be relieved, and immediately took command of the Company, participating in the subsequent engagements of the Atlanta campaign and at Franklin ; mustered out with Regiment. Has been Supervisor, Collector and Alderman several terms, and is engaged in business and a prominent and influential citizen at Waukegan, Ill.

First Lieutenant Rollin H. Trumbull.—Age 29 ; born in Castleton, Vermont ; teacher ; enlisted from Wauconda ; elected First Lieutenant at the organization of the Company ; was seriously ill soon after the Regiment went to Kentucky, and went to a hospital at Cincinnati, where he continued ill for some months ; resigned on account of ill health Jan. 6, 1863. Is a large stockholder and an official in the Marinette Iron Works, with office and salesroom on Lake Street, Chicago ; residence, Evanston, Ill.

First Lieutenant Ambrose A. Bangs.—Age 30 ; born in Stanford, Bennington County, Vt ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda. Was appointed first Corporal at organization of Company ; promoted to First Sergeant in January, 1863 ; was taken prisoner at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863 ; was in prison at Richmond, Danville and Andersonville. Was commissioned First Lieutenant July 22, 1864, while a prisoner. Was exchanged Nov. 20, 1864, and, being sick, returned home, where he remained until March, 1865, when he rejoined his Company, and was mustered as First Lieutenant, April 9, 1865. Mustered out with Regiment. Was elected Collector for the town of Wauconda in 1869, and was Assessor for city of Odebolt, Iowa, in 1885 and 1886. Is a stock-dealer at Odebolt, Sac County, Iowa.

Second Lieutenant George Wait.—Age 21 ; born in Cuyahoga County, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Goodale (now Grant) ; was appointed Second

Corporal at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Sergeant ; then to First Sergeant ; commissioned Second Lieutenant in June, 1865. Was never absent from the command for more than a few hours, except once on furlough, and participated in every engagement except the night fight at Kenesaw Mountain, June 20, 1864, at which time he was ill and sent to the rear, but rejoined the command next morning. Was never wounded, but had his clothing penetrated by bullets at Chickamauga. Was Acting First Sergeant during all of the time that Sergeant Bangs was a prisoner. Commanded the Company at the battle of Nashville, Dec. 15 and 16, 1864, and during the subsequent march to Huntsville, Ala., receiving special commendation from the commander of the Regiment at the close of the campaign ; m. o. with Regiment. Has been a prominent and influential citizen ever since the war ; was Chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Lake County for several years ; was elected to the Legislature in 1886 ; resides on a farm in the township of Grant. Postoffice address, Volo, Ill.

Sergeant Morris S. Hill.—Age 29 ; born in New York ; merchant ; enlisted from Wauconda ; appointed Second Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Commissary Sergeant at the organization of the Regiment. Resides at Wauconda, Ill. (See Roster of Field and Staff.)

Sergeant Orskine Ferrand.—Age 21 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; appointed Sergeant at organization of Company ; accidentally wounded in left hand at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga. ; wounded in left hand at Nashville, Tenn. ; m. o. June 8, 1865. Is proprietor of a hotel at Fayette, Iowa.

Sergeant Henry Annis.—Age 31 ; born in St. Lawrence County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; was wounded in leg and on the head at Chickamauga, but was not long absent from the Regiment ; had bullets through clothing and accoutrements in other engagements ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a veterinary surgeon at Columbus, Wis.

Sergeant William D. Whitmore.—Age 26 ; born in Seneca County, Ohio ; farmer and teacher : enlisted from Avon ; appointed Third Corporal at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Sergeant ; at Chickamauga was severely wounded in the shoulder, but recovered and rejoined the command in about four months ; at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 20, 1864, was killed in the attempt to re-take the breastworks from which the left of the Brigade had been driven. A favorite in the Company and Regiment, his death was a source of great sorrow to his friends and associates.

Sergeant Samuel H. Lindsay.—Age 31 ; born in Pennsylvania ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; appointed Fifth Corporal at organization of the Company ; promoted to Sergeant ; m. o. with Regiment.

Sergeant Arthur Cook.—Age 22 ; born in Vermont ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; appointed Sixth Corporal at the organization of the

Company ; promoted to Sergeant. Was never absent from the Regiment, participating in every engagement, and was one of the favorites of the Company ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a large farmer and stock-grower, and a leading citizen at Wauconda, Ill. Has several times been elected Township Assessor and Collector.

Sergeant Willard Whitney.—Age 31 ; born in Seneca County, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from the township of Warren ; appointed Seventh Corporal at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Sergeant ; participated in numerous engagements, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment. Is understood to be in Indian Territory.

Sergeant Daniel Osman.—Age 26 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; appointed Eighth Corporal at the organization of the Company ; served as Color Corporal for several months ; was promoted to Sergeant in February, 1863 ; participated in almost every skirmish and battle in which the Regiment was engaged, but escaped wounds ; was always conspicuous for his cool courage ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a farmer at Tenhassen, Minnesota.

Corporal John D. Fulsom.—Age 35 ; born in Jefferson County, N. Y. ; sailor ; enlisted from the town of Cuba ; appointed Fourth Corporal at the organization of the Company ; deserted Feb. 7, 1863.

Corporal James O'Connel.—Age 22 ; born in New York ; blacksmith ; enlisted from Avon ; promoted to Corporal ; was taken with typhoid fever while the Regiment was at Wartrace, Tenn., and sent to hospital at Nashville, Tenn., where he died Aug. 24, 1863.

Corporal Hamilton C. Whitney.—Age 25 ; born in Michigan ; farmer ; enlisted from the township of Warren ; promoted to Corporal, and served with Color Guard ; at Chickamauga was desperately wounded in the left side, the bullet passing through and coming out on the opposite side, completely disabling him ; he was reported as killed at the time, and there was both surprise and rejoicing when he was brought inside the lines eight days later, having been paroled. During the time that he lay inside the enemy's lines his wound became maggoty, and he suffered exceedingly. The wound so thoroughly disabled him as to unfit him for duty and cause his discharge from hospital at Chicago, Ill., July 28, 1864. Is a resident of Templeton, San Louis Obispo County, Cal.

Corporal Charles McCusker.—Age 21 ; born in New York City ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; promoted to Corporal, and served as Color Corporal ; participated in nearly every skirmish and battle in which the command was engaged, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment. Is supposed to be residing in California or Washington Territory.

Corporal Orville P. Barron.—Age 24 ; born in Geauga County, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; promoted to Corporal in February, 1863 ; participated in all of the battles of the Atlanta campaign and the engagements at Franklin and Nashville, and on the Atlanta line had his gun

shattered in his hands by a Rebel bullet ; was m. o. with Regiment. Is a prosperous farmer in Avon. Postoffice address, Hainesville, Ill.

Corporal Jerome Burnett.—Age 20 ; born in Lyons, Wayne County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; promoted to Corporal. Was with the Regiment in nearly every battle and skirmish, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment. Has since held several township offices. Is a brother of Capt. G. H. Burnett. Is a prosperous farmer and influential citizen at Lake Villa, Lake County, Ill.

Corporal Warren E. Powers.—Age 25 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Fremont ; promoted to Corporal ; at Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864, was severely wounded in right arm, but rejoined the Regiment in a few weeks, and participated in several subsequent engagements ; at the battle of Nashville had his haversack strap cut by a ball ; m. o. with Regiment ; is a good citizen and a prosperous farmer at Wauconda, Ill.

Corporal John McCusker.—Age 20 ; born in New York City ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; promoted to Corporal ; was in nearly every engagement, and was severely wounded in the foot at the battle of Nashville, Dec. 18, 1864, and never rejoined the command, but was discharged from hospital at the close of the war ; was especially commended for bravery by his commanding officers. Is a farmer at Wauconda, Ill.

Corporal Caleb Whitney.—Age 37 ; born in Seneca County, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from the town of Warren ; promoted to Corporal ; m. o. with Regiment ; died in Kansas, a few years since.

Corporal Major H. Cleveland.—Age 26 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; promoted to Corporal ; participated in every engagement, and was once slightly wounded in the foot ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a prosperous farmer and trusted township official at Garnett, Anderson County, Kansas.

Isaac Butterfield.—Age 38 ; born in New York ; carpenter ; enlisted from Avon ; was never absent from Regiment, except for thirty days on furlough, and participated in numerous battles and skirmishes, but escaped wounds. Is at work at his trade as a carpenter in Waukegan, Illinois.

George A. Bangs.—Age 20 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; was in the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and the engagements of the Atlanta campaign ; was struck by spent ball at Chickamauga, and also at Dallas ; sustained a partial sunstroke near Dalton, Ga., in May, 1864, but continued with the Company until sometime during its last year's service, when he was detailed as Orderly at Corps Headquarters ; was Orderly for Gen. Wood at the battle of Nashville ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a broker and lumber dealer at Wymore, Nebraska.

James Brown.—Age 44 ; born in Genesee, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; died at Danville, Ky., Jan. 25, 1863.

Harrison I. Bangs.—Age 21; born in Wauconda, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Wauconda; was with the Regiment in every battle and skirmish, but escaped wounds; never reported to the Surgeon; was m. o. with Regiment. Is a blacksmith, and also runs a feed mill at Mulberry Grove, Kansas.

James A. Beck.—Age 18; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Avon; was with the Regiment all of the time during its three years' service; had a ball through hat at Chickamauga; one through both trousers legs at Resaca, and at the same time (May 14, 1864,) a ball struck his gun while he was putting on a cap; escaped wounds, and was m. o. with Regiment. Is a successful farmer at Gurnee, Lake County, Ill.

George Barth.—Age 18; born in Germany; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; was in every engagement with the Regiment, and had a ball through his coat on the right shoulder at Kenesaw Mountain; m. o. with Regiment. Is in business as a merchant at Crawford, Cook County, Ill.

Isaac A. Barrus.—Age 33; born in New York; carpenter and joiner; enlisted from the town of Goodale (now Grant); detailed in Pioneer Corps, April 7, 1863, and transferred to First U. S. Veteran Engineers, July 29, 1864, serving with that organization until the close of the war, and having command of his Company for a time. Is a contractor and builder at Volo, Ill.

William Bottom.—Age 20; born in Cambridge, England; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; taken sick soon after entering service, and discharged April 6, 1863. Present postoffice address, Havensville, Pottawatomie County, Kansas.

Fred Brainard.—Age 22; born in Gill, Mass.; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; killed at Rocky Face Ridge, Ga., May 9, 1864.

James Bottom.—Age 22; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; died at Estell Springs, Tenn., Aug. 23, 1863.

Henry Boogar.—Age 35; born in Germany; farmer; enlisted from the township of Cuba; discharged for disability, at Nashville, Tenn., May 12, 1863. Was a soldier in Switzerland from 1843 to 1853, and was in four heavy engagements in 1848. Is farming at Orchard, Iowa.

Gustavus Bollenback.—Age 19; born in France; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; was with the Company nearly all the time during its three years' service, and though looked upon as one of the "boys" of the Company, was also called one of its best soldiers; had a ball pass through his pants leg at Chickamauga, and was captured near Huntsville, Ala., Feb. 1, 1865, but made his escape twelve days later. When speaking of a battle after it was over, he would frequently say: "Boys, didn't we give them a wolley down the walley?" Mustered out with Regiment. Is a farmer near Paulina, O'Brien County, Iowa.

Myron A. Bryant.—Age 32; born in New York; blacksmith; enlisted from Avon, Oct. 10, 1864; joined the Regiment in time to partici-

pate in the battle of Nashville; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to the 21st Illinois; accompanied that command to Texas, and was finally m. o. at Springfield, Ill., in October, 1865. Is a carpenter and builder at Waukegan, Ill.

Erastus T. Cleveland.—Age 18; born in Columbia County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Avon; was nearly always with Regiment; was wounded in left ankle at Rocky Face Ridge, and at Kenesaw Mountain was wounded in left hand, causing amputation of one finger; m. o. with Regiment. Is running a hotel and livery at Sutherland, O'Brien County, Iowa.

John H. Cruver.—Age 19; born in Chicago, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Wauconda; was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, in the right elbow; an operation was performed on his arm at Chattanooga in September, 1863, and another at the Marine Hospital, Chicago, in 1864; and another in 1866; after being discharged, the entire elbow joint was taken out and five inches of the bone from the elbow up; the arm is now stiff; was compelled to carry his arm in a sling for nearly three years; was discharged from Hospital at Camp Butler, Springfield, Ill., in September, 1865. Was Bailiff in the Circuit Court of Cook County in 1866 and 1867, and a letter carrier in Chicago for some years; is now a manufacturer of knit goods at 27 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

Disch.
Peter Cossman.—Age 22; born in Prussia; farmer; enlisted from Wauconda; was for some time detailed with the First Kentucky Artillery; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Muscatine, Iowa.

William Curl.—Age 42; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Avon; fractured a leg while loading the boat at Louisville, and was permanently disabled; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Nov. 27, 1863. Resides at Sandago, Stafford County, Kan.

Alfred Collins.—Age 18; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Avon; died at Danville, Ky., Jan. 28, 1863.

Lafayette Collins.—Age 23; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Avon; deserted Feb. 1, 1863.

George J. Cooper.—Age 18; born in Illinois; farmer; enlisted from Avon; died in hospital at Louisville, Ky., Nov. 18, 1863.

Alfred S. Castle.—Age 21; born in Michigan; farmer; enlisted from Ela; detailed in Pioneer Corps, April 7, 1863, and transferred to First U. S. Veteran Engineers, July 27, 1864. Is Chief Engineer of the Fire Department at Redding, Shasta County, Cal. Was injured in the back while at work on the railroad bridge at Franklin, Tenn., from the effects of which he is still lame.

Dead
William S. Clark.—Age 20; born in Greene, Chenango County, N. Y.; clerk; enlisted from Wauconda as musician, and served as drummer; discharged for disability at Danville, Ky., Jan. 21, 1863. Is a teacher of penmanship and business forms, and resides at Barrington, Ill.

COMPANY B.



Corp'l Major H. CLEVELAND.
JOEL GOVE.

ALFRED S. CASTLE.
First Lieut. AMBROSE A. BANGS.
GUSTAVUS BOLLENBACK.

MALCOLM McMILLEN.
THOS. E. WELLS.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

John Cashman.—Age 30 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; was wounded in the foot at Chickamauga, and disabled for active service ; m. o. July 11, 1865.

Elijah C. Carpenter.—Age 23 ; born in Morristown, N. Y. ; blacksmith ; enlisted from Avon ; was sick most of the time during the first year ; returned to his home in Lake County, Ill., on furlough, and it was thought would never be able to join his Company ; but, partly recovering his health, he joined the Regiment in time to take part in the battle of Lookout Mountain and the engagements of the Atlanta campaign ; while watching a game of checkers a ball struck a pole in the shade above, and glancing, it struck him in the side, knocking him down, and putting an end to the game ; was in the battle of Nashville, and after his return to the Company was always one of Company B's best men ; m. o. with the Regiment. Is a good citizen and a successful blacksmith at McHenry, Ill.

John H. Crosby.—Age 20 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Goodale (now Grant). On entering camp was taken sick with measles and sent to hospital, where he remained five months ; was discharged April 5, 1863. Enlisted in 146th Illinois Volunteer Infantry Sept. 3, 1864 ; was chosen Sergeant ; promoted to Second Lieutenant, Sept. 20, 1864, and m. o. July 8, 1865. Died at Wheeler's Ranch, Sac County, Iowa, Oct. 30, 1875.

Henry Dombksi.—Age 20 ; born in Lake County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon. Participated with the Regiment in the battles of Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain, and in the latter battle was slightly wounded in the right cheek. Was with the Regimental Pioneers from March, 1864, until the close of the war, but always at the front. Had a remarkable career, in that he was never disabled or sick to an extent that unfitted him for active duty. Mustered out with Regiment. Is a prosperous farmer at Hainesville, Lake County, Ill.

William S. Dunbar.—Age 26 ; born in Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from the town of Goodale (now Grant). Having been a teamster on the plains before the war, he was of special service in lassoing and hitching up the mules, as described on page 47 of this work, and was detailed in the wagon train as teamster much of the time during his term of service ; m. o. with Regiment. Was last heard from at Faribault, Minn.

Carlisle Druse.—Age 23 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from the township of Warren. While on the skirmish line confronting Pine Mountain, Ga., June 13, 1864, and under the fire of the enemy, a heavy pine tree became uprooted and fell partially upon him, causing his instant death.

Emery Dart.—Age 34 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda. Missing at battle of Chickamauga, and undoubtedly killed outright, as he was in the thickest of the fight, and was not seen after a brief retrograde movement of the Regiment at a time when many fell.

Owen Dady.—Age 18 ; born in Lake County, Ill. ; blacksmith ; enlisted from Avon, Oct. 10, 1864, joining the Regiment in time to participate in the battles of Franklin and Nashville ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois, and finally discharged in Texas, Oct. 10, 1865. Is at Chamberlain, Dakota.

George H. Day.—Age 22 ; born in McHenry, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from the township of Warren ; discharged for disability Jan. 21, 1863. Is an engineer, and resides at Wabasha, Minn.

Isaac W. DeVoe.—Age 20 ; born in Orange, Steuben County, N. Y. ; medical student with Dr. Salisbury ; enlisted from Avon. While in camp at Rockford, Ill., from exposure, had inflammatory rheumatism ; followed Regiment to Cincinnati, and subsequently to Louisville, Ky. ; was sent to Barracks No. 1, and detailed as hospital steward. Was examined and ordered discharged from service, but asking permission to remain was transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, 68th Company, 2d Battalion, July 22, 1863, and at the close of war was at officers' general hospital, Louisville, Ky., as Acting Hospital Steward. Was discharged from service at Louisville, Ky., July 3, 1865. Is a physician and surgeon at Wausau, Wisconsin.

Alfred Edwards.—Age 21 ; born in Warren, Herkimer County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon. Was with the Regiment most of the time until he lost his speech ; recovered a long time after returning home, when he was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps May 4, 1864 ; discharged near the close of the war. Died at his home in Avon, Ill., July 22, 1876.

Whitman O. Fisher.—Age 23 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; taken sick with measles early in his service, and sent to hospital at Covington, Ky. ; rejoining the Regiment he took cold, and was again sent to hospital, and finally discharged March 23, 1863. Resides at Hainesville, Ill.

William J. Fuller.—Age 23 ; born in Hume, Allegheny County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; detailed in 9th Ohio Battery, Feb. 22, 1863, where he served until August, 1863, when he was detailed in 18th Ohio Battery, where he served as cannonier at Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge. Returned to Regiment at the opening of the Atlanta campaign, taking part in every skirmish or battle in which the Regiment was engaged, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming near Hainesville, Ill.

Charles N. Fox.—Age 19 ; born in Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; was always with Regiment during its first year's service. Was killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, being the first man killed in action from Company B.

Dighton Granger.—Age 19 ; born in Lake County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Goodale (now Grant) ; was detailed with ordnance train a portion of the time, but participated with the Regiment in the battles of

Lookout Mountain, Rocky Face Ridge, Resaca, and in numerous minor engagements ; was never absent or off duty because of sickness during his entire term of service ; at one of the engagements near Kenesaw Mountain drove his team with a load of ammunition out to a battery when the fight was raging in all its fury. The Captain of the Battery, not thinking it safe to unload ammunition at such a time, ordered him back over the brow of the hill. Mustered out with Regiment. Has held the office of Assessor and Collector, and for many years has been a Justice of the Peace for the town of Grant. Postoffice address, Volo, Lake County, Illinois.

Elihu Gray.—Age 20 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Goodale (now Grant) ; went with Regiment to Covington, Ky. ; had measles, and was taken to marine hospital ; rejoined the Regiment at Harrodsburg, but never fully recovered his health. Was on detached service most of the time at Brigade Headquarters until just before the battle of Lookout Mountain, when he returned to Company and participated in the battle ; was with the Regiment on the Atlanta campaign, and while driving team in November, 1864, was taken prisoner at Spring Hill, Tenn., Nov. 29, 1864, but while the enemy were burning the train made his escape. Mustered out with Regiment. Is a resident of Granite Falls, Minn.

Myron Gillmore.—Age 20 ; born in Pennsylvania ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; had a ball pass through his canteen and cartridge box at Chickamauga ; was in the battle of Lookout Mountain, and was with the Regiment most of the time on the Atlanta campaign. Was sent back to his home in Lake County with the remains of his brother, Captain E. J. Gillmore, and shortly after returning to Regiment was wounded in the leg in front of Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 3, 1864, partially disabling him for life. Was discharged because of this wound Jan. 5, 1865, at Chicago, Ill. Has held the office of Sheriff of Barton County, Kansas, two terms, and is a farmer and real estate dealer at Great Bend, Kansas.

Eleazer Graves.—Age 20 ; born in Williamstown, Orange County, Vermont ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda. Died from disease at Murfreesboro, Tenn., July 13, 1863.

Joel Gove.—Age 17 ; born in Jay County, Ind. ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon, Oct. 10, 1864 ; joining the Company in time to participate in the battle of Nashville, Dec. 15 and 16, and was slightly wounded in the left hand ; remained with the Regiment until its m. o., when he was transferred to the 21st Illinois, and went with that command to Texas ; was finally m. o. at Victoria, Tex., Oct. 10, 1865 ; enlisted in the Regular Army, Nov. 19, 1866 ; had a narrow escape in a storm at sea, and saw severe service on the plains ; was at Fort Steele, Wyoming, the last year of his service. Is now a laborer, and resides at Balbeck, Jay County, Indiana.

Frank Garland.—Age 41 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; was one of the oldest men in the Company ; was of a lively

disposition ; never absent from Regiment, except for a few months when detailed to guard and drive cattle ; was m. o. with Regiment. Though 67 years of age, is one of the "boys" of Wauconda, Ill.

Nelson Huson.—Age 19 ; born in Yates County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; detailed as Drummer ; remained with Company two years and four months, when he was taken sick and sent to hospital, and died at Columbia, Tenn., Jan. 4, 1865.

George E. Hendee.—Age 21 ; born in Alleghany County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; participated in the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Rocky Face Ridge, and at the former engagement was struck by a bullet, but not seriously hurt ; was detailed in a hospital at Nashville, Tenn., in May, 1864, and at the close of the war was Assistant Steward ; discharged at Nashville, June 4, 1865. Is farming and keeping a summer resort at Round Lake, Lake County, Illinois. Postoffice address, Hainesville, Ill.

Herman Hoogstrat.—Age 18 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Goodale (now Grant) ; was never excused from duty ; was in the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and the engagements of the Atlanta Campaign until Resaca was reached, when he was killed in action, May 14, 1864.

Hiram Hollister.—Age 30 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; died of disease at Lexington, Ky., Nov. 25, 1862,—the first man to die from the Company.

Herman W. Hall.—Age 18 ; born in Lake County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon, Oct. 10, 1864, joining the Regiment in time to participate in the battle of Nashville ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois ; finally m. o. at Victoria, Tex., Oct. 10, 1865. Was Postmaster at Arlington, Wis., from 1872 to 1876. Is now a builder and resides at Fox Lake, Ill.

Alonzo Harris.—Age 18 ; born in Massachusetts ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; was in hospital at m. o. of Regiment ; discharged near the close of the war. Resides at Palatine, Ill.

died **Oliver C. Kingsland.**—Age 35 ; born in Lisbon, St. Lawrence County, N. Y. ; ship blacksmith ; enlisted from Wauconda ; was in the battle of Chickamauga, where he had his haversack and rubber blanket pierced by bullets ; was detailed in the Quarter Master's Department as Regimental Wagonmaker by Lieut. Col. Smith ; m. o. with Regiment. Is running a repair shop at Camp Douglas, Wis.

William Kimball.—Age 17 ; born in Elgin, Ill. ; tinner ; enlisted from Wauconda ; was a good soldier, and never absent from the Regiment during its first year's service ; was killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.

James H. Litwiler.—Age 20 ; born in Pennsylvania ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; was in the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Rocky Face Ridge, and was killed at Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864.

Ami Lovejoy.—Age 22 ; born in Cleveland, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon, Oct. 10, 1864, and joined the Company in time to participate in the battle of Nashville ; at the m. o. of the Regiment was transferred to the 21st Illinois, and went with that command to Texas ; was finally m. o. Oct. 10, 1865. Is a novelty salesman at West Union, Iowa. Was a brother of John Lovejoy, of the same Company.

William J. Lindsay.—Age 29 ; born in Pennsylvania ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon, Oct. 10, 1864, and was in the battle of Nashville ; at m. o. of the Regiment was transferred to the 21st Illinois, and sent to Texas ; m. o. Oct. 10, 1865.

Henry Montgomery.—Age 18 ; born in Cleveland, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Fremont ; at the battle of Resaca, May 14, 1864, had a ball pass through his coat, and at Atlanta was struck by a spent ball ; served with credit as Division Teamster or in ranks during the three-years service ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a police officer at Austin, Tex.

John T. Morrill.—Age 22 ; born in Vermont ; farmer ; enlisted from Fremont ; was with the Regiment, except for a few days, until Brentwood was reached, when, being prostrated by rheumatism and so disabled as to render him unfit for field duty, he was detailed as Assistant Engineer at No. 2 Hospital on College Hill, Nashville ; was subsequently transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, and finally discharged for disability May 22, 1864. Is a painter at Hainesville, Ill.

Dead **James H. McMillen.**—Age 23 ; born in Jefferson County, New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Fremont ; was detailed on gunboat "Newsboy," on the Cumberland River, and served there until the close of the war ; m. o. at Nashville, Tenn., June 24, 1865. Is farming near Hainesville, Ill.

Malcolm McMillen.—Age 21 ; born in Jefferson County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Fremont ; participated in numerous engagements and had bullets pass through his clothing, but escaped wounds ; was detailed with supply train for a time ; m. o. with Regiment. Is pursuing the occupation of a stone mason at Kill Creek, Kan.

Cornelius McCusker.—Age 23 ; born in New York City ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; was in the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and in the engagements of the Atlanta Campaign, and at Franklin and Nashville ; had a ball through hat, and had his cup shot off from a canteen string at Lookout Mountain ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a policeman at Oshkosh, Wis.

James E. Millard.—Age 22 ; born in Bennington, Vt. ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment. Resides in Chicago, Ill.

James Marble.—Age 26 ; born in Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Goodale (now Grant) ; m. o. with Regiment.

William Monahan.—Age 23 ; born in Lake County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; was 6 feet 4½ inches in height and of powerful

frame ; was an excellent soldier, and almost constantly with the command ; m. o. with the Regiment. Died at his home in Lake County, Ill., a few years since, from consumption.

William Marble.—Age 27 ; born in Cuyahoga County, Ohio ; blacksmith ; enlisted from Wauconda ; had his boot heel shot off at Chickamauga, and, though troubled much with chronic rheumatism, remained with his command most of the time, and was m. o. with Regiment. Has worked at his trade most of the time since the war, and is comfortably located at Wauconda, Ill.

John T. Mitchell.—Age 16 ; born in Illinois ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon, Oct. 10, 1864 ; joining the Company in time to participate in the battle of Nashville, Dec. 15 and 16 ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois ; went with that command to Texas, and was finally m. o. at Victoria, Tex., Oct. 10, 1865. Is farming at Gaylord, Kansas.

Stanislaw Mattax.—Age 33 ; born in Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Goodale (now Grant), Oct. 10, 1864 ; came to camp in December, 1864 ; was in battle of Nashville, Tenn. ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to the 21st Illinois, and sent to Texas ; was m. o. Oct. 10, 1864. Is at Hotchkiss, Delta County, Col.

Edwin Potter.—Age 17 ; born in Lake County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; was absent from the Regiment because of sickness more or less in the first year and a half of its service, but, returning, participated in all of its engagements following Resaca, and was frequently commended for his courage ; m. o. with the Regiment. Is farming at Gurnee, Lake County, Illinois.

John J. Price.—Age 20 ; born in Lake County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Fremont ; was taken ill early in his term of service, and removed to hospital at Quincy, Ill., where he died April 11, 1863. He had two brothers in the service, in Company I, 15th Illinois.

Thomas Potter.—Age 24 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; was always on hand and ready for duty during the first year's service, and was killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.

Norman O. Pratt.—Age 21 ; born in Stamford, Vt. ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; was detailed, and in November, 1864, was transferred to the Signal Corps ; was captured near Kingston, Ga., in 1864, and for a long time a prisoner of war. Returned home broken in health, and died at his home in Wauconda, Ill., May 19, 1883.

George Rix.—Age 18 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Goodale (now Grant). Died in field hospital at Danville, Ky., January 24, 1863.

Esau Rich.—Age 22 ; born in Lake County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; was killed at the battle of Lookout Mountain, Nov. 24, 1863.

William S. Skinner.—Age 23; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Wauconda; deserted Jan. 29, 1863.

Walter E. Stone.—Age 20; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Avon, Oct. 10, 1864, joining the Company in time to participate in the battle of Nashville; was transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865, and finally m. o. at Victoria, Tex., Oct. 10, 1865.

George W. Turner.—Age 26; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Wauconda; failing to obtain a furlough to go home on business that seemed imperative, he absented himself without leave, in February, 1863, but returned voluntarily in about one month; he was sentenced to make up his lost time, and thus came within the order requiring those whose terms of service did not expire until after October 1, 1865, to be transferred; he was therefore assigned to Company G, 21st Illinois, and went with them to Texas, being finally m. o. at Victoria, Oct. 10, 1865. Resides in the Cooweenooowee district of the Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory. Postoffice address, Coffeyville, Kansas.

William Wallace Tower.—Age 19; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from the township of Goodale (now Grant); at Chickamauga he received a severe flesh wound in the right leg below the knee, which disabled him for nearly eight months, a part of which time was spent on furlough with his friends in Lake County; returning to the command in the summer of 1864, he participated in several of the engagements of that memorable battle summer, and always with commendable bravery; in the demonstration on the enemy's lines in front of Atlanta, Aug. 19, he was mortally wounded, being shot in the neck, while close to the Rebel skirmish pits. Two of his comrades, John and Charles McCusker, lying close to the ground, drew him back, a foot or two at a time, to a place of safety, whence he was carried to a field hospital; when the army swung around Atlanta he was placed in an ambulance, the intention being to take him to Marietta, but he was too low to endure the trip, and died on the way, August 25, 1864.

Valentine Traut.—Age 20; born in Harrisburg, Pa.; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; at the battle of Lookout Mountain was slightly wounded in the foot and leg, and was also struck in the arm by a spent ball; was almost constantly with the Regiment, and conspicuous for his bravery; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming in Fremont, Lake County, Ill.

John Washburn.—Age 19; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Avon; was killed in the charge on the Rebel works at the battle of Nashville, Dec. 16, 1864.

Oscar E. Whitcomb.—Age 27; born in Massachusetts; farmer; enlisted from Wauconda, as Wagoner, and served in that capacity continuously until the close of the war. Is now a commission merchant in Chicago, being a member of the firm of Bond & Whitcomb, doing business at No. 191 South Water Street.

Nile Wynkoop.—Age 19 ; born in Waukegan, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; was with the Regiment at Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, in nearly or quite all the battles of the Atlanta Campaign, and at Nashville ; m. o. with the Regiment ; was one of Company B's best soldiers, and is one of Wauconda's best citizens.

Thomas E. Wells.—Age 23 ; born in Kingsbury, N. Y. ; blacksmith ; enlisted from Wauconda ; was taken sick while the Regiment was at Franklin, Tenn., in June, 1863 ; sent to hospital at Nashville, Tenn. ; transferred to V. R. C. ; subsequently doing guard duty at Louisville, Ky., Camp Denison, Ohio, and Camp Chase, Ohio, until May, 1864, when sent to Washington, D. C., doing guard duty at the War Department until discharged ; promoted to Corporal in 1864 ; mustered out June 29, 1865. Has been a machinist, and is a partner in the Iron and Brass Works at Sandy Hill, N. Y.

Volney Washburn.—Age 19 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon, Oct. 10, 1864 ; joined the Regiment in time to take part in the battle of Nashville, Dec. 15 and 16, 1864 ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois, accompanying that command to Texas, and being finally m. o. at Springfield, Ill., in October, 1865. Is a miner at West Union, Iowa.

Hiram Weatherly.—Age 24 ; born in Genesee County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; promoted to Principal Musician, July 1, 1863 ; discharged for disability, Feb. 6, 1865.

David Wells.—Age 24 ; born in Cass County, Mich. ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; was in every engagement until Kenesaw Mountain was reached, June 20, 1864, when he was wounded in the left hand and arm, causing the loss of a finger and the disabling of the hand to quite an extent ; at the battle of Lookout Mountain a bullet passed through his hat, and others through his clothing ; discharged for wounds at Mound City, Ill., Oct. 26, 1864. Is keeping a hotel at Burlington, Coffey County, Kansas.

George W. Winfield.—Age 23 ; born in Mansfield, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; was at Chickamauga, Buzzard Roost, and other engagements, and at the battle of Nashville had bullets pass through his coat and his cap box ; was in hospital five months in 1864 ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a teamster in Chicago, Ill.

Thomas Winfield.—Age 19 ; born in Mansfield, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; discharged for disability, Sept 2, 1863, afterward enlisting in some other command. Resides at Mansfield, Ohio.

James Young.—Age 46 ; born in Scotland ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; contracted lung disease and was discharged for disability, June 16, 1863. Died in the township of Warren, March 15, 1885.

CHAPTER XLIII.

COMPANY C.

BY CHARLES A. PARTRIDGE.

The Fourth Company—Can Lake County Fill It?—The Affirmative Answer—Officers Chosen—Temporary Rendezvous at Waukegan—Sword Presentations—Off for Rockford—Chosen as Color Company—A Promise to be Prompt—Sent to Fort Shaler—Recruits from Rebeldom—Quartered in a Church—School-day Experiences Revived—Terrible Losses at Chickamauga—Almost Blotted Out—Subsequent Casualties—Some Statistics.

WHEN enlistments were resumed during the summer of 1862, it was expected that perhaps two full companies could be recruited in Lake County. Few were so sanguine as to expect more. But by the 7th or 8th of August there were enough for the two companies, and strong hopes that the third could be raised. On the 11th the third, being nearly full, was organized, and there were some muster rolls still out to which a few names had been signed. John K. Pollock, Esq., a prominent farmer living near Millburn, in the township of Antioch, was securing quite a list. William M. Loughlin, of Lake Forest, and Harrison Huntington, of Ela, immediately began active work. A roll in Waukegan was also circulated. Leading men in the county asked each other the question as to whether these several squads of men might not be got together and a start made toward a fourth company. Very few believed that the company could be filled, even to the minimum number, but all agreed that an effort should be made looking to this result. By the 15th it was apparent that one company, to the command of which Isaac L. Clarke had been chosen, would have more than the maximum number, and he consented to the withdrawal of any squad of men who were willing to go into the new company. After

some consultation, about a dozen, most of whom had enlisted from the town of Fremont, agreed to the transfer of their names on the condition that A. B. Partridge should be one of their line officers. This was assented to, and a meeting appointed to organize the company. This meeting was held in the old court house at Waukegan in the evening, and was quite largely attended by both citizens and soldiers. The question as to who should be the line officers had been pretty fully discussed before the gathering was called to order, and as a result there was little or no contest, John K. Pollock, Esq., being chosen Captain; Addison B. Partridge, First Lieutenant; and William M. Loughlin, Second Lieutenant, by a practically unanimous vote. There were at this time about seventy names secured. The men were asked to aid in the work of recruiting, and when the company finally left for Rockford it numbered about ninety men. A few of these were rejected at the final inspection,—in nearly every instance because of their being under eighteen years of age, although a dozen under eighteen were accepted. But others came to take the places of those rejected, so that there were ninety-two men enrolled when the company left the State. Of these about twenty-five were from the town of Antioch, a like number from the town of Fremont, and a dozen each from the towns of Newport, Ela and Waukegan; the others being from various other points in Lake County.

Although a majority of the men were enlisted early in August, many of them remained at their homes until toward the close of the month, in order to finish up business affairs and put the work upon the farms as far along as possible. In the *Waukegan Gazette* of August 30, 1862, an order was published, of which the following is a copy :

ATTENTION COMPANY !!

Every member of Captain Pollock's Company is hereby ordered and required to report themselves to him in person at the city of Waukegan, on Tuesday, the 2d day of September, 1862, by 10 o'clock A. M., for the transaction of such business as may come before them.

Per order,

C. W. EARLE,
Orderly pro tem.

There was a prompt response, and that very day drilling began in good earnest, the race-track and the court house square being used as drill grounds. Charles W. Earle was the principal drill master, his previous experience in the Fifteenth Illinois, in which regiment he had served for about six months, coming into play and fitting him admirably for this work.

While in Waukegan most of the men were quartered at the Sherman House. The citizens made their stay exceedingly pleasant, and when the hotel was overcrowded patriotic homes were always opened to the brave volunteers. Numerous mementoes were presented by the ladies of the city and county, including a "house-wife" to each soldier. In these modern days it may be necessary to explain that a "house-wife" was a needle-book, with a receptacle for thread, buttons and the et ceteras necessary for use when the soldier should be where he could no longer call upon his wife or mother or sister to do his mending. These were tastefully made and well filled, and not a few of them are still preserved and highly prized as relics of the war.

A pleasant incident of the last day's stay in Waukegan was the presentation of swords and sashes to the Captain and First Lieutenant, a report of which is copied from *The Waukegan Weekly Gazette* of Saturday, September 6, 1862 :

"SWORDS PRESENTED.—A very interesting occasion was the presentation of swords by the friends of Captain John K. Pollock and Lieutenant A. B. Partridge, first officers of one of our volunteer companies, at the court house, on Thursday last. Rev. L. Hawkins, in behalf of the citizens of Millburn, in a short but strong and expressive speech, presented a beautiful sword and sash to Captain Pollock, who, in words which came directly from his noble heart, thanked his friends for the testimonial; said he appreciated fully their kindly feelings toward him and his command, and hoped he should never disgrace his name, his country or the sword they had so kindly given him.

"The sword to Lieutenant Partridge, which was also a fine one, was presented in behalf of a few friends and neighbors in the town of Fremont, by Deacon Bliss, from Wisconsin, a brother-in-law of Lieutenant Partridge, who made some very pertinent and well-timed remarks, appropriate to the occasion, which met a response from Lieutenant P. that all knew, who were spectators of the scene and acquainted with Deacon Partridge, were words fitly and honestly spoken; they came

from the depths of that good old man's heart, and he fully meant what he said.

"We could not but notice how earnest were all the speakers on this occasion—how determined were all their actions and the words they uttered. We were much pleased with the remarks of Rev. Mr. Hawkins; he evidently believes in a war of extermination; in using any means, in fact, which will crush this dreadful rebellion, and punish those who were its instigators and now are urging it on."

The next day a sword and sash were presented, without formality, by Luther Rossiter, Esq., of Lake Forest, to Lieutenant William M. Loughlin. It was a gift from the Common Council of the city of Lake Forest, of which that officer had long been an honored member.

On Friday morning, September 5, 1862, the company prepared for its trip to the camp of instruction, at Rockford, Ill. The members of the company were early astir, breakfasts were eaten, bundles or rolls of blankets were packed, and the order given to "fall in." The line was formed in front of the Sherman House and the roll called, after which the list of non-commissioned officers was read, as follows: First Sergeant, Charles W. Earle; Sergeants, Ellis L. Schooley, Harrison Huntington, Harvillah Cooley and Joseph B. Porter; Corporals, Edward Murray, James Kearney, Andrew T. White, George N. Ayers, Edwin A. Bartles, James M. Taylor, George C. Dodge and Charles A. Partridge. This list had been carefully prepared by the Captain and Lieutenants, and its announcement was looked for with much interest. There may have been a few disappointed ones, but in the main the appointments were well received by the members of the company, and fairly vindicated by after events.

With cheers for the Union, the Flag, and the friends at home, the company marched to the depot, where it was joined by the three other Lake County companies. There occurred the leave-taking between mothers and sons, wives and husbands, sisters and brothers, sweethearts and lovers,—with how many, alas, a final farewell! But the scene soon changed, for seven o'clock was at hand, and with it the train. Soon the conductor shouted "All aboard," and, with the martial band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the train moved

out. Arrived at Chicago, the men were called in line and sworn into the service by Lieut. Hunt, of the Regular Army. The trip to Rockford was without especial incident. Arriving in that city at a little after two o'clock P. M., the company marched to Camp Fuller with the other Lake County companies, where they, with the six Jo Daviess County companies, were formally organized as a regiment.

The announcement that the company had drawn the letter "C," and was to be the color company of the regiment, was made the following morning at roll-call, and was received with the most hearty and enthusiastic cheering, the boys all feeling proud of their position. First Sergeant Earle made the announcement, and, stating that they would always be expected to be the first company in line whenever the Regiment formed, asked if they would promise, then and there, that the line should never be obliged to wait for them. To this they gave ready and hearty assent, and the promise was carefully kept, the Regiment seldom, if ever, being detained in forming to await the arrival of their Color Company. Later on Company C was the first to take up the skirmish drill. Always it was one of the best drilled and most tidy in a regiment of crack companies, and more than once it was the recipient of high compliments from the field officers and others for both promptness and efficiency—compliments which the men appreciated, and, it is believed, deserved. The discipline of the company was excellent, and the moral standing of its members high. More than one-half of the entire company were members of some church. Whatever of insubordination may have threatened elsewhere, there was never trouble here. The last of the four companies raised in the county, and at its muster-in the smallest numerically and averaging the youngest, there was a little disposition among a few to regard it as the "titman" company of the Regiment. However, there was little ill-feeling engendered, and, in a quiet way, the members of the company seemed to resolve that, though last, it should not be least.

In October two men,—James Kenty and John McGill,—were added to the company. Both had been in the Confed-

erate army, as members of the First Louisiana Tigers,—one of them as a conscript, and the other as an unwilling recruit, who, having served the year for which he had enlisted, had been refused a discharge. They came to Kentucky with Gen. Bragg's army, and, upon a favorable opportunity, slipped from the ranks and made their way northward until they met this command, when they offered to enlist and were accepted. Kenty had been wounded at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, while with the Confederate forces. Both proved to be excellent soldiers. Kenty served most of the time in the Quartermaster's Department, being regimental or brigade butcher. McGill was for a time a Sergeant, and was twice severely wounded. In the fall of 1864 John White came as a recruit, and in the spring of 1865 George Johnson was added to the roll. Both were transferred to the Twenty-first Illinois at the muster-out of the Regiment. Thus the total enrollment of the Company was ninety-six men,—significant of the Number of the Regiment.

At Camp Champion, near Newport, Ky., October 20, 1862, Company C was detached from the Regiment, and occupied Fort Shaler, relieving Company K, but remained there only two days, when it rejoined the main body of the Regiment, remaining with it until Harrodsburg was reached.

November 20, Company C and Company I were detached from the Regiment, then camped at Harrodsburg, Ky., and marched ten miles to Danville, where they were quartered in a church. Here they remained until November 29, when, the Regiment having come up, they went into camp. During this brief period of detached service, their main duty was to preserve order among the convalescents in the town, guard a few sick and wounded Confederates, and furnish escorts for funerals,—frequent deaths occurring among the sick and wounded left from Gen. Buell's army after the battle of Perryville. The quarters in the church were greatly enjoyed. On Sunday religious services were held, and on one or two weekday evenings rhetorical exercises were given, the boys repeating their school-day declamations for the entertainment of comrades. Not a few of these declamations were admirably

rendered, and as a whole they would have done credit to a class of college juniors.

On Thanksgiving Day quite elaborate dinners were spread, the markets being visited, and supplies not on the Quartermaster's list procured to supplement the regular army rations. Danville was quite a strong center of Union sentiment, and the officers and many of the enlisted men were not unfrequently invited to dine at private houses—experiences which they greatly enjoyed.

Company C was not again detached from the Regiment, except for a day or a night on picket, until following Chickamauga, when, being left on Mission Ridge while the main army fell back into Chattanooga, Gen. Bragg forcibly detached it, and took it to his rear under guard. And yet it is hardly fair to say that the entire company was captured, for Corporal Lewin, too sore and lame from Sunday's wounds to be able to wear his accoutrements, had been excused from picket duty, and was thus left, "for seed," as some of the farmer boys expressed it.

Chickamauga was a terrible blow to this Company. It went into the battle on Sunday afternoon with thirty-five men, under Lieutenant Earle. Every man who went into the first charge, unless killed or wounded, staid until the battle closed and came away with his commanding officer. But, oh! they were so few. Twenty-five of the thirty-five had been hit, and nearly every one of the remaining ten had bullet-holes through his clothing or accoutrements. Besides these, seven of the nine color-guard attached to the Company were killed or wounded. But nobly had they done their part. When the colors of the Regiment were shot down, Henry Cutler and Henry Payne rushed to seize them, and were only prevented because some of the color-guard were nearer and secured them. Not an unwounded man straggled or left the ranks from the first charge until the last. Not a disabled man of the company was assisted to the rear for a greater distance than a few rods. Never was there an order to advance when the company did not promptly respond, no matter what the danger. Every man had seemed to realize the desperate need of the hour and to appre-

ciate the fact that he was wanted at his post to save the right and hold the line till night should come to the rescue of the remnant of an army still fighting with Gen. Thomas.

The casualties of the company in this engagement may be briefly recited. ~~Henry~~^{John} Fiddler, after having been wounded in the hand or arm, was struck by a bullet and instantly killed. William Bonner was shot through and left upon the field, doubtless dying within a few hours, if not in a few moments. John Ehlers called out to a comrade that he was hit, and was seen to fall, during a brief retrograde movement of the Regiment, and was doubtless killed outright. Squire Inman, who was one of the color-guard that day, was severely wounded in one of his limbs and left upon the battle-field, where he died a few days later. Corporal John Y. Taylor had his right hand shattered at the wrist, and died in hospital at Nashville. These were the only fatalities in the company in this battle. Sergeant Edward Murray was severely wounded in the shoulder and body, and again hit in the arm while lying between the lines. Corporal George C. Dodge was severely wounded in the ankle. Leonard S. Doolittle had his right leg shattered below the knee. Orrin Howe was severely wounded in the thigh. The four last named all fell into the enemy's hands, but were paroled ten days later and sent within our lines, but none of them were ever able to rejoin the company. Of the others, Lieutenant C. W. Earle was wounded twice, once on the shoulder and once on the left arm, but not enough to take him from the field. Sergeant C. A. Partridge received a severe flesh wound in the right hip. Corporal William B. Lewin was cut upon the head, and had a long, raking wound from a bullet in the shoulder and back. Corporal Lewis H. Bryant was shot through the calves of both legs. Corporal John McGill had a deep shoulder wound. Henry P. Barnum and Norris Hamilton each received bad wounds in the face. James McCredie had a shell wound in the front of his ankle or leg. John Bailey, Henry Bater, Ira Cribb, Henry H. Cutler, William H. Ehlers, William Diver and Michael Umbdenstock were each wounded in the arm or shoul-

COMPANY C.



Corp'l JOHN Y. TAYLOR.
CHASE E. WEBB.
CHARLES F. SAMMONS.

Capt. JOHN K. POLLOCK.
Corp'l OSCAR RECTOR.

Serg't JAMES M. TAYLOR.
Serg't JAMES G. MCCREDIE.
TIMOTHY FINLEY.

der; and Oscar Rector had a ball through his shoulder, which passed entirely through the upper lobe of the right lung.

Following this terrible battle came the capture, two days later, of fifteen members of the company, heretofore aluded to. Those captured were: Lieutenant C. W. Earle, Sergeant Harrison Huntington, John Bensinger, Henry H. Cutler, Henry C. Green, James Kearney, William McClellan, William McCreadie, Loughlin Madden, Henry C. Payne, Hugo Rodenberger, Joseph Savage, Charles Sturm, Joseph Schweri and Christian Weistoff. Of these, Huntington, Bensinger, Green, McClellan, McCreadie, Madden, Payne, Rodenberger and Sturm died in rebel prisons. For a more detailed account of their prison experiences, reference is made to the chapter on "PRISONS AND PRISONERS," in this work.

Following Chickamauga, Company C was very small for some weeks. Captain Pollock, who had been left in charge of the camp and garrison equipage at Bridgeport when the march to Chattanooga was made, rejoined the Regiment at Nickajack Cove. A few convalescents came up, and some of the wounded returned, so that by the opening of the Atlanta campaign there were some twenty-five men in line. But, though few in numbers, this company was never lacking in promptness or in pluck, and its casualties in subsequent engagements were more than proportionate to its numbers. At Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864, Sergeant James M. Taylor had his right arm shattered by a ball, and amputation was twice resorted to, so that he never rejoined the company. At the same engagement Corporal Martin Efinger was wounded in the hip, Oscar Rector in the left hand, and Frank Milheiser in the arm, but none of the latter were long away from the command. At Resaca, May 14, 1864, Corporal William B. Lewin and Orange M. Ayers were captured, the latter dying in prison. May 22, 1864, in the engagement at Dallas, Ga., Corporal James Murrie was quite severely wounded in the foot, and Oscar Rector in the arm. At Kenesaw Mountain, June 19, 1864, William H. Ehlers was captured. The next day Corporal Henry P. Barnum received a second very severe wound through the face, one eye being ruined. He was never

able to rejoin the company. June 21, 1864, Sergeant Samuel B. Payne was mortally wounded, being shot through the body and dying a month later. The following day Henry Sneesby was wounded in the face. At Atlanta, August 24, 1864, John McGill was so severely wounded in the shoulder as to never be again able for duty. At the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, Sergeant Martin Efinger was very severely wounded in the shoulder, carrying the ball for a year before the surgeons were able to extract it. At the battle of Nashville, Tenn., December 16, 1864, Corporal Norris Hamilton was instantly killed by a bullet which passed through his head; and Corporal Henry H. Cutler was mortally wounded, being shot in the side, and living but a few hours.

During the three years' service thirty of the company were struck by bullets or shell in battle, the number of wounds aggregating more than forty. Twenty-four, or exactly one-fourth of the entire company, died or were killed before the close of the war. Of this number eight were killed or mortally wounded in battle; ten died in rebel prisons, and but six from disease alone. Those dying from disease were: Henry H. Swan, Samuel Clements, Edwin A. Bartles, Caleb E. Colgrove, Hamden Huntington and Henry Schnell,—the latter a few days after being transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, and all during the first year of the Regiment's service. Three members of the company deserted, two were dropped from the rolls,—never really joining the company; two, Harvillah Cooley and C. A. Partridge, were promoted to the non-commissioned staff, and a half dozen were transferred to other commands. Thirty different men were non-commissioned officers in the company. Of the commissioned officers, Captain John K. Pollock served through without change of rank, and for twenty-one months was the senior Captain in the Regiment, and at the close of the war was breveted Major. First Lieutenant Addison B. Partridge resigned in February, 1863, his health completely failing. Second Lieutenant William M. Loughlin was promoted to First Lieutenant, detailed in an engineer corps, and subsequently transferred to the First Regiment of United States Veteran

Engineers. Sergeant Charles W. Earle was promoted to Second Lieutenant, and subsequently to First Lieutenant and Brevet Captain. During the last eight months of his service he was Aide-de-Camp and Acting Assistant Inspector General on the staff of the Brigade Commander. Sergeant Major Charles A. Partridge was commissioned Second Lieutenant in June, 1865. The company was always bravely commanded, and never failed to do its full duty. At the final muster-out there were less than thirty present. The following is

THE COMPANY ROSTER.

Captain John K. Pollock.—Age 34; born in New Hampshire; of Scotch parentage; farmer; enlisted from Antioch; was elected Captain at the organization of the Company; was the ranking Captain in the Regiment for 21 months prior to his muster out, and in command of the Regiment for some hours during the fight at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 20, 1864, and at occasional periods afterward. He was a cool, brave officer, and was especially commended for meritorious conduct in the report of his commanding officer of the part taken by the Regiment in the Atlanta campaign. Participated in all of the engagements following Lookout Mountain; was brevetted Major; m. o. with Regiment. In 1885 is a leading citizen and large farmer and stock grower at Milburn, Ill. *Waukegan Ill.*

Waukegan
First Lieutenant Addison B. Partridge.—Age 55, born in Westford, Vt.; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; was elected First Lieutenant at the organization of the Company. Had previously been a Lieutenant in the Vermont militia. His influence in the Company was excellent, and he helped greatly in making both its moral and military standing high. He endured the fatigue of the early marches admirably, but was taken ill at Danville, Ky., from camp disease. His advanced age rendered his recovery exceedingly doubtful, and he very reluctantly resigned his commission Feb. 16, 1863, leaving the command at Nashville, Tenn. He never fully recovered his health, his disease following him through the years and resulting in paralysis, which rendered him comparatively helpless. In 1885, resides at 261 Park Avenue, Chicago.

First Lieutenant William M. Loughlin.—Age 38; master builder; enlisted from city of Lake Forest; elected Second Lieutenant at the organization of the Company; promoted First Lieutenant Feb. 16, 1863; detailed in Pioneer Corps April 7, 1863, on the recommendation of Generals Sherman and Thomas; commissioned by the War Department First Lieutenant of Engineers July 2, 1864; assigned to duty as Adjutant of 1st U. S. Veteran Engineers; promoted Captain in that Regiment April 17, 1865; assigned to special duty July 1, 1865, as acting Major commanding Companies "A" and "F" of that Regiment, and was mustered out

as such with his Regiment in November, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn. Major Loughlin, although born in Canada, properly claims the United States as his country, his father becoming a resident and citizen when he was only a child, and his mother being the daughter of Capt. Amos Hall, a distinguished soldier of the American Revolution; in fact, the Major can justly claim that since the French and Indian War, no war has been fought for the defence or maintenance of the authority of the United States in which his family was not represented, and in the War of 1812-14 on both sides, his father serving as a Warrant Officer in the English army in the attack and capture of Casteen, on the coast of Maine. After the close of the war Major Loughlin entered the Civil Service under Gen. J. D. Webster (formerly Chief of Staff of Gen. Sherman), first as Master Mechanic and Assistant Superintendent of Construction of the U. S. Marine Hospital, Chicago, and afterward in the Internal Revenue Service. In recent years he has been a successful contractor and builder, residing at 386 Hermitage Avenue, Chicago.

Read
First Lieutenant Charles W. Earle.—Age 17; born in Westford, Vt.; farmer; enlisted from Fremont, Ill.; had previously served as private for six months in 15th Ill. Appointed First Sergeant upon the organization of the Company; promoted Second Lieutenant Feb. 16, 1863, receiving his commission a few days before he was 18; promoted First Lieutenant August 12, 1864. Was prisoner of war from Sept. 22, 1863, to Feb. 9, 1864, and escaped from Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., by tunneling. Was twice slightly wounded at Chickamauga while in command of the Company, and was especially commended for bravery in the report of that battle. Commanded Company "D" for two months on Atlanta campaign, and at the close of the campaign was again given special mention for personal bravery by the commander of the Regiment, and chosen as Aide and Inspector on the Staff of the Brigade Commander, which position he held until the close of the war; m. o. with Regiment; was brevetted Captain. Attended Beloit College three years after muster out, and graduated from the Chicago Medical College in 1870, and is now a successful practicing physician. Has been a member of the Faculty of the Woman's Medical College since 1870, and occupies the Chair of Diseases of Children and Clinical Medicine. Was one of the founders of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago, and is Professor of Obstetrics in this Institution. Residence in 1885, 535 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

Second Lieutenant Charles A. Partridge.—Age 18; born in Westford, Vt.; farmer and teacher; enlisted from Fremont; appointed Eighth Corporal at organization of Company; promoted Sergeant in June, 1863, and Sergeant Major May 1, 1864; commissioned Second Lieutenant in June, 1865, but not mustered, as Company was below the minimum number. At Chickamauga, while a Sergeant, was wounded, a bullet passing through his cap-box, carrying several gun-caps into his right hip, some of them exploding after entering; also a copper rivet which held the loop

about the waist-belt. Remained with the Regiment for a time, narrowly escaping capture when the Regiment fell back, owing to lameness resulting from the wound. The bullet was extracted by surgeons on the field, and preserved by him as a relic; three months afterward the rivet was cut out. Rejoined the Regiment in January following, participating in all subsequent engagements, and receiving favorable personal mention in report of Regiment's experiences on Atlanta campaign; m. o. with Regiment. Was County Treasurer of Lake County, 1869 to 1873, and Postmaster at Waukegan, 1877 to 1881. With his brother published *The Waukegan Weekly Gazette*, 1870 to 1885. Is editor of the History in which this sketch appears. Residence in 1885, Waukegan, Ill.

First Sergeant Ellis L. Schooley.—Age 27; born in New York; appointed Second Sergeant at organization of the Company; promoted First Sergeant Feb. 16, 1863; was in Quartermaster's Department much of the time the last year of his service. Discharged as private at Nashville, Tenn., in June, 1865. Residence in 1885, Denver, Colorado.

First Sergeant Samuel B. Payne.—Age 19; born in Fremont, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Fremont, as private; promoted Corporal Oct. 16, 1862, then Sergeant; then First Sergeant; was mortally wounded on the skirmish line at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 21, 1864, and died in hospital at Nashville, Tenn., July 24, 1864. Conspicuous for his cool courage and greatly beloved by his comrades, his death was deeply lamented.

First Sergeant Lewis H. Bryant.—Age 24; born in Vermont; farmer; enlisted from Fremont as private; promoted to Corporal, then to Sergeant, and to First Sergeant Aug. 19, 1864; was badly wounded through both legs at Chickamauga, and absent five months; never absent except at that time; m. o. with Regiment. In 1885 was a thrifty farmer and prominent citizen in Fremont; P. O. address, Ivanhoe, Ill.

Sergeant Harrison Huntington.—Age 23; born in Vermont; left college to enter the service; enlisted from Ela; appointed Third Sergeant at organization of Company; promoted to Second Sergeant; after fighting bravely at Chickamauga, was captured on Mission Ridge Sept. 22, 1863, and died from small pox in prison hospital at Danville, Va., Feb. 27, 1864.

Sergeant Harvillah Cooley.—Age 31; born in Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Antioch; had previously served four months as Sergeant in Company "F," 37th Illinois Regiment; appointed Sergeant at organization of the Company, and Hospital Steward at the organization of the Regiment; was discharged Dec. 31, 1862, for disability; died at Lamont, Mich., Sept. 7, 1876, from consumption, resulting from his army service, as his physicians asserted.

Sergeant Joseph B. Porter.—Age 30; born in New York; builder; enlisted from Waukegan; appointed Fifth Sergeant at organization of the Company; discharged May 11, 1863, because of having heart disease, this ailment continuing and causing his death at Warren, Lake County, Ill., Nov. 29, 1876.

Sergeant Edward Murray.—Age 33; born in Glasgow, Scotland; farmer; enlisted from Newport; appointed First Corporal at the organization of the Company; promoted to Sergeant Oct. 16, 1862; at Chickamauga was desperately wounded, being struck between the shoulders by a bullet which, passing through the lungs, lodged in such a position that the surgeons were never able to remove it, so that he still carries it in his person. His lower limbs were so paralyzed that he could not move, and in this helpless condition he lay on the battle-field. The Regiment being outflanked and forced to retreat, he was between the lines, exposed to a terrific fire, and in this perilous position was twice hit, one bullet striking his arm at the shoulder and passing out near the elbow, and the other inflicting a flesh wound in the hip. Those of his comrades who saw him after he received the first wound thought he could not live for any great length of time, and all were surprised and gratified when he was brought within the Union lines at Chattanooga, in an ambulance, ten days later, having been paroled. He was almost entirely helpless for many months, but after a long period partially recovered his health, although always a sufferer and greatly enfeebled from his terrible wounds. Some years after being wounded he coughed up a piece of his gray army shirt, which had been carried into his lungs by the bullet. Was finally discharged from hospital at Quincy, Ill., Aug. 19, 1864. In 1885 resides on a large farm in Newport. P. O. address, Russell, Ill.

Sergeant Andrew T. White.—Age 20; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Antioch; was appointed Third Corporal at the organization of the Company; promoted to Sergeant Jan. 27, 1863; had been in the three-months service with the 12th Illinois. Was severely sick following the Duck River campaign, and was discharged for disability May 5, 1863. In 1885 was a prosperous farmer in Antioch.

Sergeant James M. Taylor.—Age 21; born in Scotland; enlisted from Warren; appointed Sixth Corporal at organization of the Company; promoted to Sergeant; right arm shattered at battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga., May 9, 1864, necessitating amputation, and leaving him in a critical condition for many months; discharged because of this wound and loss of arm March 18, 1865; studied law and became a successful practitioner; has held numerous official positions, and in 1884 was the Republican candidate for Representative in Congress in the Springfield District, but was defeated, although running far ahead of his ticket. Residence in 1885, Taylorville, Christian County, Illinois.

Dead **Sergeant Martin Efinger.**—Age 24; born in Wertemberg, where he served as a soldier for six months; enlisted from Antioch as private; promoted to Corporal and Sergeant; slightly wounded in hip at Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864; at the battle of Franklin, Nov. 30, 1864, was shot in the shoulder and very severely wounded, most of his comrades thinking his injuries fatal at the time. He subsequently partially recovered, and was able to rejoin the command just in time to be m. o. with the Regiment. The bullet was removed a year after his return home. In 1885 was farming near Waukegan, Ill.

Sergeant James McCredie.—Age 25; born in Scotland; farmer; enlisted from Antioch as wagoner, but soon tired of teaming, and from choice took a musket; was quite severely wounded on the shin or ankle at Chickamauga, and disabled for four months; was promoted to Corporal and Sergeant; m. o. with Regiment. His health was broken by his long term of service, and he died at Millburn, Ill., July 30, 1874, from consumption, leaving a widow and three children.

Sergeant James Murrie.—Age 20 years; born in Scotland; enlisted from Newport as private; promoted Corporal May 25, 1863, and to Sergeant Aug. 1, 1864; was wounded in foot in battle of Dallas, Ga., May 27, 1864, losing a toe, but rejoined the Regiment Sept. 17, 1864; and was present at final muster out. In 1885 was a prosperous farmer and influential citizen in Antioch, Ill. P. O. address, Millburn, Ill.

Sergeant John McGill.—Enlisted in Scott County, Ky., Nov. 1, 1862. He had been a conscript in the 1st Louisiana Regiment, in the Confederate service, but left while that regiment was with Bragg in Kentucky, and at the first opportunity enlisted in the Union service; was quite severely wounded in the arm or shoulder at Chickamauga, but rejoined the command, and in front of Atlanta, Aug. 24, 1864, was again wounded in the shoulder, this time so severely as to discharge him from the service. He is borne upon the rolls as having been transferred to the 21st Illinois, but as a matter of fact was discharged from the hospital, as private, prior to the m. o. of the Regiment. He was living, in 1885, in poor health, at Walled Lake, Mich.

Corporal James Kearney.—Age 27; a native of Ireland; farmer; enlisted from Antioch; proved a most excellent and brave soldier, doing his full duty in the terrible battle of Chickamauga. Was captured two days later, and for sixteen months a prisoner of war. Toward the close of the war he was exchanged, but was not able to join the Regiment, and was discharged, as private, at Chicago, in July, 1865. His health was badly impaired by his prison experience, and was never regained. He died in Osage, Iowa, Aug. 3, 1881, leaving a widow and four children.

Corporal George N. Ayers.—Age 38; a native of Vermont, enlisted from Fremont; appointed Fourth Corporal at the organization of the Company; was taken with typhoid fever at Camp Champion in October, 1862; removed to a hospital in Cincinnati, and discharged for disability Feb. 21, 1863. Resided in 1885 in Rochester, Minn.

Corporal Edwin A. Bartles.—Age 22; born in Middlebury, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Ela; was appointed Fifth Corporal at the organization of the company; was a model, Christian soldier. Taken with measles at Danville, Ky., he died Feb. 6, 1863.

Corporal George C. Dodge.—Age 20; a native of Maine; farmer; enlisted from Avon; appointed Seventh Corporal at the organization of the Company; was severely wounded at Chickamauga, being shot

through the ankle; lay between the lines for a time, and fell into the enemy's hands; paroled ten days later; never again able for duty; discharged because of wounds Aug. 18, 1864. Lived, in 1885, on a farm near Millburn, Ill.

Corporal George L. Stewart.—Age 19; born in Millburn, Ill.; enlisted from Warren Township as private; promoted Corporal Oct. 16, 1862; suffered severely from periosteal inflammation, and was in hospital at Camp Denison, Ohio, five months. At one time a council of physicians had about determined to amputate both of his feet, but decided that he was too low to undergo the operation; was discharged for disability March 11, 1863, and for many months walked but little; but he eventually overcame the difficulty to a considerable degree. Has been a successful merchant, and more recently a commercial traveler. P. O. address in 1885, Millburn, Ill., where he has always been a leading and public-spirited citizen.

Corporal William B. Lewin.—Age 19; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Newport as private; promoted to Corporal; at Chickamauga received a severe wound while lying down, the bullet slightly cutting his head and plowing a deep furrow about ten inches in length along his back; although disabled for duty, he rejoined the Regiment the next morning, and was the sole survivor of the Company with the Regiment after the capture. At the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864, he, with a few others, was captured after the Regiment had been out-flanked and while being forced to the rear, unfortunately crossing a road a few rods distant from and in full view of the enemy; remained a prisoner of war until Feb. 28, 1865, never rejoining the command; was discharged at Springfield, Ill., June 24, 1865. Is a prosperous farmer and influential citizen of Newport. P. O. address in 1885, Rosecrans, Ill.

Corporal John Y. Taylor.—Age 19; born in Scotland; farmer and school teacher; enlisted from Newport as private; promoted Corporal; at Chickamauga was shot through right wrist; his injuries proved fatal, and he died in hospital at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 24, 1863. He was a brother of Sergt. Taylor.

Corporal Henry P. Barnum.—Age 16; born in Canada; enlisted from Waukegan as private; promoted Corporal; at Chickamauga was badly wounded in the face, the bullet striking his right cheek, and passing out through the bridge of his nose; just afterwards the Regiment made a retrograde movement and he was for a time inside the enemy's lines, but soon there was an advance and he was released, and made his way to the rear. The wound healed quickly, and he rejoined the Regiment in nine weeks. At Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 20, 1864, by a strange fatality he was again wounded in the face, the bullet striking his left cheek and going directly through, passing out but an inch from the spot where the first bullet entered, paralyzing one eye, taking out one tooth and leaving him terribly scarred. His remark, "I should think they might have left

my face alone," was often alluded to afterward by his comrades. His wound was painful and long in healing; in fact, has never healed internally. He was never again able for field duty, and was discharged from Marine Hospital, Chicago, for wounds, Jan. 5, 1865. In 1885 was a letter carrier in Chicago P. O.; residence at Waukegan, Ill.

Corporal Henry H. Cutler.—Age 21; born in Massachusetts; farmer; enlisted from the town of Warren as private; promoted Corporal. At Chickamauga was wounded in the arm, but remained with the Regiment and was captured with the Company two days later; was sick in prison and exchanged in a few weeks. Rejoining the Regiment he participated in nearly all of its campaigns and battles, and at Nashville, Dec. 16, 1864, was one of the first men to reach the Rebel breastworks in the final charge, but was shot a moment later, and died from his wound the next day. He was always conspicuous for his bravery, and after he fell, and while prostrate and faint from his fatal wound, said to Lieut. Earle: "God bless father, God bless mother, and save the country," and afterward remarked, that if any one must fall, he was willing it should be himself.

Corporal Norris Hamilton.—Born in Canada; farmer; enlisted from township of Cuba, as private; promoted to Corporal; at Chickamauga was badly wounded through the face, the ball passing in at one cheek, and out through the other. Rejoined the Regiment in five months, and participated in all of the subsequent engagements, until the battle of Nashville, Dec. 16, 1864, when, in the charge on the Rebel skirmish line, he was shot through the head, and instantly killed. He was a gallant soldier, and left a family.

Corporal Oscar Rector.—Age 18; born in Bridgeport, Madison Co., New York; enlisted from Antioch, as private; promoted Corporal July 18, 1864. At Chickamauga was shot through the right lung, but recovered, and rejoined the Regiment in four months; at Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864, was wounded in middle finger of left hand, and had his haversack badly shattered, and May 27, 1864, at the battle of Dallas, Ga., received a flesh wound in the left arm, but did not leave the command; participated in every engagement, except Lookout Mountain, and was m. o. with Regiment. In 1885 was farming in the town of Antioch, Ill., P. O. address, Hickory, Ill.

Corporal John W. Bailey.—Age 17; born in Illinois; enlisted from Antioch, as private; promoted Corporal; at Chickamauga received severe flesh wound in shoulder; rejoined Regiment in a few weeks, and served through, participating in nearly every engagement, and being m. o. with his command. In 1885 resided at Maquoketa, Iowa.

Corporal Christian Weistoff.—Age 25; born in Germany; farmer; enlisted from Ela, as private; captured with Company, Sept. 22, 1863; was a prisoner of war about 15 months; rejoined the Regiment in April, 1865, and was promoted Corporal; m. o. with Regiment; residence in 1885, Springfield, Ill.

Corporal Samuel Clark.—Age 16; born in England; enlisted from Ela, as private; promoted Corporal; served to the close of the war, and was m. o. with Regiment. In 1885 his home was at Barrington, Ill.

See **Corporal John J. Swazy.**—Age 25; American; farmer; enlisted from Ela; was detailed with an Ohio Battery for some months, serving with credit in several engagements, but returned to the Regiment, and was promoted to Corporal; m. o. with Regiment; residence, in 1885, Chicago, Ill.

Musician Julius Schwarm.—Age 21; born in Rhein, Bavaria; carpenter; enlisted from Waukegan; was severely ill and discharged Oct. 19, 1863, for disability, never fully regained his health and died in Waukegan, Ill., from consumption, Aug. 25, 1872, leaving a family.

Willard Ames.—Age 17; born in Antioch, Ill.; enlisted from Antioch; was very seriously ill for several months, and was discharged for disability, Aug. 28, 1863; was a merchant at Caberry, Ill., several years. In 1885 was farming at Hickory, Lake Co., Ill.

Orange M. Ayers.—Age 32; American; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; captured at battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864, and died in prison near the close of the war. He is known to have escaped from the prison at Florence, but is believed to have been recaptured, and it is understood that some Vermont soldier, who was a former acquaintance, was with him when he died. Was a brother of Corporal George N. Ayers.

Amelius Ames.—Age 17; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Wauconda; m. o. with Regiment; address in 1885, Wauconda, Ill., where he was engaged in farming.

Timothy W. Bliss.—Age 17; born in Ohio, residence Burlington, Wis.; enlisted from Fremont; was drummer for a time, but afterwards detailed on gunboat "News Boy," and served with that craft on the Cumberland River, until the close of the war; m. o. with Regiment; died from asthma or consumption in Pueblo, Colorado, Feb. 22, 1877.

John W. Besley.—Age 19; born in Michigan; clerk; was on detached service much of the time as clerk at Regimental, Brigade and Division Headquarters; although excused from duty with the command, he more than once took a musket and participated with the Regiment in its active campaigns, and on the Atlanta campaign was a frequent visitor on the skirmish line; m. o. with Regiment. In 1885 was book-keeper for the Besley Brewing Company, at Waukegan, Ill.

William Bonner.—Age 21; of Scotch nativity; farmer; enlisted from Avon; at battle of Chickamauga, was shot through the body, and left upon the field, doubtless dying within a few hours. He was a brave, Christian soldier. For long months his friends clung to the belief that he was alive, and would be heard from, but no tidings ever came to confirm their hope.

John Bensinger.—Age 24; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Newport; captured with Company, Sept. 22, 1863, and died in prison hospital at Danville, Va., Feb. 8, 1864.

Henry Bater.—Age 24; of English nativity; enlisted from Warren township; had previously served three months in the 12th Illinois; was severely wounded through the shoulder at the battle of Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 20, 1863, and discharged for wounds, March 28, 1865. Residence in 1885, Newman Grove, Neb.

Hiram Clark.—Age 21; born in Illinois; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; detailed as Adjutant's clerk, at Rockford, and served in that capacity, or as clerk at Corps Headquarters, most of his term of service. *Dead* More than once, when an engagement was expected, he asked leave to join the Company, and taking a musket went to his command, taking up his pen only when the danger was past; m. o. with Regiment, but immediately returned South, serving as a citizen clerk in Texas, until the army disbanded; was subsequently in the Internal Revenue Service for some years. In 1885 was merchandizing at Victoria, Texas.

Ira Cribb.—Age 16; born in Illinois; enlisted from Antioch; at Chickamauga was wounded in shoulder, but rejoined the Regiment, and served to the close of the war; being in nearly every skirmish or battle; m. o. with Regiment. P. O. address in 1885, Evanston, Ill.

Samuel Clements.—Age 39; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; died in hospital at Danville, Ky., Jan. 22, 1863, leaving a family.

Caleb E. Colgrove.—Age 46; born in New York; laborer; enlisted from Waukegan; died in hospital at Nashville, Tenn., April 2, 1863, leaving a family. Had one son in the 19th Illinois.

Samuel W. Dodge.—Age 24; American; enlisted Sept. 20, 1862, at Rockford, Ill.; transferred to Signal Corps, Oct. 20, 1863, and served to the close of the war. Residence in 1885, Peoria, Ill.

Leonard S. Doolittle.—Age 22; born in Pennsylvania; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; at Chickamauga had his right leg shot below the knee; was inside the Rebel lines ten days, and then paroled and sent to Chattanooga. The surgeons insisted that his limb must be amputated; but he plead so strong that they promised to defer the operation for a day, and meanwhile make a careful examination. It was found that one side of the bone was not broken, and the limb was saved, but he was never able for duty, and was discharged at Chicago, in June, 1865. His wound is still troublesome. He was appointed Superintendent of the National Cemetery, at Murfreesboro or Stone's River, Tenn., in 1866; remained there eight years, and was then transferred to the Cemetery at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., where he still resided in 1885.

William Diver.—Age 35; American; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; at Chickamauga was badly wounded in arm; rejoined the Regiment, and served nearly to the close of the Atlanta Campaign, when he was taken

sick, and sent to the hospital, where he was discharged May 18, 1865. P. O. address in 1885, Webster, Iowa, where he is a large farmer and stock dealer.

William H. Ehlers.—Age 21; German; farmer; enlisted from Ela; at Chickamauga was wounded in the arm; rejoined the Regiment in five months. At Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 19, 1864, while the skirmish line was making an advance in some timber, he ventured through a fence, behind which some rebels were concealed, and was captured; was a prisoner until near the close of the war. Resides in Nebraska.

John H. Ehlers.—Age 22; German; farmer; enlisted from Ela; at Chickamauga was shot through, during a brief retreat of the Regiment, and is supposed to have been killed outright.

Timothy Finley.—Born in Ireland; enlisted from Libertyville; discharged from hospital in June, 1865; residence in 1885 in Central Wisconsin.

Charles Fordham.—Age 30; born in England; enlisted from Fremont. Deserted Jan. 27, 1863.

John Fidler.—Age 16; German; enlisted from Avon; was first wounded in the hand or arm at Chickamauga, and immediately afterward struck by a second bullet and killed outright,—the first man killed in battle in the Company.

Henry C. Green.—Age 18; born in Fremont; enlisted from Ela. Although not fully recovered from a recent severe illness, and really unfit for duty, he participated in the battle of Chickamauga, and was conspicuous for his bravery. Two days later he was captured with his Company, and remained a prisoner of war until his death, which occurred in the prison hospital at Danville, Va., Jan. 20, 1864.

Hamden Huntington.—Age 16; born in Illinois; died at Wartrace, Tenn., July 28, 1863. He was a brother of Sergeant Huntington, and an excellent soldier.

Columbus Haycock.—Age 18; of English descent; enlisted from Antioch; deserted Sept. 22, 1862.

Dead **Orrin Howe.**—Age 27; born in New York; wagon-maker; enlisted from Benton; at Chickamauga was badly wounded in right thigh, and left in the enemy's hands, being paroled and sent to Chattanooga ten days later. Was never again able for field duty, but served as a nurse for a year or more, and was discharged at Springfield, Ill., June 29, 1865. In 1885 resides in Waukegan, Ill.

Squire W. Inman.—Age 28; born in Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Antioch; at Chickamauga was acting Color Corporal, and was so badly wounded in the limb or knee as to be unable to leave the field, and died in the enemy's hands a week later.

Reuben C. Jones.—Age 18; born in Illinois; enlisted from Antioch; discharged for disability, Dec. 29, 1862, but subsequently re-enlisted in the 17th Ill. Cavalry, and served to the close of the war. Residence in 1885, Antioch, Ill.

Henry F. Jones.—Age 21; born in England; enlisted from Waukegan; m. o. with Regiment. Died at Oak Park, Ill., March 30, 1878.

George Johnson.—Age 40; born in England; enlisted March 22, 1865; transferred to Company "G," 21st Ill., June 10, 1865, and finally m. o. Dec. 16, 1865. Resided on a farm near Wauconda, Ill., in 1885.

Henry Kern.—Age 26; American; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; while the steamer which conveyed the command from Louisville to Nashville was being loaded he was in the hold, assisting to stow away the goods, when the corner of a mess-chest struck him in the groin, injuring him so that he was forced to go to hospital at Nashville; was discharged from the service May 11, 1863. In 1885 is keeping a hotel at Libertyville, Ill.

Joshua King.—Enlisted from Newport; sent home from Rockford sick and dropped from rolls.

James Kenty.—English; enlisted in Scott Co., Ky., Nov. 1, 1862. Had been in Confederate service; transferred to 21st Ill., June 10, 1865, and finally discharged Nov. 3, 1865. Residence in 1885, Elizabeth, Jo Daviess Co., Ill.

Wm. McClellan.—Age 21; born in Wisconsin; farmer; enlisted from Newport; captured with Company Sept. 22, 1863, and died at Annapolis, Md., May 6, 1864, just after being released from Rebel prison.

James McBride.—Age 30; born in Ireland; enlisted from Fremont; farmer; was sick and sent to hospital, and subsequently transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, serving there until the close of the war. Residence in 1885, Milo, Lincoln Co., Kansas.

William Morley.—Age 24; born in England; wagon-maker; detailed in Pioneer Corps in April, 1863, and transferred to First Regiment U. S. Veteran Engineers, Aug. 25, 1864, serving to the close of the war with that command. Residence in 1885, Antioch, Ill.

David J. Minto.—Age 20; born in New York; farmer; was seriously ill for some weeks in the first winter and spring of the Regiment's service, and was discharged for disability April 11, 1863. Is a model citizen, and in 1885 resides on his farm in Antioch. P. O. address, Millburn, Ill.

William McCreadie.—Age 20; born in Scotland; farmer; enlisted from Avon; after participating in the battle of Chickamauga was captured with the Company Sept. 22, 1863, and died in Andersonville prison, June 4, 1864.

Watson Markley.—Age 21; born in England; served with regimental pioneers much of the time; m. o. with Regiment. Residence in 1885, Minneapolis, Kansas.

Loughlin Madden.—Age 21; born in Ireland; enlisted from Newport; captured with Company Sept. 22, 1863, and died in prison.

Dead **Frank Milheiser.**—Age 46; born in Germany; laborer; enlisted from Waukegan. At Rocky Face Ridge, June 9, 1864, was slightly wounded in arm; m. o. with Regiment. Residence in 1885, Appleton, Wis. Had two sons in other regiments.

Marshall Newton.—Age 34; born in England; laborer; enlisted from Fremont; deserted Jan. 27, 1863.

Henry C. Payne.—Age 18; born in Fremont, Illinois; enlisted from Fremont. At Chickamauga had two guns shattered in his hands, and was conspicuous for his bravery all through that terrible battle; captured Sept. 22, 1863, with his Company; and died in prison hospital at Danville, Va., Jan. 6, 1864, was a brother of Sergeant Payne, who was mortally wounded at Kenesaw Mountain.

Charles Phillips.—Age 31; born in Cazenovia, Madison Co., New York; enlisted from Fremont; detailed in Pioneer Corps, April 7, 1863, and transferred to First Regiment U. S. Veteran Engineers, Aug. 25, 1864, serving with that command to the close of the war. Was County Treasurer of Lake County, Ill., from 1873 to 1877; elected Circuit Clerk in 1880 and re-elected in 1884. P. O. address, Waukegan, Ill.

William F. Rider.—Age 31; born in Lockport, N. Y., baker; enlisted from Lake Forest; discharged for disability April 5, 1863. Residence in 1885, 3021 Calumet Avenue, Chicago; is a contractor and builder.

Hugo Rodenberger.—Born in Germany; enlisted from Newport; captured with Company Sept. 22, 1863, and died at Andersonville prison, June 4, 1864.

Jonathan Smith.—Age 29; American; carpenter; enlisted from Elia; was with regimental hospital much of the time as cook and nurse; m. o. with Regiment. Died at Jesup, Iowa, in 1883.

Henry Schnell.—German; enlisted from Fremont; died in hospital at Nashville, Tenn., in the spring of 1863, just after being transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps.

Henry Sneesby.—Age 20; English; farmer; enlisted from Warren township. Was wounded in face at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 21, 1864; served through and was m. o. with Regiment. Residence in 1885 Willard, Pope Co., Minnesota.

John Shatswell.—Age 17; born in Illinois; enlisted from Antioch; discharged March 11, 1863, to enlist in Mississippi Marine Brigade, where

he served until the close of the war. In 1885 resides on a farm at Doon, Lyon Co., Iowa.

Charles Sammons.—Age 14, and probably the youngest enlisted man in the Regiment; born in Chicago, Ill., March 22, 1848; enlisted from Antioch. Was with the Regiment most of the time, but escaped wounds; m. o. with command. In 1885 was a locomotive engineer. P. O. address, Toyah, Texas.

Benjamin Shumerski.—Age 20; enlisted from Newport; sent home from Rockford sick, being dropped from the rolls, and died in 1864.

Joseph Savage.—Age 25; born in New York; enlisted from Antioch; farmer; was captured with Company Sept. 22, 1863, and a prisoner of war until near the close of service. In 1885 was proprietor of a pleasant summer resort at Antioch, Ill.

Charles Sturm.—Age 23; German; farmer; enlisted from Ela; fought bravely at Chickamauga, but was captured with Company Sept. 22, 1863, and died at Andersonville prison, Nov. 28, 1864.

Jerry Savage.—Age 20; American; enlisted from Avon; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, where he served until the close of the war. P. O. address in 1885, Antioch, Ill.

Henry H. Swan.—Age 21; American; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; died from the after effects of measles, in hospital at Danville, Ky., Dec. 3, 1862. The first death in the Company.

Joseph Schweri.—Age 37; German; tailor; enlisted from Newport; had a bullet through his cartridge box at Chickamauga, but escaped wounds; captured Sept. 22, 1863, with Company, and was a prisoner of war considerably more than a year. Rejoined command in spring of 1865, and was present at final m. o. Residence in 1885, Waukegan, Ill.

Michael Umbdenstock.—Age 17; born in France, but came to America when six months old; enlisted from Ela, Oct. 6, 1862, two days before the Regiment left for the front; had typhoid fever at Franklin, Tenn., in the summer of 1863, but rejoined the Regiment in time to participate in the battle of Chickamauga, where he was severely wounded in the right arm; was sent to hospital at Louisville, Ky., transferred to New Albany, Ind.; on detached service in a Government printing office, until close of the war. Is borne on rolls as transferred to 21st Ill., at m. o. of the Regiment, but as a matter of fact, was discharged at Louisville, Ky., May 16, 1865, and came home with Regiment. Has since worked at printing, and for twelve years prior to 1885 in business for himself; now of the Globe Lithographing and Printing Company, M. Umbdenstock & Co.; office; 134 Madison St., Chicago; works at 560-562 Market St., Chicago.

Nelson C. West.—Age 34; American; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; was taken sick early in his term of service, and discharged for disability, Feb. 25, 1864. Never fully regained his health, and died, as is

believed, from the effects of his army service, at Lewiston, N. Y., June 29, 1884.

Chase E. Webb.—Age 19; born in Ithaca, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Antioch; served as teamster a portion of the time; m. o. with Regiment; has been a successful farmer and stock dealer since the war; has repeatedly represented the township of Avon in the Board of Supervisors, and in 1886 was elected Sheriff of Lake County; residence, Waukegan, Ill.

Charles W. White.—Age 30; born in Erie County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Waukegan; was in many engagements, but escaped wounds; m. o. with the Regiment; is farming at Forestville, Allamakee County, Iowa.

Joseph C. Whitney.—Age 29; born in Oswego, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Ela; was with Regimental hospital much of the time and did valuable service to many a sick or wounded member of the command; mustered out with Regiment. Is a prosperous farmer at Lake Zurich, Ill.

William G. Walmsley.—Age 24; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Wauconda; deserted Feb. 6, 1863.

John White.—Age 36; born in Ireland; stone-mason; enlisted from Newport, Oct. 4, 1864, joining the Company at Nashville, just before the battle of Dec. 15 and 16, 1864, in which he participated. At m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company G, 21st Ill., and sent to Texas; was finally discharged Oct. 10, 1865. In 1885 was farming in Newport, Ill. P. O. address, Cypress, Wis.

NOTE.—The sketch and roster of Company C, except the last page, was prepared in 1885, when the work of writing this book was first undertaken, and at once stereotyped. Several responses to requests for information have since been received; but it being impracticable to change the stereotyped forms, the sketches have been allowed to remain as first written. A few notes may be added, as follows:

Captain Loughlin has changed his residence to 336 South Oakley Avenue, Chicago.

Ellis L. Schooley is at San Diego, California.

Sergeant Edward Murray has removed to Waukegan, Ill.

Corporal John J. Swazy is manufacturing soap at Courtland, Sacramento County, California.

The fate of Orange M. Ayers has been more definitely learned, and is given in one of the prison chapters.

John H. Ehlers is at Syracuse, Nebraska.

Timothy Finley is at Mount Sterling, Crawford County, Wis.

James Kenty is at Stockton, Rooks County, Kansas.

Frank Millheiser committed suicide at Appleton, Wisconsin, in August, 1886.

Charles Sammons is at Big Springs, Texas.

COMPANY D.



W. V. SMITH.
ALBERT BARNEY.
AUSTIN E. LOTT.

Capt. W. W. HASTINGS.
Capt. A. Z. BLODGETT.
Lieut. M. DEVLIN.

Capt. J. H. COLLIER.
JOHN SWINDELLS.
I. M. DOUGLAS.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CHAPTER XLIV.

COMPANY D.

How the Company was Recruited—Headquarters in Waukegan—The Millburn Ladies' Supper—Officers and Soldiers—Beechwood Battery—A Trip to Camp Chase—Deaths and Promotions—Eight Men Killed—The Wounded—The Recruits—Company Statistics—Biographical.

ABOUT the middle of July, 1862, A. Z. Blodgett, then station agent and telegraph operator at Waukegan, received a recruiting commission from Governor Yates, and, with the coöperation of leading citizens and business men, undertook the work of enrolling a sufficient number of men to form a Company. A war meeting was held on Saturday evening, July 19, and also on the following Monday evening, at each of which several men enlisted. Recruiting continued, and early in August more than the full number was secured, and there was quite an overflow into other Companies. The formal organization was made Saturday, August 9. There was little or no contest over the election of officers, A. Z. Blodgett being chosen Captain, C. A. Montgomery First Lieutenant, and W. W. Hastings Second Lieutenant. As finally made up there were about forty men from the township of Antioch, twenty-six from Waukegan, a dozen from Newport, seven from Warren, six from Avon, four from Goodale, and a few from other townships; Antioch, Waukegan and Newport providing most of the men, however. The Company was inspected and mustered on Friday, August 29, by a surgeon and a Regular Army officer. Headquarters was established at the Waukegan House, and such as chose to do so remained there. A majority of the men continued at their usual avocations until the order to proceed to Rockford, to enter the camp of instruction. There was active drilling at the race track and on the public square during the last days at the

county seat. Each of the soldiers was the recipient of a "housewife," presented by the ladies, and all were made to feel that they had the best wishes of the patriotic people of the county, for citizens vied with each other in their efforts to minister to their comfort while in Waukegan. On Saturday, August 30, the ladies of Millburn provided an elegant supper for the members of the Company, the occasion being as pleasant as it was possible to make it, with the thought uppermost in the minds of all that the guests were going upon a hazardous undertaking.

On the morning of their departure for Rockford the list of non-commissioned officers, as made up by the Captain and Lieutenants, was announced, as follows: First Sergeant, Theodore F. Clarkson; Sergeants—John H. Collier, Jerry H. Linklater, Cornelius E. Hartnett and George G. Ferguson; Corporals—John Sluman, Edmund S. Stevens, Henry W. Turk, Worthy S. Taylor, Henry A. Webb, Isaac M. Douglas, Henry J. Ring, Marion R. Brewster. The Company proceeded to Rockford September 5, where they were formally mustered, with the other Companies, as a Regiment. In the casting of lots for position, the letter "D" was drawn.

Upon arriving at Newport, Ky., Company D was detached from the Regiment and assigned to duty at Beechwood Battery, a heavy fort, or earthwork, about six miles from Cincinnati. There they remained until the Regiment moved, when they joined the detachment under Colonel Champion and went into quarters at Covington Barracks. Simultaneously with the movement to Covington, fifty men, under command of Lieutenant Montgomery, were sent to Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio, in charge of a large number of Rebel prisoners, leaving at ten o'clock P. M. and arriving at Columbus at four o'clock next morning, escorting them safely, and rejoining their command after an absence of three days. The Company was not again detached from the Regiment, except for skirmish or picket duty, during its entire term of service.

The first death in the Company occurred at Harrodsburg, Ky., where John Chope died in hospital, December 8, 1862. Richard Wilton died at Danville, Ky., December 19, 1862;

First Lieutenant Caleb A. Montgomery, at Danville, Ky., January 28, 1863; Corporal John Sluman, at Quincy, Ill., February 18, 1863; Miles Jones, at Nashville, Tenn., April 7, 1863; William D. Sells, at Wartrace, Tenn., July 30, 1863; Mason C. Beecher, at Nashville, Tenn., September 27, 1863; Arnold Willett, at Nashville, Tenn., October 28, 1863; Andrew Farrier, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 2, 1863; John R. Dunmore, at Chattanooga, Tenn., July 1, 1864. These were all of the deaths from disease during the period in which the Company was in the service, although Henry W. Mitchell, a recruit, died at New Orleans, La., December 7, 1865, after being transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois.

Upon the death of Lieutenant Montgomery, Second Lieutenant Hastings was promoted to fill the vacancy, and Sergeant Clarkson became Second Lieutenant. August 1, 1864, Captain Blodgett resigned, having been disabled for field duty at the battle of Chickamauga. Lieutenant Hastings was then promoted to Captain, and Second Lieutenant Clarkson to First Lieutenant. The Company being below the minimum number, no Second Lieutenant was appointed at the time. In May, 1865, Captain Hastings resigned, being disabled by a wound received at the battle of Resaca, and Lieutenant Clarkson was promoted to Captain. Sergeant Linklater was promoted to First Lieutenant, and on June 8, 1865, Sergeant Michael Devlin was commissioned Second Lieutenant. Thus the Company had three different Captains and six different commissioned officers. In December, 1863, Sergeant Collier was commissioned Lieutenant in a colored regiment, and subsequently rose to the rank of Captain. Two men were promoted to the non-commissioned staff, viz.: Wallace B. Gage, who was appointed Principal Musician, and Sergeant George Ferguson, who was appointed Hospital Steward, and subsequently became First Lieutenant of Company H. Thirty-one different men were non-commissioned officers in the Company.

The battle casualties were numerous, eight men being killed in action and thirty-six others receiving wounds more or less severe, the total number of wounds—including the

eight killed — aggregating forty-five. Six members of the Company were prisoners of war. Those killed in action were: Worthy S. Taylor, near Camp Denison, Ohio, July 14, 1863, where he, with others, sought to resist the advance of the famous raiders under the lead of Gen. John Morgan; Sergeant Isaac Quigley, Sergeant William W. McKey, Corporal Elisha Haggart, Elias Hosley and James Rich, at Chickamauga, and Louis Brochon and Philip R. Clawson, at Kennesaw Mountain. It is notable that none are reported "died of wounds," the mortal wounds in every instance proving almost immediately fatal.

At Chickamauga, in addition to the five mentioned as killed, seventeen were wounded. Captain A. Z. Blodgett was struck in the shoulder by a bullet on Friday evening, but not entirely disabled. On Sunday afternoon he was seriously injured by the falling of a tree-top which had been torn off by a cannon shot, and compelled to leave his command. Lieut. Clarkson was terribly wounded by an exploding shell, his jaw being fractured and his neck and face badly lacerated. He was supposed by his comrades to have been killed, but while being carried to the rear he regained consciousness and eventually recovered, although it was many months before he rejoined the command. First Sergeant John H. Collier had a severe wound through the thigh, which disabled him for several months. Corporal Charles Ellis was slightly wounded in the leg, and Corporal Orson V. Young in the foot, but neither of them left the field until the battle closed. Corporal Edward Rix was wounded in the head, but not long disabled. Joseph A. Roth was shot in the hand, and H. G. Levagood in the arm. Edmund S. Stevens was severely bruised by a fragment of shell, but kept on fighting until shot through the side. He was left for dead upon the battle-field, and his name placed upon the list of killed, but eight days afterward was brought inside the Union lines at Chattanooga. He partially recovered, but was not again able for field service. John Swindells had his left hand split by a piece of shell, the index finger being badly stiffened and out of line. The wound was an ugly one and disabled him for farther service, but he was

afterward on duty as a nurse in hospital. William Sabin had his left thigh badly lacerated, and is still lame. Alza Stewart was severely wounded in the thigh, and long disabled. Robert E. Stanley was wounded in the face, James T. Guppy on the hand, and Jacob Van Patten on the knee and breast,—none of the latter seriously. John C. Thompson had a knee-cap displaced while climbing a fence on the march from the left to the right of the battle-field. Eli Thayer was stunned by a bullet, and fell into the hands of the enemy. His injuries being slight he was sent to Richmond, and thence to Andersonville and Florence, and is supposed to have died at the latter place. At the close of the battle Sergeant Linklater was in command of the Company, all officers above him in rank having been disabled. The Company may claim the honor of holding the battle-field that Sunday night, as James T. Guppy, becoming separated from his command and being exhausted from fatigue, lay down with the dead and wounded all about him and slept until morning, when he awoke to find that the Union forces had retired the night before. He then took his musket and fell back to Rossville unmolested.

October 29, 1863, the Regiment, with other troops, being sent to reinforce Gen. Hooker at Wauhatchie, a Rebel shell made some havoc in the Company, exploding and very seriously injuring George S. Shaw. Corporal D. G. Stewart, Walter Crapo and Henry J. Ring were also harmed, but none so seriously as to compel them to leave the command. At Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864, Frank Rahling was slightly wounded on the knee. At Resaca, May 14, 1864, Lieutenant Hastings was severely wounded in the foot, Corporal Charles Pepperd in the hand, Aralzeman Stanley in the right thigh, and William Fleming in the breast. June 18, 1864, while attempting to relieve the skirmish line after dark, Sergeant Michael Devlin and Albert Barney got beyond the lines and were captured, both enduring a long imprisonment. In the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, June 20, 1864, Philip R. Clawson and Lewis Brochon were killed, Corporal Alex. R. Thain was wounded in the leg, Abner L. Chandler in the body, Peter Melindy in the leg and James McCann in the leg. Next day

Charles Spaulding was severely wounded in the thigh, being disabled for further service, and Dominick Burke was seriously cut across the forehead and cheek, but not long disabled. At Peach Tree Creek, July 20, George Deedrich was wounded in the leg. Near Atlanta, August 2, Henry M. Williams was captured, in rear of the lines, by some Rebel scouts, and was a prisoner of war until the spring of 1865. In a demonstration before Atlanta, August 19, 1864, Corporal Frank Pepperd was wounded on the right hand; at Lovejoy Station, September 2, 1864, Charles Hawkins was also wounded on the hand, and at Franklin, November 30, 1864, Fred Worth was wounded, likewise in the hand, but none of the three were disabled. At Franklin, November 30, 1864, Albert Paddock was captured, remaining a prisoner of war until the spring of 1865.

During its term of service thirteen recruits joined the Company, making a total membership, from first to last, of 111. In all, nineteen died or were killed, eighteen were transferred to other commands, thirty-three were discharged from hospitals, two deserted, and thirty-nine returned home with the Regiment. About eighty were farming before the war. Of those still living at the time this chapter is written about thirty are in agricultural pursuits. The average age at enlistment was twenty-six years, and the average of those present at the final muster-out was but a fraction of a year more, although nearly three years had passed.

The Company did its full part in keeping up the high standard of the Regiment in soldierly deportment and courage. The following is

THE COMPANY ROSTER.

Captain Asiel Z. Blodgett.—Age 25; born in DuPage County, Ill.; Station Agent and telegraph operator; enlisted from Waukegan. Was elected Captain at the organization of the Company. At Chickamauga, was wounded in the left shoulder on Friday evening, while advancing the skirmish line, but did not leave the command, remaining until Sunday, when he was disabled by the falling of a heavy limb of a tree which had been torn off by the artillery and dropped directly in the Company; the principal injury was to his back, and is still quite serious, prostrating him at times. He returned to his command in a few months after receiv-

ing the injury, but was unable to endure the exposures of the campaign, and reluctantly resigned August 1, 1864. Has since been Mayor of the city of Waukegan several terms, and is still occupying the position of Station Agent at Waukegan which he left to enter the service. Is also engaged in importing and selling fine stock, having handled many hundreds of valuable Clydesdale horses and Galloway cattle in recent years.

Captain Walter W. Hastings.—Age 22 ; born in Cuyahoga County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; elected Second Lieutenant at the organization of the Company ; promoted to First Lieutenant Jan. 30, 1863 ; and to Captain Aug. 1, 1864 ; had previously served for three months in the 12th Illinois ; at the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864, was severely wounded in left foot, and disabled for six months or more ; in fact, was never again fit for field service, but was assigned to duty at Nashville in December, 1864, remaining on detached service until May 11, 1865, when he resigned because of continued disability. His wound continues to trouble him. For a few years past has been a carpenter and builder at Dixon, Ill.

Captain Theodore F. Clarkson.—Age 26 ; born in New York ; photographer ; enlisted from Waukegan ; appointed First Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Second Lieutenant Jan. 30, 1863 ; to First Lieutenant, Aug. 1, 1864 ; and to Captain, May 11, 1865. At Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, was very severely wounded on the head and face by a fragment of shell, the injury being so serious as to entirely disable him for many months. After his partial recovery he was assigned to duty as a military conductor on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, but returned to the Company before the close of the Atlanta campaign, serving with it most of the time until the close of the war ; mustered out with Regiment. Following his return home he was in poor health much of the time for some months, developing Bright's disease,—his friends believe as a direct result of his army service—and died at Waukegan, Ill., July 1, 1876.

Captain John H. Collier.—Age 18 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; appointed Sergeant at organization of the Company ; promoted to First Sergeant Jan. 30, 1863 ; at Chickamauga, was severely wounded in the left thigh, and was disabled for six months ; discharged Dec. 26, 1863, for promotion to Second Lieutenant in 12th U. S. C. I., and subsequently promoted to First Lieutenant and to Captain. Was in numerous engagements, and was wounded in left arm at the battle of Nashville, Dec. 15, 1863, but not disabled ; finally mustered out in January, 1866. Has served three terms in the Illinois Legislature ; is a hardware merchant at Gibson City, Ill.

First Lieutenant Caleb A. Montgomery.—Age 36 ; born in Richland County, Ohio ; merchant and miller ; enlisted from Waukegan ; was elected First Lieutenant at the organization of the Company. In December, 1862, while the command was in Kentucky, he was detailed on the

staff of the Brigade commander as Acting Quarter Master. He was taken with inflammation of the bowels at Danville, Ky., dying Jan. 28, 1863, after an illness of a few days. He was from the first one of the most popular officers in the Regiment, and his death created a profound sensation in the ranks. His wife attended him during the last days of his illness, and accompanied his remains to Waukegan, where they were interred.

First Lieutenant J. H. Linklater.—Age 21 ; born in Scotland ; printer in *Gazette* office ; enlisted from Waukegan ; was appointed Third Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; promoted to First Sergeant Dec. 26, 1863, and to First Lieutenant May 27, 1865. At Chickamauga his hat was shot through, and a bullet cut the strap of his haversack. At Resaca a bullet passed through his coat sleeve ; was never absent from the command except for a short time when the Regiment was at Danville, Ky., when he was detailed as Sergeant of Orderlies at Brigade Headquarters, and for a few days in the autumn of 1863 when he was sick from ague contracted at Moccasin Point. Participated in every skirmish and battle except Lookout Mountain. Mustered out with Regiment. Is with The J. M. W. Jones Stationery and Printing Company, corner of Dearborn and Monroe Streets, Chicago. Residence, 1314 West Van Buren Street.

First Lieutenant George G. Ferguson.—Age 43 ; born in Scotland ; enlisted from Waukegan ; appointed Fourth Sergeant at organization of the Company ; promoted to Hospital Steward May 14, 1863, and to First Lieutenant of Company H to date Oct. 1, 1863, but not mustered until Oct. 1, 1864. Resides at Waukegan, Ill. (See Roster of Co. H.)

Second Lieutenant Michael Devlin.—Age 23 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Newport ; promoted to Corporal March 1, 1863 ; to Sergeant, Sept. 20, 1863 ; and commissioned Second Lieutenant June 8, 1865 ; participated with the Regiment in all of its engagements until June 18, 1864, when he, with Albert Barney, of the same Company, was captured while relieving the picket line at night as the army was approaching Kenesaw Mountain ; had a severe experience as a prisoner of war, being confined at Andersonville and Florence ; finally escaping to the Union lines, near Wilmington, N. C., in February, 1865 ; rejoined the command in the following spring and was m. o. with Regiment ; is employed in the commission house of Marshfield & Nickerson, 243 South Water Street, Chicago ; residence, 146 Aberdeen Street, Chicago.

First Sergeant Charles Ellis.—Age 41 ; born in Manchester, England ; cabinet maker ; enlisted from Waukegan ; promoted to Corporal in March, 1863 ; to Sergeant Sept. 21, 1863, and to First Sergeant May 27, 1865 ; was never absent from command except for two months in the spring of 1864, owing to illness of family ; participated in every engagement of the Regiment, except Rocky Face Ridge ; was slightly wounded in the leg at Chickamauga, but not disabled ; m. o. with Regiment ; is a janitor at 116 E. Monroe Street, Chicago.

Sergeant Cornelius E. Hartnett.—Age 29 ; born in New York City ; farmer ; enlisted from Millburn ; appointed Fourth Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; was ruptured on the severe march from Danville toward Lebanon and return, Dec. 26 and 27, 1863, and disabled thereby for further service ; discharged at Lexington, Ky., April 15, 1863 ; is a carpenter and builder, and resides at Waukegan, Ill.

Sergeant Edmund S. Stevens.—Age 27 ; born in Batavia, N. Y. ; printer in *Gazette* office ; enlisted from Waukegan ; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Sergeant Feb. 1, 1863 ; at Chickamauga was wounded by a piece of shell, which did not disable him, and later by a bullet, which passed through the left lower rib and lodged near the spine, rendering him unconscious for several hours, so that he was left for dead upon the battle-field ; regaining consciousness he found himself a prisoner and remained in the enemy's hands eleven days, when he was paroled and taken to Chattanooga and afterward to hospitals farther north. He was subsequently declared exchanged at Columbus, Ohio, and for a time detailed in a Government printing office at Nashville, at which point he was discharged by reason of the close of the war, May 15, 1865 ; is an employing job printer at Parsons, Labette County, Kansas.

Sergeant Isaac Quigley.—Age 35 ; born in Ireland ; carpenter ; enlisted from Millburn ; had previously served in the Regular Army ; promoted to Corporal Feb. 10, 1863, and to Sergeant May 15, 1863 ; was mortally wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 20, 1863, dying within a day or two.

Sergeant William W. McKey.—Age 20 ; born in New York ; miller ; enlisted from Waukegan ; promoted to Corporal Feb. 20, 1863, and to Sergeant July 22, 1863 ; was killed at the battle of Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 20, 1863.

Sergeant Orson V. Young.—Age 16 ; born in Pennsylvania ; farmer ; enlisted from Newport ; promoted to Corporal May 15, 1863, and to Sergeant Jan. 1, 1864 ; at Chickamauga was wounded on the heel by a piece of shell, but remained with the command. Although one of the youngest men in the Company he was never absent from duty, and participated in every battle and skirmish in which the Regiment was engaged ; m. o. with the Regiment ; after the war he was engaged in teaching and farming for a time, afterward taking up the study of medicine, and graduating from Rush Medical College, Chicago, Feb. 22, 1882. Is a physician and surgeon at Rosecrans, Lake Co., Ill.

Sergeant Berzelus O'Hara.—Age 41 ; born in Jefferson Co., N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from the township of Warren ; promoted to Corporal June 1, 1863, and to Sergeant July 1, 1864 ; at Chickamauga had his haversack shot off ; participated in nearly every engagement, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment ; is farming at Oconto, Wis.

Sergeant Charles Pepperd.—Age 29; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Avon; promoted to Corporal July 22, 1863, and to Sergeant in May, 1865; participated in almost every skirmish and battle until Resaca, when he was wounded in the left hand and had two ribs broken, disabling him for two months; returned and took part in the battles of Franklin and Nashville; m. o. with Regiment; is farming at Odell, Ill.

Corporal John Sluman.—Age 31; American; farmer; enlisted from Millburn; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company; died from disease in hospital at Quincy, Ill., Feb. 18, 1863.

Corporal Henry W. Turk.—Age 26; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Newport; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company; was sent to hospital in February, 1863, being first at Louisville, Ky., and then at Quincy, Ill.; was under treatment several months; recovering was assigned to duty at hospital headquarters as acting Commissary Sergeant, and then placed in charge of Medical Purveyor's guards at Louisville, where he remained on duty until m. o., June 8, 1865; was 51 days in Kansas militia during the border ruffian troubles; has held numerous township offices, and is a prosperous farmer and dairyman at Washougal, Washington Territory.

Corporal Worthy S. Taylor.—Age 31; American; farmer; enlisted from Antioch; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company; was sent to hospital because of sickness, and on his recovery he, with a large detail of convalescents, was sent to intercept the Rebel General Morgan, then on his famous raid through Southern Ohio, and was killed in action near Camp Denison, Ohio, July 14, 1863.

Corporal Henry A. Webb.—Age 24; born in Otsego Co., N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Antioch; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company; subsequently assigned to duty with the Regimental Band, for a time; was at Chickamauga, Resaca, Lookout Mountain and some of the engagements on the Atlanta campaign, but had a disease of the eyes that compelled him to go to hospital; discharged for disability at Mound City, Ill., March 8, 1865; is agent for the American White Bronze Monument Company, and resides at Aurora, Ill.

Corporal Isaac M. Douglas.—Age 21; born in Franklin Co., N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Avon; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company, but was subsequently reduced to the ranks at his own request; was seldom absent from the command, and was always a faithful soldier and a pleasant companion; m. o. with Regiment; is farming in the town of Avon; P. O. address, Millburn, Ill.

Corporal Marion R. Brewster.—Age 27; born in Greene, Chenango Co., N. Y.; farmer and teacher; enlisted from Benton; was appointed Eighth Corporal at the organization of the Company; his health failing he was discharged April 6, 1863; returning home he never fully recovered, and died at Evanston, Ill., April 19, 1871, leaving a widow and five children.

Corporal Crofton Crocker.—Age 25 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from the township of Warren ; promoted to Corporal Oct. 16, 1862 ; deserted Feb. 1, 1863.

Corporal John C. Thompson.—Age 39 ; born in Scotland ; mason ; enlisted from the township of Warren ; promoted to Corporal May 1, 1863 ; at the battle of Chickamauga, in climbing a fence, he sustained a fracture of the right patella, or knee-pan, which partially disabled him all through the remainder of his term of service, although he remained with the command most of the time ; at the same battle a bullet passed through a tin cup strapped to his haversack ; the injury mentioned still gives him much trouble ; is engaged in orange culture at Middleburg, Clay Co., Florida.

Corporal Elisha Haggart.—Age 25 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Waukegan ; promoted to Corporal May 15, 1863 ; was killed at the battle of Chickamauga, being the first man killed in the Regiment in that terrible battle.

Corporal Edward Rix.—Age 28 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from township of Goodale (now Grant) ; was slightly wounded on the head at Chickamauga, being unconscious for some time ; had bullet pass through his clothing in an engagement near Marietta, Ga., was promoted to Corporal in July, 1863, and was one of the Color Guard from March, 1864, until the close of the war ; m. o. with Regiment ; is a potter, and resides at White Hall, Green Co., Ill.

Corporal Daniel G. Stewart.—Age 29 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Newport ; promoted to Corporal Feb. 3, 1864 ; at Chickamauga was wounded in the left foot, had his gun stock shattered by a bullet, his haversack was cut off, and three bullets passed through his clothing ; at the crossing of the Tennessee River in October, 1864, was wounded in the shoulder by a piece of shell ; m. o. with Regiment ; is farming at Bellwood, Butler Co., Nebraska.

Corporal Alexander R. Thain.—Age 22 ; born in Scotland ; farmer ; enlisted from Millburn ; appointed Corporal Feb. 4, 1864 ; wounded in the leg at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, but did not leave the command ; in fact, was not absent from the command during its entire term of service, and participated in every skirmish and battle in which the Regiment was engaged ; m. o. with Regiment. Following the war he spent some years in school, graduated from the Chicago Theological Seminary and entered the ministry ; is now pastor of the First Congregational Church at Galesburg, Ill., where he has been located for nine years. Is the author of Chapters XII and XIII of this work.

Corporal Frank Pepperd.—Age 22 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; promoted to Corporal June 23, 1864 ; was in nearly every engagement with the Regiment, and was wounded in the right hand in the demonstration before Atlanta, Aug. 19, 1864, but not disabled ; was a brother of Sergeant Charles Pepperd ; m. o. with Regiment ; is farming at Odell, Ill.

Corporal James McCann.—Age 17; born in New Albany, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Antioch; was almost constantly with the Regiment, and was promoted to Corporal June 25, 1864; at Rocky Face Ridge a bullet passed through his coat collar, and at Kenesaw Mountain he received a flesh wound in the leg, but was not long disabled; m. o. with Regiment; is farming near Wadsworth, Ill.

Corporal George E. Thayer.—Age 18; born in Lake County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Avon; promoted to Corporal June 25, 1864; was wounded in the hand at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, but did not leave the command; was in hospital at Franklin, Tenn., one day, but never absent from the command at any other time; took part in every engagement; m. o. with Regiment; is a prosperous farmer, and also works at his trade as a mason. P. O. address, Gage's Lake, Lake Co., Ill.

Corporal Fred G. Worth.—Age 22; born in Germany; farmer; enlisted from the township of Warren; promoted to Corporal May 27, 1865; had stock of musket shattered in his hands at Rocky Face Ridge, was slightly wounded on the side of head and had a bullet through his blanket at Kenesaw Mountain, and was bruised upon the hand by a bullet at Franklin; was absent from the command but two months, and was in nearly every skirmish and battle; m. o. with Regiment; is a prosperous farmer at Wadsworth, Ill.

Edward Alexander.—Age 37; American; tailor; enlisted from Waukegan; discharged for disability March 20, 1863, and died at Waukegan, Ill., March 20, 1867.

Mason C. Beecher.—Age 24; American; farmer; enlisted from Antioch; died of disease in hospital at Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 27, 1863.

John Bessey.—Age 51; born in New York; wagon maker; enlisted from Antioch; discharged for disability from hospital at Nashville, Tenn.; resides at Bellevue, Kas.

Louis Brochon.—Age 39; born in France; carpenter; enlisted from Waukegan Dec. 20, 1863, and joined the Regiment before the opening of the Atlanta campaign; participated in all of the early engagements of the campaign, and was killed at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 20, 1864.

Martin M. Blunt.—Age 32; born in New York; wagon maker; enlisted from Antioch; detailed in Pioneer Corps April 7, 1863, and transferred to the First Regiment U. S. Veteran Volunteer Engineers, July 25, 1864, being promoted to Corporal, and serving with that command until the close of the war; finally discharged at Nashville, Tenn., June 30, 1865; has since held numerous township official positions, and is a prominent farmer and stock raiser at Marena, Hodgman Co., Kansas.

Albert Barney.—Age 19; born in Du Page County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Waukegan; was on detached service with the 9th Ohio Battery seven months, and with the 18th Ohio five months, participating

with them in the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge ; rejoined Regiment in March, 1864, and participated in all of the earlier engagements of the Atlanta campaign ; near Kenesaw Mountain, on the night of June 18, 1864, he, with Sergeant Devlin, of the same Company, was captured by the enemy while relieving the picket line, and was a prisoner of war more than five months, at Andersonville and Florence ; was paroled Nov. 30, 1864, but was so badly disabled as to be unfitted for further service, and never rejoined the Regiment ; m. o. at Springfield, Ill., May 24, 1865 ; is residing at Bandow, Cook Co., Ill., and is in poor health.

William Bete.—Age 35 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Waukegan Jan. 4, 1864 ; participated in most of the engagements following that date ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois, serving with that command until December, 1865 ; is an inmate of the Insane Asylum at Kankakee, Ill.

Dominick Burke.—Age 21 ; born in Ireland ; laborer ; enlisted from Waukegan Jan. 4, 1864, joining the command soon after ; at Kenesaw Mountain, June 21, 1864, was wounded in the head and disabled three months, returning in time to take part in the battles of Franklin and Nashville ; resides at Waukegan, Ill.

Abner L. Chandler.—Age 17 ; born in Pennsylvania ; farmer ; enlisted from the township of Warren ; was at Rocky Face Ridge, Dalton, Resaca, Dallas, Pine Mountain, Kenesaw Mountain, Franklin and Nashville ; at Kenesaw Mountain, June 20, 1864, was wounded in the abdomen, it at first being supposed that the wound was necessarily fatal, but it proved that the ball had passed out without cutting the bowels, and in about two months he was again on duty ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois, serving with that command until Dec. 16, 1865 ; is a prosperous farmer at Odebolt, Iowa.

George W. Carpenter.—Age 18 ; born in Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; was in nearly all of the engagements, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment ; address unknown.

John E. Clarkson.—Age 20 ; born in Lake County, Ill. ; enlisted from Waukegan ; was detailed as an Orderly, and served in that capacity, at Brigade and Division Headquarters, during the greater part of his term of service ; m. o. with Regiment ; is on the Grain Inspection Force in Chicago. P. O. address, Englewood, Cook County, Ill.

W. W. Chamberlain.—Age 26 ; born in Chateaugay, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Waukegan ; his lungs becoming diseased he was discharged at Brentwood, Tenn., April 2, 1863 ; has resided in Waukegan most of the time since, but is now living, in poor health, at No. 60 North Ann Street, Chicago, and following the occupation of a painter.

Philip R. Clawson.—Age 37 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Waukegan ; was killed at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 20,

1864 ; had been in several engagements, and was for a time detailed with the 9th Ohio Battery.

John Chope.—Age 20 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Newport ; died at Harrodsburg, Ky., Dec. 8, 1862.

Walter Crapo.—Age 31 ; born in Portage County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; was with the Regiment at Chickamauga ; slightly wounded in the ear, near Lookout Mountain, Oct. 27, 1863 ; was detailed with Brigade commissary department at Cleveland, Tenn., in the spring of 1864, remaining absent from the Regiment, but with the Brigade, for a year ; m. o. with Regiment ; is a well digger and contractor at Waukegan, Ill.

John M. Clark.—Age 40 ; born in New York ; blacksmith ; enlisted from Antioch ; discharged for disability at Brentwood, Tenn., March 20, 1863 ; is proprietor of a grocery store at Hebron, New York.

Charles L. Devine.—Age 40 ; born in Sullivan County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; was sent to hospital, sick, June 3, 1863, and did not again join the command, but served as a nurse and in other capacities until the close of the war ; died Feb. 9, 1878, in Linn County, Mo.

James R. Daley.—Age 21 ; farmer ; enlisted from Newport ; went to hospital, sick, Sept. 12, 1863, and did not again join the command, but is understood to have done hospital duty until the close of the war ; present address unknown.

Chester W. Douglas.—Age 26 ; born in Franklin County, N. Y. ; enlisted from Avon Oct. 10, 1864, joining the Regiment in time to participate in the battles of Franklin and Nashville ; at the m. o. of the Regiment was transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois, and became leader of the Band of that Regiment ; was m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 10, 1865 ; is a watchmaker at Longmont, Colorado.

Adrian R. Douglas.—Age 38 ; carpenter ; born in New York ; enlisted from Waukegan ; was leader of the Regimental Band for a time ; discharged for disability, March 21, 1863 ; is farming in the township of Warren. P. O. address, Gurnee, Illinois.

Robert J. Douglas.—Age 15 ; born in Vermont ; enlisted from Waukegan Feb. 27, 1864, joining the Regiment in time to participate in most of the engagements of the Atlanta campaign, and the battles of Franklin and Nashville ; although but a mere lad, light and seemingly frail, he was continuously in the ranks, doing the full duty of a soldier, and more than once refusing to accept of easier positions offered him at the rear ; at the m. o. of the Regiment was transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois, and went with that command to Texas. A sister, without the knowledge of her brother or of her parents, wrote to the Secretary of War, stating the facts as to his extreme youth, and the services he had rendered, and asking that he might be discharged. The request met with favor, and, Sept. 6, 1865, he was discharged by a special order from the War Depart-

ment, and returned home ; is the head of the firm of R. J. Douglas & Co., extensive manufacturers of boats, pumps, windmills, etc., at Waukegan, Ill.

Andrew J. Denick.—Age 20 ; born in Cuyahoga County, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; was detailed in Pioneer Corps April 7, 1863, and transferred to the First U. S. V. V. Engineers Aug. 16, 1864 ; promoted to Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865 ; was disabled for three months in the summer of 1864 by cutting his knee with an axe while with Engineers, near Hiawasee River ; finally discharged at Nashville, Tenn., June 30, 1865 ; is stock raising at Lowe, Chautauqua County, Kansas.

Watson P. Davis.—Age 23 ; born in Brandon, Vt. ; engineer ; enlisted from Antioch ; left the Regiment, because of sickness, in September, 1863, and was transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 30, 1864 ; died at Gibson City, Ill., Sept. 19, 1876.

John R. Dunmore.—Age 23 ; born in Johnstown, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Benton Dec. 22, 1863 ; died in hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn., July 1, 1864.

Jacob E. Dunmore.—Age 22 ; born in Johnstown, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Benton Dec. 23, 1863 ; was in hospital most of the time ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois ; is reported as absent, sick, at the m. o. of that Regiment ; residence unknown.

Charles T. Dickinson.—Age 30 ; born in New York ; carpenter ; enlisted from Waukegan Dec. 29, 1863, joining the Regiment in the early spring of 1864 ; was discharged from hospital at Chicago May 22, 1865 ; resides in Chicago, Ill.

George Deedrich.—Age 18 ; born in McConnellsville, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Newport ; was never absent from the command except for a short time at Danville, Ky., during the first winter ; participated in every engagement, and was twice struck by bullets, once at Kenesaw Mountain and again at Peach Tree Creek, but not disabled ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a stationary engineer at Marietta, Ohio.

William J. Fleming.—Age 18 ; born in Cleveland, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Waukegan Jan. 4, 1864, and joined the Regiment before the opening of the Atlanta campaign ; was wounded in the breast at the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864 ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois, serving with that command until about the close of 1865 ; died from consumption at Waukegan, Ill., Feb. 16, 1876.

Alexander O. Ferguson.—Lacked six days of being 15 at time of enlistment ; was a son of Lieutenant Ferguson, and one of the youngest men in the command ; born in Waukegan, Ill. ; enlisted from Waukegan Jan. 4, 1864 ; joined the Regiment before the opening of the Atlanta campaign ; in all engagements afterward ; at the m. o. of the Regiment was transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois, serving until Dec. 16, 1865,

and returning home with that command ; has recently located at Denver, Col.

Andrew Farrier.—Age 20 ; born in Lake County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Millburn ; died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Dec. 2, 1863.

James T. Guppy.—Age 21 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; at the battle of Chickamauga two bullets passed through his hat, one giving him a scalp wound ; remained on the battle-field that night, and next morning was aroused by a Rebel surgeon, who gave him the first definite knowledge that the Federal forces had retreated ; he then made his way back to Rossville ; was with the Regiment until near the close of May, 1864, when he was sent to Jeffersonville hospital, sick, remaining about a year ; discharged at Louisville, Ky., May 29, 1865 ; is farming at Mankato, Jewell County, Kansas.

Wallace B. Gage.—Age 31 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; was at once detailed in Regimental Band, and for about six months served as Principal Musician ; in May, 1863, was sent to hospital, and on his recovery was detailed as Ward Master in Hospital No. 2, Quincy, Ill. ; discharged at Quincy June 22, 1865 ; is a general hardware merchant at Menominee, Mich.

Gustavus A. Greer.—Age 18 ; American ; blacksmith ; enlisted from Antioch ; discharged for disability at Brentwood, Tenn., April 5, 1863 ; died at Lake Geneva, Wis., about 1866.

Riley Hicks.—Age 48 ; born in Angelina, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; discharged for disability at Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 10, 1863 ; considered himself about the oldest private soldier in the Regiment ; resides at Union City, Mich.

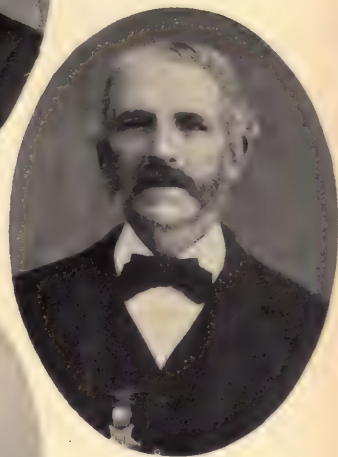
Elias Hosley.—Age 20 ; born in Madison County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Goodale (now Grant) ; mortally wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, dying the same night ; was a brother of Austin Hosley of the same Company.

Austin Hosley.—Age 29 ; born in Madison County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Goodale (now Grant) ; discharged for disability at Nashville, Tenn., May 23, 1863. Is a prosperous stock raiser at Bartlesville, Delaware Nation, Indian Territory.

Charles S. Hawkins.—Age 31 ; born in Clinton County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; participated in all of the engagements of the command following Kenesaw Mountain ; at Lovejoy Station was wounded, a bullet cutting across the back of his left hand, but was not obliged to leave the Regiment ; is on the farm he left to go to the war. P. O. address, Fox Lake, Ill.

Harrison Jones.—Age 26 ; born in Kendall County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; transferred to the V. R. C. Oct. 29, 1863, serving with that organization until the close of the war ; discharged July 2, 1865, at Chicago, Ill. Resides at Antioch, Ill.

COMPANY D.



AUSTIN E. LOTT.
Serg't BERZELUS O'HARA.

Serg't GEORGE G. FERGUSON.
First Lieut. CALEB A. MONTGOMERY.
Corp'l EDWARD RIX.

JOHN M. CLARK.
First Serg't CHARLES ELLIS.

REPORT
OF THE
SURVEYOR OF ALASKA.

Miles Jones.—Age 29; American; farmer; enlisted from Antioch. Died at Nashville, Tenn., April 7, 1863.

Austin E. Lott.—Age 18; born in Seneca, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Waukegan; was an Orderly at Regimental and Brigade Headquarters from July, 1863, and was always with the command; m. o. with Regiment; was for many years with the Cerro Gordo Freightling Company, and afterward became its owner, but is now residing at Los Angeles, California, and engaged in the real estate business.

Henry G. Levagood.—Age 35; American; farmer; enlisted from Antioch; at Chickamauga was wounded in the arm and disabled for further field service; discharged June 17, 1864; is engaged in the milk business. and in teaming at Waukegan, Ill.

William Mitchell.—Age 18; American; farmer; enlisted from Waukegan, Dec. 30, 1863, joining the command before the opening of the Atlanta campaign, in which he participated; was discharged from hospital at Nashville, Tenn., May 18, 1865. Is farming near Waukegan, Ill.

Henry W. Mitchell.—Age 19; born in Lake Co., Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Benton Dec. 23, 1863, joining the Regiment in time to participate in all the engagements following Lookout Mountain; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois, and died in hospital at New Orleans Dec. 7, 1865.

Peter P. Melindy.—Age 45; born in New Hampshire; farmer; enlisted from Antioch; took part in the engagements at Rocky Face Ridge, Resaca, Dallas and elsewhere, and at Kenesaw Mountain was wounded in the leg; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Blaine, Portage County, Wis.

Alfred Morton.—Age 24; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Millburn; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 20, 1864, serving to the close of the war. Is employed in a grain elevator at Grover, Seward County, Neb.

William Norton.—Age 21; born in Lake County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Antioch; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming in Lake County. P. O. address, Nippersink, Ill.

William W. Nellis.—Age 19; American; teamster; enlisted from Waukegan; m. o. with Regiment. Resides in Chicago, Ill.

Charles J. Neal.—Age 19; born in Erie County, Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Shields; discharged for disability from hospital at Nashville, Tenn., March 7, 1863; subsequently re-enlisted in Battery M, Second Illinois Light Artillery, but was soon transferred to Battery C, of the same Regiment, serving for a year and a half with that command, and taking part in numerous skirmishes, mostly in the vicinity of Fort Donelson. Resides at Random Lake, Wis.

Albert Paddock.—Age 19; born in Lake County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Antioch; was in all of the engagements of the Regiment,

except Lookout Mountain, up to Nov. 30, 1864, when he was captured ; was worn out with constant marching from Pulaski, and when the Regiment halted on the range of hills outside the village of Franklin, went to sleep and was not missed until the lines had fallen back ; he awoke to find himself a prisoner ; was in the hands of the enemy about four months, being confined at Cahawba, Ala., most of the time ; was paroled and sent via Vicksburg to St. Louis in the spring of 1865 ; rejoined the Regiment at the time of their discharge in Chicago. Is farming at Spencer, Clay County, Iowa.

George Paddock.—Age 22 ; born in Milwaukee, Wis. ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; discharged for disability at Quincy, Ill., Feb. 25, 1865 ; was a brother of Albert Paddock, of this Company. Is a merchant at Saunemin, Livingston County, Ill.

- **Thomas Pullen.**—Age 31 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; was seldom absent from the command ; m. o. with Regiment ; died from inflammation of the bowels, at Clayton, Faribault County, Minn., Jan. 13, 1868.

Joseph A. Roth.—Age 32 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Newport ; at Chickamauga was quite seriously wounded in the hand, but did not leave the Regiment ; at Kenesaw Mountain his pants were torn and his poncho cut by bullets ; was in all of the engagements of the command, and an excellent soldier ; m. o. with Regiment ; has since held numerous positions of trust, and is now Township Treasurer and Justice of the Peace, and also is a large land owner and prosperous farmer at Sheldon, Iowa.

Frank Rahling.—Age 21 ; born in Germany ; teamster ; enlisted from Waukegan ; drove team for a time, but returned to Regiment before the battle of Lookout Mountain, and participated in that engagement and all that followed ; was wounded in the knee at Rocky Face Ridge, but not disabled, and at Kenesaw Mountain had a bullet through his hat ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming near Waukegan, Ill.

John L. Richmond.—Age 18 ; born in Stafford, N. Y. ; tinsmith ; enlisted from Waukegan ; was seriously ill and discharged for disability at Louisville, Ky., May 26, 1863. Resides in Waukegan, Ill.

Vincent L. Reed.—Age 36 ; born in Jefferson County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from the township of Warren ; discharged because of disability at Nashville, Tenn., in the spring of 1863. Resides at Evanston, Ill.

James Rich.—Age 19 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; was mortally wounded at the battle of Chickamauga ; was carried to the rear for some distance, but left, with other wounded, and died in a few hours.

Abram L. Replogan.—Age 23 ; American ; law student ; enlisted from Waukegan ; had previously served in an Indiana Regiment ; discharged for disability Oct. 16, 1863. Present address unknown.

Henry J. Ring.—Age 21 ; born in Indiana ; merchant ; enlisted from Antioch ; had previously served three months in Company K, 12th Illinois ; was wounded in the thigh at the crossing of the Tennessee River, Oct. 27, 1863 ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a carpenter, and resides at Gibson City, Ill.

George W. Rice.—Age 19 ; born in Canada ; farmer ; enlisted from Waukegan Jan. 4, 1864 ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois, serving until about the close of 1865. Is an inmate of an insane asylum.

Charles Spaulding.—Age 27 ; born in Lake County, Ill ; farmer ; enlisted from Waukegan ; was severely wounded in right thigh at Kenesaw Mountain June 21, 1864, and so seriously disabled as to unfit him for further field service ; discharged at Quincy, Ill., May 12, 1865. Is a farmer and brick manufacturer at Waukegan, Ill.

Aralzeman M. Stewart.—Age 20 ; born in Illinois ; farmer ; enlisted from Newport ; severely wounded in hip at Chickamauga ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at North Loup, Neb.

George S. Shaw.—Age 32 ; farmer ; enlisted from Newport ; at the crossing of the Tennessee River, near Wauhatchie, Oct. 29, 1863, was severely wounded by a shell which, exploding near him, shattered his gun, and injured his knee very badly, permanently disabling him. Resides at Verbeck, Barton County, Kan.

John Swindells.—Age 33 ; born in Cheshire, England ; farmer ; at Chickamauga his left hand was struck by a fragment of shell and split open between the index finger and the second finger, the gash being about three inches long ; having good care the hand was saved, although badly out of shape ; was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps April 10, 1864, and assigned to duty as a nurse in Cumberland Hospital, Nashville, where he served until the close of the war, being discharged June 30, 1865. Is working a quartz mill at Bellville, Esmeralda County, Nevada.

William D. Sells.—Age 28 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon, leaving a family at home ; died at Wartrace, Tenn., July 30, 1863.

Willard V. Smith.—Age 18 ; born in McHenry, Ill. ; machinist ; enlisted from Waukegan ; participated in all of the engagements of the Regiment following Chickamauga, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment. Has followed the occupation of a carpenter at McHenry, Ill., but recently removed to Lincoln, Neb.

Robert E. Stanley.—Age 26 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Goodale (now Grant) ; took part in nearly every skirmish and battle in which the Regiment was engaged ; had many narrow escapes, and at the battle of Chickamauga was slightly wounded in the face ; at the m. o. of the Regiment was absent on furlough, but joined it on its arrival in Chicago, and returned home with his comrades. Keeps a boarding house and summer resort at Fox Lake ; P. O. address, Nippersink, Lake County, Ill. Is a brother of Aralzeman Stanley, of the same Company.

Aralzeman Stanley.—Age 28 ; born in Erie County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from the town of Goodale (now Grant) ; participated in the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Rocky Face Ridge and Resaca ; at the latter engagement was severely wounded in the thigh, and, being entirely unfitted thereby for field service, was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps March 22, 1865, serving with that organization, most of the time at Indianapolis, Ind., until the close of the war, and being discharged June 30, 1865. Is living at Nippersink, Lake County, Ill., and, being incapacitated for hard labor because of his wound, has taken up the occupation of a sportsman, and spends his time, with gun and boat, along Fox River, or the adjacent lakes.

George E. Smith, Jr.—Age 21 ; born in Lake County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; was never absent from duty ; at Chickamauga had a bullet mark on his foot, and at Kenesaw Mountain was wounded on the ankle, but not disabled for service ; in every engagement following Lookout Mountain he was on duty as a stretcher bearer, and performed this difficult, and very often hazardous, work with such promptness and courage as to call forth the commendation of both officers and men ; it was a matter of common remark that he would go anywhere for a wounded man, and very often, at great risk, he assisted in bearing disabled comrades from the most exposed points ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Otis, Weld County, Col.

William Sabin.—Age 27 ; born in Essex, Vt. ; teamster ; enlisted from Newport ; at Chickamauga was severely wounded in thigh, from the effects of which he still suffers ; was not again able for duty, but returned in time to be m. o. with Regiment. Is proprietor of a livery stable at Belmond, Iowa.

Lewis Thwing.—Age 32 ; born in Jefferson County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Waukegan ; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Jan. 7, 1864 ; discharged at Milwaukee, Wis., June 24, 1865. Died at State Line, Kenosha County, Wis., Oct. 20, 1873.

Richard S. Thain.—Age 17 ; born on a propeller on Lake Michigan ; farmer ; enlisted from Millburn ; had a bullet through his shoe and had his canteen shot off at Chickamauga, and was struck in the leg by a bullet at Lookout Mountain ; in the spring of 1864 was detailed as Assistant Brigade Postmaster, and subsequently as Postmaster, serving in this capacity to the close of the war. While on this service had many exciting experiences, and some narrow escapes, which are more fully set forth in another chapter in this work ; was never absent from duty when the command was in active service ; is a brother of Corporal A. R. Thain, of this Company. Resides at Oak Park, Ill., and is connected with the Advertising Agency of Lord & Thomas, 45, 47 and 49 Randolph St., Chicago.

Eli Thayer.—Age 24 ; born in Lake County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; at the battle of Chickamauga was one of the foremost men in the charge, and was struck down by a bullet which, however, merely

inflicted a scalp wound, and left him unconscious for a few moments ; meanwhile the lines had shifted, and he was a prisoner ; he endured a long confinement in the different prisons, including Andersonville and Florence, and died while a prisoner of war.

Jacob Van Patten.—Age 31 ; born in Albany County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; participated in the engagements of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Dalton, Rocky Face Ridge, Resaca and others ; at Chickamauga was wounded in the leg and on the breast. Worn out with the long campaign, and being in poor health, he was sent to hospital in June, 1864, and was not again able to join the command ; was discharged from hospital at Louisville, Ky., June 26, 1865. Is farming at Antioch, Ill.

Henry M. Williams.—Age 19 ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; had previously served three months with Company K, 12th Illinois ; was in all of the battles of the Regiment up to Atlanta ; was captured by a party of Rebel cavalry while out after forage near Atlanta, Aug. 2, 1864, and a prisoner of war until the spring of 1865 ; was m. o. at Columbus, Ohio, in July, 1865. Resides at Libertyville, Ill.

William Warren.—Age 38 ; born in Sullivan, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; discharged for disability at Brentwood, Tenn., April 5, 1863 ; enlisted again Oct. 13, 1864 in Company G, 12th Illinois, and was discharged July 10, 1865. Died at Bushnell, Ill., from a liver or kidney trouble, Aug. 30, 1884.

Richard Wilton.—Age 25 ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch. Died at Danville, Ky., Dec. 19, 1862.

Arnold Willett.—Age 28 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch. Died at Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 28, 1863.

Charles E. Webb.—Age 25 ; born in Antioch ; farmer ; enlisted from Antioch ; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at 88 Artesian Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Sherwood B. Young.—Age 28 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Wauconda ; deserted Feb. 1, 1863.

CHAPTER XLV.

COMPANY E.

The Apple River Company—How it was Recruited and Organized—Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers Elected—A Sword to the Colonel—On Provost Duty at Harrodsburg—The Terrible Death-Roll at Chickamauga—Almost Unparalleled Losses—Twelve Men Killed or Mortally Wounded in One Engagement—Other Losses—Moccasin Point Duties—Detached on Lookout Mountain—Subsequent Casualties—Some Statistics—Personal Sketches.

COMPANY E, when organized, mustered ninety-seven men, all of whom were enlisted and sworn in as private soldiers. They were mainly recruited by three men, living in different townships and acting independently of each other. The men were residents of Jo Daviess County, except a few who, living just across the line in Wisconsin, were accustomed to get their mail and do their marketing at some of the villages in the county. Joseph P. Black secured the largest number of men, his list showing fifty-seven—nearly all from Apple River, Thompson and Rush. Silas Corey, of Scales Mound, who held a recruiting commission from Governor Yates, secured the enrollment of thirty men from Scales Mound, Guilford and Thompson. Halsey H. Richardson, of Warren, recruited ten men from his own township and Southern Wisconsin.

These men were mainly farmers, farmers' sons, miners or mechanics, and were many of them in good circumstances. All were accustomed to hard labor, and all were self supporting. They enlisted, not for the mere novelty of wearing a uniform and enjoying camp life, but because they believed their country needed their services. All had met wounded men from Fort Donelson, Shiloh and Corinth, and knew that war meant hardship and privation. They fully realized that it was no holiday upon which they were entering, but that stern duties and continued peril awaited them in the field.

Silas Corey began recruiting about July 15, 1862, and Joseph P. Black and H. H. Richardson a little later. No one of the three secured a sufficient number for a full Company, and each was looking around to see what disposition could be made of his squad. Mr. Corey visited Galena, to confer with other recruiting officers, but could get no promise of a commission, the most favorable offer being that they "would try to give his squad the position of First Sergeant." Whether he seriously contemplated accepting this offer is not positively known, but that they expected him to join them is true. The men, upon learning of the offer, were not well pleased, believing that their number was sufficient to entitle them to a commissioned officer, to which some in the squad aspired. A meeting was called at Scales Mound to consider the proposition. Learning of the contemplated meeting, Joseph P. Black attended, and proposed that the three squads mentioned should come together, the largest detachment to have the Captaincy, the next largest the First Lieutenantcy, and the smaller one the Second Lieutenantcy,—the Company, as a whole, to elect its non-commissioned officers. This proposition was agreed to, and the squads from Scales Mound, Apple River and Warren came together at Apple River on Monday, August 12, 1862, for the purpose of organizing.

It was a fine gathering of stalwart young men, who came together for the first time on that bright harvest day. In age they ranged from eighteen to thirty-five, although a very few were younger or older than the figures mentioned. Thirty-seven were married men. In intelligence they compared favorably with any Company that ever left Jo Daviess County. In courage and soldierly conduct they subsequently proved themselves the peers of their comrades.

In pursuance of the plan heretofore alluded to, the Apple River men chose Joseph P. Black for Captain, the Scales Mound squad designated William F. Taylor for First Lieutenant, and the Warren men agreed upon Halsey H. Richardson as Second Lieutenant. It is probable that Mr. Corey would have been chosen First Lieutenant had he not virtually

withdrawn from the Company before the election. The selections named above were promptly ratified by the Company.

The election of non-commissioned officers was attended with considerable excitement and a spirited rivalry, which was mainly good-natured. The result was as follows: First Sergeant, William Stevenson; Sergeants William T. Adams, Sidney B. Funk, William H. Robbins and Jasper N. Lindsay; Corporals William McDonald, Daniel W. Dimmick, Thomas H. Maynard, William F. Bostwick, William Hill, Edgar Warner, Richard Garrett and James S. Lewis.

The Company established its headquarters in an old warehouse near the railroad depot, in the village of Apple River. Most of the men went home at night, or visited friends in the vicinity, reporting daily at headquarters. During their stay in the village the good ladies gave the soldiers a grand picnic dinner, and presented them with an elegant flag. The presentation address was made on behalf of the fair donors by one of their own number, whose name, unfortunately, cannot be recalled. The response was by Captain Black.

Wednesday, September 3, 1862, the good-byes were said, and the Company boarded the train for Rockford, where it was assigned to quarters in Camp Fuller. On the fourth it was formally mustered in, and next day took its place in the line, as a part of the NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY. In the drawing for position it became Company E, and was assigned as the seventh Company from the right, occupying the left centre of the battalion.

At Camp Champion the Company, through Captain Black, presented Colonel Champion with an elegant sword and belt, nearly every man contributing to the fund for its purchase. A fine watch was also presented to Lieutenant Taylor by the members of the Company.

While at Harrodsburg, Ky., Captain Black was assigned to duty as Provost Marshal, and when the main body of the Regiment marched to Danville, Company E, together with Company A, remained to guard the prisoners and protect the hospitals in the village, being comfortably quartered in barracks. Christmas Day the loyal ladies gave the men an ele-

gant Christmas dinner. The next day the two Companies rejoined the Regiment at Danville.

The next detached service required was at Moccasin Point, where Company E was detailed to dig rifle pits and construct bomb-proofs for the artillery then using Lookout Mountain as a target. This labor occupied nearly three weeks, and was very severe on the men, the work being fatiguing and continuous, one-half working all the time, night and day, on meager rations and under an annoying fire from the batteries across the river.

Two days following the capture of Lookout Mountain Company E was again detached, and sent quite a distance along the mountain, taking charge of some deserted camps, with a large amount of camp and garrison equipage. The men were required to invoice and pack up all of the tents, blankets and stores, preparatory to turning them over to the military authorities.

As the statute of limitations has now run it may be as well to state, in the interest of a truthful history, that the men appropriated some entirely new Enfield muskets that were still in the original packages, replacing them with their own guns, which had become worn with service. Blankets, socks and shirts were abundant in the Company that winter, and it was noticeable that they were a little "off color," leading to the belief that some of the Confederate goods had been appropriated by them before the invoice was completed. The service lasted but a few days, when the Company joined the Regiment and marched to Nickajack.

Company E had comparatively few changes in commissioned officers. Captain Black resigned April 26, 1863, whereupon First Lieutenant Taylor was promoted to Captain, Second Lieutenant Richardson, to First Lieutenant, and First Sergeant Funk, to Second Lieutenant. In February, 1864, Lieutenant Funk resigned, because of disability resulting from wounds, but the Company being below the minimum number the vacancy was not filled until June 8, 1865, when First Sergeant Todd was commissioned as Second Lieutenant. But if the changes among commissioned officers were few it was

not so with the non-commissioned officers, for at one time or another twenty-eight men wore chevrons.

The casualties in the Company were exceptionally numerous. At Chickamauga the fatalities exceeded those of any other Company in the Regiment, no less than twelve men being killed or mortally wounded. Of these, Corporals Cashman and Warner, and Privates Elderkin, Edge, Thomas, Tinkler and Harrington were killed outright. Robert C. Allison, who was wounded in the preliminary skirmish of Friday died three weeks later. Blackstone, Martin, Mack and O'Leary, who fell into the hands of the enemy, and were paroled ten days later, were all so badly wounded as to cause their deaths within a short time. No less than nineteen were wounded more or less severely, as follows :

Captain W. F. Taylor, Lieutenant H. H. Richardson, Lieutenant S. B. Funk, Sergeant W. H. Robbins, Sergeant R. J. Cooper, Corporal Wm. F. DeGraff, Corporal Wm. Hill, John H. Pooley, William Faith, Solomon Bixby, John A. Bush, Wm. H. Burbidge, Wm. Buckley, James Cole, Geo. W. Dimmick, Charles F. Hayth, Andrew King, Thomas Scott and George Teal. For a partial description of the wounds received by these men reference is made to the personal sketches which follow. Beside the four men mentioned above as mortally wounded, who fell into the enemy's hands four others became prisoners during the engagement. Of these Sergeant Robbins and John A. Bush were soon paroled, Geo. W. Dimmick died in prison, and Charles F. Hayth died shortly after his release, at the close of the war. No less than eighteen men who went into that bloody battle never again marched with the Regiment. The casualties of the battle were thirty-one.

At Lookout Mountain Sergeant Cooper, Corporal Junken and Wm. E. Sprague were wounded.

At Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864, Sergeant William F. DeGraff was mortally wounded, Wm. B. Seace was permanently disabled, and Sergeant Bennett, Corporal Fleming, Geo. W. Jennings, George Teal, J. B. Going and Solomon Bixby were more or less severely wounded, the Company

thus sustaining almost one-fourth of the casualties of the Regiment in that engagement. In the engagements about Dallas William Faith was wounded. At Kenesaw Mountain Corporal James Junken and Frank Redfern were mortally wounded, and Corporal John H. Pooley, Orlando Phippin and William G. Oberlin were wounded. In one of the engagements near Atlanta Sergeant Cooper was wounded. William W. Jellison and Wallace W. Montgomery were captured August 2, 1864, neither of them ever returning to the Company, although they both escaped, or were paroled, near the close of the war.

At Lovejoy's Station Corporal Fleming was wounded in the shoulder. Subsequently there were no casualties in action in the Company, although it bore its full part in each campaign and battle.

During the term of service of the Company one man died in prison, one was accidentally fatally injured, twelve died in various hospitals, from disease, and fifteen were killed in action or died from wounds, making a total loss by death of twenty-nine, out of a total membership of one hundred and five.

Eleven men were discharged for disability, resulting from disease, and five because of wounds. Six men were transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps,—three because of wounds and three because of disability resulting from other causes. Two were transferred to the 1st U. S. V. V. Engineers. Two received commissions in other commands. One was transferred to the non-commissioned staff. At the muster out of the Company three of the recruits whose terms of service did not expire until a date later than October 1, 1865, were transferred to Company E, 21st Illinois Regiment.

No less than forty-four men were struck by bullets in action, and several of these more than once. Nine members of the Company are known to have died since the war, and it is not improbable that some of those whose present whereabouts have not been ascertained are not living. One man deserted and one was dishonorably discharged.

At the discharge of the Company in Chicago thirty-six

members were present, and three others were discharged about simultaneously from hospitals or parole camps.

Of Company E it may be fairly said that it performed its full measure of duty, bore its full share of hardship, and suffered its full proportion of loss. The reputation of the Regiment never suffered because of its conduct, but on the contrary the record of the NINETY-SIXTH may fairly be claimed to have been made brighter because of its harmonious action in the camp and on the campaign, its steady, soldierly bearing in battle, and its prompt and intelligent response to every call for duty. The following is

THE COMPANY ROSTER.

Captain Joseph P. Black.—Age 31 ; born in Logan County, Ill. ; grain buyer and implement dealer ; enlisted from Apple River ; elected Captain at the organization of the Company ; resigned at Franklin, Tenn., April 26, 1863. Is a traveling salesman for the Hapgood Plow Co., and resides at Alton, Ill.

Captain William F. Taylor.—Age 28 ; born in Massachusetts ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; elected First Lieutenant at the organization of the Company, and promoted to Captain April 26, 1863. Was in command of the Company at Chickamauga, and was wounded by a bullet which passed through his right ear ; was not disabled but continued with the command, and was conspicuous for his bravery. At the battle of Lookout Mountain he was the only Captain with the Regiment. At Nickajack, while a prisoner was being disarmed, he was wounded by the discharge of a revolver, a bullet passing through one leg and lodging in the other in such a position that it could not be removed. This disabled him for field service, and after a partial recovery he was assigned to duty as a Military Conductor, running between Chattanooga and Knoxville, for a time, and also between Chattanooga and Atlanta. Returned to the Regiment just prior to its muster out. After his return home he again engaged in farming ; was Assistant U. S. Internal Revenue Assessor for a time, and for eleven years past has been an Assistant Grain Inspector in Chicago. Residence, 497 West Lake Street.

Captain Richard Garrett.—Age 25 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company, and subsequently promoted to First Sergeant ; participated in the battle of Chickamauga ; discharged Dec. 1, 1863, for promotion as Second Lieutenant in the 14th U. S. C. T. ; subsequently promoted to Captain. Was last heard from at Oakland, Cal.

First Lieutenant Halsey H. Richardson.—Age 34 ; born in Thomaston, Me. ; painter ; enlisted from Warren ; elected Second Lieutenant at the

organization of the Company; promoted to First Lieutenant April 26, 1863; was almost constantly with the Regiment, and commanded the Company in several engagements; was wounded in the hip at Chickamauga, but not long disabled; was especially commended for bravery in the report of the regimental commander at the close of the Atlanta campaign; m. o. with Regiment; returned to Maine shortly after the war, and died at Lewiston, Me., Oct. 25, 1879. His wife, sons and daughters have all died within a few years. He followed painting for a time, and was two years City Marshal of Lewiston, Me.; afterward followed farming until his death.

First Lieutenant Lovett S. Rivenburg.—Age 24; born in Albany County, N. Y.; teacher; enlisted from Apple River; was discharged March 13, 1864, for promotion as Second Lieutenant 16th U. S. C. T.; subsequently promoted to First Lieutenant, and was for some months Provost Marshal at Chattanooga, Tenn. Resides at Middleburgh, N. Y., and is a merchant and paper manufacturer.

Second Lieutenant Sidney B. Funk.—Age 19; born in Monticello, Wis.; farmer; enlisted from Apple River; appointed Sergeant at the organization of the Company; promoted to First Sergeant in April, 1863, and to Second Lieutenant the same month; at Chickamauga he was so severely wounded that it was thought he could not survive; the missile struck his face, passing through and fracturing his jaw and lodging in his shoulder, where it could not be removed; he partially recovered, and was at home some weeks, subsequently returning to hospital at Nashville, where he resigned Feb. 20, 1864. He died at Hampton, Iowa, on his thirty-eighth birthday, while on a business trip for the Hapgood Plow Co., of Alton, Ill., of which he was a member.

Second Lieutenant Edward P. Todd.—Age 25; born in Chautauqua County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Apple River; promoted to Sergeant April 6, 1863; to First Sergeant April 20, 1864, and commissioned Second Lieutenant June 8, 1865; was in nearly all of the engagements of the command, but escaped wounds; m. o. with Regiment. Is a farmer and stock raiser at Cherry Vale, Kan.

First Sergeant William Stevenson.—Age 28; American; farmer; enlisted from Monticello, Wis.; discharged from hospital at Evansville, Ind., April 27, 1863. Died at Apple River, Ill., March 26, 1866.

Sergeant William T. Adams.—Age 24; born in Wood County, Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Apple River; appointed Sergeant at the organization of the Company; discharged at Brentwood, Tenn., March 31, 1863. Is farming at Chapin, Franklin County, Iowa.

Sergeant William H. Robbins.—Age 22; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Apple River, Ill.; appointed Sergeant at the organization of the Company; was twice wounded at Chickamauga, a piece of shell injuring his left leg and a bullet passing through his left arm and lung; was left on the field and became a prisoner, being paroled eleven days

later ; was never again able for field service, and was discharged at Chicago Jan. 6, 1865. Is in poor health and resides at Scales Mound, Ill.

Sergeant Jasper N. Lindsay.—Age 24 ; born in Scales Mound, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Scales Mound ; appointed Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; was detailed in Pioneer Corps April 6, 1863, and transferred to 1st U. S. V. V. Engineer Regiment July 18, 1864, serving until the close of the war ; contracted a disease of the spleen in the service, which has given him much trouble since. Is a farmer and mail carrier at Semiahmoo, Whatcom County, Washington Territory.

Sergeant Daniel W. Dimmick.—Age 22 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company, and subsequently promoted to Sergeant ; was in all the engagements of the Atlanta campaign and at Franklin and Nashville ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a farmer and stock dealer, and resides at Monticello, Wis. ; P. O. address, Apple River, Ill.

Sergeant James S. Lewis.—Age 29 ; born in Canada ; farmer and teacher ; enlisted from Apple River ; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company, and promoted to Sergeant April 6, 1863 ; was in hospital for some months, and transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps April 23, 1864 ; finally discharged from service May 29, 1865. Is farming at Rush, Jo Daviess County, Ill.

Sergeant Royal J. Cooper.—Age 23 ; born in Pottsdam, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; promoted to Corporal in November, 1862 ; to Sergeant in April, 1863, and to Hospital Steward Nov. 1, 1864 ; was severely wounded in the left foot at Chickamauga, and had both haversack and canteen shot off ; was slightly wounded in the left hip at Look-out Mountain, and seriously wounded in the left shoulder at Atlanta Aug. 19, 1864 ; the last wound unfitted him for field service, and led to his promotion as Hospital Steward ; m. o. with Regiment. Is engaged in business as a painter and decorator at Nora, Jo Daviess County, Ill.

Sergeant William F. DeGraff.—Age 19 ; born in Apple River, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; promoted to Corporal and served as one of the Color Guard at Chickamauga, where he was severely wounded in the thigh, being disabled four months ; returning he was promoted to Sergeant ; at the battle of Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864, was mortally wounded, being shot in the breast, and dying at Chattanooga May 16, 1864.

Sergeant Calvin Frisby.—Age 23 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted at Apple River ; promoted to Corporal in April, 1863, and to Sergeant in 1864 ; was almost constantly with the command, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment. Is employed with a plow manufactory at Dixon, Ill.

Sergeant George C. Bennett.—Age 31 ; born in Kanawha, West Virginia ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; promoted to Corporal and Sergeant ; was wounded at Rocky Face Ridge, and at Resaca had his

canteen and haversack shot off ; m. o. with Regiment. Is an iron worker at Portsmouth, Ohio.

Sergeant Peter F. Fleming.—Age 19 ; born in Ireland ; came to Syracuse, N. Y., with his parents when eighteen months old, and to Jo Daviess County in 1854 ; farmer ; enlisted from Scales Mound ; promoted to Corporal Jan. 1, 1864, and to Sergeant March 1, 1865 ; was never absent from the command, and participated in all of its engagements ; had a bullet through his pants leg at Chickamauga, one through his coat at Rocky Face Ridge, slightly wounding his side ; had his gun stock shattered in front of Atlanta, and was wounded in the left shoulder at Lovejoy's Station, Sept. 4, 1864 ; m. o. with Regiment ; was for two and one-half years Captain of Company H, 3d Regiment I. N. G., at Lena, Ill. ; for eight years has been a day guard in the State Treasurer's Office at Springfield, Ill.

Corporal William A. McDonald.—Age 20 ; born in Apple River, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company ; discharged for disability April 14, 1863. Is farming at Jefferson, Green County, Iowa.

Corporal Thomas H. Maynard.—Age 18 ; born in Apple River, Ill. ; clerk ; enlisted from Apple River ; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company ; was detailed as Orderly at Brigade Headquarters for a time, and subsequently employed in the Medical Purveyor's office at Nashville, serving there until the close of the war ; discharged at Nashville, Tenn., May 15, 1865. Is a traveling salesman for Doggett, Bassett & Hills, Chicago, and resides at Apple River, Ill.

Corporal William F. Bostwick.—Age 18 ; American ; clerk ; enlisted from Apple River ; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company ; was with the command most of the time, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment.

Corporal William Hill.—Age 43 ; born in New York ; carpenter ; enlisted from Apple River ; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company ; received a gun-shot wound in the left knee at Chickamauga, and was on crutches for a year or more ; was discharged from hospital in Chicago Aug. 25, 1864. Is working at his trade in Apple River, Ill.

Corporal Edgar Warner.—Age 23 ; born in Apple River, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company ; was killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863.

Corporal Absolam Power.—Age 29 ; born in Bath County, Ky. ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; was promoted to Corporal and served with the Color Guard for a time ; had an ankle badly sprained on the Duck River march, and was sent to hospital ; discharged at Louisville, Ky., Oct. 26, 1863. Is a lead miner at Apple River, Ill.

Corporal Henry Cashman.—Age 18 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; promoted to Corporal ; was killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863.

Corporal James Junken.—Age 22 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; promoted to Corporal ; was slightly wounded at Lookout Mountain ; at Kenesaw Mountain, June 22, 1864, he was shot through the neck, dying from the effects of the wound in the field hospital next day.

Corporal John H. Pooley.—Age 19 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; promoted to Corporal in 1863 ; at Chickamauga was shot through the right thigh and disabled for three months ; at Kenesaw Mountain, June 20, 1864, he was shot through the left thigh, and had a narrow escape from death, owing to gangrene ; his disability proved permanent, and he was transferred to the V. R. C. ; was finally discharged at Mound City, Ill., June 16, 1865. Is now a photographer at Galena, Ill.

Corporal John Grabham.—Age 22 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; promoted to Corporal Jan. 1, 1864 ; at Peach Tree Creek had bullets through his cap box, canteen and coat ; was in every engagement, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Twin Falls, Kansas.

Corporal Lloyd Wardell.—Age 31 ; American ; miner ; enlisted from Apple River ; promoted to Corporal in 1864 ; was in all of the engagements, and at Chickamauga had two bullets through his hat ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Hanover, Jo Daviess County, Ill.

Corporal William Faith.—Age 32 ; born in Vermilion County, Ill. ; miner ; enlisted from Apple River ; promoted to Corporal in January, 1865 ; was always with the command ; had a scalp wound at Chickamauga, and several bullet holes in his clothing ; was slightly wounded in the hand and on the neck near Burnt Hickory or Dallas ; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Excelsior, Wis.

Corporal John D. Glidden.—Age 22 ; American ; carpenter ; enlisted from Scales Mound ; promoted to Corporal ; was present for duty almost constantly ; m. o. with Regiment. Is working at his trade in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Corporal Newton Power.—Age 18 ; born in Apple River, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; promoted to Corporal in January, 1865 ; was in many engagements, and once had a bullet through his haversack, but escaped wounds. Resides at Apple River, Ill.

Robert C. Allison.—Age 23 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; was wounded through the limb on the evening of September 18, 1863, at Chickamauga, and died in hospital at Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 12, 1863 ; his body was taken home for interment.

Solomon Bixby.—Age 27 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; was wounded in the arm at Chickamauga and in the left hand at Rocky Face Ridge, the last injury disabling him for a long time ; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Mineral Point, Wis.

John A. Bush.—Age 28 ; born in St. Louis, Mo. ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; was twice wounded at Chickamauga, one ball frac-

COMPANY E.



Capt. RICHARD GARRETT.
JAMES COLE.
WM. E. SPRAGUE.

Lieut. L. S. RIVENBURG.
Lieut. H. H. RICHARDSON.
Serg't P. FLEMING.

Corp'l JOHN H. POOLEY.
Serg't D. W. DIMMICK.
Corp'l JOHN GRABHAM.

LIBRARY
OF THE
BIBLIOTHECA
MUSEI HISTORICO-NATURALIS
ROMAE

turing his left leg and the other passing through his left side ; he fell into the enemy's hands, and was a prisoner ten days ; was seriously disabled, and did not rejoin the Regiment until the spring of 1865 ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a mason and plasterer, and resides at Apple River, Ill.

William H. Burbridge.—Age 41 ; born in Bath County, Ky. ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush ; had two buck shot in his right leg at Chickamauga, and had the breech of his gun shot away ; was transferred to V. R. C. April 30, 1864, and was discharged at Indianapolis, Ind., July 7, 1865. Is farming at Warren, Jo Daviess County, Ill.

Stephen F. Blackstone.—Age 21 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; ~~killed~~ at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863.

Died Oct 21 from wounds received

William Buckley.—Age 20 ; born in England ; miner ; enlisted from Apple River ; slight wound in face at Chickamauga ; not otherwise wounded, although participating in all of the engagements of the command ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Highmore, Hyde County, Dakota.

Samuel Barber.—Age 22 ; born in Grant County, Wis. ; farmer ; enlisted from Scales Mound, as Wagoner, and served in that capacity to the close of the war ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Steele City, Neb.

Elijah Coverly.—Age 43 ; born in Virginia ; farmer and miner ; enlisted from Apple River ; was in numerous engagements, and once had a bullet through his hat, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment. Died at Apple River Nov. 23, 1884.

James Coverly.—Age 15 ; born in Apple River ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren Jan. 14, 1864 ; was a son of Elijah Coverly ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company E, 21st Illinois, and finally reached home in January, 1866. Is farming at Mount Tabor, Oregon.

James Cole.—Age 38 ; born in Chautauqua County, Pa. ; carriage maker ; enlisted at Apple River, but was credited to Erie County, Pa. ; was slightly wounded in side and severely wounded through the left arm at Chickamauga, being permanently disabled ; was transferred to V. R. C. April 28, 1864, and discharged at Louisville, Ky., at the close of the war. Is farming at East Springfield, Erie County, Pa.

James M. Cole.—Age 38 ; American ; carpenter ; enlisted from Apple River as Musician, and served with the Regimental Band ; discharged for disability May 22, 1863. Address unknown.

Albert Denure.—Age 19 ; born in St. Lawrence County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; had the measles at Danville, Ky., and, although not fully recovered, made the trip to Nashville with the Regiment ; the exposure caused a relapse, and he died in hospital at Nashville, Tenn., April 28, 1863.

George W. Dimmick.—Age 18 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; at Chickamauga was wounded under the left eye, the bullet passing out under the left ear ; it is understood that he was also wounded in the body ; he was supposed to be killed and so reported, but fell into the hands of the enemy, and was taken to Richmond ; he lost the sight of the injured eye, and became nearly blind ; had small pox during his imprisonment ; he was at Richmond, Danville, Andersonville and Florence ; always cheerful and ready to do anything in his power for his companions. He died at Wilmington, North Carolina, about at the time of his release from prison.

Thomas Davy.—Age 44 ; born in England ; blacksmith ; enlisted from Scales Mound, but is credited to Chicago ; date of muster, Oct. 21, 1864 ; did not join the Regiment for some months, being employed in the hospitals ; had previously served five months in the 142d Illinois ; m. o. with Regiment. Is in poor health, and resides at Lena, Stephenson County, Ill.

Alfred Elderkin.—Age 19 ; American ; farmer ; residence, Monticello, Wis. ; enlisted from Apple River ; was killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863.

Sherod B. Eaton.—Age 20 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; discharged for disability May 5, 1863. Resides at Duncombe, Iowa.

William Edge.—Age 19 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Scales Mound ; killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863.

Benjamin F. Easton.—Age 25 ; born in Burlington, Iowa ; harness maker ; enlisted from Warren ; transferred to V. R. C. April 30, 1864, and was finally discharged at Nashville June 30, 1865. Is farming at Warren, Jo Daviess County, Ill.

Samuel Fenn.—Age 24 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River. Died at Stevenson, Ala., Oct. 10, 1863.

Joseph E. Fletcher.—Age 18 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River. Died in hospital at Danville, Ky., Feb. 17, 1863.

Joshua B. Going.—Age 34 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Scales Mound ; wounded in left foot at Rocky Face Ridge May 9, 1864, causing the loss of a toe ; had several bullets through his clothing ; his wound disabled him for field service, and he was transferred to the V. R. C. April 10, 1865 ; discharged at Quincy, Ill., July 15, 1865. Resides at Gilford, Tuscola County, Mich.

Simon Griburg (Kreitsburg).—Age 26 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Scales Mound ; was always with the Regiment, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Schappsville, Ill.

James Gunn.—Age 20 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted at Apple River. Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 21, 1863.

Richard Harrison.—Age 28 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Scales Mound ; served as Brigade Butcher and in the Q. M. department most of the time ; m. o. with Regiment. Address unknown.

Daniel Herrington.—Age 28 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Scales Mound ; killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.

John Harding.—Age 20 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River. Died at Evansville, Ind., Dec. 24, 1863.

William Hubbard.—Age 20 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River. Died at Harrodsburg, Ky., Jan. 25, 1863.

Charles F. Hayth (carried on the rolls as Heath).—Age 17 ; born in Shullsburg, Wis. ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; was wounded in the ankle at Chickamauga ; remaining near the battle-field to care for some wounded comrades he fell into the enemy's hands ; was at Richmond, Andersonville and other prisons, being released near the close of the war ; discharged May 21, 1865. Died at Shullsburg, Wis. ; Oct. 18, 1865.

William W. Jellison.—Age 28 ; born in Pennsylvania ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; while loading his musket at Chickamauga a bullet struck his ramrod and carried it out of his hand ; at Rocky Face Ridge or Resaca a bullet grazed his temple, knocking him down, but causing no permanent injury ; while outside the lines after forage, near Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 2, 1864, he was captured by the enemy ; was at Andersonville and Florence, and finally released near Wilmington, N. C., as narrated in Chapter XXXIII. Resides at Dorrance, Russell County, Kansas.

Marcus Jellison.—Age 26 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; was a brother of William W. Jellison ; was with the command most of the time ; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Wilson, Kansas.

George W. Jennings.—Age 28 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted at Nora ; was in numerous engagements, and was slightly wounded in the wrist at Rocky Face Ridge ; m. o. with Regiment. It is reported that he died in Nebraska a few years since.

Andrew King.—Age 35 ; born in Ireland ; laborer ; enlisted from Apple River ; was severely wounded in the left hand at Chickamauga, causing a permanent disability ; was also struck on the side by a bullet ; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Apple River, Ill.

Thomas Keyes.—Age 33 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River. Died at Nashville, Tenn., from erysipelas, March 5, 1863.

Roderick Kellogg.—Age 44 ; American ; musician ; enlisted from Warren as musician, serving with the Regimental Band while with the command ; was discharged for disability Jan. 15, 1863, and is understood to have died at the Soldier's Home in Dayton, Ohio, some years since.

James Lewis.—Age 26 ; born in England ; wagon maker ; enlisted from Warren, Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; served with the Band a part of the time ; discharged for disability March 31, 1863. Address unknown.

David H. Lamberton.—Age 27 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; was in several engagements ; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Freeport, Ill.

Thomas Martin.—Age 27 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena ; was terribly wounded at Chickamauga, being hit by no less than twelve missiles of various sizes, one of the wounds being from a cannister shot, which buried itself in his eye ; he fell into the hands of the enemy, and was a prisoner ten days ; after being paroled he was in Chattanooga for a time ; the missile mentioned was removed, and he was thought to be recovering nicely, and was sent to Nashville ; on the trip an artery was opened in the wound, causing a hemorrhage, which so weakened him as to result in his death Dec. 19, 1863.

Herrick Millett.—Age 27 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Monticello, Wis. ; was in several engagements, but served much of the time as a teamster ; while the Regiment was in Chicago awaiting final payment he left Camp Douglas to go to the lake shore for the purpose of fishing, and in crossing the railroad track was struck by a passing train, and so badly injured as to cause his death within two or three days.

Henry Mack.—Age 28 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; was mortally wounded at Chickamauga, being shot through the thigh ; fell into the hands of the enemy, and was a prisoner ten days ; being paroled he was taken to hospital in Chattanooga, where he died Oct. 12, 1863.

William Matthews.—Age 37 ; American ; miner ; enlisted from Apple River ; died in field hospital at Chattanooga from heart disease, Oct. 14, 1863.

Wallace Montgomery.—Age 33 ; American ; farmer ; enlisted from Scales Mound ; was captured near Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 2, 1864, and was a prisoner until near the close of the war. Was killed by lightning at Lake City, Minn., Aug. 15, 1883.

Thomas J. Moore.—Age 18 ; born in Shullsburg, Wis. ; farmer ; enlisted from Scales Mound ; had a bullet through cap box at Kenesaw Mountain, and was once nearly covered by the dirt ploughed up by a cannon ball ; was in most of the engagements ; m. o. with Regiment. Is mining at Scales Mound, Ill.

Frederick Mueller.—Age 35 ; born in Germany ; lead smelter ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 8, 1864, joining the Regiment in time to participate in the battle of Nashville ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company E, 21st Illinois, and was finally discharged Oct. 10, 1865, at Victoria, Texas. Is a lead smelter at Galena, Ill.

Isaac P. Noggle.—Age 32; American; undertaker; enlisted from Apple River; detailed with Pioneer Corps in April, 1863, and transferred to 1st U. S. V. Engineer Regiment July 24, 1864, serving with that command until the close of the war. Resides at Bristow, Iowa.

Dennis O'Leary.—Age 22; American; miner; enlisted from Scales Mound; at Chickamauga was wounded in the right hip, and fell into the hands of the enemy; being paroled ten days later he was taken to the field hospital near Chattanooga, where he died from his injuries Oct. 26, 1863.

William G. Oberlin.—Age 25; born in Pennsylvania; farmer; enlisted from Apple River; was almost constantly with the command, and participated in nearly every engagement; at Kenesaw Mountain was slightly wounded, a bullet cutting his face; also had his gun struck with a bullet; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Arcola, Douglas County, Ill.

Hiram N. Perry.—Age 21; born in Quincy, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Warren; was badly used up by the Duck River campaign, in March, 1863, and compelled to leave the command; was discharged for disability from hospital at Nashville, Tenn., July 6, 1863. Has held various township offices, and is a prominent citizen and prosperous farmer at Wiota, La Fayette County, Wis.

Frank Pool.—Age 18; American; farmer; enlisted from Scales Mound; died from pneumonia at Harrodsburg, Ky., Nov. 30, 1862, being the first death in the Company; was a brother of Lieutenant Robert Pool, of Company A.

Orlando Phippin.—Age 20; American; farmer; enlisted from Apple River; was wounded in the head at Kenesaw Mountain June 22, 1864, and disabled for several weeks; m. o. with Regiment. Is understood to be in California.

Duane Patch.—Age 38; American; farmer; enlisted from Apple River; discharged March 8, 1863. Address unknown.

Richard J. Poston.—Age 26; American; clergyman and teacher; enlisted from Scales Mound; was detailed with the 18th Ohio Battery for several months, and was also engaged in recruiting for a colored regiment; returning, was m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Springfield, Ohio, and is a minister of the gospel.

Francis Redfern.—Age 18; born in Hancock, Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Apple River Jan. 11, 1864, joining the Regiment before the opening of the Atlanta campaign; was wounded at Kenesaw Mountain June 23, 1864, and died next day in the field hospital.

James Shay.—Age 38; born in Ireland; wagon maker; enlisted from Apple River; deserted at Cannelton, Ind., Feb. 3, 1863.

Brainard E. Strong.—Age 28; American; farmer; enlisted from Apple River; died at Harrodsburg, Ky., Jan. 10, 1863.

John Sage.—Age 22; American; farmer; enlisted from Apple River; died in hospital at Nashville March 20, 1863.

William E. Sprague.—Age 18; born in Chautauqua County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Apple River; was slightly wounded in the knee at Lookout Mountain; was absent from the command but one month, and participated in nearly every engagement; m. o. with Regiment. Is a hardware and implement dealer at Stewartsville, DeKalb County, Mo.

William B. Scace.—Age 18; born in Albany, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Monticello, Wis.; was wounded in arm at Rocky Face Ridge May 9, 1864; the disability was such as to cause his discharge at Chicago March 8, 1865; was a farmer in Franklin County, Ia., from 1869 to 1880, when he removed to Chicago, where he is engaged in furnishing building material to contractors, employing a number of men and teams. Residence, 397 West Lake Street.

John W. Smith.—Age 18; American; farmer; enlisted from Scales Mound; was Company Cook most of the time, but took part in numerous engagements, and was generally with the command; m. o. with Regiment. Resides near Scales Mound, Jo Daviess County, Ill.

James A. Smith.—Age 18; American; farmer; enlisted from Scales Mound Oct. 29, 1863; was credited to Dixon; was in all of the engagements following Lookout Mountain; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company E, 21st Illinois, and was finally discharged at Camp Butler Jan. 18, 1866. Is farming at Clay Center, Kansas.

Thomas Scott.—Age 18; born at New Diggings, Wis.; farmer; enlisted from Scales Mound; at Chickamauga was wounded on the knee by a piece of shell, but did not leave the command; was absent from the Regiment but three weeks, on detached service, and took part in all of its engagements; m. o. with Regiment. Is railroading, and resides at Scales Mound, Ill.

Terhan Shaffer.—Age 24; American; farmer; enlisted from Apple River; died in hospital at Harrodsburg, Ky., Dec. 29, 1862.

James B. Stevenson.—Age 19; American; farmer; enlisted from Apple River; was in nearly every engagement, and was m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Garrison, Kansas.

James A. Thomas.—Age 20; American; farmer; enlisted from Scales Mound; at the battle of Chickamauga was shot through the thigh, the bones being shattered and an artery severed, causing almost instant death.

Edward Trusty.—Age 29; American; farmer; enlisted from Scales Mound; deserted from hospital at Chicago, Ill., Jan. 22, 1864; surrendered himself to Captain Adams, Provost Marshal of the Third District

of Iowa, April 19, 1865, under the President's proclamation, and was dishonorably discharged the service with loss of pay and allowances. Resides at Chickasaw, Iowa.

George Teal.—Age 18; American; farmer; enlisted from Apple River; was wounded in the arm at Chickamauga, and in the right leg at Rocky Face Ridge; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Lamoni, Iowa.

Harry Tummond.—Age 18; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Scales Mound; was Clerk at Brigade and Division Headquarters during most of his time of service; discharged for disability July 12, 1863. Is teaming at Kirksville, Mo.

Joseph Tinkler.—Age 25; born in England; mason; enlisted from Scales Mound; was killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863.

John Williams.—Age 24; American; mechanic; enlisted from Apple River; was on detached service about the hospitals during most of his term of service; m. o. with Regiment. Lives somewhere in Michigan.

Jabez White.—Age 43; born in Bloomfield, N. J.; farmer; enlisted from Apple River; was sick in hospital much of the time, and was discharged from hospital at Quincy, Ill., Nov. 24, 1864, and died at his home in Rush, Jo Daviess County, Ill., five days later.

James Wollam.—Age 24; born in Columbia County, Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Apple River; was constantly with the command, but escaped wounds; m. o. with Regiment. Died in 1875 at Wilson, Kansas.

CHAPTER XLVI.

COMPANY F.

Rapid Recruiting—Where the Men were from—Their Age and Nationality—Officers Chosen—Captain Green aspires to the Colonelcy—Mustered In—The First Man Killed—Battle Losses—Two Men Die in Prison—Ten Deaths in Hospital—Forty-five Recruits reach the Company—Changes among the Officers—Company Statistics—The Roster.

THE manner in which Company F was recruited was not unlike that by which many other organizations were brought into the service in the summer of 1862. The nucleus for the Company seems to have been the overflow from Company I, although Thomas A. Green, Charles E. Rowan and others had begun recruiting before the latter Company was fully organized. Almost without exception the enlistments for the original Company date from August 11 to August 15. A portion of those of the latter date were probably recruited a little later in the month, but, by agreement of the recruiting officers, placed at that date.

Thirteen townships or neighborhoods in Jo Daviess County were represented on the rolls. Galena furnished the larger number, having thirty-one; Hanover had twenty, Guilford eight, Council Hill and Vinegar Hill seven each, Guilford and Mill Creek six each, Pleasant Valley five, Elizabeth and Irish Hollow three each, and other neighborhoods one or two each; three were from Carroll County, and four from across the state line of Wisconsin.

The records show that of the original Company thirty-two were married and sixty-seven were single; forty-seven were born in the United States, seventeen in Germany, thirteen in England, twelve in Ireland, four in Canada, two in Scotland, two in Switzerland and one in Wales. The average age was twenty-six years.

The Company was organized at Galena, about the middle of August, by the election of Thomas A. Green as Captain,

Charles E. Rowan as First Lieutenant, and Nelson R. Simms as Second Lieutenant,—the latter a soldier in the Mexican war. Going into camp at Galena, members of the Company made an earnest effort to secure the election of their Captain as Colonel of the Regiment, but without avail. They were at Camp Washburn until September 4, when they went to Rockford and became a part of the NINETY-SIXTH. Drawing the letter "F" the Company was assigned to the second place from the right of the line. From that time its history runs parallel with that of the Regiment, as it was seldom detached except for a day at a time on picket duty. It bore its full part in each campaign and battle, losing more than an average in killed and mortally wounded. The first man killed was James M. Scott, who was shot on the picket line in front of Franklin, on the night of April 14, 1863. At Chickamauga Captain Rowan, while serving on the staff of the Brigade commander, was captured by the enemy, being a prisoner for several months. Lieutenant Simms, who was in command of the Company, was mortally wounded. Corporal John R. Oatey, Hiram L. Bostwick, James Pimley, and Walton Reed were killed, and Corporal Augustus Armbruster and Frederick W. Miller were mortally wounded, the fatalities thus numbering seven in this one engagement. Bennett Holtkamp was captured, and subsequently died in prison. Color Corporal John A. Robison lost an arm, and Joseph Gammon and Edward Wearne were so severely wounded as to be disabled for further field service. Besides the eleven mentioned, none of whom ever again marched with the command, William Calvert was wounded in the leg, Hugh Williams in the hand, Patrick Conway in the hip, John Hocking in the thigh, being a prisoner ten days; James Brown in the body, Thomas Graham in the face, Joseph Gammon in the face, and John Roddin in the hip; others received minor wounds that did not take them from the command.

At Lookout Mountain William S. Nash was severely wounded in the chin and shoulder, being disabled three months. At Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864, the Company occupied an especially exposed position in the gap, and sus-

tained about one-third the entire loss of the Regiment. Sergeant Fowler was mortally wounded. Corporal Kneebone was shot in the body, Corporal Trevarthan in the hip, Joseph Shannon in the hand, Erhard Dittmar in the side, Andrew Hindman in the leg, John Miller in the breast, James Stewart in the right hand, John Stahl in the shoulder and head, and Anton Schap in the right leg.

At Resaca, May 14, 1864, Richard Spencer was severely wounded, being shot through the body and falling into the hands of the enemy, being a prisoner but two days, however. Corporal Thomas Trevarthan and Hugh Williams were slightly wounded, and First Sergeant Joseph B. Leekley was captured, dying at Andersonville after long months of suffering. On the second day at Resaca Andrew Hindman was severely wounded in the shoulder. At Dallas, a fortnight later, Sergeant Franklin Pierce was wounded in the shoulder. In the engagements about Kenesaw Mountain William R. Buchanan was mortally wounded, dying within a few hours, and Edward Hancock was wounded in the ankle. Both of the Company Musicians sustained injuries, Quincy Robinson having a slight bullet wound, and John Golden having an arm fractured by falling with a box of ammunition which he was carrying to the line.

At Peach Tree Creek, July 20, 1864, Thomas Kimmins was wounded. At Lovejoy's Station William Calvert and Andrew W. Jelly were mortally wounded, and John Lister lost a finger. At Nashville Francis S. Bailey and Sergeant Michael Sullivan were mortally wounded. The former had been with the Company but a few days.

Ten of the original Company and one recruit died from disease. William Van Alstine died March 12, 1863; Daniel Goble died Feb. 9, 1863; W. I. Edgerton, March 13, 1863; William Sturges, March 18, 1863; Corporal Chauncey Wakefield, March 23, 1863; Corporal Henry Trefz, March 31, 1863; William Trudgian, Sept. 14, 1863; Jacob Elberth, Sept. 25, 1863; George Sidner, Nov. 12, 1863; James Telford, Nov. 6, 1864, and Carl Wertenburch, March 10, 1865.

In the autumn of 1864 forty recruits joined the Company,

a few arriving in time to take part in the retreat from Pulaski and the battle of Franklin, and nearly all in time to bear their part in the battle of Nashville and the subsequent campaigns. Still later five others joined the command. Of the entire number twenty-seven were from Galena, eight from Guilford, three from Hanover, two from Elizabeth and one each from Thompson, Rice, Dubuque, Victory and Chicago. Of these recruits Francis S. Bailey was mortally wounded at the battle of Nashville, Carl Wertenburch died at Huntsville, Ala., and a few were discharged for disability. Nearly all were transferred to Company H of the 21st Illinois when the NINETY-SIXTH was mustered out, and went to Texas, where James Diehl was taken sick and died. So far as the records show all of the others survived, and were honorably discharged.

After the resignation of Captain Green in November, 1862, Lieutenant Rowan was promoted to the vacancy, holding that rank until the close of the war, and being the second in rank of the Captains when mustered out. He was brevetted Major for gallant services. Second Lieutenant Simms was promoted to First Lieutenant, Sergeant Dawson to Second and then to First Lieutenant, and Corporal Pierce, through the various grades, to Second Lieutenant.

The surviving members of the Company feel a just pride in the part it bore during its three years of service.

THE COMPANY ROSTER.

Captain Thomas A. Green.—Age 30; born in Pennsylvania; attorney-at-law; enlisted from Galena; was elected Captain at the organization of the Company, and was a prominent candidate for Colonel at the organization of the Regiment, lacking but a few votes of a majority at the election; resigned Nov. 24, 1863. Is practicing law at Denver, Col., and has extensive mining interests in that vicinity.

Captain Charles E. Rowan.—Age 24; born in Sommerville, N. J.; merchant; enlisted from Galena; elected First Lieutenant at the organization of the Company; promoted to Captain Nov. 24, 1862; at Chickamauga, while serving on the staff of the brigade commander, was captured by the enemy; for an account of his prison experiences reference is made to Chapter XXXII. Returning in the early spring of 1864, he served in the subsequent campaigns with distinction, and at times was in command of the Regiment; was more than once mentioned for conspi-

cuous gallantry, and was brevetted Major ; m. o. with Regiment. Residence unknown.

First Lieutenant Nelson R. Simms.—Age 33 ; born in Cincinnati, Ohio ; chairmaker ; enlisted from Galena ; elected Second Lieutenant at the organization of the Company ; promoted to First Lieutenant Nov. 24, 1862 ; served in the army during the Mexican war ; at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, was shot through the hip, and died as a result of his injuries at Nashville Sept. 29, 1863.

First Lieutenant William Dawson.—Age 24 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover ; appointed Second Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Second Lieutenant Nov. 24, 1862, and to First Lieutenant Sept. 29, 1863 ; had previously served thirteen months in the 12th Illinois ; was one of six brothers in the army, whose aggregate service was nineteen years ; served with distinction and was m. o. with Regiment. Died at Leadville, Col., in 1885.

Second Lieutenant Franklin W. Pierce.—Age 30 ; born in Worcester, Mass. ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover ; appointed Third Corporal at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Sergeant, then to First Sergeant, and, Feb. 5, 1865, to Second Lieutenant ; was wounded in the shoulder at Dallas, or New Hope Church ; was almost constantly with the command ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming near Elizabeth, Ill.

First Sergeant Joseph B. Leekley.—Age 26 ; born in Dubuque, Iowa ; attorney and teacher ; enlisted from Council Hill, Ill. ; was captured at the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864, and died at Andersonville, Ga., Sept. 25, 1864 ; at the close of the war his remains were disinterred and removed to Council Hill, Jo Daviess County, Ill., for final burial.

First Sergeant Andrew Campbell.—Age 22 ; born in Galena, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Irish Hollow ; promoted to Corporal, Sergeant and First Sergeant ; served in many engagements but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment. Died in Jo Daviess County a few years since.

Sergeant Charles G. Luttman.—Age 24 ; born in York, Pa. ; miller ; enlisted from Galena ; was appointed Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; had previously served one year as First Sergeant in Company F, 12th Illinois, and taken part in the battles of Belmont, Fort Donelson and Shiloh ; was on detached service as chief clerk of a court martial and as commander of escort at Brigade headquarters much of the time ; had a bullet through his coat at Chickamauga, and two through his hat at Lookout Mountain ; m. o. with Regiment ; was so unfortunate as to lose his right arm in 1877. Resides at Neenah, Wis.

Sergeant Hiram L. Bostwick.—Age 27 ; born in Geauga, Ohio ; enlisted from Hanover ; appointed Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; was killed at the battle of Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863.

Sergeant Augustus Wirth.—Age 38 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena ; appointed Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; transferred to V. R. C. Feb. 8, 1864.

Sergeant John C. Lee.—Age 24 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; carpenter and builder ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; had previously served three months in Company F, 12th Illinois ; appointed First Corporal at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Sergeant Nov. 24, 1862 ; detailed in Fourth Battalion Pioneer Brigade in June, 1863, and transferred to 1st Regiment U. S. V. V. Engineers July 18, 1864, serving with that command to the close of the war ; returning to Elizabeth he represented the Canton, Ohio, Wrought Iron Bridge Company for many years ; he was active in politics, being for several terms a member of the County Republican Central Committee, and an acknowledged leader in all social and business matters in the neighborhood where he resided. He died at Elizabeth, Ill., April 22, 1886.

Sergeant Robert A. Fowler.—Age 21 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover ; was appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Sergeant ; was mortally wounded at Rocky Face Ridge May 9, 1864, and died at Chattanooga May 11, 1864.

Sergeant Michael Sullivan.—Age 19; born in Canada ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena ; promoted to Corporal, and was with the Color Guard for a time, carrying the regimental flag for some weeks after Corporal Swanbrough was wounded at the battle of Lookout Mountain ; was subsequently promoted to Sergeant, and returned to the Company ; at the battle of Nashville, Dec. 16, 1864, was wounded in the hip and died in hospital at Louisville, Ky., Jan. 10, 1865.

Sergeant James Stewart.—Age 38 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover ; promoted to Corporal in August, 1864, and to Sergeant in February, 1865 ; served in the U. S. Navy from August, 1850, to September, 1851 ; was wounded in the right hand at Rocky Face Ridge May 9, 1864, and had a bullet through the cartridge box the same day ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Freeman, Hutchinson County, Dakota.

Sergeant Conrad Winter.—Age 18 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Thompson ; promoted to Corporal and Sergeant ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Schappsville, Ill.

Sergeant John Kneebone.—Age 21 ; born in England ; miner ; enlisted from Council Hill ; promoted to Corporal and Sergeant ; was wounded in the body at Rocky Face Ridge ; m. o. with Regiment. Is reported as having died in Montana several years since.

Sergeant Louis Romer.—Age 34 ; born in Prussia ; mason ; enlisted from Guilford ; promoted to Corporal and Sergeant ; took part in many engagements, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Schappsville, Ill.

Corporal Henry Trefz.—Age 36 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena ; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company ; died in Nashville, Tenn., March 31, 1863. Is buried in the National Cemetery at Nashville, Tenn.

Corporal John McCarty.—Age 19 ; born in Galena, Ill. ; blacksmith ; enlisted from Galena ; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company ; m. o. with Regiment ; was accidentally killed at Des Moines, Iowa, while firing an artillery salute in 1868.

Corporal John R. Oatey.—Age 23 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Council Hill ; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company ; was killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863.

Corporal Augustus Armbruster.—Age 20 ; born in Germany ; saddler ; enlisted from Galena ; promoted to Corporal ; shot through the shoulder and mortally wounded at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863, dying Oct. 7, 1863. Is buried in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga.

Corporal William Irwin.—Age 47 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena ; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company ; had a bullet through the sole of his shoe at Pumpkin Vine Creek ; participated in all of the engagements of the command, but was never wounded ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a farmer and justice of the peace at West Hill, Platt County, Neb.

Corporal John A. Robison.—Age 25 ; born in Carroll County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Carroll County ; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company ; at Chickamauga had his right arm shattered, rendering amputation necessary ; was discharged at Chicago March 16, 1864. Has held numerous township and village offices, and resides at Savanna, Carroll County, Ill.

Corporal Chauncey Wakefield.—Age 38 ; born in Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena ; promoted to Corporal ; died of disease at Franklin, Tenn., March 25, 1863. Is buried at Stone's River, Tenn.

Corporal Simeon Spencer.—Age 20 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Council Hill ; promoted to Corporal Dec. 1, 1864 ; had several bullets through his clothing and equipments while trying to assist his brother, Richard Spencer, who was wounded at the battle of Resaca ; was thrown out of the works at Pine Mountain and rendered temporarily insensible by the explosion of a shell in the works, his cartridge box being torn off and his clothing torn by fragments of the missile ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Council Hill, Ill.

Corporal Robert Pimley.—Age 19 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Pleasant Valley ; promoted to Corporal ; participated in most of the engagements, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment, and died on his farm near Elkader, Iowa, about 1882.

Corporal Philip Fablinger.—Age 21 ; born in Cumberland County, Md. ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover ; was once slightly wounded in the leg by a piece of shell, had a bullet through his cartridge box and others through his clothing, but was never disabled, although in nearly every engagement ; m. o. with the Regiment. Is farming at Bellevue, Iowa.

Corporal John Rodden.—Age 20; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Irish Hollow; promoted to Corporal in January, 1865; participated in all of the engagements of the command except Lookout Mountain; at Chickamauga was slightly wounded in the hip, but not disabled; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming near Galena, Ill.

Corporal Andrew Hindman.—Age 18; born in Pittsburgh, Pa.; enlisted from Sinsinawa; promoted to Corporal; wounded in the right leg at Rocky Face Ridge, and in the shoulder at Resaca, May 15, 1864; m. o. with Regiment. Is reported to have died since the war.

Corporal Anton Schap.—Age 18; born in Germany; blacksmith; enlisted from Mill Creek; promoted to Corporal; was wounded in the right leg at Rocky Face Ridge; m. o. with Regiment. Resides in Schappsville, Ill.

Corporal Thomas Trevarthan.—Age 23; born in England; miner; enlisted from Council Hill; promoted to Corporal; never missed a battle; had a bullet through his cartridge box at Chickamauga, and a slight wound in the hip and his sleeve cut at Rocky Face Ridge, and a slight wound in the face at Resaca; was never in hospital; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Council Hill, Ill.

Corporal John Stahl.—Age 21; born in Germany; farmer; enlisted from Thompson; promoted to Corporal in July, 1863; was wounded in the arm and head at Rocky Face Ridge, and in the shoulder at Kenesaw Mountain, but not disabled; was absent on furlough at the muster out, but joined the Regiment in Chicago. Is in business at Apple River, Ill.

Corporal Thomas Graham.—Age 21; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Vinegar Hill; was wounded in the cheek at Chickamauga; promoted to Corporal; m. o. with Regiment. Is reported to have died since the war.

Corporal Thomas Shannon.—Age 44; born in Ireland; stone mason; enlisted from Galena; was a ready Irish wit, and brave soldier; had previously served in the Mexican war; promoted to Corporal; discharged for disability Jan. 9. 1865, and died at his home in Jo Daviess County several years since.

William R. Buchanan.—Age 21; born in Ohio; enlisted from Victory, Wis.; was mortally wounded at Kenesaw Mountain June 21, 1864, dying the same day.

Sampson Bastian.—Age 20; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Guilford; was wounded in the face at Chickamauga; m. o. with Regiment. Resides near Galena, Ill.

George W. Bailey.—Age 22; born in Canada; potter; enlisted from Galena; m. o. with Regiment. Is reported to be living near Minneapolis, Minn.

James Brown.—Age 27; born in Scotland; miner; enlisted from Council Hill; was seriously wounded in the back at Chickamauga, and

disabled for a long time ; m. o. with Regiment. Is reported to have died in Colorado about 1880.

Thomas Bonjour.—Age 18 ; born in Switzerland ; farmer ; enlisted from Vinegar Hill ; was detailed in the 9th Ohio Battery Feb. 23, 1863, and in the 18th Ohio Battery July 26, 1863, serving with the latter about eight months, then returning to the Regiment ; at Chickamauga had a horse killed under him ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a farmer at Apple River, Ill., and has held several township offices.

Richard Calvert.—Age 28 ; born in Vermont ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover ; transferred to the V. R. C. Jan. 16, 1865, and discharged at the close of the war. Resides at Hanover, Ill.

William P. Clark.—Age 21 ; born in Utica, N. Y. ; lawyer ; enlisted from Galena ; was with the Regiment but a few weeks, being transferred to the 3d Missouri Cavalry Oct. 7, 1862.

Patrick Conway.—Age 24 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Pleasant Valley ; was captured while outside the lines near Franklin Tenn., March 8, 1863, in company with James Pimley, as described in Chapter XXXII, and confined in Richmond, Va., for some months, returning to the command in time to participate in the battle of Chickamauga, where he was severely wounded in the hip ; recovering he again came to the front, participating in nearly all of the engagements of the command, and being mustered out with Regiment. Is farming at Westfield, Iowa.

John Craig.—Age 25 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover ; was with the command almost constantly until taken sick at Gaylesville, Ala., in October, 1864, when, after a prolonged illness at Chattanooga, he was sent to Madison, Ind., being discharged at the latter place May 26, 1865. Resides at Hanover, Jo Daviess County, Ill.

William Calvert.—Age 29 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover ; was severely wounded in the leg at Chickamauga ; recovering he rejoined the Regiment, and at the battle of Lovejoy's Station, Ga., Sept. 2, 1864, was mortally wounded, dying at Jonesboro two days later.

Erhard Dittmar.—Age 20 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Woodbine ; at Missionary Ridge, the day following Chickamauga, he was slightly wounded ; at Rocky Face Ridge, Ga., May 9, 1864, he was severely wounded in the left side, being disabled two months. Returned to the command and participated in the campaigns and battles following, and was m. o. with Regiment. Is farming near Woodbine, Ill.

John G. Dittmar.—Age 20 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Woodbine ; took part in all of the engagements of the command, but escaped wounds ; was discharged at Louisville, Ky., June 8, 1865. Is farming at Clay Center, Kansas.

W. Irving Edgerton.—Age 18 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover. Died of disease March 13, 1863.

COMPANY G.



WILLIAM H. SCOTT.
Capt. CHAS. E. ROWAN.
Lieut. N. R. SIMMS.

Corp'l JOHN STAHL.
WILLIAM IRWIN.
J. Q. ROBINSON.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Jacob Elberth.—Age 45; born in Germany; cook; enlisted from Galena. Died of disease Sept. 25, 1863.

Frank Garrow.—Age 18; born in Pennsylvania; farmer; enlisted from Hanover; m. o. with Regiment. Is reported to have died since the war, but no data is received.

John Golden.—Age 19; born in Ireland; farmer; enlisted from Hanover; served with Band most of the time; at Kenesaw Mountain, June 20, 1864, he was sent for ammunition, and fell while crossing a stream on a log, the box of ammunition striking and fracturing his arm, disabling him five months; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Hanover, Ill.

Joseph Gammon.—Age 44; born in Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Irish Hollow; was wounded in the cheek and leg at Chickamauga, and permanently disabled; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps June 14, 1864. Died in Missouri about 1882.

William E. Goodwin.—Age 44; born in Illinois; farmer; enlisted from Guilford; discharged for disability Sept. 15, 1863. Resides at Scales Mound, Ill.

Daniel Goble.—Age 16; born in Sparta, N. J.; farmer; enlisted from Small Pox. Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 9, 1863.

Seber A. Guild.—Age 22; born in Oswego County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Pleasant Valley as Wagoner; discharged for disability Feb. 15, 1863; subsequently enlisted Feb. 13, 1865, in the 15th Illinois (reorganized) Infantry, and was finally discharged at Springfield, Ill., in September, 1865. Is farming at Yankee Hollow, Ill.

Jacob Harwick.—Age 38; born in Sparta, Tenn.; farmer; enlisted from Small Pox. Died July 26, 1863; is buried in National Cemetery at Nashville, Tenn.

Jacob Hallaner.—Age 32; born in Switzerland; miner; enlisted from Elizabeth; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Hannibal, Mo.

John Hocking.—Age 22; born in England; miner; enlisted from Vinegar Hill; at Chickamauga was badly wounded in the hip, and fell into the hands of the enemy; was a prisoner nearly two weeks, and when paroled and taken to Chattanooga maggots were crawling in his wound; was in hospital at Murfreesboro two months, and at home three months; was declared exchanged in May, 1863, and assigned to duty in Block House No. 8; during a five months' stay at this point he was in one engagement; returned to the Regiment and was present at its final muster out. Resides at Scales Mound, Ill.

Hendrick Holtkamp.—Age 43; born in Prussia; farmer; enlisted from Galena; discharged for disability June 12, 1863. Died at Galena since the war.

Bennett Holtkamp.—Age 18; born in Prussia; farmer; enlisted from Galena; was captured at Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 20, 1863, and died at

Andersonville Sept. 13, 1864; was a son of Hendrick Holtkamp. Is buried in the National Cemetery at Andersonville, Ga.

William Handley.—Age 44; born in Butler County, Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Hanover; discharged for disability at Nashville, Tenn., June 20, 1863. Is farming at Oak Hill, Clay County, Kansas.

Edward Hancock.—Age 21; born in Scales Mound, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Thompson; had a finger hit and side of face grazed at Look-out Mountain, and at Kenesaw Mountain, while on duty as a stretcher bearer, received a wound in the ankle, which disabled him five weeks; served as teamster the first year, and as a stretcherman, except while disabled by wound, from April, 1864, until the close of service; m. o. with Regiment. Is a large farmer and stock raiser at Big Foot Prairie, McHenry County, Ill.

William A. Hamilton.—Age 24; American; farmer; enlisted from East Fork; m. o. with Regiment. Died at his home in Jo Daviess County several years since; was a brother of H. H. Hamilton, of Company K.

Charles N. Hammond.—Age 27; born in Bath, Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Hanover; detailed with Pioneer Battalion April 7, 1863, and was transferred to 1st U. S. V. V. Engineers July 25, 1864, serving with that command until the close of the war; has since been supervisor of his township. Is farming at Hanover, Ill.

George Jeffers.—Age 18; born in Hanover, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Hanover; was a son of Quartermaster Jeffers; promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant Sept. 26, 1864; returned to Company rolls and detailed in the Q. M. Department in Chattanooga, serving with his father; m. o. with Regiment. Is in the mercantile business at Hanover, Ill.; was postmaster at Hanover ten years.

Andrew W. Jelly.—Age 19; born in Guilford, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Guilford; was mortally wounded at Lovejoy's Station, Ga., Sept. 2, 1864, and died at Chattanooga eight days later. Is buried in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga.

Gottlieb Kramer.—Age 27; born in Germany; laborer; enlisted from Galena; m. o. with Regiment.

Edward Kearnaghan.—Age 38; born in Ireland; blacksmith; enlisted from Hanover; served as blacksmith at headquarters much of the time; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Hanover, Ill.

Thomas Kimmins.—Age 29; born in Ireland; farmer; enlisted from Hanover; was wounded at Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 20, 1864; m. o. with Regiment. Died at his home in Jo Daviess County about 1883.

John Lister.—Age 25; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Savanna; had a finger shot off at Lovejoy's Station; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Lemars, Plymouth County, Iowa.

Thomas H. Lawrence.—Age 18; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; hotel keeper; enlisted from Galena; discharged for disability Jan. 25, 1863. Resides at Pliny, Saline County, Neb.

Edward Mahood.—Age 21; born in Ireland; blacksmith; enlisted from Hanover; participated with the Regiment in most of its engagements; was detailed as a blacksmith at Corps and Division Headquarters for a time; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Pawnee City, Neb.

Frederick W. Miller.—Age 26; born in Prussia; farmer; enlisted from Savanna; died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 2, 1863, from wounds received at the battle of Chickamauga. Is buried in the National Cemetery at Nashville, Tenn.

Rigdon Metcalf.—Age 26; born in East Galena, Ill.; miner; enlisted from Galena; was rarely if ever absent from the command, but was taken sick before his discharge and died from chronic diarrhœa at Galena July 1, 1865.

B. F. Munson.—Age 43; born in Delaware, Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Hanover; m. o. with Regiment. Reported to reside near Wells, Nebraska.

John Miller.—Age 30; born in Germany; enlisted from Galena; was wounded in the breast at Resaca; m. o. at Louisville, Ky., June 9, 1865.

William S. Nash.—Age 18; born in Oswego County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Pleasant Valley; was wounded in chin and left shoulder at Lookout Mountain, and absent three months; disabled by sunstroke for four weeks in the summer of 1864; not absent except when disabled, as stated above; m. o. with Regiment. Is an insurance and collection agent and auctioneer at Plum River, Ill.

Joseph Perkins.—Age 22; born in England; miner; enlisted from Vinegar Hill; detailed in Pioneer Battalion April 7, 1863, and transferred to 1st U. S. V. V. Engineers July 25, 1864, serving with that command until the close of the war.

James Pimley.—Age 23; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Pleasant Valley; was captured at Franklin, Tenn., March 8, 1863, and a prisoner for several months,—most of the time at Richmond, Va.; was exchanged and returned to the Regiment in September, 1863, and was killed at the battle of Chickamauga.

George Pulham.—Age 25; born in Canada; sailor; enlisted from Victory, Wis.; was in all of the engagements of the command until April, 1864; was then absent in hospital, because of scurvy, until finally discharged at Springfield, Ill., June 29, 1865. Is a grain buyer at Wykoff, Minn.

Walton Reed.—Age 21; born in England; miner; enlisted from Vinegar Hill; killed at the battle of Chickamauga.

Joseph Rogers.—Age 27 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover ; was captured by Gen. Pegram's forces at Danville, Ky., in March, 1863, but soon escaped ; discharged for disability at Columbus, Ohio, April 24, 1863. Is farming near Galena, Ill.

John Quincy Robinson.—Age 15 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; school boy ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; served as drummer with the Regimental Band ; although a mere lad, and of slight build, he shared in almost every march and campaign ; was slightly wounded at Kenesaw Mountain while carrying water to the men in the works ; m. o. with Regiment. Is now a merchant at Elizabeth, Ill.

William Sturges.—Age 44 ; born in Liverpool, N. Y. ; enlisted from Council Hill. Died March 18, 1863 ; is buried in Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville, Ky.

Joseph Shannon.—Age 25 ; born in Holmes, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Pleasant Valley ; was wounded in the hand at Rocky Face Ridge May 9, 1864, and so disabled as to cause his transfer to the Veteran Reserve Corps, where he served until near the close of the war ; was 6 feet 7½ inches in height, and undoubtedly one of the tallest men in the service. He died from consumption some years since.

William Sidner.—Age 21 ; born in Pike County, Mo. ; farmer and miner ; enlisted from Vinegar Hill ; was injured by a runaway team at Danville, Ky., and discharged because of hernia Sept. 18, 1863. Is Assistant Marshal at Omaha, Neb.

Richard Spencer.—Age 20 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena ; was detailed with the 5th Indiana Battery from December, 1863, until April, 1864 ; was in all of the engagements in which the Regiment participated until shot through the body at Resaca May 14, 1864 ; when wounded fell into the hands of the enemy, and was a prisoner two days, being recaptured May 16 ; was in various hospitals, and was finally discharged at Camp Douglas, Chicago, March 19, 1865. Is now farming at Pliny, Saline County, Kansas.

John Sincok.—Age 19 ; born in Galena, Ill. ; lead smelter ; enlisted from Galena ; had a bullet through his hat at Lookout Mountain ; was almost constantly with the command, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Galena, Ill.

James M. Scott.—Age 18 ; born in St. Clair County, Ill. ; cook ; enlisted from Galena ; was shot and instantly killed on the picket line at Franklin, Tenn., April 16, 1863. Is buried in the National Cemetery at Stone's River, Tenn.

Gottlieb Stadel.—Age 20 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Mill Creek ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Schappsville, Ill.

Warren A. Scott.—Age 22 ; born in Iowa ; boatman ; enlisted from Galena ; was absent without leave from Feb. 9, 1863, to April 4, 1863, but returned voluntarily ; being required to make good his time he was trans-

ferred to the 21st Illinois at m. o. of Regiment. and served with that command until Oct. 11, 1865. Resides at 75 Hellman Street, Los Angeles, California.

George Sidner.—Age 18; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; miner; was accidentally wounded in the left hand and died, probably as a result of the wound, at Jeffersonville, Ind., Nov. 12, 1863.

William Trudgian.—Age 20; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Guilford; died at Tullahoma, Tenn., Sept. 14, 1863. Is buried in National Cemetery at Stone's River, Tenn.

James Telford.—Age 27; born in Scotland; laborer; enlisted from Galena; died at the Government Insane Asylum, Washington, D. C., Nov. 6, 1864.

William Van Alstine.—Age 43; born in Oswego, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Council Hill; discharged for disability at Danville, Ky., Feb. 28, 1863, but was too ill to return home, and died March 12, 1863. Is buried in the "Soldiers' Lot" in the Danville City Cemetery.

Franz H. Warus.—Age 39; born in Germany; farrier; enlisted from Galena; m. o. with Regiment.

Hugh Williams.—Age 19; born in Wales; farmer; enlisted from Woodbine; was wounded at Chickamauga in the hand; also in the left hand at the battle of Resaca; was in hospital at Louisville, Ky., when the Regiment was mustered out; discharged soon afterward. Resides at Milo, Warren County, Iowa.

Edward Wearne.—Age 21; born in England; miner; enlisted from Hazel Green, Wis.; was with the Regiment in all its campaigns and marches up to Chickamauga; he had a shot through his hat on Friday, and on Saturday he was shot through the right thigh; after some months in hospital and on furlough he was transferred to the 17th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, stationed at Indianapolis, Ind., where he was m. o. July 30, 1865. Is farming at Wessington, Beadle County, Dakota.

Andrew White.—Age 43; born in Ireland; farmer; enlisted from Galena; discharged for disability April 11, 1863. Was killed in Galena in 1864.

William Wright.—Age 25; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; miner; enlisted from Galena; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Galena, Ill.

RECRUITS TO COMPANY F.

William Allendorf.—Age 22; born in Baltimore, Md.; miner; enlisted from Galena Oct. 7, 1864, joining the Regiment at Franklin; transferred to 21st Illinois; was discharged because of sickness at New Orleans, La., Oct. 6, 1865. Is mining at Galena, Ill.

Francis S. Bailey.—Age 42; born in England; potter; enlisted from Galena Oct. 8, 1864, joining the Regiment just before the battle of Nash-

ville, where he was mortally wounded, dying Dec. 17, 1864. Is buried in the National Cemetery at Nashville, Tenn.

Henry Buckner (Birknell).—Age 37; born in Germany; miner; enlisted from Galena Oct. 8, 1864; m. o. at Nashville June 1, 1865. Resides at Galena, Ill.

Edward Brown.—Age 35; born in Wurtemberg, Germany; teamster; enlisted from Galena Oct. 8, 1864; was at Nashville and in campaign following; transferred to Company H, 21st Illinois at m. o. of Regiment; finally m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 10, 1865. Is teaming at Galena, Ill.

Thomas Bastian.—Age 19; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; miner; enlisted from Guilford April 13, 1865; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to the 21st Illinois; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Is reported to have been killed by a boiler explosion in Colorado in 1884.

Frederick Berkmeier.—Age 41; born in Germany; machinist; enlisted from Galena Oct. 8, 1864; discharged at Springfield, Ill., Sept. 8, 1865. Died in Galena, Ill., July 20, 1882.

William Barr.—Age 18; born in Washington County, Ill.; laborer; enlisted from Hanover Oct. 11, 1864; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Is farming at Liberty, Gage County; Nebraska.

Henry Bahr.—Age 18; born in Lancaster, Pa.; farmer; enlisted from Thompson Oct. 10, 1864; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Nov. 1, 1865.

Robert Dawson.—Age 18; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Elizabeth Sept. 26, 1864, joining Regiment at Chattanooga and participating in the battles of Franklin and Nashville; m. o. with Regiment; was a brother of Lieutenant Dawson. Is a real estate and loan agent at Fairfield, Nebraska.

James Diehl.—Age 39; born in Pennsylvania; miner; enlisted from Galena Oct. 8, 1864; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865, and died in Texas Sept. 2, 1865. Is buried in the National Cemetery at Galveston, Texas.

Christian Deerstein.—Age 34; born in Germany; farmer; enlisted from Guilford Oct. 8, 1864; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Resides at Galena, Ill.

George Evans.—Age 19; born in England; laborer; enlisted from Galena Oct. 7, 1864; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Resides at Monticello, Iowa.

Louis Eckhardt.—Age 34; born in Germany; laborer; enlisted from Galena Oct. 8, 1864; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Died at Burlington, Iowa, in 1885.

John Fritz.—Age 41 ; born in Germany ; cabinet maker ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 8, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Resides at Galena, Ill.

Louis Fablinger.—Age 18 ; born in Maryland ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover Feb. 23, 1865 ; had previously served with 140th Illinois nearly six months ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Is a tinsmith and hardware merchant at Hanover, Ill.

Nicholas Fablinger.—Age 19 ; born in Maryland ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover Feb. 23, 1865 ; transferred to 21st Illinois ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Resides at Bellevue, Iowa.

Christopher Grotjohn.—Age 18 ; born in Germany ; teamster ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 10, 1864 ; at Nashville had his clothes torn by a shell and his musket struck by a bullet ; discharged at Nashville May 25, 1865. Is railroading and resides at Moberly, Mo.

Valentine Gruber.—Age 50 ; born in Bavaria ; laborer ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 8, 1864 ; was in the engagement at Nashville ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1864 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Resides at Galena, Ill.

William E. Gordon.—Age 28 ; born in Lincoln, Mo. ; farmer ; enlisted from Guilford Oct. 8, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois and discharged Aug. 11, 1865, at Springfield. Ill.

Godfrey Hoffman.—Age 33 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Guilford Oct. 10, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Resides at Galena, Ill.

Edward Hagus.—Age 18 ; born in Germany ; clerk ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 8, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; promoted to Corporal ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Resides at Denver, Col.

Andrew Haverstreet.—Age 35 ; born in Germany ; carpenter ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 10, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Resides at Galena, Ill.

William J. Irwin.—Age 18 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth Oct. 11, 1864 ; was in the battle of Nashville ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865 ; was a son of William Irwin, of the same Company. Is postmaster at West Hill, Nebraska.

Solomon Kilmer.—Age 36 ; born in Bradford, Pa. ; farmer ; enlisted from Guilford Oct. 8, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865.

Philip Kostenbader.—Age 36 ; born in Germany ; railroad employe ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 8, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9,

1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Is a freight handler in Illinois Central Depot at Galena, Ill

William Lee.—Age 18 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; miner ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 7, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Resides at McGregor, Iowa.

Charles Lankan.—Age 42 ; born in Germany ; miner ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 8, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865.

Louis Pharo.—Age 25 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 10, 1864 ; had previously served three years in the 15th Illinois ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Resides at Allison, Iowa.

George C. Ronheild.—Age 30 ; born in Germany ; laborer ; enlisted from Galena, Oct. 10, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Resides at Cedar Falls, Iowa.

John Spoor.—Age 19 ; born in Illinois ; mason ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 12, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865.

William H. Scott.—Age 16 ; born in Galena, Ill. ; clerk ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 9, 1864 ; was in battle of Nashville ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Is an engineer at Eureka, Nevada.

George W. Scott.—Age 40 ; born in New York ; butcher ; enlisted from Chicago Feb. 23, 1865 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Resides at Chicago, Ill.

William Stidworthy.—Age 33 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Guilford Oct. 10, 1864 ; was in the battle of Nashville ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Is a hardware merchant at 1003 Fourth Street, Sioux City, Iowa.

Charles Sager.—Age 35 ; born in Germany ; mason ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 10, 1864 ; was at Nashville ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; promoted to Corporal ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Is a mason, and resides at Galena, Ill.

Valentine Smith.—Age 26 ; born in Germany ; barber ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 10, 1864 ; was in battle of Nashville ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; promoted to Sergeant ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Is farming at Galena, Ill.

Samuel C. Sanderson.—Age 22 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Rice Oct. 11, 1864 ; was at Franklin and Nashville ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 10, 1865. Is mining at Bellevue, Iowa.

John Schroeder.—Age 41 ; born in Germany ; laborer ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 10, 1864, joining the command in January, 1865 ; transferred

to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Resides at East Dubuque, Ill.

John Trevarthan.—Age 21; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Guilford Oct. 9, 1865; had his knee dislocated while loading timber at Huntsville; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Resides at Whitten, Hardin County, Iowa.

Frank Tohler.—Age 32; born in Germany; laborer; enlisted from Galena Oct. 7, 1864; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865.

Martin Tresider.—Age 19; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Guilford April 13, 1865; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Resides at Ridgeway, Wis.

Sebastian Weber.—Age 25; born in Germany; miner; enlisted from Galena Oct. 12, 1864; took part in the battle of Nashville and the campaign following; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865. Is mining at Galena, Ill.

William Williams.—Age 18; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Woodbine Oct. 11, 1864; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. in October, 1865. Is farming at Syracuse, Otoe County, Neb.

Burnhardt Werich.—Age 26; born in Germany; miner; enlisted from Galena Oct. 10, 1864; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865.

George H. White.—Age 17; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; miner; enlisted from Galena Oct. 8, 1864; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 11, 1865.

Carl Wurtenburch.—Age 40; born in Germany; miner; enlisted from Dubuque, Iowa, Oct. 8, 1864. Died at Huntsville, Ala., March 10, 1865.

CHAPTER XLVII.

COMPANY G.

BY CAPT. B. G. BLOWNEY.

Two Companies where One was Expected—The Election of Officers—Sworn into the Service—"Bully for the Boy with the Glass Eye"—In Tents at Rockford—Appointment of Non-Commissioned Officers—The Captain is Made Lieutenant Colonel—An Outsider Chosen to Fill the Vacancy—Sword Presentations—A Case of Assault and Battery—Thanksgiving Dinner at Harrodsburg—Subsequent Changes among the Officers—The Company's Long Casualty List—Seven Times Wounded—Facts and Figures—Answers to the Roll-Call.

AMONG those most active in recruiting in Lake County under the July, 1862, call of President Lincoln, was Isaac L. Clarke, Esq., of Waukegan. Associated with him were Dr. Saulsbury, of Hainesville, B. G. Blowney, of Waukegan, and several others. The first recruits were enrolled about July 24. The second call for 300,000, coming early in August, so stimulated enlistments, that by the close of the first week of that month it was evident that the Company would be more than filled, and that some of the men would have to be rejected or go into other organizations. At this juncture the question was raised whether still another Company might not be filled.

Saturday, August 9, the men from the western part of the County determined to organize a Company by themselves, and met at Hainesville for this purpose. Mr. Clarke was consulted in this movement by a few of the men and encouraged them to go ahead, only saying that he would find a full Company when he was ready to organize.

Monday, August 11, pursuant to a notice published in a local paper, the men whose names were entered upon a muster roll held by Mr. Clarke and his associates in the eastern part of the County, gathered at Dickinson's hall, in the City of Waukegan, for the purpose of electing officers

and formally organizing the Company. Notwithstanding the fact that a full Company had been organized on Saturday, there were more than ninety present prepared to be sworn in, and this number was increased within the week, so that there was finally quite an overflow into the fourth Company of the County. When the rolls were revised and completed, it was found that there were twenty-one who had enlisted from Waukegan, including Captain Isaac L. Clarke, afterwards Lieutenant Colonel; seventeen were from the town of Vernon, afterward increased to nineteen by the addition of two recruits at Cleveland, Tenn., in April, 1864; sixteen from the town of Warren, fifteen from the town of Libertyville; five from the town of Benton; four from the town of Fremont, afterward increased to five, by the addition of one recruit at Cleveland, Tenn., in April, 1864; four each from the towns of Newport and Shields; three from the town of Ela; two from the town of Goodale (now Grant), and one each from the towns of Antioch and Avon; twelve out of the fifteen townships in the County being represented; and these, together with the two who subsequently joined the Company at Rockford, Ills., made the total number of those who served with the Company, first and last, ninety-eight men.

The election of officers was quite an interesting event. Isaac L. Clarke was chosen for Captain by acclamation and without dissent. After considerable balloting David James, of the township of Warren, was chosen First Lieutenant, and Benjamin G. Blowney of Waukegan was chosen Second Lieutenant. The election over, the meeting adjourned, and the men were allowed to return to their homes, with the understanding that they should respond at any time when they were called upon, and be ready to go into camp at Waukegan or any other point to be designated. A few remained in Waukegan from that time forward, but a great majority went about their usual employment, continuing at work until near the close of the month.

August 25 a United States Army officer was in town, and the Company was formally sworn into the service. About September 1 the Company was again called together and remained

quartered at the hotels, most of them being at the Waukegan House and City Hotel, until their departure for camp. On one occasion all the men of the Company were called in line at the court-house square, and examined by Surgeons appointed for the purpose, each one being required to show his hands to make sure that no fingers were off, open his mouth to show that his teeth were in condition to bite off cartridges, and answer questions as to whether he was troubled with any disease, or suffering from any accident which would incapacitate him for military service. On this occasion one circumstance occurred that was somewhat amusing. Among those who had enlisted was John A. Corbin, of the township of Vernon, who by some misfortune had lost his right eye, but was wearing a brand new artificial one, that was an excellent imitation of the missing optic. The Surgeon looked Corbin over as closely as the rest, asked him some questions as to his health, but made no inquiry as to his eyesight, and did not detect the fact that he had but one eye. Several members of the Company were aware of Corbin's misfortune, and were watching with considerable interest the somewhat rigid inspection by the medical men. They kept their own counsel, however, until all had been accepted and formally sworn in, when some one called out, as the Surgeons marched away well satisfied with their work, "Bully for the boy with the glass eye." This expression afterward became quite a by-word with the Regiment, and with the army for that matter, and the writer is of the opinion that the phrase may have originated with this very incident. "The boy with the glass eye," was a gallant soldier, and though obliged to shoot left handed, participated in nearly every engagement of the Regiment, and was once severely wounded.

On the 5th of September this Company, with the other Companies from Lake County, went to Rockford, Ill., where they became Company G of the NINETY-SIXTH ILLINOIS. Just before leaving each man was presented with a house-wife, or needle-book, by the ladies of Waukegan and vicinity.

It had been expected that the Company would be permitted to elect its own non-commissioned officers, but the com-

missioned officers determined to appoint them, which was accordingly done. The original list was as follows :

First Sergeant, Hiram W. Farnsworth ; Sergeants, James O. Havens, Thomas L. James, Amos Greenleaf and Benjamin F. Shepard ; Corporals, Aaron Scott, Charles J. Miller, Walter Drew, James Hickcox, Henry Gleason, James Freeman, Judson A. Mason and John W. Swanbrough.

This list was well distributed through the County and gave thorough satisfaction. Arrived at Camp Fuller, the Company was assigned to barracks on a low part of the ground, and where the water had accumulated, owing to the heavy rains, so that it was impossible to reach them without wading. The commissioned officers immediately reported the fact to head-quarters, and a few Sibley tents were procured, but this Company was the only one of the forty Companies in camp at that time, who were quartered in tents. These were occupied for several days and until the ground had been drained off and the barracks were dried out.

In the evening, after the arrival in camp, the officers met to ratify the list of Field Officers, which had been previously agreed upon, and Captain Isaac L. Clarke became the Lieutenant Colonel of the Regiment. This made a vacancy which it was determined to fill by election. It happened that James H. Clark, of Chicago, who had accompanied them to camp, had been in service for a time with the 14th Iowa, and was familiar with Company drill. He had a few acquaintances in the command, and being invited to take charge of the Company on drill, so pleased the men, owing to familiarity with the duties of an officer, as to win their approbation. Being very pleasant and genial, and as there chanced to be no person in the Company who was at all familiar with military duties, some one conceived the idea of electing him to fill the vacancy. He encouraged the plan, and when the election came, was chosen Captain. He was a good drill officer, and did much to put the Company in condition for efficient service, but did not long remain with the command, resigning December 30, 1862.

There appeared in the *Rockford Register* of September 27, 1862, the following article :

ANOTHER SWORD PRESENTATION.

The pleasant ceremony of sword presentations to officers continue to be frequent at camp Fuller ; such a presentation was made the other day to Lieutenant B. G. Blowney, of Co. G, NINETY-SIXTH Regiment, forwarded by some of his friends from Waukegan, and presented by George Kirk, Esq., a prominent citizen of that place. We understand Lieutenant B. is a very worthy officer. The following letter was handed him with the sword, to which he made the accompanying reply :

LIEUTENANT BLOWNEY :

WAUKEGAN, Sept. 8, 1862.

Please accept this instrument of war, to fight the enemies of our country, and may it never—God willing—be sheathed until the enemy is subdued and the Union remains inseparable, and our country becomes, in truth as well as in name, 'The land of the free and the home of the brave.'

Yours truly,

GEO. KIRK,
W. H. ELLIS,

S. M. DOWST,
JOS. MALLON,
D. BREWSTER.

REPLY.

I accept this sword, hoping to wield it with justice to my country and honor to myself. We have our mission as a nation, not for a day, but for all time, to vindicate the honor, the power and the good name of the Republic ; to show not only how a good government can be formed, but how it can be maintained. We have all the elements of true greatness, of glorious success, of national power. We have hitherto scarcely lifted an avenging sword, but it is now, at least, uplifted in the most sacred cause for which battle was ever waged, and when it falls who shall describe its effect ! The cry to arms is resounding throughout the land ; in response to that call, and for the honor of my country's flag, I forsake the endearments of home, the embrace of loved ones, and the associations of the most pleasant nature, to go forth as a soldier of my country, to risk my life on the battle field, and share the exposure and hardships of camp life. If I fall in defense of that flag, or if wounded by my country's foe, I shall have the consciousness of having done my duty, which will ease the pain of dying, or sooth and comfort me during the hours of suffering.

There were other sword presentations to Lieutenant Colonel Clarke and Captain James, but no record of them has been found.

There also appeared in the *Rockford Register* of October 4, 1862, the following :

Company G, NINETY-SIXTH Regiment, made a very handsome testimonial of an elegant photograph book to H. W. Taylor, Esq., for volun-

tary professional services in conducting a suit brought by a soldier (James Hickcox) of that Company, against a citizen for assault and battery. The latter was fined ten dollars and costs. The assault was made while the soldier was on patrol duty, in search of stragglers from camp.

Thanksgiving day, November 27, 1862, found the Regiment stationed at Harrodsburg, Ky.; Lieutenant Colonel Clarke purchased eight turkeys, hired a woman in the country to stuff and bake them, and gave the boys of Company G a dinner, with plenty of baker's bread, butter procured of the Sutler at thirty cents a pound, and milk to season the coffee with. The repast was enjoyed right royally. Dinner over, Captain James H. Clark passed around a box of cigars, and the day, in general, was one of thanksgiving, at *least*, to the inner man of Company G.

After the resignation of Captain James H. Clark, First Lieutenant David James became Captain, and Second Lieutenant B. G. Blowney became First Lieutenant. It was determined to hold an election for Second Lieutenant. The principal rivals were First Sergeant Farnsworth, and Second Sergeant Havens. Some bad feeling was engendered during the contest, and although Sergeant Havens received a majority of the votes, the Colonel and some of Sergeant Farnsworth's friends communicated with Governor Yates, and recommended that the commission be given to the next in rank, so that while Sergeant Havens had been elected, and had acted in the capacity of Second Lieutenant for several days, yet the commission was finally given to Sergeant Farnsworth. The matter was not settled until about February 1, 1863. In May 1863, Lieutenant Farnsworth resigned, and Sergeant Havens became Second Lieutenant.

The next vacancy among the commissioned officers was occasioned by the death of Captain David James, from wounds received at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain. First Lieutenant Benjamin G. Blowney was then promoted to Captain, and Second Lieutenant James O. Havens was commissioned First Lieutenant. In June, 1865, First Sergeant John W. Swanbrough was commissioned as second Lieutenant.

At the final muster in at Rockford, a few men were rejected, and the Company, as finally organized, numbered ninety-five men including Captain,—afterward Lieutenant Colonel—Clarke. It subsequently received three recruits. These were Albert A. Burge, William A. Noble, and Albert C. Smith, all of whom enlisted in February, 1864, and joined the command at Cleveland, Tenn., the following April; making a total enrollment of those who served with the Company of ninety-eight men.

The Company sustained fifty-nine casualties in all; twenty-two at Chickamauga, Ga.; four at Lookout Mountain, Tenn.; two on the Dalton, Ga., reconnoissance; two at Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; seven at Resaca, Ga.; three at Dallas, Ga.; one on the skirmish line, June 16, 1864; ten at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.; five at Atlanta, Ga.; one at Lovejoy Station, Ga.; one at Ackworth, Ga.; and one at Nashville, Tenn., as follows:

At Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, William H. Whaples was killed outright. There was always a little uncertainty as to the fate of William H. Wheeler. He was seen to fall, but in the intense excitement of the moment no one learned exactly the nature of his wound. The lines being borne backward he fell into the hands of the enemy. Rumor had it that he was afterward paroled and taken to Chattanooga, where he died. Thomas Davis was badly wounded through the leg, and fell into the enemy's hands. Later he was paroled and returned to Chattanooga, where he died October 25, 1863. Corporal Daniel Benson was severely wounded in the hips, and also fell into the enemy's hands, as did Joseph Darby, whose left arm was badly shattered. Both were paroled and sent to Chattanooga about October 1. Lieutenant B. G. Blowney was wounded by a bullet which cut across his forehead, but did not leave the field. First Sergeant Aaron Scott was severely wounded in the forefinger of the left hand. Sergeant B. F. Shepard was severely wounded in the left leg, and disabled for eight months. Sergeant Amos Greenleaf was slightly wounded in the arm. Corporal Walter Drew was badly bruised in the side by a bullet, but did not leave

COMPANY G.



MYRON J. BROWN.
GEORGE PALMER.

Serg't WALTER DREW.
Capt. BENJAMIN G. BLOWNEY. Principal Musician CHAS. O. BIDDLECOM.
Q. M. Serg't BENJAMIN F. SHEPARD.

JAMES O'HERRIN.

PROPERTY
OF THE
BIBLIOTHECA APOSTOLICA VATICANA

the command. Corporal James Hickcox was severely wounded in the side and leg and unfitted for further field service ; he still suffers from the wound. Corporal Henry H. Gage was struck by a bullet, which cut across the fingers of his right hand, but did not leave the command. Lewis Miller had a severe flesh wound in the hip which disabled him for a few weeks. D. H. Gail had a bad wound through the calf of the leg, and was unfitted for field service. George Butler had his left foot badly crippled, and never rejoined the command. He is still quite lame as a result of the wound. John A. Corbin had a severe flesh wound in the right hip or thigh, but rejoined the Regiment in a few months. William Joyce was wounded in the foot, but did not leave the command. John Ladd was slightly wounded in left thigh, but did not leave the command except for one night. George M. Farnsworth was struck on the hand by a piece of shell. Perrin P. Cole was slightly wounded in the leg by a grape shot, or fragment of shell. Myron J. Brown was hit in the groin by a cannister shot, but did not leave the command. Joseph Palmer was struck on the breast by the limb of a tree and badly bruised, being unconscious for a time, but did not leave the command.

At Lookout Mountain, November 24, 1863, Corporal John W. Swanbrough, who was acting Color Sergeant, was wounded in the left foot, John King in the forehead, William Joyce in the head, and Joseph K. Clark in the head. None of these wounds proved so serious as to permanently disable the men injured.

On the Dalton reconnoissance, February 25, 1864, Lieutenant Havens received a severe wound through the left shoulder, and Josiah Moulton, Jr., was struck in the face by a bullet, which passed through both cheeks, and knocked out one or more teeth.

At Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864, Sergeant Charles J. Miller was wounded in the right shoulder, by a buck-shot or squirrel rifle-ball, but did not leave the command. He still carries the ball in his body. William Joyce was again wounded in the face.

At Resaca, May 14, 1864, Edward Darby, 1st, was

probably killed outright, his body falling into the hands of the enemy. Lewis Miller was shot through the right leg, and fell into the enemy's hands, the limb being so badly shattered as to require amputation, which was performed by Rebel Surgeons. Two days later he was recaptured, and taken to a hospital at Resaca, where he died May 27. Carlos C. Towner was slightly wounded in the head, and Samuel F. Vose had his right shoulder dislocated; Myron J. Brown and Corporal Deloss Rose were captured, the latter dying while a prisoner of war. At the same battle, May 15, 1864, Nahum Lamb was severely wounded in the right hand, losing the middle finger, and being disabled for further service.

At Dallas, May 31, 1864, First Sergeant Aaron Scott, and Corporal Henry H. Gage, were each wounded in the face, but neither of them left the command. William A. Noble was mortally wounded, dying July 21. On the skirmish line, June 16, 1864, George N. Phillips was wounded in the left arm.

At Kenesaw Mountain, June 19, 1864, Reuben Smith was mortally wounded, being shot through the left shoulder, and dying July 13. At the same place, June 20, 1864, Dennis Shupe was killed; Captain David James was mortally wounded, being shot through the left shoulder, and dying in hospital at Chattanooga, just a month later; Corporal Walter Drew was so severely wounded as to require amputation of the left arm at the socket joint; Christopher Boettcher was mortally wounded, having seven bullet holes through his body, and died three days afterward. James L. Knox was mortally wounded, being shot in the left arm and side, and died in hospital at Dalton, Ga., June 29. Christian Knopf was severely wounded in the left foot. Samuel F. Vose was hit by a spent ball and also ruptured, which disabled him for further service. On the same line, June 22, 1864, William Joyce was again wounded in the head, and June 23, 1864, James Donahue, then Chief of Orderlies at Brigade headquarters, was severely wounded in the right leg. At Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 20, 1864, William H. Flagler was slightly wounded in the leg; At Atlanta, August 2, 1864,

First Sergeant Aaron Scott was killed, and August 15, 1864, Corporal Peter Mowers was wounded in the left hand. August 19, 1864, Corporal Edward Malone was wounded in the left leg, and William Joyce was severely wounded in the arm and thigh.

At Lovejoy's Station, Albert A. Burge stepped both feet into a bed of hot ashes, burning them so badly as to disable him for nearly a month.

At Ackworth, Corporal Jared O. Blodgett was taken prisoner, October 5, 1864, while on a furlough to see a brother in the 15th Illinois.

At Nashville, December 16, 1864, First Sergeant John W. Swanbrough, while in command of the Company, was severely wounded in the left hand.

At the battle of Nashville, Captain Blowney being sick, First Sergeant John W. Swanbrough had command of the Company, and gallantly led it until severely wounded in the left hand, when Sergeant Charles J. Miller, being next in rank, bravely commanded through the last charge, at the capturing of the battery, and remained in command until the close of that campaign.

To William Joyce belongs the honor of having been wounded the most frequently of any man in the Regiment, he having been hit no less than seven times, and five times sufficiently to be reported in the list of casualties.

Forty-four members of the Company, exclusive of Lieutenant Colonel Clarke, were killed or wounded; twelve of whom died of their wounds, viz. : William H. Whaples, William H. Wheeler, Thomas Davis, Edward Darby, 1st; Lewis Miller, William A. Noble, Dennis Shupe, Christopher Boettcher, James L. Knox, Reuben Smith, Captain David James, and First Sergeant Aaron Scott.

In addition to the killed and wounded, fourteen different members of the Company had bullet holes through their clothing or equipments.

During its term of service Company G lost nine men by death from disease. They were : Henry W. Ostrander, who died at his home October 13, 1862; Leroy Demmon, and

Freeman James, who died the same day, January 18, 1863, at Danville, Ky.; Asel Hawkins, who died at Danville, Ky., February 18, 1863; John Vaughn, who died at Estill Springs, Tenn., August 22, 1863; John Baker, who also died at Estill Springs, September 6, 1863; John G. Thrasher, who died at Shellmound, Tenn., December 11, 1863; Thomas Kinreid, who died at Nashville, Tenn., June 27, 1864, and Corporal Deloss Rose, who died January 28, 1865, while a prisoner of war at Florence, S. C. Nine of the Company were prisoners at different times. They were: Thomas Davis and William H. Wheeler, who were wounded at Chickamauga, and fell into the hands of the enemy; were afterward paroled, and died soon after coming into our lines at Chattanooga; Daniel Benson and Joseph Darby, wounded at Chickamauga, also fell into the hands of the enemy; in a few days they were paroled, and came into our lines at Chattanooga; Lewis Miller, who was wounded at Resaca, fell into the enemy's hands; he was recaptured two days afterward, and taken to a hospital at Resaca, where he died some two weeks later. Corporal Deloss Rose and Myron J. Brown, were also captured at Resaca, and were in Andersonville and other prisons; Rose is supposed to have died while in prison at Florence, S. C., while Brown made his escape near Wilmington, N. C. Corporal Jared O. Blodgett was captured October 5, 1864, at Ackworth, Ga., while on furlough to visit a brother in the 15th Illinois; was in Andersonville and other prisons, until April 28, 1865, when he came into the Union lines at Jacksonville, Florida. Edwin Drury was in the hands of the enemy the night of October 13, 1864, when a portion of General Hood's army was in possession of Dalton, Ga., at which place he was then acting as Hospital Steward. He was unmolested, not even being required to give parole. Seven of the Company, including Lieutenant Colonel Clarke, were commissioned officers; and twenty, including Hiram W. Farnsworth, James O. Havens and John W. Swanbrough, afterward commissioned, were non-commissioned officers. At the close of the war Captain Benjamin G. Blowney was brevetted Major for meritorious conduct.

At the final muster out of the Regiment there were only forty-six members of the Company present ; twelve had been killed or died of wounds, nine had died from sickness, fourteen had been discharged for disability, four because of wounds, and ten because of sickness or inability for service ; ten were absent from the Company at the time of final muster out, on detail service and otherwise, and were mustered out at other times and places ; two recruits were transferred to the 21st Illinois ; two had resigned, and two, sad to relate, had deserted. Thirty-three of the Company had been detailed at different times for duty in and out of the Regiment, but the most of them had returned, and were present at the final muster out.

Sergeant Benjamin F. Shepard was promoted to the non-commissioned staff as Quartermaster Sergeant, and Charles O. Biddlecom was promoted to Principal Musician. Of those who were discharged for disability, three subsequently enlisted in other commands. They were : Edward Darby, 2d ; George Palmer and Walter E. Drury.

Isbon S. Gleason and Levi Shupe were detailed in the Pioneer Corps, and subsequently transferred to the 1st Regiment of U. S. Engineers, where they served until the close of the war, and where Gleason was promoted to Corporal, and afterward to Sergeant. James Freeman was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, but subsequently returned to the Company. Joseph Darby was also transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, where he served until the close of the war ; Albert A. Burge and Albert C. Smith, being recruits, were transferred, at the muster out of the Regiment, to Company G of the 21st Illinois, General U.S. Grant's old Regiment ; John Harrington, who was detailed in the 9th Ohio Battery for a time, was subsequently assigned to duty in the 18th Ohio Battery, where he served in the battles of Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain. He afterward returned to the Company, and just before the last line of works was taken at the battle of Nashville, he was detailed as stretcher bearer, where he served until the close of the war.

The average age at enlistment of the ninety-seven who

served with the Company, was twenty five years and six months ; the eldest being Freeman James, who was sixty-four, and the youngest being James Donahue, who was fourteen. Of these ninety-seven men, forty were born in New York, fifteen in Illinois, seven in England, six in Wales, five in Vermont, four in Massachusetts, three in Ireland, two each in Connecticut, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Canada, and Germany ; and one each in Prussia, France, and the Isle of Man. Of the sixty-five members now living, (April, 1887), who served with the Company, thirty-five reside in Illinois ; six in Iowa ; five in Nebraska ; four in Wisconsin ; three in Indiana ; two each in Ohio, Minnesota, Kansas and California ; and one each in Michigan, Colorado, Missouri and Arkansas.

Seventy-one of the Company were farmers at enlistment, while the other twenty-six followed some sixteen different branches of industry. Of the sixty-three members living who were honorably discharged from service, twenty-four only are farmers ; the other thirty-nine busy themselves at about thirty-nine different kinds of employment. At this writing eleven of the Company have died since they were discharged or mustered out of the service. They are : Loyal Cadwell, Sergeant Thomas L. James, Joseph I. Joslyn, Henry P. Ostrander, Lieutenant Hiram W. Farnsworth, Henry Nantz, John A. Corbin, William Joyce, Albert C. Smith, Sergeant Edward Malone, and James Freeman. By the suffrage of their fellow citizens since returning home, fifteen have been honored with positions of public trust.

The Company had a James Freeman, who joined it from Lake County, and was appointed Sixth Corporal at the organization of the Company ; he has died since the war. It also had a Freeman James, who joined it at Rockford, Illinois ; he was a musician, and served as instructor and leader of the Regimental band. The latter died during his term of service.

The Company bore well its part, and did its full share in making the history of the Regiment one of which its members may be proud.

For data and more minute details, relative to events and statistics given in these preliminary remarks, reference is made to the personal sketches. The following is

THE COMPANY ROSTER.*

Captain Isaac L. Clarke.—Age 38; born in Vermont; attorney-at-law; elected Captain at the organization of the Company; promoted to Lieutenant Colonel at the organization of the Regiment. (See Roster of Field and Staff.)

Captain James H. Clark.—Age 25; born in Lake County, Ill.; just out of the 14th Iowa Infantry; was assisting at Rockford in drilling this and other Companies, and upon the promotion of Captain Isaac L. Clarke to be Lieutenant Colonel, was elected Captain; resigned Dec. 30, 1862. Is a fruit farmer at El Monte, Los Angeles County, California.

Captain David James.—Age 23; born in South Wales; farmer; enlisted from the township of Warren; was elected First Lieutenant at the organization of the Company; promoted to Captain Dec. 30, 1862; at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 20, 1864, he was mortally wounded, a bullet passing through his left shoulder, shattering the bone; he died from the effect of this wound in hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn., July 20, 1864; his body was taken home for burial. A kind and efficient officer, and brave as he was kind, his death was deeply lamented by every one with whom he had been associated; was a brother of Sergeant Thomas L. James, and first cousin of Isaac L. James, of the same Company.

Captain Benjamin G. Blowney.—Age 28; born in Ireland; came to the United States when 15 years of age, living in Chicago until 1855, when he removed to Waukegan; was in harness and saddlery business; enlisted from Waukegan; at organization of the Company was elected Second Lieutenant; promoted to First Lieutenant Dec. 30, 1862, and to Captain July 20, 1864; at Chickamauga, Ga., while in command of the Company, was struck on the head by a bullet, the wound bleeding profusely, but he did not leave the Regiment; participated in every skirmish and battle in which his command was engaged, except at Nashville, Tenn., at which time he was sick; m. o. with Regiment; was brevetted Major for meritorious conduct. Is engaged in the harness and saddlery business at Waukegan, Ill.

First Lieutenant James O. Havens.—Age 33; born in Westport, N. Y.; merchant; enlisted from Waukegan; appointed Second Sergeant at organization of the Company; promoted to First Sergeant; then to Second Lieutenant May 19, 1863, and to First Lieutenant Aug. 9, 1864; received gun-shot wound through left shoulder at Buzzard Roost, Ga.,

*The names of William F. Carroll, Elmer W. Dusenberry and Patrick H. McVey were on the rolls of the Adjutant General by error, never having enlisted in Company G.

Feb. 27, 1864; was acting Adjutant of the Regiment for quite a period; and, after receiving his wound, being unfitted for field service, was detailed on a court martial at Nashville, Tenn., for some months; m. o. with Regiment. Has been Mayor of Glidden, Iowa; is engaged in fruit culture and farming at Glidden, Carroll County, Iowa.

Second Lieutenant Hiram W. Farnsworth.—Age 36; born in Gowanda, N. Y.; broommaker; enlisted from Waukegan; appointed First Sergeant at organization of the Company; promoted to Second Lieutenant Dec. 30, 1862; was unfitted for duty by illness, and resigned May 19, 1863. Died at Nashville, Tenn., where he had been in business for several years, June 20, 1874; was a brother of George M. Farnsworth, of the same Company.

Second Lieutenant John W. Swanbrough.—Age 18; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from the town of Benton; appointed eighth Corporal at organization of the Company; promoted to Sergeant June 21, 1864, and to First Sergeant Aug. 3, 1864; commissioned Second Lieutenant June 8, 1865; at the organization of the Regiment was detailed as Color Guard, and in a few months was appointed to carry the State Flag; at Chickamauga, Ga., the spear was shot from the flag staff, and the staff itself splintered, and nearly severed just above his hands; wrenching off the broken handle, he still bore the blue colors aloft; a few moments later, Color Sergeant Bruner was severely wounded, and he then seized the National flag, and, throwing the blue flag across his arms, carried both until the close of the desperate fight, and always at the front; once he was struck down by a fallen limb, and was unconscious for a moment; regaining consciousness he found himself confronting the Rebel advance, then distant but a few feet, but ran backward with the flags to where the command was re-forming, miraculously escaping wounds; the colors were riddled with bullets, and his clothing was cut in one or more places; at the battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn., while carrying the colors, he was quite severely wounded in the left foot; subsequently returned to the Regiment, and carried the colors through all of the engagements of the Atlanta campaign, until his promotion to First Sergeant, Aug. 3, 1864; at the battle of Nashville, Tenn., while in command of the Company, he was severely wounded in the left hand, his thumb being split and stiffened, so that it is still partially disabled; participated in every engagement, and was more than once especially commended for gallantry; m. o. with Regiment. Has creditably filled the office of sheriff of Lake County, Ill., for ten years; is a breeder and trainer of trotting and carriage horses at Waukegan, Ill.

First Sergeant Aaron Scott.—Age 27; born in Massachusetts; had been a teacher, but at the time of his enlistment was in charge of the Agricultural Department of the Reform School at Chicago, Ill.; enlisted from Waukegan; appointed First Corporal at organization of the Company; promoted to Sergeant Dec. 30, 1862, and to First Sergeant May 19, 1863; at Chickamauga, Ga., was severely wounded in the forefinger of

the left hand while capping his gun, the ball, at the same time, shattering his musket; he was not long absent from the command; at the battle of Dallas, Ga., May 31, 1864, was wounded in the face, but did not leave the Regiment; on the line confronting Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 2, 1864, and while lying on a bunk slightly elevated from the ground, just in rear of the breastworks, engaged in reading his Bible, he was struck in the left side by a bullet, which entered his body, causing death in a few moments; after he was shot he said to those of his comrades who had gathered around him, "Boys, I wanted to go through with you, but I have staid with you as long as I can." When asked by Surgeon Evans if he would not like a little whisky, as it might revive him, he said, "No! give me some water." Beloved by all, a gallant soldier, and a man of fine intellect and high Christian character, his death, occurring in so peculiar a manner, created a profound sensation. His grave is No. 6,590 in the National Cemetery at Marietta, Ga.

Sergeant Charles J. Miller.—Age 25; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Waukegan; appointed Second Corporal at the organization of the Company; promoted to Sergeant June 15, 1863; at the battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga., May 9, 1864, was wounded in the right shoulder by a buckshot or squirrel rifle ball; the next morning the Surgeon probed the wound to the depth of four inches, but could not find the ball, and told him he would have to carry it as long as he lived; he remained with the Regiment, but could not wear his accoutrements for some days; he was never absent from the Regiment, and participated in all of its engagements; was in command of the Company when the battery was captured, in the final charge at the battle of Nashville, Tenn., and during the campaign following that engagement; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming near Waukegan, Ill.

Sergeant Thomas L. James.—Age 30; born in South Wales; farmer; enlisted from the town of Warren; appointed Third Sergeant at the organization of the Company; was detailed as Sergeant of the Regimental Pioneers, and served in that capacity much of the time; was a brother of Captain David James, and first cousin of Isaac L. James, of the same Company; m. o. with Regiment. Died at Lake Forest, Ill., Aug. 30, 1872.

Sergeant Amos Greenleaf.—Age 25; born in Michigan; shoemaker; enlisted from Waukegan; appointed Fourth Sergeant at the organization of the Company; was slightly wounded in the arm at Chickamauga, Ga.; was in Ambulance Corps, and in the Quartermaster's Department, much of the time; m. o. with Regiment. Is engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements at Tiffin, Ohio.

Sergeant Benjamin F. Shepard.—Age 30; born in Massachusetts; farmer; enlisted from Warren township; appointed Fifth Sergeant at organization of the Company; at Chickamauga, Ga., was severely wounded in left leg, and disabled for several months, but rejoined the Regiment, and was promoted June 21, 1864, to Quartermaster Sergeant,

serving in that capacity to the close of the war; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming in Warren; address, Gurnee, Lake County, Ill.

Sergeant Walter Drew.—Age 31; born in New York; teacher, enlisted from Libertyville; appointed Third Corporal at the organization of the Company; promoted to Sergeant Aug. 3, 1864; at Chicamauga, Ga., was struck in the side by a bullet, which felled him, and it was thought for the moment that he was fatally wounded; it proved to have been a spent ball, however, and the injury, though painful, did not prove serious, and in a few moments he was again at his post in the ranks, remaining until the close of the battle; participated in all subsequent engagements until the battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., June 20, 1864, when his left arm was shattered by a bullet, necessitating amputation at the shoulder, and causing his discharge from hospital at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 27, 1864. Subsequently engaged in the practice of law; resides at San Bernardino, California.

Sergeant Edward Malone.—Age 34; born in Ireland; butcher; enlisted from Waukegan; promoted to Corporal Jan. 16, 1863, as a recognition of his efficiency as a soldier, in apprehending and arresting two men who had attempted to desert from a Battery attached to the Brigade; promoted to Sergeant Dec. 1, 1864; at Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 19, 1864, was severely wounded in left leg, but rejoined the Regiment at Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864; m. o. with Regiment. Was conspicuous for his courage, and a great favorite both during his service and after his return home; died in Waukegan, Ill., from heart disease, July 17, 1883. He was the wit and humorist of the Company, always ready with some original and side splitting remark to liven up the drooping spirits of the men, on "many a weary march and tented field"; he was a good soldier, always ready for duty, twice promoted for gallant conduct, and after his return home, living the life of an honorable, worthy citizen; he died as he had lived, honored by all his comrades.

Corporal James Hickcox.—Age 24; born in Utica, N. Y.; cabinet-maker; enlisted from Waukegan; appointed Fourth Corporal at the organization of the Company; at Chickamauga, Ga., was twice severely wounded, once by a shell in the right leg, and once by a ball in the right side, the wounds disabling him for future field service; his recovery was largely due to the untiring efforts of the Sisters of Charity in the hospital at Nashville, Tenn.; rejoined the command March 27, 1864, and, at his own request, was reduced to the ranks Sept. 14, 1864, to enable him to accept of a detail in the Ambulance Corps, where he served to the close of the war; m. o. with Regiment. Is in the cabinet business, with residence at corner of Emerson and Fifth Avenues North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Corporal Henry Gleason.—Age 24; born in Owego, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Libertyville; was appointed Fifth Corporal at the organization of the Company; is a brother of Isbon S. Gleason, of same Company; m. o. with Regiment. Is station agent at Winona Junction, Minn.; address, Box 779, La Crosse, Wis.

Corporal James Freeman.—Age 34 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Waukegan ; appointed Sixth Corporal at the organization of the Company ; subsequently reduced to the ranks at his own request, to enable him to accept a detail as Orderly at Regimental Headquarters ; transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, but was returned to the command, and was m. o. with Regiment. He died at Diamond Lake, Lake County, Ill., July 19, 1886.

Corporal Judson A. Mason.—Age 27 ; born in Chicago, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Vernon ; appointed Seventh Corporal at the organization of the Company ; participated in all of the engagements of the Atlanta campaign, and at Resaca, Ga., had a bullet through his blouse ; at Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 19, 1864, was detailed in the Brigade Commissary Department, and had charge of the cattle guards until the close of the war ; m. o. with Regiment. Has held numerous town offices, and was County Treasurer of Lake County from 1877 to 1892 ; is farming ; address, Half Day, Lake County, Ill.

Corporal Henry H. Gage.—Age 20 ; born in Chicago, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Avon ; promoted to Corporal Nov. 24, 1862 ; at Chickamauga, Ga., was wounded across the fingers of the right hand, but remained with the command until the close of the engagement ; at Dallas, Ga., May 31, 1864, was slightly wounded in head, but did not leave Company ; participated in every march, skirmish and battle in which the Regiment was engaged, until the close of the Atlanta campaign, and was always conspicuous for his bravery ; Sept. 17, 1864, after the capture of Atlanta, Ga., was detailed as clerk at headquarters of the Fourth Army Corps, and, three months later, was promoted to chief clerk, serving in that capacity until the close of the war ; m. o. with Regiment. Is living at No. 2313 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and is engaged in the real estate business.

Corporal Deloss Rose.—Age 24 ; born in Florence, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Vernon ; promoted to Corporal June 15, 1863 ; at the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864, was captured by the Rebels in their desperate charge upon the Union left, and taken to Andersonville prison ; he was afterward transferred to the Florence, South Carolina, prison, where Albert Barney, of Company D, same Regiment, reports having seen him, much discouraged, and in a very weak and debilitated condition, late in the fall of 1864, only a few days before Barney was exchanged as a prisoner of war. He died Jan. 28, 1865, of chronic diarrhoea, as appears from the prison records, presumably at Florence, S. C. ; his body now lies buried, No. 2712, in the National Cemetery at Salisbury, N. C., as reported by the War Department at Washington, D. C. By his death the Company lost one of its most genial, whole-souled, companionable members.

Corporal Peter Mowers.—Age 19 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Vernon ; promoted to Corporal June 21, 1864 ; at Chickamauga, Ga., had his cap-box badly shot to pieces ; was wounded in the left hand on the skirmish line before Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 15, 1864 ; while

at Huntsville, Ala., was on detail as safe-guard at the residence of William Rountree; was conspicuous for his personal bravery in many engagements; m. o. with Regiment. Has been a mail contractor, and is mail carrier, with address at Half Day, Lake County, Ill.

Corporal Jared O. Blodgett.—Age 23; born in Madison County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from the township of Warren; promoted to Corporal Sept. 20, 1864; at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., had a bullet through his pants, just above and in front of the ankle, but escaped wounds; at Ackworth, Ga., Oct. 5, 1864, while on a brief furlough to enable him to visit a brother in the 15th Illinois, he was captured, and remained a prisoner of war in Andersonville and other prisons until April 28, 1865, coming into the Union lines at Jacksonville, Fla.; never absent from Regiment but four weeks during the first two years of his service; discharged at Chicago, Ill., July 5, 1865. Is engaged in farming and stock raising at Duncan, Platte County, Neb.

Corporal Carlos C. Towner.—Age 22; born in Rutland County, Vt.; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; promoted to Corporal Oct. 31, 1864; had three bullets through coat at Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; lost hat and lock of hair at Resaca, Ga., where the enemy got so close to some of the Company on the skirmish line as to order their surrender; he threw down his gun for that purpose, but changed his mind and ran, succeeding in making his escape; had bullet through coat at the battle of Nashville, Tenn.; was absent four weeks in hospital, thus escaping the battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; with that exception he was with the Company in every engagement in which it took part; m. o. with Regiment. Resides in Osage, Mitchell County, Iowa, where he is proprietor of the West-End Hotel, and has been City Marshal for four years.

Corporal Daniel Benson.—Age 22; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from the township of Warren; promoted to Corporal Nov. 30, 1864; at Chickamauga, Ga., was severely wounded in the hips, and left on the field, falling into the hands of the enemy; remained a prisoner for nine days, and was then paroled and sent within the Union lines at Chattanooga, Tenn.; his injuries proved very serious, and it was several months before he was able to rejoin the command; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Scotia, Greeley County, Neb.

John Baker.—Age 26; born in Salem, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Ela; died from disease at Estill Springs, Tenn., Sept. 6, 1863; his grave is No. 3,847, in the National Cemetery of Stone's River, Tenn.

John K. Beck.—Age 21; born in Lake County, Ill.; broom and brush maker; enlisted from Waukegan; was detailed with the Ambulance Corps May 8, 1864, serving with that organization until the close of the war; m. o. with Regiment. Is a teacher at Richmond, Ind.

Charles O. Biddlecom.—Age 21; born in Deerfield, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Newport; served with the Regimental Band, and was promoted to Principal Musician Feb. 6, 1865; was seldom absent from the

command, and served with the Ambulance Corps in nearly every engagement in which the Regiment participated; m. o. with Regiment. Has since held several township offices; is farming in the town of Newport; address, Wadsworth, Lake County, Ill.

John Blackler.—Age 26; born in England; butcher; enlisted from Libertyville; participated in several engagements, including Chickamauga, Ga., and Lookout Mountain, Tenn., but was subsequently detailed in Subsistence Department, as brigade butcher; m. o. with Regiment. Is a brother of Thomas Blackler, of same Company; resides at Highland Park, Lake County, Ill.

Thomas Blackler.—Age 22; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; was taken sick early during his term of service, and was discharged, for disability, from hospital at Danville, Ky., Jan. 24, 1863; his ailment has followed him through the years, and still gives him trouble; Is a brother of John Blackler, of same Company. Resides at South Evanston, Ill., being engaged in the market business.

Christopher Boettcher.—Age 20; born in Germany; enlisted from the town of Goodale (now Grant); was on detail in a Battery for some time, returning April 19, 1864; at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 20, 1864, was mortally wounded, having seven bullet holes through him, and died in the field hospital June 23, 1864.*

In volume 23, at page 60, of the "Roll of Honor," published at the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., 1869, containing the "Names of Soldiers who died in defense of the American Union, interred in the National Cemeteries, etc.," is found under the heading, "Marietta and Atlanta National Cemetery," among comrades credited to the State of Indiana, the following: "No. 1,853; name, Christopher Bodtcher: rank, private; regiment, 5th battery; date of death, June 20, 1864; sec. A. No. of grave, 1,031, original place of interment, near Kenesaw Mountain, Ga." There is a () affixed to this entry, referring to a memoranda, which reads, "Many names accredited to a State are not to be found upon the rolls of the organizations to which they purport to belong. Such, in all cases, are designated by a star (*), and must be left for future research."

The Superintendent of said cemetery writes, under date of January 18, 1887, in answer to a letter of inquiry with reference to said Boettcher, that the record, as it "appears in volume 23, page 60, R. H., is an error; it should read, John Betscher, private 1st Ind. Battery, killed June 20, 1864, near Kenesaw Mt., Ga.; interred in Sec. A, Grave No. 1,031. This is the record in this office, and is the name which appears on the headstone at the grave." This change to John Betscher is, no doubt, an error. The query is, how came the name of Christopher Bodtcher in said Roll of Honor? It must have been found at the head of the grave of some soldier when they were disintering and removing their bodies to the said National Cemetery. On the original morning reports of Company G, still preserved, and now in possession of the writer, under date of April 19, 1864, just two months prior to the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., appear these words, "Christopher Boettcher returned to Company from Battery." He was so severely wounded that he probably never spoke a rational word after being shot; he died among nurses and attendants who were strangers to him, and was buried by them. Letters or memoranda were, no doubt, found in his pockets, which seemed to locate him definitely as connected with the 5th Indiana Battery, and, from the information which said letters or memoranda contained, they must have marked the grave where his remains were deposited, and where the squad who disinterred and removed them to said cemetery, found the information that caused such entry to be made as is found in the "Roll of Honor" above stated.

Myron J. Brown.—Age 19; born in Fort Ann, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Newport; at Chickamauga, Ga., was hit in groin, directly in front of the hip joint, by a canister shot, during the first charge of the Regiment; turning half way around, he dropped on one knee, and thought the shot had passed through his hip; recovering from the shock, he discovered that his pocket book and comb, which were badly damaged, had saved him, and resumed firing at the enemy; at the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864, was captured at the time the enemy turned the left, and remained a prisoner of war nine months, being confined at Andersonville, Ga., and at Sibley, N. C.; he escaped near Wilmington, N. C., was sent to St. Louis, Mo., and finally discharged at Springfield, Ill., June 24, 1865, reaching Chicago in time to return to Waukegan with the Lake County boys; his health was seriously impaired by his prison experiences. Has held several positions of public trust in Illinois and Nebraska, and is a farmer and stock raiser at Osceola, Polk County, Neb.

Albert A. Burge.—Age 18; born in Waukegan, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Vernon Feb. 8, 1864, joining the command at Cleveland, Tenn., April 9, 1864, and participating in most of the engagements that followed; at Lovejoy Station, Ga., he accidentally stepped both feet into a bed of hot ashes, or a smouldering fire, burning them so badly as to disable him nearly a month; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois, and finally mustered out Dec. 16, 1865, and discharged at Camp Butler, Springfield, Ill., Jan. 25, 1866. Is farming at Augusta, Butler County, Kansas.

George Butler.—Age 22; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Benton; at Chickamauga, Ga., was severely wounded in the left foot, being disabled for field duty, and was discharged from hospital at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 5, 1864. Is a carpenter at Waukegan, Ill., and quite lame from the effect of his wound.

Loyal Cadwell.—Age 54; born in Vermont; farmer; enlisted from Libertyville; after a few weeks his health completely failed, and he was discharged for disability at Lexington, Ky., Dec. 23, 1862; he returned home and died at Libertyville, Ill., May 4, 1864.

Joseph K. Clark.—Age 38; born in Cortland County, N. Y.; brick-maker; enlisted from Shields; was detailed in wagon train at Newport, Ky., remaining one year; at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., was slightly wounded in the face by a buck shot or pistol bullet; at commencement of Atlanta campaign, May 2, 1864, was detailed as stretcher bearer, and was with the command until the close of the war; m. o. with Regiment. Was Supervisor for six years in Livingston County, Ill.; is a farmer at Sedgwick, Harvey County, Kansas.

Perrin P. Cole.—Age 26; born in Erie County, Pa.; farmer; enlisted from Vernon; at Chickamauga, Ga., was slightly wounded in leg by a grape shot or fragment of shell, and had his tin cup shot through; at Resaca, Ga., when on the skirmish line, he failed to hear the order to

retreat, remaining between the lines until face to face with the enemy, and then making his way back, under a murderous fire from both directions; was in every engagement until Kingston, Ga., was passed, when, worn out by the hard service, he was sent to hospital, but rejoined the Regiment in time to take part in the battle of Nashville, Tenn.; m. o. with Regiment. Resides in Floyd County, Iowa, where he has an elegant farm of 145 acres, finely stocked; has been Town Clerk and Assessor almost continuously, and is Secretary of the Floyd County Mutual Insurance Company; address, Charles City, Iowa.

Jeremiah Conklin.—Age 27; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; discharged for disability at Brentwood, Tenn., April 2, 1863. Is farming at Pierport, Manistee County, Mich.

John A. Corbin.—Age 18; born in Vernon, Lake County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Vernon; he had lost his right eye in boyhood, and wore a glass one; made an excellent soldier, always shooting left handed; at Chickamauga, Ga., was severely wounded in the right thigh, but rejoined the command in time to participate in all of the engagements except Lookout Mountain, Tenn.; while at Huntsville, Ala., was on detail, as safe guard, at the residence of William Rountree; m. o. with Regiment. Was accidentally drowned by the capsizing of a ferry boat at Elgin, Ill., April 28, 1881.

Edward Darby, 1st.—Age 25; born in Tioga County, N. Y.; carpenter; enlisted from Vernon; at the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864, when the enemy broke back the Union left, he was on the skirmish line, and was undoubtedly shot and killed, as he was never afterward seen by any of the Regiment, although a few others were captured on that line. His friends long believed him alive, and hoped for his return, but in vain; was a brother of Henry and a cousin of Joseph and Edward, 2d, of same Company.

Edward Darby, 2d.—Age 17; born in Tioga County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Vernon; discharged for disability at Danville, Ky., March 22, 1863; he subsequently re-enlisted in Company E, of the 17th Illinois Cavalry, at St. Charles, Kane County, Ill., Feb. 20, 1864, and was finally mustered out at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Nov. 23, 1865; is a brother of Joseph, and cousin of Edward, 1st, and Henry, of same Company. Is residing, in poor health, at Beloit, Wis.

Henry Darby.—Age 23; born in Tioga County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Vernon; was seriously ill in the early part of his term of service, and was discharged for disability at Lexington, Ky., Jan. 18, 1863; was a brother of Edward, 1st, and cousin of Joseph and Edward, 2d, of same Company. Is residing, in poor health, at Libertyville, Lake County, Ill.

Joseph Darby.—Age 21; born in Tioga County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Vernon; at Chickamauga, Ga., was severely wounded in the left arm, the bone being shattered above the elbow; he fell into the ene-

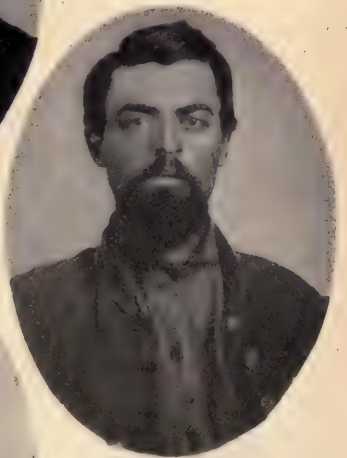
my's hands, and was a prisoner for ten days, when he was paroled and sent within the Union lines at Chattanooga, Tenn.; by careful treatment the arm was saved, although greatly shortened; was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps Oct. 7, 1864, serving there until the close of the war; is a brother of Edward, 2d, and cousin of Edward, 1st, and Henry, of same Company. Is a farmer, and resides at Diamond Lake, Lake County, Ill.

Thomas Davis.—Age 21; born in Wales; farmer; enlisted from Fremont; at Chickamauga, Ga., was severely wounded, being shot through the leg, and so disabled that he could not leave the field; was in the enemy's hands for nine days, and then paroled and sent within the Union lines at Chattanooga, Tenn., where he died from his wounds Oct. 25, 1863. His body was taken home for burial.

Leroy Demmon.—Age 23; born in Mayfield, Ohio; farmer; enlisted from the township of Warren; was sick with typhoid fever at Camp Fuller, but got better; ambitious to be with his comrades, he rejoined the command before fully recovered; shortly afterward the Regiment made the Lebanon march, and he accompanied it; the expedition was a severe one, even for those who were well, but particularly so for those who were not strong. Returning to Danville he was taken to hospital, where he died, Jan. 18, 1863; his body was sent home for burial.

James Donahue.—Age 14; born in New York City; farmer; enlisted from Vernon; at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 23, 1864, was wounded in right leg, under the knee, while serving as Chief of Orderlies at Brigade Headquarters, to which position he was detailed Feb. 21, 1864; was compelled to use crutches for ten months, and was in a critical condition because of gangrene, for a time; still suffers to some extent from the wound; m. o. from hospital at Mound City, Ill., in July, 1865. Is a clerk in the Chicago Postoffice; resides at 308 North Franklin Street, Chicago, Ill.

Edwin Drury.—Age 19; born in Lake County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from the township of Warren; he was taken sick at Estil Springs, Tenn., was in hospital at Tullahoma and Nashville, Tenn., returning to the Regiment at Nickajack Cove, Ga.; at Resaca, Ga., a buck shot or squirrel rifle ball passed through the rubber blanket attached to his knapsack; at Dallas, Ga., he was again taken sick, and was in Division Hospital at Ackworth, Ga., and Convalescent Camp at Chattanooga, Tenn.; he volunteered to assist in guarding a drove of cattle to the front, but, being unable to stand the fatigue, was left at Dalton, Ga.; while in hospital there he was acting Hospital Steward for some months, and rejoined the Regiment at Huntsville, Ala.; while at Dalton, Ga., the Rebel General Wheeler, with his cavalry, attacked the place in force, and he was hit on the left arm by a piece of brick which a shell from the enemy's guns had dislodged from a brick house which stood inside the fort that the small garrison were defending, and where those in hospital, who were able, had gone for protection; he was in the Rebel lines, virtually prisoner of war,



JOHN BLACKLER.
THOMAS B. POCKLINGTON.

JOHN TRIGGS.
SERG'T CHARLES J. MILLER.
GEORGE LEHMANN.

THOMAS BLACKLER.
JOHN LADD.

OF THE
CITY OF BANGOR.

the night of Oct. 13, 1864, when a portion of Gen. Hood's forces were in possession of Dalton, Ga.; a number of Rebels, wounded during Wheeler's attack, were in his charge, with amputated limbs, unable to be moved; they having been well treated, and giving favorable report to the Rebel officers, no doubt accounts for the reason he or his assistants were not paroled or taken to Rebel prisons; while with the Regiment he was in every engagement in which it took part; m. o. with Regiment. Since the war he has been in the City Collector and other offices in Chicago, Ill., and for a number of years was Chief Deputy County Clerk of Cook County, Ill.; is a second cousin of Walter E. Drury, of same Company; he is associated with his brother, Horace G. Drury, in the tax abstract and real estate business at Chicago, Ill., with residence at Wilmette, Cook County, Ill., where he has been Village Trustee two terms.

Walter E. Drury.—Age 19; born in Erie County, Pa.; farmer; enlisted from the township of Warren; discharged for disability from hospital at Louisville, Ky., May 21, 1863; subsequently re-enlisted in Company E, 9th Illinois Cavalry, serving from Feb. 7, 1865, to Oct. 31, 1865. Has been County Superintendent of Schools of Burt County, Neb.; is a second cousin of Edwin Drury, of same Company; is a lawyer and banker at Pender, Dakota County, Neb.

Thomas W. Dwyer.—Age 27; born in Schoharie County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Shields; was detailed in the Ordnance Train, and at Chickamauga, Ga., drove a team loaded with ammunition upon the field, under a heavy artillery and musketry fire; at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., he participated with the Regiment, and also in some subsequent engagements, but was on detached service a considerable part of the time; m. o. with Regiment. Is a farmer in the township of Shields; address, Waukegan, Lake County, Ill.

George M. Farnsworth.—Age 26; born in St. Charles, Kane County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Waukegan; at Chickamauga, Ga., had his canteen strap shot off, and a bullet through his pants leg; a fragment of shell also lodged in his finger, and is still carried by him; was a brother of Lieutenant Hiram W. Farnsworth, of same Company; m. o. with Regiment. Has been an alderman in Chicago, Ill., and is a contractor and builder, with residence at 371 Claremont Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

William H. Flagler.—Age 25; born in Washington County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Libertyville; at Resaca, Ga., when the left was driven back, a bullet struck his knapsack, going entirely through his blanket and the contents of the knapsack, knocking him down, but not seriously injuring him; at Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 20, 1864, a bullet struck his canteen, and inflicted a slight wound in his leg; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming near Libertyville, Lake Co., Ill.

George H. Foote.—Age 21; born in Canton, Conn.; farmer; enlisted from Vernon; at Chickamauga, Ga., his coat was twice pierced with bullets, and his haversack strap was severed; at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.,

his gun stock was shattered in his hands by a bullet, but he escaped wounds; m. o. with Regiment. Has been Town Collector for two years, and is a farmer in the township of Vernon; address, Half Day, Lake County, Ill.

Daniel H. Gail.—Age 22; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Newport; at Chickamauga, Ga., was badly wounded through the calf of the leg, and so seriously disabled as to unfit him for active field duty; was on detached service several months; m. o. with Regiment. Is engaged in the manufacture of spring beds; address, 46 Champlain Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Isbon S. Gleason.—Age 21; born in Owego, N. Y.; carpenter and joiner; enlisted from Libertyville; was detailed in Pioneer Corps at Brentwood, Tenn., April 7, 1863, and transferred to the 1st U. S. Veteran Engineer Regiment Aug. 25, 1864, serving with that command until the close of the war, and being promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1864, and to Sergeant Dec. 25, 1864. Is a contractor and builder at Libertyville, Lake County, Ill., of which village he has been a Trustee for four years.

John Harrington.—Age 20; born in County Kerry, Ireland; farmer; enlisted from Libertyville; was detailed in the 9th Ohio Battery, and from there was assigned to the 18th Ohio Battery, for a time, and participated with them in the battle of Chickamauga, Ga., and the engagements about Chattanooga, Tenn.; rejoined the command March 3, 1864; was detailed as stretcher bearer just before the last line of works was taken at Nashville, Tenn., and served as such until the close of the war; m. o. with Regiment. His address is Geneva, Adams County, Ind.

Asel Hawkins.—Age 24; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Vernon; died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 18, 1863; his grave is No. 170 in the Cemetery at Danville, Ky.

Samuel M. Hutchinson.—Age 20; born in Steuben County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Benton; had a bullet through his hat while on picket duty at Moccasin Point, opposite Lookout Mountain, Tenn.; was sent back to hospital from Blue Springs, Tenn., May 3, 1864, and was mustered out at Jeffersonville, Ind., June 12, 1865. Is a manufacturer and dealer in lumber at Hutchinson, Marathon County, Wis.

Freeman James.—Age 64; born April 11, 1798, in Willington, Tolland County, Conn.; was a drummer boy for one year in the war of 1812, stationed at New London, Conn., under Captain Chauncey Ives; enlisted from Rockford, Ill., Oct. 1, 1862; served as instructor and leader of the Regimental Band; taken sick at Danville, Ky.; his advanced age rendered his recovery seemingly impossible, and he died Jan. 18, 1863; his grave is number 200 in the Cemetery at Danville, Ky.; he was an uncle of George James, of same Company.

George James.—Age 40; born in Hadley, Mass.; painter; enlisted from Waukegan; served with the Regimental Band, and was its leader a part of the time; being a fine singer he organized a glee club, and kept

it up during a considerable part of the service; was a well known character in the command, and was m. o. with Regiment. After his return he battled with the waves of adversity in Chicago for many years, but finally, his health giving way, he drifted into camp at Milwaukee, Wis., and, in 1886, had headquarters there at the Soldiers' Home. In May, 1887, he was admitted to the Soldiers' Home at Quincy, Ill. He was a nephew of Freeman James, of same Company.

Isaac L. James.—Age 36; born in South Wales; farmer; enlisted from the township of Warren; participated in several engagements, but escaped wounds; was detailed as Provost Guard at Brigade Headquarters, Huntsville, Ala., Feb. 22, 1865, but returned to the Company and was m. o. with Regiment; he was first cousin and adopted brother of Captain David James and Sergeant Thomas L. James, of same Company. Is living, in poor health, at Waukegan, Ill.

Thomas James.—Age 30; born in South Wales; farmer; enlisted from the township of Warren; deserted Feb. 1, 1863, at Louisville, Ky.; was no relative of any other James in the Company.

Joseph I. Joslyn.—Age 45; born in Oneida County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Benton; was ill for some months, and finally discharged at Convalescent Camp, Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 13, 1863; he died at Nugent, Linn County, Iowa, Nov. 20, 1872, of heart disease.

William Joyce.—Age 19; born in New York; sailor; enlisted from Waukegan; was probably the most frequently wounded man in the Regiment; at Chickamauga, Ga., he was struck by a bullet in the foot, and, without leaving the line, sat down, and taking off his shoe, examined the wound; finding it not serious, he again put on the shoe, resumed his place in the line, and fought on until night; at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., he was slightly wounded in the head; at Rocky Face Ridge, Ga., he was wounded in the face; at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., he was again wounded in the head; and at Atlanta, Ga., he was severely wounded in the arm and thigh; he is said to have been wounded twice beside, but not reported in the list of casualties; the date and place of his final muster out are not known; he is supposed to have died from consumption at Atchison, Kansas, in 1882.

William T. Kimber.—Age 23; born in Milwaukee, Wis.; farmer; enlisted from the town of Warren; deserted Feb. 1, 1863, at Louisville, Ky.; he afterward enlisted Aug. 24, 1864, under his mother's maiden name, as a recruit for one year, at Tecumseh, Mich.; he was assigned to Company F, 26th Regiment of Michigan Infantry, then and all the time during his service in that Regiment, on detached duty, guarding the Government Bakery at Alexandria, Va.; he was honorably discharged from such service, because of close of war, June 4, 1865. Is farming in Missouri.

John King.—Age 30; born at Three Rivers, St. Joseph County, Mich.; clerk and salesman; enlisted from Waukegan; was on detached service, more or less, serving as wagon master for a time, and also as a clerk at

headquarters, but participated with the Regiment in numerous campaigns and battles, and at Lookout Mountain, Nov. 24, 1863, was wounded in the forehead, the bullet striking so as to cause the blood to flow quite profusely, but not seriously disabling him; m. o. with Regiment. Is in the Land Office of the C. & N. W. Railway at Chicago; residence, Waukegan, Ill.

Thomas Kinreid.—Age 43; born in Isle of Man; farmer; enlisted from Goodale (now Grant); died from disease in hospital at Nashville, Tenn., June 27, 1864; his grave is No. 10,032, in the National Cemetery at Nashville, Tenn.

Christian Knopf.—Age 21; born in Buffalo, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Vernon; at the battle of Resaca, Ga., a bullet passed through his canteen and cut the strap of his haversack; at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 20, 1864, he was badly wounded in the left foot, and so seriously disabled as to unfit him for duty, and he was discharged at Mound, City, Ill., Oct. 27, 1864; was disabled for fully a year, and has never wholly recovered; is an uncle of Peter Knopf, of same Company. Is farming at Long Grove, Lake County, Ill.

Peter Knopf.—Age 18; born in Chicago, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Vernon; at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., he had a bullet through his pants over the right ankle; was in every engagement and skirmish that the Regiment was ever in, but escaped wounds; is a nephew of Christian Knopf, of same Company; m. o. with Regiment. His occupation is that of salesman; address, Hyde Park, Cook County, Ill.

James L. Knox.—Age 21; born in Lake County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Newport; was mortally wounded at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 20, 1864, and died in hospital at Dalton, Ga., June 29, 1864; his grave is No. 9,911 in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, Tenn.

John Ladd.—Age 27; born in Lincolnshire, England; farmer; enlisted from Libertyville; at Chickamauga, Ga., was slightly wounded in left thigh on Sunday evening; went back to Rossville that night, but never was in hospital or off duty on account of it; was never absent from the Regiment except on two weeks furlough from Shell Mound, Tenn.; was in every engagement the command was ever in; m. o. with Regiment. Is a carpenter, unable to do much work, in consequence of poor health, and resides at 1922 Chester Street, Little Rock, Ark.

Nahum Lamb.—Age 20; born in Lake County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from the township of Warren; at the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864, was severely wounded in the right hand, losing the middle finger, and disabling him from duty; was discharged, because of this wound, from hospital at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 28, 1864. Is a farmer in the township of Warren; address, Gurnee, Lake County, Ill.

George Lehmann.—Age 26; born in Alsace, France; baker; enlisted from Elia; was seldom absent from the command, and participated in nearly every engagement, but escaped wounds; m. o. with Regiment. Is proprietor of a barber shop at 2515 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

James H. Madden.—Age 24 ; born in Illinois ; farmer ; enlisted from Libertyville ; was acting Hospital Steward, in hospital No. 11, at Nashville, Tenn., for a year and a half before his final muster out, on detail by Gen. Sherman ; was discharged from hospital at Nashville, Tenn., because of close of the war, May 26, 1865. Is a stock grower at Pueblo, Col.

Lewis Miller.—Age 17 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from the township of Warren ; at Chickamauga, Ga., was severely wounded through the hip, but rejoined the command in a few weeks ; at the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864, his right leg was shattered by a bullet, and when the left of the army was temporarily driven back he fell into the enemy's hands ; the Rebel Surgeons amputated his limb at the thigh bone, and cared for him as best they could until May 16, when, the Union army advancing, he, with Sergeant Smith, of Company I, and Richard Spencer, of Company F, was left at a house that had been used as a temporary hospital ; they were recovered by the advance and taken in an ambulance to a hospital in the village of Resaca, Ga. ; he seemed to be doing well for a few days, but the shock to his system proved too severe, and he died, as the result of the wound, May 27, 1864 ; was a brother of Reuben Miller, of the same Company ; his grave is No. 9,946 in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Reuben Miller.—Age 18 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from the township of Warren ; participated in the battles of Chickamauga, Ga., and Lookout Mountain, Tenn., but escaped wounds ; April 27, 1864, was detailed as a guard with the Division Ordnance Train, serving in that capacity until the close of the war ; was a brother of Lewis Miller, of the same Company ; m. o. with Regiment. Is Superintendent of the large stock and dairy farm of Hon. H. W. Blodgett at Lake Bluff, Lake County, Ill.

Josiah Moulton, Jr.—Age 17 ; born in Floyd, Oneida County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Benton ; at the engagement near Dalton, Ga., Feb. 25, 1864, was quite seriously wounded in the face, but partially recovered in a few weeks ; being unable to perform active field duty was detailed as an Orderly at Gen. Rosseau's Headquarters, then at Nashville, Tenn., where he served until near the close of the war ; m. o. with Regiment. Is in a broker's office at Indianapolis, Ind. ; resides 30 Virginia Avenue.

Henry Nantz.—Age 42 ; born in Germany ; tailor ; enlisted from Waukegan ; m. o. with Regiment. Died in Chicago, Ill., of heart disease, July 22, 1881.

William A. Noble.—Age 18 ; born in Lake County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Fremont Feb. 8, 1864, and joined the command at Cleveland, Tenn., April 4, 1864 ; participated in all of the earlier engagements of the Atlanta campaign ; at Dallas, Ga., May 31, 1864, he was mortally wounded, being struck in the face, just below the right eye, with a bullet, and dying from the effects of the wound, in hospital at Nashville, Tenn., July 21, 1864 ; his grave is No. 9,912, in the National Cemetery at Nashville, Tenn.

James O'Herrin.—Age 18; born in Troy, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Libertyville; a bullet passed through his hat while on skirmish line at Moccasin Point, Tenn., and one through his belt on skirmish line at Cassville, Ga.; was with the Regiment in every engagement; was never sick or off duty during his term of service; m. o. with Regiment. Is engineer on a steam excavator for Chicago & Northwestern Railway Co., with residence at 215 W. King Street, Winona, Minn.; P. O. box 323.

Henry P. Ostrander.—Age 57; born in Lanesborough, Mass.; farmer; enlisted from Shields; served as wagon master for a time; was discharged for disability at Shell Mound, Tenn., Jan. 1, 1864; was father of Henry W. Ostrander, of same Company. Died at Topeka, Kansas, March 30, 1874.

Henry W. Ostrander.—Age 19; born in Kenosha, Wis.; farmer; enlisted from Shields; was taken sick at Rockford, Ill., shortly after the muster in of the Regiment, and was permitted to go home, where he died from typhoid fever Oct. 13, 1862—the first death to occur in the Regiment; he was a son of Henry P. Ostrander, of same Company.

George Palmer.—Age 24; born in England; carpenter; enlisted from Waukegan; was seriously ill at Nashville, Tenn., and discharged for disability, from hospital, March 18, 1863; re-enlisted in the navy in 1864, and was seriously injured in a railroad collision at Cairo, Ill., while *en route* to his command, receiving injuries from which he still suffers; is a brother of Joseph Palmer, of same Company. Is a carpenter and builder at Hainesville, Lake County, Ill.

Joseph Palmer.—Age 25; born in England; cabinet maker; enlisted from Waukegan; participated in the battles of Chickamauga, Ga., and Lookout Mountain, Tenn., and the engagements about Buzzard Roost Gap, Ga., doing his full duty, and was then detailed in the Commissary Department, where he served until the close of the war; at Chickamauga, Ga., he was struck by the limb of a tree, and badly bruised on the breast, being unconscious for a time, but, recovering, again took his place in the ranks; m. o. with Regiment; is a brother of George Palmer, of same Company. Is foreman in a large sash, door and blind manufactory at Waukegan, Ill.

George N. Phillips.—Age 25; born in Vermont; farmer; enlisted from Waukegan; while on skirmish line June 16, 1864, was hit with a piece of shell on the left side, which tore through his coat and vest, and, glancing on his left arm, numbed it, so that he was obliged to carry it in a sling for a few days; did not leave the Company; he was detailed at the Division Quartermaster's Department Sept. 10, 1864, where he remained to the end of the service; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Chester, Thayer County, Neb.

Thomas B. Pocklington.—Age 20; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Libertyville; participated in several engagements; went to General Field Hospital Aug. 25, 1864, at Atlanta, Ga., where he remained until

the close of the war ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a builder, and resides, in poor health, at South Evanston, Cook County, Ill.

Nathaniel Sherman.—Age 21 ; born in Lake County, Ill. ; clerk ; enlisted from Waukegan ; being a ready penman he was detailed in various clerical capacities, most of the time at the headquarters of the Division, but always in the field ; at the final muster out, when all were anxious to go home, he volunteered to make out the final papers of the Regiment, and labored so constantly and rapidly as to greatly facilitate matters and expedite the final discharge of the command ; m. o. with Regiment. Has been engaged in insurance and collection, and a justice of the peace at Waukegan, Ill., but removed to Los Angeles, Cal., in March, 1887.

Dennis Shupe.—Age 20 ; born in Canada ; farmer ; enlisted from Libertyville ; at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 20, 1864, he was killed in the attempt to retake the breastworks from which the 35th Indiana had been driven ; was a brother of Levi Shupe, of same Company ; his grave is No. 6,904 in the National Cemetery at Marietta, Ga.

Levi Shupe.—Age 24 ; born in Canada ; farmer ; enlisted from Libertyville ; detailed in Pioneer Corps at Brentwood, Tenn., April 7, 1863 ; transferred to 1st Regiment U. S. Veteran Engineers Aug. 25, 1864, serving with that command until the close of the war ; was a brother of Dennis Shupe, of same Company ; m. o. at Nashville, Tenn., June 30, 1865. Is teaming at Dysart, Tama County, Iowa.

Albert C. Smith.—Age 18 ; born in Pittsford, Rutland County, Vt. ; farmer ; enlisted from Vernon Feb. 2, 1864, joining the command at Cleveland, Tenn., April 4, 1864 ; participated in most of the subsequent engagements ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company G, 21st Illinois, and finally mustered out Dec. 16, 1865. Was accidentally killed while in railroad employ as night yard master at San Francisco, Cal., in 1883.

Reuben Smith.—Age 18 ; born in Steuben County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from the township of Warren ; at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., on the eve of June 19, 1864, he was mortally wounded, being shot through the left shoulder ; he died from the effect of this wound July 13, 1864 ; his grave is No. 13,762 in the National Cemetery at Nashville, Tenn.

John Squier.—Age 28 ; born in Vermont ; farmer ; enlisted from Vernon ; served as teamster the most of the time ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Orchard, Mitchell County, Iowa.

John G. Thrasher.—Age 18 ; born in Taberg, Oneida County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Vernon ; died from disease at Shell Mound, Tenn., Dec. 11, 1863. Captain James wrote to his father : "Your son was a noble soldier and a very amiable young man, possessing many good qualities ; he was beloved by all who knew him. The country has lost a good soldier, and his parents a devoted son ; he has died a martyr to his country, and yielded his life a willing sacrifice." His grave is No. 9,360 in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, Tenn.

John Triggs.—Age 23; born in Devonshire, England; farmer; enlisted from Libertyville; participated in the battles of Chickamauga, Ga.; Lookout Mountain, Tenn., and Nashville, Tenn., but escaped wounds; m. o. with Regiment. Is proprietor of an oyster and fish depot at 102 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

John Vaughn.—Age 25; born in Wales; farmer; enlisted from Libertyville; died from disease at Estill Springs, Tenn., Aug. 22, 1863; his grave is No. 5,283 in the National Cemetery of Stone's River, Tenn.

Samuel F. Vose.—Age 22; born in Lake County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from the township of Warren; at Estill Springs, Tenn., he was detailed at the Brigade Quartermaster's Department, where he remained until after the battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; when he rejoined the Company; his right shoulder was dislocated at the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864; was absent from the Regiment one week and off duty four weeks in consequence; at Little Kenesaw, Ga., June 19, 1864, he came near being captured at the same time that William H. Ehlers, of Company C, same Regiment, was; they had mistaken the enemy for friends; on the same line, June 20, 1864, he was hit by a spent ball, felled to the ground and ruptured, but remained with the Regiment until it reached the Chattahoochee River, when he was sent to the General Field Hospital, where he remained until the close of the war; was mustered out at Chicago, Ill., in July, 1865. Was supervisor one term at Francesville, Ind.; is a breeder and trainer of trotting and carriage horses at Libertyville, Lake County, Ill.

Christian Wendling.—Age 18; born in Prussia; farmer; enlisted from Vernon; was seldom absent from the command; at Rocky Face Ridge, Ga., a bullet passed through his hat, and at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., a bullet passed so close to him as to cut a hole in the stocking of his right foot, but without injuring him; m. o. with Regiment. Is working as a carpenter, and resides at Wheeling, Cook County, Ill.

William H. Whaples.—Age 21; born in Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Antioch; was killed at the battle of Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 20, 1863; that part of the battle ground fell into the hands of the enemy, and he was buried by them in an unknown grave.

William H. Wheeler.—Age 18; born in Warren, Herkimer County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Ela; was badly wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 20, 1863; Corporal Daniel Benson, who was wounded at the same time, says, under date of Oct. 9, 1886, "After the battle, Sunday, Sept. 20, I was helped back to a log house after dark; on the next Sunday, the 27th, the Rebels came with wagons, and carried us all, about twenty in number, over on to the La Fayette Road, where I found William H. Wheeler, Thomas Davis and Joseph Darby; on Tuesday, Sept. 29, an ambulance train came from the Union lines to take us away; Thomas Davis and myself got into one of the first ones, without assistance, as we could walk a little. William H. Wheeler was lying on

the ground, near where Davis and I lay ; his right thigh was broken close to the body, and I was sure, at the time, that he could not live but a few days ; the train was not large enough to take us all, and whether Wheeler was taken that day, or the next, or died out there, I cannot say." The rumor that he was paroled and taken to Chattanooga, Tenn., where he died, is no doubt correct, as we find, in Vol. XI, page 47 of the "Roll of Honor," that "the original place of interment of *James* Wheeler, of Company G, 96th Illinois, who died Oct. 5, 1863, was in section C, grave No. 114, Chattanooga." As there was no other Wheeler in Company G this must be intended for William H. The War Department at Washington, D. C., under date of Sept. 29, 1886, report said *James* Wheeler's grave as number 1,148, in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Josiah H. Wright.—Age 25 ; born in Oswego County, N. Y. ; machinist ; enlisted from Waukegan ; discharged for disability March 18, 1863. Is a machinist and scale repairer at Des Moines, Iowa ; residence, 121 Third Street.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

COMPANY H.

BY JOSEPH L. PIERCE.

Eastern Jo Daviess County's Response—Ninety-One Men in Six Days—Voting for Officers—Parting with Friends—Rockford Rations—Trading Men with the 92d—A Sword for the Captain—First Blood for Company H—The Chickamauga Record—A Remnant Escape and are Captured—Thirty-Two Never Again in Ranks—The Atlanta Campaign—Losses Along the Line—Nashville—Recruits Arrive—A Former Lieutenant Returns as a Private—Reinforcing Russellville—A Worthy Tribute—Some Company Statistics.

COMPANY H, of the NINETY-SIXTH Regiment Illinois Volunteers, was raised in the eastern part of Jo Daviess County, the rendezvous being at Warren, Ill. The Company was recruited by the combined efforts of Alexander Burnett, Samuel H. Bayne, Joseph L. Pierce, and others ; in fact, each man, as soon as enrolled, became a recruiting officer. It is due to the patriotism of the men to say that they required but little persuading, in proof of which the records show that nearly the entire Company (ninety-one men) was enrolled in six days,—between the ninth and fifteenth of August, 1862. I must not forget to give due credit to Judge Marvin, now residing at Freeport, Ill., who rendered valuable assistance, by delivering patriotic speeches at several points in the county. The Company was composed of some of the very best material of the country,—young men just entering upon the active duties of life, with bright anticipations of a happy and prosperous future ; middle-aged men, in the very prime of life, with an established business that must either be abandoned or left to the care of their wives and children. It should be borne in mind that these were not the men who had volunteered at the first call, confident of a speedy and a bloodless victory. On the contrary, they were men who had watched the conflict with anxious hearts, and would have much preferred to have been allowed

to remain at home and follow their peaceful pursuits. It was in the very darkest days of the struggle, when the weak-kneed ones were crying, "Peace at any price," that these men offered their services,—their lives, if need be,—to the Government, for the preservation of the Union.

At the organization of the Company, Alexander Burnett was chosen Captain by a unanimous vote. A ballot for First and Second Lieutenants resulted in the election of Samuel H. Bayne for First Lieutenant, and Reuben L. Root for Second Lieutenant.

At an election held at Galena, Apple River, and Warren by the six companies from Jo Daviess County for the choice of a commander for the Regiment, the men of Company H cast their ballots for the lamented Thomas E. Champion, at that time Captain-elect of Company K, a choice of which they ever after had reason to be proud. It is the intention to give in the following pages as complete a history of the military service of every man connected with the Company as space will permit. It is with a feeling of pride that I present the record of such battle-scarred veterans as our gallant color-bearer, Sergeant M. M. Bruner, J. A. Francisco, H. S. Van Dervort, Henry F. Hastings, and others.

After the organization of the Company, many of the men returned to their homes for a few days to arrange their affairs, and in order to spend as much of their time as possible with the loved ones at home before their final departure for the field of strife, realizing as they had never before the uncertainty of life. The last days of August the Company, together with Company K, went into camp in the fair-grounds at Warren. Here, for the first time, the men took their rations soldier-fashion, *i. e.*, on tin plates, or a piece of bread in one hand and a tin cup of coffee in the other. This was, of course, a novelty, and considered no hardship. As many of the citizens and relatives of the men were at all times present during the days spent in the fair-grounds, the time was passed pleasantly, and partook more of the appearance of a holiday than of preparations for the fratricidal conflict in which they were about to engage.

The afternoon of September 3 a guard was detailed, and a camp guard was placed around inside the inclosure, and none were allowed to pass or repass unless they had written permission from their Company commander. This being the first restraint that had been put upon their freedom, the men began to realize that they were indeed soldiers. The next morning the men were early astir; breakfasts were eaten, and everything put in readiness for the trip to Rockford. Between eight and nine o'clock the men were called into line, and with a beautiful flag,—a present from the patriotic ladies of Warren,—at the head of the Company, marched to the depot to await the arrival of the train bearing the other Jo Daviess County companies, and which was to convey them to Rockford. There occurred the leave-taking between mothers and sons, wives and husbands, sisters and brothers. How thankful we should be to an allwise Providence who in mercy veiled the future from the eyes of those dear ones, and left them with the hope that when the cruel war was over they would be again united,—a hope in so many cases never to be fulfilled. But the train is at hand. "All aboard" is the word. The last silent pressure of the hand is given, with the averted head to hide the unwelcome tear, and we are off. Arrived at Rockford at 2 P.M., we are marched to Camp Fuller, where we are formed in line and sworn into the service by Lieut. Tibbatts, of the Regular Army. We were then marched to and took possession of our quarters in the barracks. Before breaking ranks the list of non-commissioned officers, which had been under careful consideration from the time of the organization, was read, as follows: First Sergeant, Joseph L. Pierce; Sergeants, George F. Barnes, Charles H. Yates, Alvin J. Francisco, Marvin F. Carpenter. Corporals, Marcellus J. Penwell, Michael Hileman, Chester J. Rees, Mathias M. Bruner, Hezekiah S. Van Dervort, Horace Gray, John A. Boothby, and Spencer W. Brown. The selections gave very general satisfaction, and the men good-naturedly dispersed to take possession of their quarters and select their bunk-mates. The next day, September 5, 1862, the Company was called into line, and, with the five other companies from Jo Daviess

County, marched to the parade ground to welcome the four companies from Lake County, with whom they were formally organized as a Regiment. The announcement that the Company had drawn the letter "H," and was to be the left center company, was made the next morning at roll-call. Captain Burnett made the announcement, and informed the men that, as one of the centre companies, it would be necessary that the Company should be promptly on the line whenever the Regiment formed, a fact which the men easily understood and never forgot. Although Company C is by courtesy called the color company, Company H is, in point of fact, none the less so, and the men of Company H considered themselves equally responsible for those colors.

September 4, 1862, Niles Carver, from Nora, a musician of some note, having enlisted as a musician in Company H, and having two sons, both drummers, in the 92d Illinois, it was proposed to exchange two of our men who would consent to the exchange for the two Carver boys. The plan was successful, and the exchange was made. The Carver boys were both excellent musicians, and were considered quite an acquisition by the Regiment.

It is not our purpose to claim for the Company superiority over any other company, nor will we yield that point to any ; but we do point with pride to its record, not only as a company, but to the record of that splendid organization of which it was an integral part,—the NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT OF ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

A very pleasant incident of our stay at Rockford took place a few days after our arrival. The men of the Company quietly made up a purse and purchased a fine sword for Captain Burnett, which was presented without ostentation. The Captain thanked the men in a few well-chosen words, which the boys knew came from the heart, and served to cement a friendship which was broken only by death.

Company H claims the first blood shed in the Regiment, which was a few days after our arrival, at Rockford. The Quartermaster had drawn an outfit of uniforms, blankets, etc., for the Regiment. They were piled on some boxes near

headquarters and a guard placed over them. The guard happened to be a member of Company H, and one that knew his duty, and would discharge that duty with fidelity. Another soldier, also a member of the Company (a worthless, dishonest fellow, who afterward deserted), was hanging around, handling the goods, etc. The guard drove him away a number of times, and warned him that if he did not keep away he would get hurt. To this warning he paid no attention, and again handled the supplies, when the guard quietly inserted the point of his bayonet under the left nipple; it struck a rib and came out under the arm. It is hardly necessary to add that the man left the supplies alone after that. The writer was soon on the ground, and upon inquiry was satisfied that the guard had only done his duty, and with a few words of commendation the matter was dismissed, and no action taken upon it.

From Camp Champion, near Newport, Ky., Company H, with four other companies, was sent forward, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Isaac L. Clarke, to Lexington, Ky., where they were joined a few days after by the other five companies, under Colonel Champion. Here many of the men were taken sick, and the first death in the Company,—that of George Bryan,—took place November 13, 1862.

Company H was present with and participated in all the movements of the Regiment up to and including the battle of Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, in this engagement suffering terribly. It went into action Sunday afternoon with thirty-one men, under Captain Joseph L. Pierce, First Lieutenant George F. Barnes, and Second Lieutenant Charles H. Yates.

Of the thirty-four who went into this action, twenty-seven were killed or more or less severely wounded. Of the others, hardly a man escaped without one or more bullets through his clothing or equipments. Every man who went into that first terrific charge displayed the coolness and courage of a veteran. Not a man flinched; not a man left the line, unless severely wounded, until ordered to do so. Many of the men, though wounded, continued to fight on. One man,

in his eagerness, shot away his rammer, and reported the fact to his Captain. There being plenty of extra guns at hand, he was soon supplied with another, and went to work in earnest. After the entire right wing had fallen back, including the colors, Company H held tenaciously to its line and continued the fight. The writer saw Colonel Champion approaching from the right, and determined to await orders. Colonel Champion came up and gave the order, "Captain Pierce, draw off your men!" "All right," was the reply. He then turned to his men and gave the order to retire. Then, for the first time, the men turned and fell back in good order, Colonel Champion and the writer stepping in in the rear of the line.

The casualties in this engagement may be stated as follows: Corporal Ward L. Morton, acting as one of the Color Guard, was instantly killed; Albert Farley was struck in the forehead and instantly killed; Corporal Henry Simons was shot through the body, dying almost immediately; First Lieutenant George F. Barnes was shot through the lungs, and died in Chattanooga October 3; James J. Curry was mortally wounded, and died in hospital at Chattanooga October 1; Corporal Thomas Morris was mortally wounded, and died at Chattanooga October 13; Thomas K. Johnson was mortally wounded, and died at Chattanooga November 10. The three last were left upon the field and fell into the hands of the enemy, but were paroled a few days later and brought within our lines. Of those wounded, Captain J. L. Pierce was hit in right arm and right side. First Sergeant John A. Francisco was struck in the left leg below the knee, another ball striking him in the side, and before the close of the fight was hit the third time, the last ball passing through the right ankle, injuring the bone to such an extent that he was never again able for duty. Sergeant M. Hileman received several shots through clothing, one striking him on the head and knocking him down. M. M. Bruner, Color Sergeant, was severely wounded in the right arm and breast, so that he was never again able for duty. Sergeant H. S. Van Dervort was shot in the leg, the ball lodging between the bones, and still

remaining there. Sergeant Charles P. Howard received a ball in the right forearm, crushing both bones; Corporal Charles L. Mettz was wounded in the hand; Corporal H. F. Hastings in the arm; Richard Cullen received a slight wound in the side; Edward McGinnis was wounded in the wrist; James Rees severely in the arm; Patrick Farrell, 1st, in the leg; Patrick Farrell, 2d, in the arm; Samuel Wilcox, in right arm; H. W. Nelson, in the shoulder; George W. Andrews, in the foot; John H. Foster, in the face; Norman P. Ward was severely wounded in the thigh and left upon the field; fell into the hands of the enemy, and was allowed by them to lie upon the ground for ten days without shelter; James McCafferty was wounded in the neck; Henson Moore was slightly wounded in the arm; Charles D. Bunce was captured. As before stated, there were thirty-one enlisted men and three officers engaged in this action. Of these, three were killed outright; four were mortally wounded, and died in a few days; ten were severely wounded, ten slightly wounded, and one captured.

It is estimated that at Chickamauga Rosecrans had 55,000 men on the field. Of these, 1,687 were killed and 9,394 wounded; that is, one man in every thirty-two killed, and one man in every six was hit. It will be seen that the casualties in Company H were largely in excess of the general average; for instance, of those killed or mortally wounded there was one out of every five; of those severely wounded, there were ten, making, with the seven killed, just one-half the men under fire. There were besides these, ten slightly wounded, or three out of every four were hit. Comment upon these figures is needless. The Company were evidently in the line of duty, and that they performed that duty in an efficient manner will not be doubted after reading the following extract from a story related by Gen. Longstreet, while on a visit to the field of Chickamauga some years after the war. He said to a friend who was riding over the field with him: "Do you see that large stump yonder? Right here, Gen. H., who commanded one of my best brigades, and who had been a judge of the Supreme Court of this his native



H. S. VAN DERVORT,
Serg't Company H.



PETER DAVISON,
Company H.



ALEX. BURNETT,
Capt. Company H.



RICHARD C. CULLEN,
Company H.



ADAM DITTMAR,
Company H.



GEO. F. BARNES,
Lient. Company H.



MYRON B. CHAMPION,
Corp'l Company K.



FRANK CARVER,
Principal Musician.

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

state, and was withal a splendid officer, came riding up to me and reported that his brigade had been annihilated ; all cut to pieces ; he had met some new troops belonging to Gen. Steedman's command. When he went into action with his brigade he was superbly mounted, and had on a new plug hat ; he came back mounted on an old artillery horse, his own having been shot under him ; he was bareheaded, and covered with dirt and dust."

Monday, September 21, some of those who had been slightly wounded on Sunday reported for duty. Some who had been on guard and a few who had been detailed for other duty returned, making in all twenty-three men present. One of these, C. W. Graham, was wounded on Monday, the 21st, while the command was getting into position on Mission Ridge. Monday night, twenty men, under the command of Lieutenant Charles H. Yates, were placed on picket, and were all captured but one,—James Forsythe,—who was killed. Charles D. Bunce had been captured during the fight Sunday afternoon. Those captured were: Lieutenant Charles H. Yates, Sergeant Michael Hileman, Corporals John A. Boothby, Patrick Flannery, and Alphonzo Marshall; Privates George W. Andrews, Richard Cullen, Daniel M. Doud, John H. Foster, Peter Hawks, William Ingersoll, Andrew Johnson, John Kerby, Nathaniel McWain, George H. Stanchfield, James M. Sallee, Adam Vroman, Edwin Vandyke, John V. Wilkerson, and Alberto Wheelock. Of these, Boothby, Flannery, Marshall, Andrews, Ingersoll, Kerby, Stanchfield, Vroman and Wheelock died in Southern prisons, and one, Edwin Vandyke, has died since he came home.

The loss to the Company in the two days may be briefly stated as follows :

Number killed or mortally wounded.....	8
Number so severely wounded as never to be able to rejoin the Com- pany	8
Number taken prisoners.....	21
Total loss.....	37
Number of those taken prisoners who died in Southern prisons.....	9
Number of prisoners who never rejoined the Company.....	7
Total	16

The remaining five rejoined the Company late in the spring of 1865, before the final muster-out.

On the morning of September 23, 1863, at roll-call, Corporal Hastings and one other man answered to the call. Corporal Hastings had been slightly wounded on Sunday, and had been excused from picket on Monday night; and R. B. Chown had been detailed for other service, and so escaped capture.

During the winter of 1863 and 1864 the Company was very small. Some of the sick and wounded returned from hospital; some who were on detached service were recalled. One recruit—James M. Curtiss—joined the Company in April, 1864, so that by the time the Atlanta campaign began the Company numbered somewhere from fourteen to seventeen men. February 25, 1864, during a sharp skirmish with the enemy before Dalton, Henson Moore was wounded in the hand. At Rocky Face Ridge, Ga., May 9, 1864, First Sergeant Chester J. Rees was severely wounded in the right arm; Wallace Andrews was also wounded in the arm, and Oscar Robbins was slightly wounded in the breast. At Kenesaw Mountain, June 20, 1864, M. J. Penwell was wounded in the left hand. June 23, 1864, Robert Burbridge was killed on the skirmish line. At Peach Tree Creek, July 20, 1864, Corporal Peter Davison was severely wounded in the right wrist. At the battle of Nashville, December 16, 1864, Sergeant H. S. Vandervort was again wounded, a ball which had passed through the head of Corporal Hamilton, of the Color-Guard, striking him in the left shoulder, and passing downward and across the back and lodging under the right shoulder blade, from which position it was extracted in September, 1865, with a portion of Hamilton's skull bone still adhering to it.

In October, 1864, six recruits enlisted in the Company, five of whom,—John O. Jacobs, L. B. Sandford, James Westwick, George Farr, and Nathaniel Jones, were from Galena, and one,—R. L. Root,—was from Warren, Ill. They joined the Company at Nashville the fore part of December, just prior to the battle of the 15th and 16th. In February, 1865,

two more recruits,—Barton C. Metz and Nicholas Thorn,—were added to the Company, and joined us at Huntsville, Ala. In April, 1865, seven more recruits were added to the rolls, and joined the Company near Knoxville, Tenn., as follows: Wesley Grice, Thomas Grice, Charles Tucker, Homer Bonham, Philo D. Potter, Millard M. Newman, and John Powell, the last a veteran who had served in the three-months service, and again in Company B, 45th Illinois, before enlisting in the NINETY-SIXTH. All were afterward transferred to the 21st Illinois.

April 16th, the day after the death of Abraham Lincoln, the Regiment being then in East Tennessee, near the line of North Carolina, Capt. Sizemore, a vindictive East Tennessee partisan and scout, came and reported that the bushwhackers had determined to attack the stockade at Russellville, thirteen miles in rear, and held by a few men of the NINETY-SIXTH, under Lieutenant Dawson, of Company F. Company H was detached from the Regiment and ordered to return to Russellville and reinforce the party in the stockade. Striking tents immediately, they left camp at sundown, and, in company with Capt. Sizemore and four or five of his men, made a lively night march of thirteen miles to Russellville. The bushwhackers did not attack, a conclusion which was entirely satisfactory to the reinforcing party. Not so with Capt. Sizemore, however; he “just wanted a chance at them.” We were joined a few days later by the Regiment. Our stay here was a very pleasant part of our service. The citizens were mostly loyal, and made it as pleasant for us as they could. After our departure from Russellville for Nashville the history of the Company is that of the Regiment, and will be left for the Regimental historian.

An analysis of the roster shows that there were on the rolls of the Company, from first to last, one hundred and nine men. Of these, ten were killed in the service, nine died in southern prisons, twenty-two died of disease during or since the war, fourteen are missing, leaving forty-three known to be living. Of those living, twenty-six are known to be drawing pensions; seven others are known to have just claims, and it

is but fair to suppose that the health of the others has been more or less broken.

In conclusion, let me say that, for genuine loyalty, courage, and devotion to duty, Company H was the peer of any organization in the service. And I take this opportunity of expressing my grateful thanks to the men for their uniform kindness to me, and for the cheerful and faithful performance of every duty under many trying circumstances. I will add that, while I feel that my heart is big enough to take in the whole NINETY-SIXTH, there will always be a warm corner reserved for the "Boys of Company H."

THE COMPANY ROSTER.

Captain Alexander Burnett.—Age 52 ; born in Franklin County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; was elected Captain at the organization of the Company ; had previously been an officer in the Ohio Militia ; was in command of the Company until about the middle of March, 1863. On the march to Duck River in pursuit of the enemy March 9, 1863, was exposed, without shelter, to a cold rain, nearly the whole of the night, contracting a severe cold, which resulted in bronchitis and loss of voice. He resigned May 27, 1863 ; never fully recovered his health, but died of consumption at Warren, Ill., March 2, 1885.

Captain Joseph L. Pierce.—Age 31 ; born in Massillon, Ohio ; druggist ; enlisted from Warren ; appointed First Sergeant upon the organization of the Company. Had previously been a member of an independent company ; was a brother of Surgeon B. G. Pierce ; their father was a soldier of the war of 1812 ; and an older brother fell in the early struggles of the "Lone Star State." At the request of Surgeon Charles Martin, Dec. 25, 1862, he was detailed as Acting Hospital Steward, and discharged the duties of that position to the entire satisfaction of the Surgeon, and, as he believes, to the satisfaction of the sick ; promoted to Second Lieutenant Feb. 6, 1863 ; detailed March 5, 1863, as Assistant Surgeon ; served as Assistant Surgeon until about April 15, 1863 ; promoted to First Lieutenant April 28, 1863 ; promoted to Captain May 27, 1863. At the battle of Chickamauga he was wounded in the right arm and in the right side, both slight wounds, and not disabling him from duty. In the winter of 1864 he contracted bronchitis and deafness, and is now nearly totally deaf. He was constantly with the Regiment, excepting during the month of November, 1864, at which time he was at home ; rejoined the Regiment at Nashville, on the 2d of December, 1864, and participated in the battle of Nashville, Dec. 15 and 16, 1864 ; m. o. with Regiment in June, 1865. At the present time is meeting with a fair measure of success as a farmer and stock raiser at Mount Vernon, Dane County, Wis.

First Lieutenant Samuel H. Bayne.—Age 26 ; born in Philadelphia ; clerk ; enlisted from Warren ; was elected First Lieutenant at the organization of the Company. He was an excellent officer, and an especial favorite with the men. He was taken ill at Danville, Ky., of typhoid fever, in January, 1863 ; partially recovering he rejoined the Company at Franklin, Tenn., in April, 1863 ; continued ill health compelled him to resign, and his resignation was accepted April 28, 1863. Is a merchant at Salem, Neb.

First Lieutenant George F. Barnes.—Age 33 ; born in Munson, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Nora ; appointed Second Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Second Lieutenant April 28, 1863, and to First Lieutenant May 27, 1863. He was mortally wounded at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863, and died at Chattanooga Oct. 3, 1863 ; his remains were taken home for interment. He was a good man and a brave officer.

First Lieutenant George Ferguson.—Age 43 ; born in Glasgow, Scotland, June 12, 1819. In early life worked as a block printer ; emigrated to Waukegan, Ill., in 1845, where he has since resided ; merchant ; enlisted in Company D ; appointed Sergeant at the organization of the Company. By strict attention to duty he early attracted the attention of Lieutenant Colonel Isaac L. Clarke, and was by him appointed Hospital Steward in April, 1863 ; he was a faithful and painstaking Steward. While on duty at the Field Hospital he attracted the attention of Gen. Stanley, and received the personal thanks and commendation of the General for his painstaking efforts for the comfort of the sick and wounded. In the spring of 1864 he was commissioned as First Lieutenant and Quartermaster of the Regiment, but was not mustered as such, that position having been filled by a detail from Company I. In the fall of 1864, was mustered as First Lieutenant of Company H, in obedience to a special order of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, said order being issued at the request of Gen. Stanley. Was in command of Company H from Oct. 20, 1864, to Dec. 2, 1864 ; m. o. with the Company in June, 1865, and now resides in Waukegan, Ill.

First Lieutenant Charles H. Yates.—Age 29 ; born in Rochester, N. Y. ; harness maker ; enlisted from Nora ; had previously served six months in the 15th Illinois ; appointed Third Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; promoted to First Sergeant April 4, 1863 ; promoted to Second Lieutenant May 27, 1863 ; was commissioned as First Lieutenant Oct. 3, 1863, but, being a prisoner of war at the time, was not mustered. He was present with the Company up to and at the battle of Chickamauga, where he bore himself bravely. Was a prisoner of war from Sept. 22, 1863, until some time in the winter of 1865, when, after one or two unsuccessful attempts to regain his liberty, by means of a plan devised by Lieut. A. T. Barnes, of the 15th Illinois, he escaped and made his way to the Union lines. Rejoined the Company in the spring of 1865, and was m. o. with Regiment in June, 1865. Present address unknown.

Second Lieutenant Reuben L. Root.—Age 26 ; born in Andover, Ohio ; mechanic ; enlisted from Warren ; was elected Second Lieutenant at the organization of the Company. He was taken sick at Danville, Ky., and resigned Feb. 6, 1863 ; returned to Warren. Recovering his health, he again enlisted as a private in the same Company Oct. 11, 1864, joining the Company at Nashville in Dec. 1864 ; was engaged with the Company at the battle of Nashville, Dec. 15 and 16, where he received two slight wounds, one ball striking the left shin and one grazing the back of his head. Promoted to Corporal in June, 1865. Transferred to Company E, 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865 ; served with that organization until Oct. 12, 1865. Mustered out at Springfield, Ill. Is engaged in mining near Denver, Col., and is a Justice of the Peace ; present P. O. address, Denver, Col.

First Sergeant John A. Francisco.—Age 21 ; born in Jackson, Michigan ; had learned the mason's trade, but at time of enlistment was studying law with Colonel Champion ; enlisted from Warren ; was appointed Fourth Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; detailed with Pioneer Corps, in April, 1863 ; but returned to the Company in three months, and was promoted to First Sergeant. At Chickamauga was wounded three times, one bullet striking his leg below the knee, bruising it so that afterward the flesh sloughed off ; he fell to the ground, but immediately got up, when he was hit a second time, the ball, although not penetrating the flesh, passing through his canteen and striking his waist belt with such force as to fracture a rib, and knock him down. He still remained with the Company, and before the close of the fight, was again struck, and knocked down, the bullet passing through his right ankle, injuring the bone, and so disabling him as to cause his discharge from the Marine Hospital, at Chicago, July 23, 1864. Is a Police Magistrate, and insurance and collection agent, at Warren, Ill.

First Sergeant Chester J. Rees.—Age 23 ; born in Lewis County, New York ; teacher ; enlisted from Rush ; was appointed Third Corporal at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Sergeant, and then to First Sergeant. Was wounded in the right arm, at Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864 ; m. o. with the Regiment June 10, 1865 ; since the war has spent several years on the Pacific Slope ; was for a time engaged in merchandising, but is now a prosperous farmer at Burlington Junction, Mo.

Sergeant Michael Hileman.—Age 42 ; born in Pennsylvania ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush ; was appointed Second Corporal at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Sergeant, April 4, 1863. At the battle of Chickamauga, he received six balls in his clothing and equipments, one passing through his hat, grazing his head, and knocking him down ; none of them were severe enough to disable him from duty. He was, with others of the Company, taken prisoner Sept. 22, 1863, while on guard on Mission Ridge. He was confined in the Royster House at Richmond, until Dec. 13, 1863 ; at Danville, Va., until April 20, 1864 ; in Andersonville, from April until Sept. 21, 1864 ; at Charleston, S. C., until Nov. 30, 1864 ;

removed to Florence, S. C., and paroled in Dec. 1864; afterward exchanged, and rejoined the Company in April, 1865. For a more extended account of his prison experience see Chapter XXXII; m. o. with the Regiment. Is a prosperous farmer and town officer at Eldorado, Buffalo County, Dak.

Sergeant Marvin F. Carpenter.—Age 40; born in Washington County, New York; farmer; enlisted from Rush; appointed Fifth Sergeant at the organization of the Company; was taken sick at Danville, Ky., and discharged for disability April 27, 1863. Is a well to do farmer, near Nora, Ill.

Sergeant Mathias M. Bruner.—Age 34; born in Philadelphia; blacksmith; enlisted from Millville; appointed Fourth Corporal at the organization of the Company. By his soldierly qualities and prompt discharge of all duties, he attracted the attention of the Commanding Officer, was promoted to Sergeant, and assigned to duty as Color Sergeant; a position which he filled with honor, and to the entire satisfaction of the Commanding Officer, until he was stricken down at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863; a bullet having shattered his right arm, and entered his breast. He was a splendid specimen of the soldier, being six feet one and one half inches high, well proportioned, without any surplus flesh and brave as the bravest. He never entirely recovered from his wounds, but was discharged for wounds from hospital Jan. 22, 1864. Resides at Apple River, Ill.

Sergeant H. S. Van Dervort.—Age 28; born in Pennsylvania; farmer; enlisted from Gratiot; was appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company; promoted to Sergeant. At Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, was shot in the right leg, below the knee, the bullet lodging between the bones, so that it could not be removed, and he still carries it; rejoined the Company in May, 1864, and participated in all the battles and skirmishes of the Atlanta Campaign. At the battle of Nashville, Dec. 16, 1864, he was wounded in a singular manner; a bullet which had passed through the head of Corporal Hamilton, of Company C, one of the Color Guard, striking him in the left shoulder, passing along his back just outside the spine, and lodging under his right shoulder blade, from which position it was extracted eight months afterward, and two months after his return home, a fragment of Hamilton's skull bone still adhering to it. Early in the spring of 1865 he returned to the Company, and was m. o. with the Regiment. Since his discharge from the service he has been one of the most active business men of Warren, Ill.

Sergeant Charles P. Howard.—Age 18; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Warren; promoted to Corporal, and then to Sergeant. At Chickamauga was severely wounded in the arm. Was for some time employed in the Quarter Master's department; returned to the Company in the spring of 1865, and was m. o. with the Regiment. Is a resident of Longmont, Boulder County, Col., and in prosperous circumstances.

Sergeant Henry F. Hastings.—Age 20; born in Lafayette, Wis.; farmer; enlisted from Morseville; promoted to Corporal, and then to Sergeant; was slightly wounded at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863. After the battle at Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864, he was detailed as Sergeant of the picket guard, and with the guard was the last to cross the bridge before it was fired, and became a part of the rear guard to Nashville that night. Was never absent from the Regiment from the time it left Rockford until m. o. in June, 1865. Is a merchant at Perry, Iowa.

Corporal Marcellus J. Penwell.—Age 26; born in Fayette County, Indiana; farmer; enlisted from Plum River; appointed First Corporal at the organization of the Company. At Danville, Ky., while in charge of a detail to cut and haul wood, in assisting to load some heavy sticks, his foot slipped, straining him in the groin, resulting in a serious rupture, from which he never recovered. At Kenesaw Mountain, June 20, 1864, was wounded in the left hand. During the fall and winter of 1864 and 1865, was on duty as cattle guard at Division Headquarters. M. O. with the Regiment. Crossed the plains in 1866, narrowly escaping death at the hands of the Indians. Died at Webster City, Iowa, Dec. 17, 1871, of strangulated hernia. Is buried at Shullsburg, Wis.

Corporal Horace Gray.—Age 29; born in Geauga County, Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Ward's Grove; appointed Sixth Corporal at the organization of the Company; was taken sick soon after the Regiment entered Kentucky; never recovered his health; was discharged April 1, 1863, for disability, and died a few days after reaching home.

Corporal John A. Boothby.—Age 18; born in Ashtabula County, Ohio; painter; enlisted from Warren; appointed Seventh Corporal at the organization of the Company; taken prisoner on Mission Ridge Sept. 22, 1863, and died in prison at Danville, Va., Dec. 25, 1863, from the effects of cold and exposure, as is asserted by his comrades. Is buried in the National Cemetery at Danville, Va.

Corporal Spencer W. Brown.—Age 32; born in Otsego County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Wayne, Wis.; appointed Eighth Corporal at the organization of the Company. While in camp at Danville, Ky., he was accidentally wounded in the knee joint by a sharp pointed pocket knife in the hands of a comrade, resulting in his having epileptic fits, and causing his discharge from the hospital, for disability, Feb. 9, 1863; has never recovered his health. Is living in Iowa City, Iowa.

Corporal Ward L. Morton.—Age 35; born in Freeman, Franklin County, Me.; farmer; enlisted from Warren; promoted to Corporal. He was instantly killed at the battle of Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863, while acting as Color Guard.

Corporal Patrick Flannery.—Age 24; born in Ireland; farmer; enlisted from Warren; promoted to Corporal. He was captured, with others of the Company, on Mission Ridge, Sept. 22, 1863, and died in prison at Richmond, Va., Dec. 8, 1863; is buried in the National Ceme-

tery at Richmond. He was a model soldier, and one of the neatest and most painstaking men in the Regiment, his clothing, arms and equipments being always in order.

Corporal Alphonzo Marshall.—Age 19; born in Washington County, Vt.; farmer; enlisted from Nora; promoted to Corporal. He was captured on Mission Ridge, with the Company, Sept. 22, 1863. Died in Andersonville Prison in May, 1864, from the effects of "Man's inhumanity to man"; is buried in the National Cemetery at Andersonville, Ga.

Corporal Henry Simons.—Age 18; born in Green County, Wis.; farmer; enlisted from Gratiot; promoted to Corporal. At the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, he was shot through the body and left upon the field, dying almost immediately. Always cheerful, ready and prompt to discharge every duty, he was an excellent soldier.

Corporal Thomas Morris.—Age 22; born in Ireland; farmer; enlisted from Gratiot; promoted to Corporal. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863, and fell into the hands of the enemy, but was paroled a few days later and brought within our lines. Died in hospital at Chattanooga Oct. 13, 1863.

Corporal Charles L. Mettz.—Age 22; born in Calhoun County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Warren. During the march from Danville, Ky., to Lebanon and return, was injured in the right leg and foot, resulting in varicose veins, from which he has never recovered; remained with the Company, and at the battle of Chickamauga was wounded in the left hand, disabling three fingers; was promoted to Corporal Jan. 31, 1864, for meritorious conduct at the battle of Chickamauga; m. o. with Regiment. Was a member of the Nebraska Legislature from 1872 to 1874. Present occupation, dry-goods merchant, at Falls City, Richardson County, Neb.

Corporal Abner C. Bryan.—Age 28; born in Geauga County, Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Ward's Grove; promoted to Corporal; was with the Company most of the time, but escaped wounds; suffered a dislocation of the shoulder in a friendly scuffle with a comrade, which has always given him more or less trouble; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Geneva, Iowa.

Corporal Peter Davison.—Age 21; born in Norway; blacksmith; enlisted from Warren; was with the Company until July 24, 1863, when he was detailed as blacksmith at Brigade Headquarters; after the battle of Chickamauga the Company was so reduced that all the men on detail were recalled, and he returned Nov. 13, 1863, and remained until February, 1864, when he was detailed to the Pioneer Corps; returned to the Company in April, 1864. At Peach Tree Creek, July 20, 1864, was severely wounded in the right wrist, and was sent to Joe Holt Hospital, Jeffersonville, Ind.; the wound healed slowly, and he was discharged from the hospital May 30, 1865, by reason of the close of the war. After his return he, with his brother, established blacksmith and wagon shops at Wiota,

Wis., and built up quite a business. In 1881 he went to Elkhart, Ind., where he is now running a blacksmith and machine shop.

Corporal Andrew Johnson.—Age 23; born in Norway; farmer; enlisted from Gratiot; was with the Regiment in all of its movements until after the battle of Chickamauga, where "Johnny put a bullet through my hat." Was captured on Mission Ridge Sept. 22, 1863; confined in Richmond, Va., until Dec. 13, 1863; in Danville, Va., until April 12, 1864, and in Andersonville until Sept. 21, 1864; was then taken to Charleston and Florence, S. C., and finally exchanged at Savannah, Ga., Dec. 9, 1864; returned to command in the spring of 1865, and was promoted to Corporal; m. o. with Regiment. Is a farmer at Browntown, Green County, Wis.

Corporal Patrick Farrell.—Age 24; born in Ireland; farmer; enlisted from Warren; was wounded in the arm at Chickamauga, but soon returned to the command and served to the close of the war; promoted to Corporal; m. o. with Regiment. Is understood to be in Texas.

Musician Niles Carver.—Age 24; born in Kenebec County, Me.; hotelkeeper; enlisted from Nora; appointed Principal Musician at the organization of the Regiment; served as such until Jan. 20, 1864, when he was discharged. Is farming at Blanchard, Page County, Iowa.

Musician Eugene Carver.—Age 12; born in Milo, Me.; son of Niles Carver; enlisted in the 92d Illinois, but was, with his brother Frank, transferred to Company II, in exchange for two men of Company H—Thos. H. Bartlett and Robert Heywood—who were transferred to the 92d Illinois. He was for a time the "Drummer Boy" of the NINETY-SIXTH, and a good one. At Nashville, Tenn., was taken sick and sent to hospital, and discharged March 7, 1863; after his discharge he returned to the Company, and would have re-enlisted, but he was so young that the writer objected, but kept him in his employ until late in the summer of 1863. After he came home he had the misfortune to lose a leg by the cars. Is Deputy County Clerk in Santa Rosa, Cal.

Musician Franklin Carver.—Age 17; born in Milo, Me.; he, with his brother Eugene, enlisted in Company G, 92d Illinois, but their father having enlisted in Company H, an exchange of men was arranged, and they were transferred to Company H, NINETY-SIXTH Illinois, in return for Thos. H. Bartlett and Robert Heywood, who were transferred to the 92d Illinois. May 23, 1863, Frank was appointed Principal Musician, and served as such until the m. o. of the Regiment at Camp Harker, June 10, 1865. Is farming in Nodaway County, Mo.; post office address, Blanchard, Page County, Iowa.

Isaac Addudle.—Age 19; born in Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Plum River; was an excellent soldier and noted for his high moral character. He died in the Regimental Hospital at Estell Springs, Tenn., Aug. 31, 1863, and was buried with military honors. His father came after his remains and removed them to his home at Plum River, Ill.

Wallace Andrews.—Age 25 ; born in Cleveland, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Nora. At Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864, he was wounded in the right arm ; m. o. with the Company, June 10, 1865, and died a few years ago in Iowa.

George W. Andrews.—Age 21 ; born in Cleveland, Ohio ; enlisted from Nora ; farmer ; was wounded in the foot early in the first charge at Chickamauga, but remained with the Company, and continued to fight until the close of the battle ; reported for duty the next day, and was captured with the Company Sept. 22, 1863 ; was a prisoner at Richmond, Va., until April, 1864, when he was taken to Andersonville, where he died in June of that year.

Frederick Briggs.—Age 40 ; born in Rutland, Vt. ; farmer ; enlisted from Pleasant Valley. Deserted Sept. 9, 1863.

Thos. H. Bartlett.—Age 30 ; born in Sangamon County, Illinois ; miner ; enlisted from Millville ; was transferred to the 92d Illinois at Rockford, Ill. ; served with that organization until the close of the war ; resides at Apple River, Ill.

Wm. B. Bryan.—Age 23 ; born in Geauga County, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Stockton ; at Lookout Mountain a ball passed through his roll of blankets and cartridge box strap, but without injury to him. In a skirmish near Dalton in Feb., 1864, a ball passed through his hat without injuring him ; served until the close of the war ; m. o. with the Regiment. Resides at Geneva, Franklin County, Iowa, where he is a well to do farmer, and nicely fixed, but unable to perform any manual labor by reason of disease contracted in the service.

George Bryan.—Age 21 ; born in Geauga County, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Ward's Grove ; was the youngest of three brothers, all belonging to the same Company ; was taken sick at Lexington, Ky., and died in hospital November 13, 1862 ; is buried in the Lexington City Cemetery.

Robert Burbridge.—Age 35 ; born in Illinois ; enlisted from Millville ; miner ; was killed on the skirmish line near Kenesaw Mountain, June 23, 1864 ; is buried in the National Cemetery at Marietta, Ga.

Charles D. Bunce.—Age 31 ; born in Wayne County, N. Y. ; enlisted from Ward's Grove ; farmer ; captured at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863 ; remained a prisoner until Dec. 16, 1864, when he was exchanged ; rejoined the Company in the spring of 1865, and was m. o. with the Regiment June 10, 1865. Is living at Ames, Iowa.

Handford W. Crissey.—Age 39 ; born in Broom County, Conn. ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush. He had previously been a soldier in the war with Mexico ; was unwell much of the time after the Regiment left Rockford, but remained with the Company until May, 1863 ; was discharged for disability, June 8, 1863 ; never recovered his health, but died a short time after at his home in Rush, Jo Daviess County, Ill.

Erastus A. Charter.—Age 19; born in Hartford, Conn.; farmer; enlisted from Gratiot; served for a time as Ambulance driver, and was for some time an Orderly for Capt. Starkweather, of the Quarter Master's Department; m. o. with the Regiment. Lives at Warren, Ill., near which place he owns a farm and valuable lead mine.

James J. Curry.—Age 23; born in Lexington, Ky.; farmer; enlisted from Stockton; had previously served nine months in Company E, 15th Illinois; was mortally wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, and left on the field; about ten days after he was paroled and brought into the Union lines, and died in hospital at Chattanooga, Oct. 1, 1863.

Richard B. Chown.—Age 18; born in Canada; farmer; enlisted from Stockton. During a hurried march in the summer of 1864, was prostrated with sunstroke, which so affected his eyes that he is nearly blind; served with the Company in all its marches until the close of the war; m. o. with the Regiment. For cheerfulness and good humor, under all circumstances, commend me to "Dick." Resides at Lanark, Carroll County, Ill.

Lucius C. Crowell.—Age 37; born in Angelica, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Nora; was a man of high moral character and full of patriotism, but unable to endure the fatigue and exposure incident to a soldier's life. After partially recovering from two or three attacks of disease, he was taken ill with lung fever, and died at Chattanooga, Nov. 3, 1863.

Richard C. Cullen.—Born in the County of Wicklow, Ireland, Sept. 28, 1848; enlisted from Warren Aug. 14, 1862, being at that time less than 14 years of age, although he looked and reported as 18 years of age; came to this country with his father in 1851; his father dying in 1856, he was left an orphan at eight years of age, his mother having died in Ireland. Was with the Company in all its marches up to and including the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, where he had his haversack shot away, containing his rations for three days, which he had drawn that morning; two days later he was captured with his Company, and taken to Richmond; confined in the Pemberton Prison and the Royster Prison; at the latter place was taken with the small-pox and sent to hospital near Richmond, Dec. 13, 1863; in Feb., 1864, was removed to Belle Isle; paroled March 22, 1865; joined the Company in the spring of 1865; m. o. with the Company. Has been Constable for eight years, Justice of the Peace four years; Chairman of the Town Board for the last three years; Chairman of the County Bridge Committee two years; was School Clerk and Treasurer for a number of years; and is at present Adjutant of Cullen Post No. 176, G. A. R. at Gratiot, Wis. Is a prosperous farmer and influential citizen. Postoffice address, Warren, Ill.

William Conley.—Age 22; born in Oneida County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Warren; was taken ill at Lexington, Ky., and died in hospital at Nashville, April 22, 1863. Is buried in the National Cemetery at Nashville.

Chas. F. Connery.—Age 21 ; born in Wiota, Wis. ; farmer ; enlisted from Gratiot, Wis. ; was accidentally wounded in the hand at Fort Shaler, Kentucky ; served during the summer of 1863 with the 18th Ohio Battery, until after the battle of Chickamauga, when he was sent back to Nashville after horses, and was taken with the small-pox and sent to hospital ; rejoined the Company in the spring of 1865 ; m. o. with the Regiment. He says the only official position he has held since the war was Postmaster at Durand, Ill, and adds, that he did not hold that long after Cleveland got in the saddle. Is blacksmithing at Durand, Ill.

William W. Crocker.—Age 33 ; was born in Pennsylvania ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; sent to hospital in March, 1863 ; and transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Dec. 12, 1863. Resides at Shenandoah, Iowa.

Oscar W. Dunton.—Age 31 ; born in Franklin County, Vt. ; enlisted from Stockton ; farmer ; served as ambulance driver for a time, but his health failing, he was discharged for disability, Feb. 4, 1863. Present address unknown.

Joseph P. Davis.—Age 19 ; born in St. Louis, Mo. ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover ; died in hospital at Nashville, Tenn., March 18, 1863. Is buried in the National Cemetery at Nashville.

Daniel M. Doud.—Age 37 ; born in Burlington, Vt. ; mason ; enlisted from Warren ; served for a time with the 18th Ohio Battery ; returned to the Company in July, 1863, and remained with the Company until after the battle of Chickamauga ; was captured two days later, with others of the Company, taken to Richmond and confined in the Pemberton Prison ; taken to Belle Isle, thence to Danville, Va. ; thence to Andersonville and Florence, and from there to Charleston, where he was exchanged in November, 1864 ; m. o. at Springfield, Ill., May 27, 1865. Resides at Tecumseh, Johnson County, Neb.

Adam Dittmar.—Age 19 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Pleasant Valley ; was taken sick late in the summer of 1863, and sent to hospital ; transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, and discharged at the close of the war. Is on the Police Force in Chicago, and resides at No. 2409 Wentworth Avenue.

Thomas J. Edwards.—Age 24 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; taken sick in the summer of 1863 ; sent to hospital ; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Present address unknown.

Albert Farley.—Age 16 ; born in Canada ; farmer ; enlisted from Nora ; was never absent from the Company for a day, except for guard or fatigue duty ; always ready, prompt and cheerful up to the very moment of his death. At the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, the writer noticed him working like a little hero, as he was, and stepped up and gave him a kindly word of encouragement, to which he replied pleasantly and cheerfully ; but alas ! the next moment he fell at his commander's feet, and looked up in his face ; I shall never forget

that look ; a bullet had struck him in the forehead, and his spirit had passed over to the other shore.

James Forsythe.—Age 24 ; born in Harding County, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Millville ; was with the Company up to and including the battle of Chickamauga ; was killed on Mission Ridge Sept. 22, 1863, when the other men of the Company were captured. His remains are interred in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga.

Patrick Farrell, 1st.—Age 27 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; was wounded in the leg at the battle of Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863 ; the wound soon healed, and he returned to the Company, and participated in the Atlanta campaign ; m. o. with the Regiment. Returned to Warren, and engaged in farming ; when last heard from was at Grundy Center, Grundy County, Iowa.

Alvin B. Foss.—Age 16 ; born in Maine ; enlisted from Nora ; had previously served in Company B, 45th Illinois, from Sept. 4, 1861, until May 9, 1862. In August, 1864, was wounded in the shoulder, slightly ; he afterward lost his voice, and could only speak in a whisper for some months after his discharge ; had a brother who was a member of Company K, and his father was a member of another regiment, and is supposed to be the oldest Grand Army man living. The father and two sons reside at Randall, Jewell County, Kansas.

John H. Foster.—Age 18 ; born in Albany, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; at the battle of Chickamauga was slightly wounded on the right cheek, but reported for duty the next day, and was captured, with others, Sept. 22, and confined in Libby, at Andersonville, Millen, Florence, Savannah, Ga., and at Wilmington, N. C. ; m. o. at Springfield, Ill., May 24, 1865. Is a manufacturer of fertilizers at Marietta, Ohio ; office at No. 89 East Front Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Francis L. Flanders.—Age 19 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; served with the Company until September, 1863 ; in July, 1863, while carrying water up the bank of the stream at Wartrace, slipped and caused a rupture in the groin ; sent to hospital Sept. 6, 1863 ; never rejoined the Company ; m. o. June 8, 1865. Studied medicine after he came home, and is now a physician at 601 East Sixteenth Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Charles W. Graham.—Age 28 ; born in Jefferson County, Mo. ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren. In his memoranda for personal sketch, Mr. Graham says : "I was wounded Sept. 21, 1863, at Chickamauga, on the skirmish line ; a ball struck my gun and right hand, glanced and tore the flesh on my left arm ; I was then taken prisoner, but eluded the guard and came down Chickamauga Creek to Chattanooga." He was in hospital at Nashville for some time ; never rejoined the Company ; m. o. at Chicago in the spring of 1865. Is farming near Collins, Wis.

Edward W. Gates.—Age 18 ; born in Aurora, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Morseville ; served with the Company until September, 1863, when

he was sent to hospital ; transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps ; m. o. at Milwaukee, Wis. Is farming at Plum River, Ill.

Robert Haywood.—Age 37 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; was transferred to the 92d Illinois at Rockford, Ill., in exchange for one of the Carver boys. His service with that organization was about six months. Present address unknown.

Peter Hawks.—Age 18 ; born in Pennsylvania ; enlisted from Warren ; farmer ; was accidentally wounded in the hand at Danville, Ky. ; was taken prisoner Sept. 22, 1863, with others ; was soon exchanged, and returned to the Company in the spring of 1865 ; was transferred to the 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865 ; served with that organization until Dec. 16, 1865. Resides at Chapin, Iowa.

William Ingersoll.—Age 20 ; born in Calhoun County, Ill. ; enlisted from Warren ; farmer ; was taken prisoner Sept. 22, 1863 ; was taken to Richmond about the 1st of October, 1863 ; removed to Danville, Va., Dec. 13, 1863. It is reported by his comrades that he was vaccinated with impure virus and died from the effects Jan. 17, 1864. Is buried in National Cemetery at Danville, Va.

Thomas K. Johnson.—Age 20 ; born in Pennsylvania ; enlisted from Warren ; harness maker. He was a small sized man but every inch a soldier ; could endure more fatigue than the majority, and performed every duty cheerfully. The Regiment never went into camp but "Tommy" was in his place with as heavy a knapsack as the best of them. He was severely wounded at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, and left upon the field, falling into the hands of the enemy ; was paroled a few days later and brought inside the Union lines. It was hoped for a time that he would recover, but his wound took an unfavorable turn. and he died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 10, 1863 ; is buried in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga.

William Klaproth.—Age 30 ; born in Hanover, Germany ; had served in the Prussian Army ; came to this country in 1856 ; married in 1860 ; enlisted from Wayne, Wis. ; farmer ; was taken ill with some obscure disease of the stomach, in Sept. 1863, and sent to hospital at Nashville ; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps ; m. o. at New Albany, Ind., July 8, 1865 ; never recovered his health, but died of cancer of the stomach June 10, 1874.

John Kerby.—Age 17 ; born in England ; enlisted from Gratiot ; farmer ; was almost constantly on duty with the Company, until after the battle of Chickamauga ; was engaged in that battle and bore his part nobly ; was taken prisoner, with others of the Company, on Mission Ridge, Sept. 22, 1863 ; and after being confined in several prisons, died in Andersonville, Aug. 14, 1864. Is buried in National Cemetery at Andersonville, Ga.

Henson Moore.—Age 29 ; born in Virginia ; enlisted from Millville ; farmer ; was slightly wounded in the arm at Chickamauga, and again in

the hand in a skirmish near Dalton, Feb. 25, 1864; discharged May 17, 1865. Resides at Waseca, Minn.

Nathaniel McWain.—Age 23; born in Pawlet, Vt.; enlisted from Millville; farmer; served with the Company until after the battle of Chickamauga, where he was wounded in the leg, but not disabled, and had three bullets through his clothes and one through his haversack; taken prisoner at Mission Ridge Sept. 22, 1863; remained a prisoner until near the close of the war, when he was exchanged and discharged, after seventeen months at Danville, Andersonville, Charleston and Florence prisons. Has held several township offices since the war, and is farming at Dorset, Vt.

Edward McGinnis.—Age 18; born in Ireland; enlisted from Warren; farmer; was severely wounded in the wrist at Chickamauga, and sent to hospital; afterward transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged from hospital May 6, 1865. Residence, Salem, Neb.

James McCafferty.—Age 18; born in Ireland; farmer; enlisted at Rockford, Ill., Oct. 1, 1862, from Nora; was badly wounded at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, and sent to hospital; returned to the Company in the spring of 1864, and served through the Atlanta Campaign; was taken ill and sent to hospital Dec. 7, 1864; returned to Company and was m. o. June 10, 1865; died in Nora in 1881.

Hiram P. Millett.—Age 23; born in Wayne County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Plum River was detailed in the Pioneer Corps April 7, 1863, and transferred to the 1st U. S. V. V. Engineers July 29, 1864, where he served until the close of the war; m. o. at Chattanooga in June, 1865. Resides at Plum River, Ill.

Hiram W. Nelson.—Age 15; born in Rock County, Wis.; clerk; enlisted from Plum River; at Chickamauga was hit four times, as follows: One ball lodged in haversack; one struck waist-belt buckle, breaking it in two pieces; one tore heel of shoe off, and one broke the bone of his left arm; was sent to hospital, and never rejoined the Company. In the spring of 1865 served as Orderly for Gen. Court Martial at Nashville, of which Colonel Champion was President; was discharged from hospital May 20, 1865. Has been Street Commissioner of Springfield, Mo.; City Marshal of Marionville, Mo., and is now clerking in Pierce City, Lawrence County, Mo.

Ranslaer Post.—Age 31; born in Allegheny County, N. Y.; enlisted from Millville; discharged for disability in May, 1863, and died soon after the war closed. *in hospital at Chicago July 23, 1863.*

Sherman W. Perham.—Age 18; born in Trumbull County, Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Wayne, Wis.; was never able to endure the hardships of a soldier's life; discharged for disability March 7, 1863; never recovered, but died a short time after reaching home.

COMPANY H.



JAMES M. SALLEE.
Corp'l ANDREW JOHNSON.

Serg't H. F. HASTINGS.
First Lieut. GEORGE G. FERGUSON.
First Serg't CHESTER J. REES.

NORMAN P. WARD.
Corp'l M. J. PENWELL.

OF THE
SERVICES OF RACONNA.

Theophilus Pettibone.—Age 36 ; born in Hartford, Conn. ; carpenter ; enlisted from Warren ; was detailed in Pioneer Corps, April 7, 1863, and was transferred to 1st U. S. V. V. Engineers, July 25, 1864, where he served till the close of the war. Resides at Warren, Ill.

James Rees.—Age 33 ; born in Lewis County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush. At the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, he received a severe wound in the left arm near the elbow ; never was able for duty again, and was discharged from hospital at Chicago, June 25, 1864. Is a mail agent, and resides at Glendale, Lewis County, N. Y.

Ransom Richards.—Age 29 ; born in Allegheny County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; never could adapt his digestive organs to army rations ; was discharged for disability Sept. 19, 1863 ; afterward enlisted in the 45th Illinois, and died at New Albany, Ind., Feb. 24, 1865.

Oscar Robbins.—Age 20 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Gratiot, Wis. ; was for a time teamster in the supply train, but was with the Regiment in a number of engagements ; at Rocky Face Ridge was struck by a bullet in the breast, but only slightly bruised ; m. o. with the Regiment. Is farming near Warren, Ill.

John Reardon.—Age 22 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Gratiot, Wis. ; deserted from the steamer at Fort Donalson, Feb. 4, 1863, while *en route* to Nashville.

George H. Stanchfield.—Age 27 ; born in Milo, Me. ; mason ; enlisted from Nora ; was an excellent soldier ; served with the Company up to and including the battle of Chickamauga ; was captured Sept. 22, 1863, with others of the Company, and died in Andersonville Prison, June 26, 1864. No. of grave, 2532.

Finley Smith.—Age 28 ; born in Coshocton County, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Stockton ; was attacked with rheumatism soon after entering the service. It being evident that he would never be able to endure the hardships of the service, he was discharged for disability, July 30, 1863. Resides at Battle Creek, Iowa.

James M. Sallee.—Age 18 ; born at Benton, Lafayette County, Wis., April 2, 1844, and, as he facetiously puts it, "came within one of being born an April fool ;" farmer ; enlisted from Rush ; was with the Company in every skirmish and battle until two days after Chickamauga, when he was taken prisoner with others of the Company ; was confined in various Southern prisons for a period of seventeen months and over ; exchanged March 4, 1865, at Wilmington, N. C., and was discharged at Chicago in May following ; is Clerk of the District Court at Phillipsburg, Phillips County, Kan.

Adam Vroman.—Age 35 ; born in Canada West ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush ; was taken prisoner Sept. 22, 1863 ; and died in Andersonville in May, 1864.

Edwin Van Dyke.—Age 31 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; miner ; enlisted from Millville ; was with the Company most of the time up to the 22d of Sept., 1863, when he was captured with others, and spent a year and five months in Southern prisons ; was present at the battle of Chickamauga, where he was conspicuous for his coolness and bravery ; never rejoined the Company after his capture ; was discharged from hospital at Springfield, Ill., July 22, 1865 ; never recovered from the effects of his prison life, and died at Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 6, 1885.

Joseph T. Vick.—Age 20 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush. Early in the winter of 1862 and 1863, while at Lexington, Ky., was taken ill with the measles, and at Danville, Ky., was afflicted with partial paralysis of one arm ; and discharged for disability, Dec. 29, 1862 ; is engaged in farming near Warren, Ill.

John V. Wilkerson.—Age 18 ; born in Scott County, Iowa ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; was captured while on duty, with others of the Company, on Mission Ridge, Sept. 22, 1863 ; was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy until the spring of 1865 ; never returned to the Company ; was m. o. at Springfield, June 24, 1865 ; resides at Indian Valley, Idaho, where he is a successful farmer and breeder of horses.

Samuel Wilcox.—Age 23 ; born in Sangamon County, Ill., farmer ; enlisted from Wayne, Wis. ; at the battle of Chickamauga was wounded in the arm ; the wound soon healed and he returned to the Company, and served through the Atlanta campaign. In the fall of 1864, was furloughed home for a short time ; on his return in the winter of 1865, at Huntsville, Ala., he was taken with the small pox, and sent to hospital ; partially recovered, but had a relapse, and died in hospital at Huntsville, January 28, 1865.

John E. Wilson.—Age 19 ; born in Sciota County, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; was taken ill with the measles at Lexington, Ky., in November, 1862 ; his lungs became affected, and he was discharged from hospital at Nashville, Tenn., April 30, 1863, for disability, and died at his home in June, 1863.

Alberto Wheelock.—Age 34 ; born in Jefferson County, New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Millville ; was taken prisoner Sept. 22, 1863, and died in Andersonville, May 10, 1864 ; is buried in the National Cemetery at Andersonville, Ga.

Norman P. Ward.—Age 19 ; born in Pennsylvania ; farmer ; enlisted from Ward's Grove ; was both a good man and a good soldier. At the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, he was severely wounded in the right thigh, and remained a prisoner for ten days, when he was paroled ; never returned to the Company ; was discharged from hospital at Springfield, Ill., June 20, 1865 ; lives on a small farm near La Plata, Macon County, Mo. ; and has poor health.

Solomon H. R. Zuck.—Age 41 ; born in Erie, Penn. ; wagon maker ; enlisted from Millville ; was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps in

January, 1864; finally m. o. at New Albany, Ind., in June, 1865; died at Apple River, Ill., June 24, 1875.

RECRUITS TO COMPANY H.

Homer Bonham.—Age 18; born in Grant County, Wis.; farmer; enlisted from Galena, Ill., April 10, 1865; was transferred to Company E., 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865.

James M. Curtis.—Age 18; born in La Grange County, Ind.; farmer; enlisted from Hanover, Ill., March 22, 1864; although a recruit, he fell naturally into the ways of the old veterans; made an excellent soldier; served throughout the Atlanta campaign, and on every march and battle until June 9, 1865, when he was transferred to the 21st Illinois; served with that command until Dec., 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas; returned to Indiana, and for a time engaged in merchandizing. In the fall of 1871 went to Wakeeney, Kan., where at Christmas he was married to a very estimable young lady. In 1874, the grasshoppers having destroyed the crops, he went with his team to Arkansas to work until time to put in another crop, and was drowned in Horsehead Creek, Feb. 27, 1875; it is supposed he fell in while having a fit of epilepsy; to which he was subject, having had his first one in April, 1864, soon after he joined the Company.

George C. Farr.—Age 16; born in England; carpenter; enlisted from Galena, Oct. 8, 1864; joined the Company in Dec. 1864, and served with it until June 9th, 1865, when he was transferred to the 21st Illinois; m. o. Oct. 12, 1865, at Victoria, Texas; resides at Spencer, Iowa.

Wesley Grice.—Age 42; born in Pennsylvania; cooper; enlisted from Galena, April 3, 1865; joined the Company near Knoxville, Tenn., in April, 1865; was transferred to the 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865; served with that Regiment until Dec. 16, 1865, when he was m. o. at San Antonio, Texas; is farming at Ackley, Iowa.

Thomas Grice.—Age 17; born in Ashland, Ohio; cooper; enlisted from Galena, Ill., April 3, 1865; joined the Company near Knoxville, Tenn., in April, 1865; was transferred to the 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865; served with that Regiment until Dec. 16, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas; is a cooper at Wyandotte, Kansas.

Nathaniel Jones.—Age 40; born in New York; sawyer; enlisted from Galena, Oct. 8, 1864; was transferred to the 21st Illinois Veterans June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 12, 1865.

John O. Jacobs.—Age 24; born in Indiana; enlisted from Galena, Ill., Oct. 7, 1864; engineer; was transferred to the 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865; served with that command until Oct. 12, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, and is reported to have been drowned while on his way home.

Barton C. Metz.—Age 28; born in Calhoun County, Ill.; harness maker; enlisted from Whiteside County, Ill., Feb. 9, 1865; joined the

Company in the spring of 1865, in East Tennessee; was transferred to the 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865; served as Division harness maker most of the time until m. o. Dec. 16, 1865, at San Antonio, Texas; is still in the harness business, at Salem, Nebraska, where he is an influential citizen.

Millard M. Newman.—Age 18; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Galena, April 10, 1865; was transferred to Company E, 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865; m. o. at Springfield, Ill., Aug. 14, 1865; resides at Edgewood, Iowa.

Philo D. Potter.—Age 18; born in Oneida County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Galena, April 10, 1865; was transferred to Company E, 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865.

John Powell.—Age 20; born in Pennsylvania; enlisted from Warren, April 4, 1865. He had previously enlisted at the first call for three months men, in April, 1861; and in August, 1861, re-enlisted in Company "B" 45th Illinois; was discharged for disability Nov. 10, 1862; recovering his health he enlisted in Company "H" April 4, 1865; was transferred to the 21st Illinois June 9, 1865, where he served until Dec. 16, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas; is farming near Apple River, Ill.

Reuben L. Root.—Age 28; enlisted from Galena, Ill., Oct. 11, 1864; promoted to Corporal; transferred to 21st Illinois. (See sketch of Second Lieutenant R. L. Root, this Company.)

Lucien B. Sanford.—Age 19; born in Allegheny County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Forrester, Oct. 8, 1864; was transferred to the 21st Illinois Veterans June 9, 1865; promoted to Corporal and served with that command until Oct. 12, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas; resides at Fountain City, Wis.

Charles Tucker.—Age 28; born in Monroe County, N. Y.; carpenter; enlisted from Courtland April 4, 1865; was transferred to the 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865.

Nicholas Thain.—Age 23; born in Germany; farmer; enlisted from Derinda, Ill., Feb. 8, 1865; transferred to the 21st Illinois Veterans, June 9, 1865; served with that organization until Dec. 16, 1865, when he was honorably discharged; resides at Derinda, Jo Daviess County, Ill.

James Westwick.—Age 20; born in England; enlisted from Galena, Oct. 8, 1864; mechanic; joined the Company in Dec. 1864, just prior to the battle of Nashville; transferred to 21st Illinois Veterans, June 9, 1865; served with that command until Oct. 16, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas. He went to Texas soon after the war, and nothing has been heard of him since, except a rumor that he went with a party of miners to Indian Territory, and that they were all killed by the Indians.

CHAPTER XLIX.

COMPANY I.

Ten days' Recruiting—A Change of Plans—Full to Overflowing—Officers chosen—Elizabeth Leads the Van—In Camp at Galena—Non-Commissioned Officers appointed—Age and Nativity of the Men—Their Occupations—The Captain made Major—Rockford Reached—At John's Hill Battery—Other Detached Service—Losses in Battle—The Company Recruited—Changes and Promotions—The Number at Muster out—Record of the Members.

COMPANY I was mainly recruited between August 1 and August 10, 1862. The first enlistment, so far as the records show, was that of Jerome B. Hamilton, a school teacher in Galena, whose name was placed upon the muster roll, July 23, and who immediately set about to recruit a Company. A few days later John Gerome, of the Township of Rice, obtained a recruiting commission from Governor Yates, and early in August began circulating among the young men of his neighborhood. The purpose of these men was to secure a Company, if possible, for what afterward became the 74th Illinois, and thus be associated with Captain Hicks' Company, which was also intended for that command. This purpose was changed shortly after the call for the second three hundred thousand, made August 6, when it was found that several additional Companies were likely to be raised in Jo Daviess County. John C. Smith, who had enlisted with Mr. Hamilton, secured a recruiting commission about this time, and having an extended acquaintance soon enrolled a large number of men. John Barker and John C. Lee, both of Elizabeth, and other gentlemen from various towns in western Jo Daviess County, also assisted materially in the work. As a result, the Company was soon beyond the maximum limit, and quite a number, with John C. Lee as their recognized leader, went into what became Company F.

The Company was organized at Galena, Monday, August 11, 1862, by the election of John C. Smith as Captain, John Barker as First Lieutenant, and John P. Tarpley as Second Lieutenant. There was no contest over the Captaincy, but for the Lieutenancies quite a spirited rivalry occurred. The muster-in was by Captain George S. Pierce, of the United States Army.

The Company went into camp on the Fair Ground about the middle of August, but was not kept together closely until about September 1, the men being allowed time to close up their business affairs and prepare for the prolonged absence from home that must follow their departure for the seat of war. The days passed pleasantly at Camp Washburn, as the fair ground was then called, every day bringing many visitors. Francis P. Quinn, who had served a term of four years in the First U. S. Dragoons, was the principal drill master, but others soon learned the rudiments and came to his assistance.

During the stay at this camp the non-commissioned officers were appointed, as follows : First Sergeant, John M. Woodruff; Sergeants, Thomas J. Smith, Whiting C. Woolsey, Francis P. Quinn, and Jerome B. Hamilton; Corporals, George Marshall, John Reynolds, George W. Roberts, John Long, Arthur Spare, William B. Goss, Henry Bonitell and George Dawson.

Some statistics relating to the Company may be of interest.

Of the original Company, twenty-four were born in Jo Daviess County, and five others in Illinois; twelve were born in Ireland, ten in New York, eight in England, six in Pennsylvania, five in Wales, four in Germany, three in Missouri, two each in Ohio, Maryland, Virginia, Canada, and Scotland, and one each in Indiana, Wisconsin, New Jersey, France, and Australia.

The average age was about twenty-four years and six months; thirteen were eighteen years or under, ten were nineteen, eight were twenty, seven were twenty-one, five were twenty-two, eleven were twenty-three, four were twenty-four, seven were twenty-five, seven were twenty-six, two were

twenty-seven, three were twenty-eight, one was twenty-nine, six were thirty, and twelve ranged from thirty-one to forty-four ; fifty-three of the number were farmers, ten were miners, five were builders, three were teachers, and the others represented almost every calling conceivable.

The township of Elizabeth furnished thirty-one ; Galena, twenty-four ; Derinda, six ; Pleasant Valley, five ; Rice, four ; Council Hill, Woodbine, Stockton, Hanover, Thompson, and Berryman, three each ; Guilford, two ; and Rush, Sand Prairie, and Smelzer's Grove, one each. Of the thirty-six recruits who joined the Company during 1864-5, nineteen were from Elizabeth, four each from Derinda, Dunleith and Chicago, three from Galena, and two from Hanover. More than one-half of these were farmers, and a half dozen were miners.

In the contest for the election of Field Officers, the Company had the satisfaction of seeing its own Captain made Major ; whereupon First Lieutenant John Barker was made Captain ; Second Lieutenant John P. Tarpley was made First Lieutenant ; and George Moore was made Second Lieutenant ; all three of these being from Elizabeth.

The Company went to Rockford, with five other Companies from Jo Daviess County, on Thursday, September 4, and the following day became a part of the NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT, being assigned as Company I. Its experiences at Camp Fuller were not unlike those of the other Companies of the Regiment, and need not be recited in detail. Its first detached service was in October, 1862, when it was assigned to duty at John's Hill Battery, near Newport, Kentucky, doing guard duty by itself for about a fortnight, without incident worthy of especial note. November 20, 1862, Company I, together with Company C, was again detached from the Regiment, and sent from Harrodsburg to Danville, Ky., and assigned to duty in the village, on patrol guard. Ten days later the Regiment marched to Danville, and the Company went into camp with the Battalion.

December 30, 1862, this Company, together with Company B, was sent from Danville to Hickman Bridge, making a rapid march in a severe storm, and suffering severely from

cold and exposure, until January 3, 1863, when it returned to Danville. The only other detached service that is recalled was in the autumn of 1863, when it guarded a wagon train from Chattanooga to Bridgeport and return, making a long, hard march over mountainous roads, and being absent a little more than a week.

The Company bore well its part in all of the campaigns and battles of the command, and sustained severe losses. At Chickamauga, John Adams, Truman F. Bennett, Henry Bonitell, John Bowman and Gains W. Young were killed, or so severely wounded as to live but a few hours. George Evans, John Fablinger, James Hutchinson, Francis S. Koontz, Daniel Malone, Frank M. Pogue, Thomas Reynolds, August Steimlie, Hugh Williams and Benjamin B. Wilson were wounded. While on Moccasin Point, a few days later, Sergeant John Reynolds was struck by a spent ball and quite severely hurt.

At Lookout Mountain, Lieutenant George W. Moore was wounded in the leg, Harrison Gage in the arm, and Daniel Malone in the leg.

At Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864, George Topping was wounded in the face, his jaw being fractured.

At Resaca, May 14, 1864, Thomas J. Smith was shot through both legs and fell into the hands of the enemy. He was recaptured two days later and taken to the field hospital, where he died June 9.

In a skirmish near Kingston, May 19, 1864, John E. Evans was wounded in the foot. At New Hope Church, May 29, 1864, Edgar C. Langdon was wounded in the hand. In the engagements about Kenesaw Mountain Sergeant John B. Reynolds was wounded in the neck and shoulder, Sergeant George Dawson in the head, Corporal Harrison Gage in the back, William Bell in the hand, and Peter Damphouse in the arm.

In an engagement near Atlanta, August 19, 1864, Corporal Robert D. Tarpley was wounded in the arm, and Corporal Charles Shaw in the side. Hugh Williams was captured while out with some foragers, August 2, 1864, and taken to Ander-

sonville and Florence, dying at the latter place November 29, 1864.

At Lovejoy's Station, September 2, 1864, Patrick Hewitt was killed. These embrace all of the battle casualties, as far as they have been gathered, of men actually with the Company; but First Sergeant Woodruff, who had been promoted to First Lieutenant and Adjutant in a colored Regiment, was killed at the battle of Nashville, December 16, 1864; Sergeant Francis P. Quinn, who was appointed Sergeant-Major at the organization of the Regiment, but who was always looked upon as a member of the Company, was desperately wounded at Chickamauga, and for a few days a prisoner in the hands of the enemy; he subsequently went home on furlough and was accidentally drowned in Chicago, in January, 1864.

Ten of the original members of the Company died from disease during their term of service; one recruit died just after being transferred to the 21st Illinois, after the muster-out of the Company, and one while *en route* to the command. One man deserted in 1863, and one recruit, who had once deserted and been apprehended, attempting to desert a second time, was shot and killed by the guard while on his way to the command.

Following Chickamauga, Captain Barker resigned, whereupon First Lieutenant Tarpley was made Captain, and Second Lieutenant Moore was promoted to First Lieutenant. The Company being below the minimum number no Second Lieutenant was commissioned at that time. In the spring of 1864, Lieutenant Moore was assigned to duty as Regimental Quarter-Master, and First Sergeant Thomas J. Smith was commissioned First Lieutenant, his papers not arriving, however, until after his death from wounds received at Resaca. First Sergeant George Marshall was promoted to First Lieutenant to date June 9, 1864, but was not mustered until the following December. A number of recruits arriving in November and December, 1864, the Company was again above the minimum number, and First Sergeant John Long was commissioned Second Lieutenant.

Twenty-six different men were non-commissioned officers

in the Company. Only twelve were discharged for disability other than wounds, and but two were transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps—much less than the average number.

Twenty-four of the recruits were transferred to Company I, 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865, and went to Texas with that command.

Fifty of the original Company were present at the final muster out at Nashville, June 10, 1865, and nine of the recruits whose terms of service were soon to expire were permitted to return home with the three years' veterans. In the individual sketches which follow it is attempted to give a concise statement of the history of each member of the Company.

THE COMPANY ROSTER.

Captain John C. Smith.—Age 30; born in Philadelphia, Pa., contractor and builder; enlisted from Galena; elected Captain at the organization of the Company and Major at the organization of the Regiment.—(See Roster of Field and Staff.)

Captain John Barker.—Age 27; born in Canada; bookkeeper; enlisted from Elizabeth; elected First Lieutenant at the organization of the Company, and Captain upon the promotion of Captain Smith to be Major; resigned Oct. 6, 1863; address, Scribner, Nebraska.

Captain John P. Tarpley.—Age 30; born in St. Francis, Mo.; farmer; enlisted from Elizabeth; elected Second Lieutenant at the organization of the Company, and First Lieutenant at the organization of the Regiment; promoted to Captain October 6, 1863; participated in all of the engagements of the command except Chickamauga, and won the respect of all for courage and ability; m. o. with Regiment. Is proprietor of a hotel in Falls City, Nebraska.

First Lieutenant George W. Moore.—Age 23; born in Ireland; farmer; enlisted from Elizabeth; elected Second Lieutenant at the organization of the Regiment; promoted to First Lieutenant Oct. 6, 1863; commanded the Company at the battle of Chickamauga; at Lookout Mountain commanded Company C, and was severely wounded in the leg, being disabled for several weeks; assigned to duty as Quarter-Master of the Regiment Feb. 12, 1864, serving in that capacity until the close of the war; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Essex, Iowa.

First Lieutenant John M. Woodruff.—Age 26; born in Worthington, Ohio; was Principal of one of the public schools of Galena; appointed First Sergeant at organization of the Company; participated in the battle of Chickamauga with the Regiment; discharged Oct. 25, 1863, for promotion as First Lieutenant in a colored Regiment, and was killed while

acting as Adjutant, in an assault upon Overton Hill, at the battle of Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1864.

First Lieutenant Thomas J. Smith.—Age 26; born in Pennsylvania; carpenter; enlisted from Galena; appointed Second Sergeant at the organization of the Company; promoted to First Sergeant Oct. 26, 1863; participated in all of the engagements of the Regiment until fatally wounded at the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864; his wound, which was through both lower limbs, was received as the left wing of the Union army was driven back, and he was left in the enemy's hands, remaining a prisoner two days and until the rebels were forced to leave the field, when he was re-taken and conveyed to hospital at the village of Resaca, where he died June 9, 1864. He had previously been recommended for promotion to the rank of First Lieutenant, and his commission was issued but did not reach the Regiment until after his death; was a brother of Col. J. C. Smith.

First Lieutenant George Marshall.—Age 20; born in Rock Island, Ill.; miner; enlisted from Elizabeth; appointed First Corporal at the organization of the Company; promoted to Sergeant and First Sergeant, and commissioned First Lieutenant to date June 9, 1864, but not mustered as such until Dec. 20, 1864; was wounded in the hand at the battle of Chickamauga; was rarely absent from the command, and a popular and efficient officer; m. o. with Regiment. Is engaged in the hardware business at Storm Lake, Iowa.

Second Lieutenant John Long.—Age 24; born in Castleton, Ireland; harness maker; enlisted from Elizabeth; appointed Fourth Corporal at the organization of the Company; promoted to Sergeant and First Sergeant, and commissioned Second Lieutenant March 11, 1865; participated in nearly every engagement of the command; m. o. with Regiment; died at Elizabeth, Ill., Dec. 13, 1881.

First Sergeant Arthur Spare.—Age 20; born in Galena, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Galena; appointed Fifth Corporal at the organization of the Company; promoted to Sergeant and First Sergeant; participated in all of the engagements of the Regiment but was never wounded, although his clothing was more than once cut by bullets; m. o. with Regiment; is farming near Manchester, Iowa.

Sergeant Whiting C. Woolsey.—Age 28; born in New York; plasterer; enlisted from Galena; appointed Third Sergeant at the organization of the Company; discharged for disability at Danville, Ky., March 7, 1863. Resides in Batavia, N. Y.

Sergeant Francis P. Quinn.—Age 28; born in Waterford, N. Y.; saddler; promoted to Sergeant-Major (See Roster of Non-Commissioned Staff).

Sergeant Jerome B. Hamilton.—Age 25; born in Cataraugus County, N. Y.; teacher; enlisted from Galena; appointed Fifth Sergeant at the organization of the Company; discharged for disability at Nashville, Tenn., May 26, 1863.

Sergeant John Reynolds.—Age 23 ; born in Bonmahon, Ireland ; wagon maker ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; appointed Second Corporal at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Sergeant Feb. 10, 1863 ; participated in nearly every engagement of the command ; at Moccasin Point was knocked down by a bullet which struck him in the shoulder, but was not seriously injured ; and in one of the battles near Kenesaw Mountain, June 17, 1864, was wounded in the neck and breast ; although not so disabled as to keep him long from the command, the injury proved serious and resulted in a lung disease from which he died ; m. o. with Regiment ; died at Elizabeth, Ill., March 22, 1885.

Sergeant George Dawson.—Age 21 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; appointed Eighth Corporal at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Sergeant in May, 1864 ; participated in every engagement of the Regiment up to and including Kenesaw Mountain, and was also at Franklin and Nashville ; was wounded in the head at Kenesaw Mountain, June 21, 1864, and disabled for one month ; never absent from the command except at that time ; was a brother of Lieutenant Dawson of Company F ; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Hanover, Ill.

Sergeant Moses Furlong.—Age 23 ; born in Jersey City, N. J. ; tin-smith ; enlisted from Galena ; promoted to Corporal and Sergeant ; was seldom absent from the command and took part in many engagements, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment ; resides at North Auburn, Neb.

Sergeant John C. Darr.—Age 26 ; born in Pennsylvania ; carpenter ; enlisted from Pleasant Valley ; promoted to Corporal and Sergeant ; took part in many engagements ; m. o. with Regiment ; died in Kansas about 1882.

Corporal George W. Roberts.—Age 22 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Derinda ; appointed Third Corporal at the organization of the Company ; died at Nashville, Tenn., April 26, 1863.

Corporal William B. Goss.—Age 19 ; born in Carroll County, Ill., miner ; enlisted from Galena ; appointed Sixth Corporal at the organization of the Company ; had previously been in the service for eight months with the 45th Illinois ; participated in nearly all of the engagements of the command, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment ; subsequently enlisted in the Regular Army, serving until disabled by the fracture of a limb ; is mining near Galena, Ill.

Corporal Henry Bonitell.—Age 25 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush ; missing at battle of Chickamauga and undoubtedly killed.

Corporal Thomas E. Moore.—Age 25 ; born in Ireland ; teacher ; enlisted from Hanover ; promoted to Corporal ; participated in the battles of Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain, and in the early engagements of the Atlanta campaign, but escaped wounds ; was then detailed to

assist his brother, who was Quarter-Master, and remained in that service until the close of the war ; m. o. with Regiment. Is merchandizing at Galena, Ill.

Corporal George Green.—Age 19 ; born in Racine County, Wis. ; wagon maker ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; promoted to Corporal ; discharged for disability at Nashville, June 26, 1863 ; subsequently re-enlisted in another regiment and served to the close of the war ; is farming at Ash Creek, Minn.

Corporal Robert D. Tarpley.—Age 26 ; born in St. Francis, Mo. ; miner ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; promoted to Corporal ; was in all of the engagements until severely wounded in the arm near Atlanta, Aug. 19, 1864 ; partially recovered and was on detached duty most of the time until the close of the war ; m. o. with Regiment ; was a brother of Captain Tarpley ; is farming at Utica, Mo.

Corporal William C. Travis.—Age 35 ; born in Fulton, N. Y. ; civil engineer ; enlisted from Galena ; promoted to Corporal ; discharged from hospital at Nashville May 30, 1865 ; continued in poor health and died in Galena shortly after the war.

Corporal Charles Shaw.—Age 31 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; promoted to Corporal and served with the Color Guard at the battle of Lookout Mountain and much of the time following ; participated in nearly every engagement, and was wounded in the side near Atlanta, Ga., August 19, 1864 ; m. o. with Regiment ; is farming at Elizabeth, Ill.

Corporal Harrison Gage.—Age 35 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Stockton ; participated in nearly every engagement ; was struck in the arm at Lookout Mountain, and again wounded at Kenesaw Mountain, June 19, 1864 ; was rarely sick during his entire term of service, but while awaiting pay at Chicago, after the muster out of the Regiment, was taken ill, and died at Camp Douglas, in the latter part of June, 1865.

Corporal Alfred B. Foster.—Age 24 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Thompson ; promoted to Corporal ; was almost constantly with command, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment ; is farming at Clay Centre, Kansas.

Corporal John Hill.—Age 22 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; promoted to Corporal ; after serving almost constantly with the Regiment, and participating in numerous engagements, was taken ill at the close of the Atlanta campaign, and died at Atlanta, Ga., September 23, 1864.

Corporal George Topping.—Age 26 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover ; promoted to Corporal ; at Rocky Face Ridge, Ga., was struck by a bullet in the face, his jaw being fractured, but was only absent about a month ; still carries quite a scar ; participated in every

engagement except those occurring during that brief absence ; m. o. with Regiment ; is farming near Hanover, Ill.

Corporal Francis Koontz.—Age 23 ; born in Strasbourg, France ; marble cutter ; enlisted from Galena ; promoted to Corporal ; was wounded in the breast at Chickamauga, but not long disabled ; participated in nearly every engagement ; m. o. with Regiment ; is farming at Roca, Lancaster County, Neb.

Corporal Thomas McDonough.—Age 18 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena ; promoted to Corporal ; participated in numerous engagements, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment ; is at Little Rockeys, Chateau County, Montana.

Corporal Thomas B. Bray.—Age 27 ; born in England ; tinner ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; was detailed with Pioneer Corps, April 7, 1863, and transferred to Company A, 1st Regiment U. S. V. V. Engineers, July 18, 1864, and appointed First Corporal ; served with that command until the close of the war ; m. o. at Nashville, Tenn., June 26, 1865 ; is a merchant at Elizabeth, Ill.

Christian Abbey (Obley).—Age 23 ; born in Germany ; tailor ; enlisted from Berryman ; participated in several engagements ; m. o. with Regiment ; is farming at Loran, Stephenson County, Ill.

John Adams.—Age 18 ; born in Ireland ; enlisted from Galena ; desperately wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, and left upon the field, doubtless dying in a few hours.

William P. Beck.—Age 39 ; born in Lewis County, N. Y. ; tailor ; enlisted from Galena ; discharged for disability, September 20, 1863 ; is farming at Parker, Turner County, Dakota.

William Bell.—Age 18 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Guilford ; was in nearly every engagement, and was wounded in left hand at Kenesaw Mountain, June 18, 1864 ; m. o. with Regiment ; is teaming at Fulton, Ill.

John Bennett.—Age 21 ; born in Knox County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; died at Hospital No. 3, Nashville, Tenn., March 25, 1863.

Truman F. Bennett.—Age 19 ; born in Allegheny County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Thompson ; was killed at the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.

William H. Bevard.—Age 28 ; born in York County, Pa. ; farmer ; enlisted from Rice ; was in several engagements ; died in hospital at Nashville, Tenn., August 6, 1864.

John Bowman.—Age 40 ; born in Scotland, miner ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; killed at the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.

Almon Brower.—Age 19 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ;

enlisted from Stockton ; was in nearly every engagement ; m. o. with Regiment ; is farming at Pitcherville, Ill.

John Byers.—Age 23 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover ; was always with the command ; m. o. with Regiment ; resides at Marysville, California.

Dennis Crowley.—Age 23 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Pleasant Valley ; was in many engagements, but escaped wounds ; was sick in hospital, at Quincy, Ill., at m. o. of Regiment ; is farming at Plum River, Ill.

William Conley.—Age 23 ; born in Pike County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Guilford ; discharged for disability at Danville, Ky., December 29, 1862 ; is farming at Guilford, Ill.

William Daly.—Age 39 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena ; discharged for disability at Nashville, Tenn., May 18, 1863.

Peter Damphouse.—Age 20 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Rice ; wounded in right arm at Kenesaw Mountain, June 21, 1864 ; m. o. with Regiment ; is reported to reside in Colorado.

Joseph Dirnberger.—Age 35 ; born in Germany ; shoemaker ; enlisted from Galena ; deserted February 9, 1863.

James Edwards.—Age 44 ; born in Australia ; carpenter ; enlisted from Galena ; discharged at Nickajack Cove, Ga., January 1, 1864 ; died in Galena, December 29, 1880.

John E. Evans.—Age 24 ; born in Wales ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; wounded in the foot near Kingston, Georgia, May 19, 1864 ; m. o. with Regiment ; entered the ministry after the war, and is pastor of a church, and also postmaster, at Woodbine, Wis. *see*

George Evans.—Age 17 ; born in North Wales ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena ; participated in every battle and skirmish in which the Regiment was engaged, and at Chickamauga was wounded in the neck, but not disabled ; at Kenesaw Mountain had a bullet through his haversack ; was never absent from the Regiment except for about one month in the spring of 1865, when on detached service at Russellville, Tennessee ; m. o. with Regiment ; is farming at Apple River, Illinois.

John Fablinger.—Age 18 ; born in Maryland ; farmer ; enlisted from Sand Prairie ; severely wounded in the shoulder at the battle of Chickamauga, and discharged at Jeffersonville, Ind., May 25, 1865 ; is farming at Hanover, Ill.

William J. Forbes.—Age 19 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Pleasant Valley ; was furloughed from hospital, and died at his home in Pleasant Valley, Ill., Nov. 29, 1863.

John Gerome.—Age 21 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Rice ; participated in numerous battles, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment ; died in Wisconsin about 1884.

Abram Goddard.—Age 25 ; born in Stukely, Canada ; farmer ; enlisted from Stockton ; discharged for disability from hospital at Huntsville, Ala., March 1, 1865 ; resides at Otter Creek, Eau Claire County, Wis.

Henry Goodburn.—Age 20 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; teamster ; enlisted from Council Hill ; was with the Regiment most of the time, but drove team for a few months ; m. o. with Regiment ; is farming at Marcus, Iowa.

Joseph Gray.—Age 23 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; miner ; enlisted from Rice ; participated in numerous engagements, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment ; is a baker and confectioner at Cedar Falls, Iowa.

* **Christopher Harvey.**—Age 21 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; teamster ; enlisted from Council Hill ; was sick in hospital for a time, and transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, July 25, 1864, serving in that organization until the close of the war ; resides at 21 Meek Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Louis Heck.—Age 26 ; born in Maryland ; painter ; enlisted from Galena ; was detailed as wagoner much of the time ; m. o. with Regiment ; died in Dubuque, Iowa, about 1870.

Patrick Hewitt.—Age 24 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Pleasant Valley ; was a brave and faithful soldier, and was killed in an assault upon the enemy's lines at Lovejoy's Station, Ga., Sept. 2, 1864.

Thomas Hobson.—Age 18 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Council Hill ; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 12, 1863 ; is farming near Sparta, Wis.

Thomas Holland.—Age 22 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; detailed with Pioneer Corps April 7, 1863 ; and transferred to 1st U. S. V. V. Engineers, July 25, 1864, serving with that command to the close of the war ; is a carpenter, and resides at Savanna, Ill.

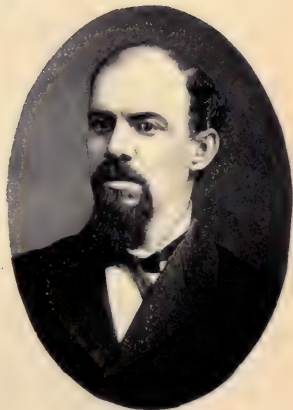
Owen Hughes.—Age 26 ; born in Wales ; farmer ; enlisted from Woodbine ; was in nearly every engagement, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment ; is farming at Woodbine, Ill.

Hugh R. Hughes.—Age 29 ; born in Wales ; farmer ; enlisted from Woodbine ; m. o. with Regiment ; is farming at Lemars, Iowa.

James Hutchinson.—Age 30 ; born in Scotland ; miner ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; was severely wounded in the side at Chickamauga, his wound disabling him for many months, but eventually rejoined the command and was m. o. with Regiment ; is on a ranch at Hotchkiss, Colorado.

Freeman Hopkins.—Age 38 ; born in Warren County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Berryman ; m. o. with Regiment ; resides at Loran, Stephenson County, Ill.

COMPANY I.



Corp'l THOS E. MOORE.
WILLIAM M. PERRY.
Serg't W. C. WOOLSEY.

Capt. J. P. TARPLEY.
Lieut. T. J. SMITH.

Serg't Major F. P. QUINN.
Lieut. GEORGE MARSHALL.
W. W. McDONALD.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Jasper N. Johnson.—Age 25 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Derinda ; was with the command most of the time ; m. o. with Regiment ; resides at Hanover, Ill.

Humphrey Leslie.—Age 22 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; died in hospital, Nashville, Tenn., April 9, 1863.

William H. Long.—Age 43 ; born in Virginia ; builder ; enlisted from Galena ; discharged for disability at Danville, Ky., Nov. 23, 1863 ; died in Missouri shortly after the war.

Daniel Malone.—Age 21 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; miner ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; was wounded in the head at Chickamauga, and in the leg at Lookout Mountain, but not long disabled ; participated in almost every engagement ; m. o. with Regiment ; is mining at Elizabeth, Ill.

William McDonald.—Age 20 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; miner ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; participated with the Regiment in the battles of Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain ; was then detailed in the Ambulance Corps and did excellent service throughout the Atlanta campaign, and at Franklin and Nashville in assisting to carry wounded men from the numerous battle fields ; m. o. with Regiment ; has been doing a general merchandizing business at Elizabeth, Ill., where he was Postmaster for three years prior to 1885 ; was elected Sheriff of Jo Daviess County in 1886.

James McGregor.—Age 18 ; born in Virginia ; farmer ; enlisted from Woodbine ; was in nearly every engagement of the command, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment ; was killed at Plymouth, California, Nov. 6, 1882, by the explosion of a boiler at the Empire Stamp Mill.

Michael Meres.—Age 44 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Derinda ; was at Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain ; died in hospital at Bridgeport, Ala., February 14, 1864.

Otho Morris.—Age 20 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; was generally with the command ; m. o. with Regiment ; is farming at Elizabeth, Ill.

Thomas L. McNeil.—Age 30 ; born in New York ; steamboat hand ; enlisted from Berryman ; transferred to V. R. Corps July 29, 1864 ; lives near Lincoln, Nebraska.

Charles Newton.—Age 18 ; born in Ohio ; teamster ; enlisted from Smeltzer's Grove, Wis. ; was generally with the command ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Calliope, Iowa.

John Noble.—Age 18 ; born in Indiana ; miner ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; participated in several engagements ; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Kirksville, Mo.

Oliver H. Perry.—Age 40 ; born in New York ; brick-mason ; enlisted from Galena ; was detailed with Ambulance Corps, and drove an ambu-

lance much of the time ; was in hospital for a time, and discharged by reason of the close of the war at Nashville, Tenn., May 18, 1865 ; died at Carson, Iowa, March 21, 1882.

William M. Perry.—Age 16 ; born at Galena, Ill. ; school boy ; enlisted from Galena ; was Fifer with Regimental Band much of the time, but served as an Orderly to Gen. Steedman for several months, and in that capacity had some narrow escapes at the battle of Chickamauga, once riding through the Rebel lines, and at other times passing so near them as to be a special target ; returned to the Regiment when the Reserve Corps was broken up ; although but a mere lad, he passed through his term of service without serious illness, or absence from the command ; m. o. with Regiment. Has been a Justice of the Peace for many years, and is merchandizing at Elizabeth, Ill.

Charles Parker.—Age 23 ; born in Devonshire, England ; blacksmith ; enlisted from Derinda ; was in nearly every engagement, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment. Is blacksmithing at Green Vale, Ill.

William Perrin.—Age 19 ; born in Warwickshire, England ; farmer ; enlisted from Council Hill ; discharged for disability at Louisville, Ky., Oct. 8, 1863. Was injured in a mine accident at Leadville, Col., in 1879, causing his death, at Sheffield, Iowa.

Frank M. Pogue.—Age 20 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; potter ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; was so severely wounded in the leg at Chickamauga as to cause his discharge,—from hospital at Quincy, Ill.,—Aug. 7, 1864. Is a miner at Leadville, Col.

John A. Ransom.—Age 19 ; born in Sangamon County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth ; absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment. Is farming at Reels, Iowa.

Thomas Reynolds.—Age 17 ; born in Ireland ; enlisted as Private, but was detailed as Drummer, and served with Regimental Band till the close of the war ; was never absent, except for about three weeks in the spring of 1863 ; was present and acted with the Ambulance Corps in every engagement in which the Regiment participated ; at Chickamauga a bullet struck his blanket, which he carried in a roll upon his shoulder, and penetrated it, knocking him down and bruising his shoulder, but not disabling him so as to take him from his command ; was a brother of Sergeant Reynolds and Robert Reynolds, both of this Company ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a member of the firm of Fiddick & Reynolds, boot and shoe dealers, Galena, Ill.

John Schaible.—Age 25 ; born in Pennsylvania ; farmer ; enlisted from Derinda ; discharged for disability at Louisville, Ky., Feb. 9, 1863. Is farming at Hanover, Ill.

August Steimlie.—Age 20 ; born in Baden, Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena ; was seriously wounded in the shoulder at the battle of Chickamauga ; discharged from hospital by reason of the close of the

war, at Nashville, Tenn., May 17, 1865. Died at Apple River, Ill., about 1875.

Joseph Spittler.—Age 19; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Derinda; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming near Hanover, Ill.

Aquilla C. Tarpley.—Age 21; born in St. Francis County, Mo.; farmer; enlisted from Elizabeth. Died from small pox at Bridgeport, Ala., in February, 1864; was a brother of Captain Tarpley.

Charles R. Tippet.—Age 30; born in Cornwall, England; miner; enlisted from Council Hill; was generally with the command; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at White Oak Springs, Wis.

Samuel White.—Age 22; born in Ireland; farmer; enlisted from Elizabeth; was in numerous engagements, but escaped wounds; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming near Elizabeth, Ill.

Robert White.—Age 20; born in Ireland; farmer; enlisted from Elizabeth; was almost always with the command; m. o. with Regiment. Died in Memphis, Tenn., in 1866; was a brother of Samuel White.

Mathew White.—Age 18; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Elizabeth; was generally with the command; m. o. with Regiment. Is clerking in a store at Barronett, Barron County, Wis.

John Williams.—Age 25; born in Pennsylvania; farmer; enlisted from Pleasant Valley. Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 15, 1863.

Hugh Williams.—Age 19; born in Wales; farmer; enlisted from Thompson; was wounded in the side at Chickamauga; was captured by the enemy while out with a foraging expedition near Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 2, 1864, and died in prison at Florence, S. C., Nov. 29, 1864.

Benjamin B. Wilson.—Age 23; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Elizabeth; was severely wounded in the shoulder at the battle of Chickamauga, but returned to the command and took part in most of the engagements following; m. o. with Regiment. Resides near Modesto, Cal.

Thomas Wright.—Age 21; born in Ireland; blacksmith; enlisted from Hanover; m. o. with Regiment. Died in Nebraska a few years since.

David Young.—Age 19; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Elizabeth; took part in nearly every engagement; m. o. with Regiment.

Gains W. Young.—Age 18; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Elizabeth; was killed at the battle of Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863.

ROSTER OF RECRUITS.

James E. Black.—Age 19 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Chicago Feb. 4, 1864, and joined the Regiment in time to participate in all of the engagements of the Atlanta campaign, and the battles of Franklin and Nashville ; transferred to Company I, 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865, and finally m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Is farming at Spring Valley, Turner County, Dakota.

Thomas Craig.—Age 20; born in Marshall, Clark County, Ill. ; student ; enlisted from Elizabeth Sept. 17, 1864, joining the Regiment at Chattanooga in October ; at the battle of Franklin was captured by the enemy, while on the skirmish line, and was a prisoner of war until March 26, 1865 ; rejoined the command in East Tennessee in April ; m. o. with Regiment ; had previously served three years in Company I, 19th Illinois ; was once a prisoner of war for a few days in Tennessee, but escaped ; at Chickamauga was severely wounded in the hip, and a prisoner for ten days and until paroled. Is a liveryman at Stockton, Kansas.

Joseph Crummer.—Age 36 ; born in Delaware ; merchant ; enlisted from Elizabeth Sept. 17, 1864, joining the Regiment at Nashville ; discharged for disability at Chicago March 18, 1865. Is a minister in the M. E. Church at Freeport, Ill.

Samuel Carson.—Age 19 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena, Oct. 3, 1864, and joined the command in time to participate in the battle of Nashville ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company I, 21st Illinois, and discharged in October, 1865. Is farming at Alden, Iowa.

William Calvert.—Age 38 ; born in England ; carpenter ; enlisted from Elizabeth, Oct. 10, 1864 ; transferred to the 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865 ; finally m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 12, 1865. Resides at Stockton, Rooks County, Kan.

Andrew Endress.—Age 22 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth, Sept. 23, 1864 ; was in the battles of Franklin and Nashville ; m. o. with Regiment. Died in Iowa, in January, 1881.

James Fielding.—Age 40 ; born in England ; miner ; enlisted from Elizabeth, Oct. 10, 1864 ; was at the battle of Nashville ; transferred to 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 12, 1865. Is reported to have been killed in a mine explosion in Michigan, about 1875.

David (or Daniel) B. Irwin.—Age 23 ; born in Illinois ; enlisted from Chicago, Feb. 4, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Is reported to have died since the war.

William T. Irwin.—Age 20 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth, Feb. 23, 1865 ; transferred to 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865 ; discharged from hospital, at Louisville, Ky., Aug. 5, 1865. Report says dead:

Henry H. Johnson.—Age 24 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Derinda, Ill., Feb. 8, 1865 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865.

Josiah H. Jackson.—Age 23 ; born in Fulton County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth Oct. 10, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 12, 1865.

Nathan Johns.—Age 20 ; born in Virginia ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth Sept. 17, 1864, joining the command at Chattanooga in October ; participated in the battles of Franklin and Nashville ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Elizabeth, Ill.

George W. King.—Age 24 ; born in Kentucky ; engineer ; enlisted from Dunleith Sept. 17, 1864 ; was at Franklin and Nashville ; m. o. with Regiment. Report says has died since the war.

Robert Kilpatrick.—Age 20 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover Feb. 25, 1865 ; transferred to the 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Resides at Hanover, Illinois.

Edwin Lane.—Age 28 ; born in Steuben County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Dunleith Sept. 17, 1864 ; m. o. with Regiment.

Henry Lowry.—Age 21 ; born in England ; miner ; enlisted from Elizabeth Oct. 11, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 12, 1865. Went to Arizona, and is reported to have died in the far West.

Edgar C. Langdon.—Age 19 ; born in Spencerton, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Chicago Feb. 4, 1864, joining the Regiment at the opening of the Atlanta campaign ; was severely wounded in the left hand at New Hope Church, May 29, 1864, and disabled ; discharged from hospital May 3, 1865.

George F. Miller.—Age 28 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Derinda Oct. 11, 1864, joining the Regiment soon afterward, and taking part with it in the battle of Nashville ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company I, 21st Illinois, and sent to Texas, where he had a narrow escape from death from the bite of a venomous spider ; discharged from the service at Springfield, Ill., in January, 1866. Died in Derinda, Ill., in 1867.

Robert Moore.—Age 21 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover Feb. 23, 1865 ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company I, 21st Illinois, and was finally discharged at Springfield, Ill., in January, 1866. Is farming at Savanna, Ill.

James Miller.—Age 35 ; born in Westmoreland, Tenn. ; miner ; enlisted from Elizabeth Oct. 11, 1864 ; was at Nashville ; transferred to the 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 12, 1865. Resides near Storm Lake, Iowa.

Charles T. Moore.—Age 31 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth Feb. 24, 1865, joining the command in East Tennessee ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company I, 21st Illinois ; discharged at Springfield, Ill., Aug. 30, 1865. Resides at Villisca, Iowa.

Josiah Moore.—Age 20 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth Feb. 24, 1865 ; was taken sick while on the way to the Regiment, and died at Springfield, Ill., in March, 1865 ; was a brother of Lieutenant Moore. Having never joined the command his name is carried with the "unassigned recruits."

Thomas P. Nichols.—Age 18 ; born in England ; laborer ; enlisted from Dunleith Sept. 17, 1864 ; was at Franklin and Nashville ; m. o. with Regiment.

Abner Overstreet.—Age 38 ; born in Virginia ; miner ; enlisted from Elizabeth Sept. 17, 1864, joining the command in time to participate in the battles of Franklin and Nashville ; m. o. with Regiment. Died at Elizabeth, Ill., April 22, 1876.

James W. Paul.—Age 25 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth Sept. 17, 1864 ; was at Franklin and Nashville ; m. o. with Regiment. Resides at Rockford, Ill.

Wilson Pellett.—Age 38 ; born in Chenango County, N. Y. ; physician ; enlisted from Elizabeth Sept. 17, 1864 ; was in the battles of Franklin and Nashville ; m. o. with Regiment. Died several years since in Missouri.

Moses Rees.—Age 18 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth Oct. 11, 1864, and joined the Regiment in December, just in time to participate in the battle of Nashville ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company I, 21st Illinois, and was finally discharged in Texas Oct. 10, 1865 ; came home and took up the study of law, was admitted to the bar, and is now a practicing attorney at Galena, Ill.

Robert Reynolds.—Age 16 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; smelter ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 7, 1864 ; was at Nashville ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 12, 1865.

William Skellie.—Age 19 ; born in Hillsdale, Mich. ; farmer ; enlisted from Derinda March 16, 1865 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; absent on furlough at m. o. of that command. Resides near Mount Carroll, Ill.

John D. Stone.—Age 20 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth Oct. 10, 1864 ; was at Nashville ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 12, 1865. Resides near Winfield, Kansas.

John Scott.—Age 34 ; born in England ; clerk ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 11, 1864 ; died in hospital at Nashville, Tenn., in June, 1865, just after being transferred to the 21st Illinois.

Edward Williams.—Age 31 ; born in Clay County, Ky. ; farmer ; enlisted from Derinda Feb. 8, 1865 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865.

William J. Williams.—Age 21 ; born in Hawkins County, Ky. ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth Oct. 10, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 12, 1865. Resides at Reno, Nevada.

Robert Wright.—Age 31 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Hanover Feb. 23, 1865 ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company I, 21st Illinois, and sent to Texas ; was finally discharged at Springfield, Ill., in January, 1866. Is farming at Derinda Center, Ill.

William F. Wilson.—Age 32 ; born in Guernsey County, Ohio ; miner ; enlisted from Elizabeth, Oct. 10, 1864 ; was at Nashville and in the campaign following ; transferred to the 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 12, 1865. One reports that he died at Silver City, Montana, a few years since ; another reports him a resident of California.

Thomas White.—Age 19 ; born in Illinois ; farmer ; enlisted from Chicago Feb. 4, 1864, but resided in Elizabeth ; joined the command in time to participate in the battles of the Atlanta campaign, and Franklin and Nashville ; at m. o. of Regiment was transferred to Company I, 21st Illinois, and finally discharged at Springfield, Ill., in January, 1866. Died at Hanover, Ill., in 1871.

CHAPTER L.

COMPANY K.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PEPOON.

The Tenth Company—The Eastern Part of Jo Daviess County Raises Two Companies — Warren, Rush and Nora Fill One to Overflowing—Officers Chosen—Warren the Headquarters—Flag Presentations—Sent to Rockford—The Captain Chosen Colonel—A Private Elected Captain—"K" is the Letter Drawn—Occupying Fort Shaler—First Experience with a Rebel Shell—Chickamauga Losses—Other Casualties.

THE northeastern part of Jo Daviess County was settled largely by emigrants from Ohio and New York whose ancestors came from New England or the Eastern States. These people were patriotic and brave, and many of them gloried in being called Abolitionists. So when the call came for 300,000 more in the summer of 1862, it took but a few days to fill a Company to overflowing, notwithstanding the fact that three Companies had already gone from our midst, viz., Company E, 15th Illinois; Company B, 45th Illinois; and Company G, 3d Missouri Cavalry.

Thomas E. Champion, a lawyer of Warren, and G. W. Pepoon did most of the recruiting at Warren, and Edward E. Townsend at Rush, while several parties did good work at Nora. When the Company was full others who enlisted joined Company H. By common consent Thomas E. Champion was elected Captain; E. E. Townsend, of Rush, First Lieutenant; and G. W. Pepoon, of Warren, Second Lieutenant, although there was quite a contest for the latter place, as Nora claimed the Second Lieutenancy on account of having given a good many men to the Company. The farmer boys remained at home and secured the harvest, although about the middle of August the fair grounds at Warren were occupied, the men sleeping in the buildings, the food being supplied by T. D. Rose, a local merchant, who was liberal to a

fault. At first very little sleeping was indulged in, as seventy-five or a hundred men could not make up their minds to go quietly to sleep at the same time. However, we lived through it, and, as a rule, enjoyed the new mode of life. Company H was with us at this time. A little foraging was done, but the citizens did not seem to care much for this eccentricity. C. N. Elston, who had previously served in the 15th Illinois, was the drill-master, and the men rapidly became soldiers in keeping step and standing erect. Before leaving Warren, the citizens presented beautiful flags to the two Companies, known then as Champion's Company and Burnett's Company. It was a great day for Warren and for the soldier boys, as the people flocked from the surrounding country and filled the town as it had never been filled before.

Previous to going to Rockford a vote had been taken by the six Companies of Jo Daviess County for Colonel of the Regiment. There were two candidates for this position—Thomas E. Champion, of Warren, and Thomas A. Green, of Galena. The western end of the county furnished three Companies, and the eastern end the same number. The contest was a close and exciting one. The writer was one of the judges, and took and canvassed the vote. The three Companies of the west end had 250 men, and they all voted for Captain Green. The other three Companies had 272 votes, and 271 voted for Captain Champion. Thus our Company lost a good Captain, and the Regiment gained a splendid Colonel.

On Thursday, September 4, 1862, we bade farewell to our homes, our parents, our wives and sweethearts, and took the cars for Rockford. The cheers of the soldier boys and their friends were hearty, though the tears dimmed the eyes of many left behind, who seemed to feel that this parting was for all time. At Rockford the six Companies from Jo Daviess County were joined by four from Lake County, the Regiment organized, and numbered the NINETY-SIXTH. An election was held for Captain of our Company, and Timothy D. Rose, the merchant heretofore mentioned, was chosen. Until this time he had been a private. The non-commissioned officers

had been appointed before leaving Warren, and were as follows: First Sergeant—Christopher C. Cowen; Sergeants—Garrett W. Luke, Wallace Tear, Henry R. Early and Wallace W. Abbey; Corporals—Chas. N. Elston, Thomas S. Leland, Alexander W. Conl  e, William E. Tilton, C. M. Kinney, Thomas J. Carlton, Albert F. Wood and Daniel Sullivan. When lots were cast for the letter of the Company we drew “K,” and henceforth were always the last,—but not the least in usefulness or efficiency,—during our three years’ service. The Company, while at Rockford, was drilled in a very thorough manner by the Second Lieutenant, G. W. Pepoon, who, though never having seen service before, was quick to learn the drill, and, having a sharp, clear voice, could always be heard, and so the soldier-like appearance of Company K in all their movements compared favorably with the other Companies of the Regiment. It was, in fact, a fine Company of splendid young men. It had among its members those who could run, jump or wrestle with any in the Regiment, and when it came to singing, very few could equal and none excel it. It stood very high as an intelligent, moral Company.

Soon after reaching Kentucky, Company K was sent to garrison Fort Shaler. The Second Lieutenant was in command one day when the powder was brought out of the magazine to expose it to the sun, so that it would not become damp. A large quantity had been piled up all about the door of the magazine, and the men were busy adding to the store of explosives, when a soldier came leisurely along smoking a cigar. It is hardly necessary to say that he was ordered to get away from the powder and shell in language more vigorous than polite.

While at Fort Shaler some of the men of Company K had a very vivid object lesson in regard to Rebel shell. The story shall be told by First Sergeant C. C. Cowen: “There were known to be a good many guerillas about, and suspicion rested upon a certain party living in the vicinity of the Fort. Some members of Company K, who had been treated by him in an insulting and defiant manner, were desirous to interview this suspected individual, and Captain Rose, knowing my

cautious tendencies, told the boys that they might make the scout if I would accompany them. We set out,—Chaddock, Providence Williams, Black, Jos. Bowker, Ben. Woodworth and myself. On arriving at the house of this party, we found himself and two others. We sat and talked a few minutes, and, not being able to assign any cause for his arrest, we stepped out into the yard. I went toward the well to get a drink of water. Suddenly, looking around, I saw Chaddock trying to hold a 32-pound conical shell at arms length, several of the boys being near him. Being angered at the unsoldierly performance, and it being instantly suggested to my mind that it was a trap (as I saw the suspected individual standing about twenty yards off near the further corner of the house with his wife near him, and both looking as I would imagine a party would watch the final drop at the scaffold) I hallooed to Chaddock to put it down. He not doing so, I started toward him, and, just as I got near him, he let it drop. We were all so close together that we had to jump to save our feet. This was the last I knew until I found a couple of the boys leading me along, the blood blinding me, having been hit over the left eye, also in the right leg. All, with one exception, were severely wounded, but fortunately all recovered. Ben. Woodworth was the only one not touched. A piece of the shell mortally wounded the suspected guerrilla, and his wife was badly cut in the side of the neck. Seeing this, as I came to myself, I told the two men before mentioned, and who were standing at the other side of the house in a state of stupefaction, to go and take care of this man and woman. They started as directed, and we proceeded on our journey of a couple of miles to the Fort, being met on the way by a detachment from our Company, the report of the shell having been heard at the Fort.”

From Covington, Ky., Company K, with a part of the Regiment, marched to Lexington. This was our first experience in marching, and as the roads were very dusty and the drinking water extremely scarce, many of the men became a good deal disgusted with soldier life, though none were disabled on this march. After a short rest at Lexington, we

went on to Harrodsburg, where there are some famous springs. Here we were treated with great hospitality by the loyal citizens, and I remember particularly the kindness of Mr. Caldwell, a banker of that town. We next went to Danville, where a number of the Company were sick with measles. Robert Pollard died here, December 19, 1862, and as this was the first death in the Company, it sobered us all not a little. Sergeants Abbey and Earley were disabled by the measles, and were never able to again do active duty, although Abbey was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps and rose to the rank of Captain, while Earley, poor fellow, never recovered, and died from the consequences of that disease, though not until after the war was over.

January 11, 1863, J. D. Lester died of disease, the second in the long list of those who fell in the defense of the flag of our country.

While riding in a stage from Danville, Ky., to Lexington, the writer, who had been detailed as Aide-de-Camp at Brigade Headquarters, saw a most astonishing number of crows. All the afternoon they were flying to the right of the road as far as the eye could reach, while as many seemed to be on the left of the road, all going North. It is probable that they had been down to the Perryville battle-field getting their dinners from the horses and mules which had been slain there.

Shortly after the battle of Stone River our Brigade was ordered to Nashville, Tenn., and Company K, of course, went with the Regiment. We marched from Danville to Louisville, and this time it was as much too wet as it had been too dry on our first march. The Regiment took passage on steamboats and enjoyed the sights very much, though the writer was confined to his bed most of the way, as he had taken a violent cold on the march, and had an attack of pneumonia, which lasted until Nashville was reached.

Nothing of especial interest occurred until we were stationed at Franklin, where we had a skirmish with the enemy. At Triune we were attacked by Rebel cavalry, and had our first experience of bursting shell fired at us by a hostile foe. Horses and men became somewhat demoralized. As a shell

came singing along I saw a man on horseback drop his head as low as possible, while at the same time the horse fell on his knees. Nothing of moment took place until Estell Springs was reached, at which place we camped long enough for a good many to get sick, and Charles Jennings died. He was a young man of very pleasant disposition, and was sincerely mourned by the whole Company. The march to Rossville was a hard one, but the men stood it well, as they were animated by the expectation of something being done in the near future. Good foraging was found at Rossville, and a liberal supply of sweet potatoes, grapes, chickens, etc., was brought into camp. On Friday evening, September 18, 1863, the Company went with the Regiment and Brigade to reconnoiter the enemy. Just at night his skirmish line was reached, and some fighting done that night and the next day, though the Company lost no men. The writer had a narrow escape, as a shell struck a tree over his head and fell almost under his horse's feet, but fortunately did not explode. All day Saturday and Sunday forenoon we heard terrific firing to the south, and about noon we started for the field of battle and death to so many of our brave boys. The agony of that dreadful day can never be told in words. Company K did its duty. From two o'clock P. M. until night it stood, along with other Companies of the Regiment, with its front to the foe. The following were killed: Anson Brinkerhoff, Joseph S. Bowker, Mathew Dunbar, Michael Fox and Darius W. Kenney. Thomas Porter died soon after the battle from wounds. Lieutenant E. E. Townsend was wounded in the right arm; First Sergeant C. C. Cowen in the shoulder, being permanently disabled; Sergeant G. W. Luke in the head; Sergeant C. N. Elston in the thigh; Corporal Wm. E. Tilton in the side; James E. Black in the arm; Edward Graham in the right arm and left hand; C. W. Pomeroy in the leg, being disabled for one year; Thomas A. Conlee in the shoulder; Curl Richardson in the leg; Henry Shultz in the left breast and left arm, disabling him for six months, and being left on the battle-field and a prisoner for ten days; Hiram H. Hamilton, left leg, and also being a prisoner for ten days, and dis-

abled for eight months. Thomas C. Graves, in the foot, being captured and held as a prisoner seventeen months ; J. F. Champlin was also captured and held as a prisoner for several months ; Edward Graham in the arm and thigh, being disabled five months ; Charles Smith had a limb injured by the fall of a horse ; Thomas Morgan was slightly wounded in the wrist.

At Lookout Mountain, November 24, 1863, Company K was so near the perpendicular cliffs as to be somewhat protected, and suffered but little. Lieutenant E. E. Townsend had a bullet through his right foot, and Sergeant H. W. Godding and Sergeant Thomas J. Carlton were each wounded.

At Buzzard Roost, or Dalton, February 25, 1864, Sergeant Henry J. Harriman was killed by a bullet which passed close to the head of the writer, who stood about one hundred feet in front of him.

At Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864, James Vaughn was killed ; Beri Serviss so severely wounded as to be compelled to submit to the amputation of his left leg ; Edward Graham was wounded by a piece of shell.

At Resaca, May 14, 1864, the Company was on the extreme left of the Regiment when the line was outflanked and compelled to fall back, and Sergeant Thomas S. Leland, Charles L. Courter and John J. Vroman were killed, their bodies falling into the hands of the enemy, but being recovered two days later.

At Dallas, or New Hope Church, May 30, 1864, Albert E. Benton was killed ; and on the same line Sergeant Daniel Sullivan and Edward Graham were each slightly wounded.

In the engagements about Kenesaw Mountain, in June, 1864, Ross P. Rayne was mortally wounded, dying within a few hours ; Corporal W. W. Hoover was severely wounded in the left shoulder, the bullet lodging under his left shoulder blade, where it still remains ; James Hicks was wounded in the right hand ; Wm. J. Edwards, in the left leg ; W. W. Hughes, in the right hip ; H. S. Dean received a scalp wound ; George C. Morse was wounded in the head, and J. B. Jenkins was knocked over by a piece of shell, but escaped serious injury.

At Peach Tree Creek, July 20, 1864, John Hay, Jr., had his right thigh fractured, and died at Chattanooga August 4. Sergeant Daniel Sullivan was slightly wounded in the hip. Before Atlanta, August 19, 1864, Fred. Blackman was killed in a demonstration on the enemy's works. At Nashville, December 16, 1864, William Kimble, a recruit who had but recently joined the Company, was mortally wounded, dying in hospital at Nashville, January 12, 1865. Hamilton D. Crane was shot while driving a team from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, and conveyed to McMinnville, Tenn., where he died October 10, 1863.

The record shows that the Company lost seventeen in killed or mortally wounded, being the largest number of battle fatalities sustained by any Company in the Regiment. Two were captured and remained prisoners for seventeen months; twenty-five were wounded; six died of disease; five were transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, and two to the First U. S. Veteran Volunteer Engineers; thirteen were discharged for disability; one was promoted to Chaplain, and one was commissioned in another regiment. Of the one hundred men comprising the original Company, fifty went home together at the close of the war.

The Company received forty-three recruits: two—Thomas O'Conner and Morancy Putnam—while at Rockford, in October, 1862; one—Myron B. Champion—in the spring of 1864, and forty at various times during the autumn of 1864 and the spring of 1865. Nearly all of these were transferred to Company K, 21st Illinois, June 9, 1865, and went to Texas.

THE COMPANY ROSTER.

Captain Thomas E. Champion.—Age 38; born in Palmyra, N. Y.; attorney; enlisted from Warren; elected Captain at the organization of the Company, and Colonel at the organization of the Regiment. (See Roster of Field and Staff.)

Captain Timothy D. Rose.—Age 33; born in Hartford, Licking County, Ohio; merchant; enlisted from Warren as a Private; furnished subsistence for the Company from the time of its organization until it went to Rockford; upon the organization of the Regiment, when Captain Thomas E. Champion became Colonel, was elected Captain of the Com-

pany ; resigned March 21, 1864. Is a contractor and builder at Granville, Ohio.

Captain Edward E. Townsend.—Aged 24 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush ; elected First Lieutenant at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Captain April 24, 1864 ; at Chickamauga a bullet passed through his hat and another gave him a slight wound in the arm ; at Lookout Mountain was severely wounded by a bullet which passed through his foot ; m. o. with the Regiment. Is a large farmer and stock-raiser and a prominent citizen at Marysville, Missouri.

Captain Wallace W. Abbey.—Age 24 ; born in Lake County, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; appointed Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; had measles at Danville, Ky., and was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps July 7, 1863 ; was promoted through the various grades to Captain in the 123d Colored Regiment ; had command of his Regiment for a time, and also of the transfer camp at Louisville, Ky. ; m. o. late in 1865. Removing to Nebraska, he has held the position of Sheriff and Superintendent of Schools of Richardson County, and for six years was States Prison Inspector ; is farming at Falls City, Neb.

First Lieutenant George W. Pepoon.—Age 29 ; born in Painesville, Ohio ; farmer and teacher ; enlisted from Warren ; elected Second Lieutenant at the organization of the Company ; promoted to First Lieutenant April 24, 1864, and breveted Captain at the close of the war ; served as Aid-de-camp on staff of Brigade Commander from December, 1862, until October, 1863, when he was assigned to duty as Provost Marshal, continuing in that capacity until the close of the war. At Chickamauga was the only officer on the Brigade Staff who escaped unharmed, two being killed, two captured and two wounded, and the commander, W. C. Whittaker, knocked off his horse by a spent ball. Was in all the battles in which the Regiment took part, as well as Missionary Ridge and Ringgold, where the Regiment was not engaged. Although often exposed on horseback when the men were lying down, he never was injured by the foe ; was m. o. with Regiment. Was County Superintendent of Schools of Jo Daviess County from 1865 to 1873, Township Assessor ten years, Supervisor two years, and in 1886 was elected to the House of Representatives of the Thirty-fifth General Assembly of the State of Illinois. Resides on his farm at Warren, Ill.

First Lieutenant Wallace Tear.—Age 21 ; born in Lake County, Ohio ; merchant ; enlisted from Warren ; appointed Third Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; participated with the Regiment in all of its earlier experiences and at Chickamauga ; acted as Sergeant Major from that battle until Nov. 9, 1863, when he was promoted to Second Lieutenant in the 14th Colored Regiment ; was subsequently assigned to the 25th U. S. Infantry, and served until 1883. Is a large farmer and stock-raiser at Durham Park, Kan.

COMPANY K.



Serg't HENRY J. HARRIMAN.
JAMES E. BLACK.

First Serg't C. C. COWEN.
Capt. EDWARD E. TOWNSEND.
HARMON S. DEAN.

BERI SERVISS.
EDWARD GRAHAM

RECEIVED
AT THE
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Second Lieutenant Garrett W. Luke.—Age 19 ; born in Albany, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Nora ; was appointed Second Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; promoted to First Sergeant Jan. 27, 1864, and to Second Lieutenant May 5, 1865 ; at Chickamauga was wounded in the head, but did not leave the command ; was never absent from the Regiment except for a brief furlough from Huntsville, and participated in every skirmish and battle in which the Regiment was engaged ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Geneva, Franklin County, Iowa.

First Sergeant Christopher C. Cowen.—Age 21 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; accountant and clerk ; enlisted from Warren ; appointed First Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; received shell wounds at Fort Shaler, Ky., in October, 1862, losing the sight of the left eye, and receiving an ugly hurt in the right thigh. At Chickamauga had a gunshot wound through the right shoulder and shoulder blade. Had a Henry rifle, a 16 shooter, which he used on the advancing enemy after our line had fallen back. When his gun was emptied of cartridges he loaded it again, although he had no support, and kept up his firing until the Rebel line was but ten or fifteen feet from him, when he was struck by a bullet and fell. A ball from his own Regiment tore his coat, as he lay on the ground, but did not wound him. A Rebel gave him a drink of water, but took his gun. A Henry rifle captured at Atlanta, marked "Captured from a Federal soldier at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863," is believed to be the same gun. The lines again shifting he escaped from the field. Being disabled for field service he was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps Jan. 27, 1864 ; m. o. June 30, 1865, at Nashville. Is a law reporter, and resides at St. Louis, Mo.

First Sergeant Henry W. Godding.—Age 21 ; born in Lawrence, Me. ; enlisted from Warren ; promoted to Corporal, Sergeant and First Sergeant ; served with the Regiment, and was in all the battles in which it was engaged ; was wounded slightly at Lookout Mountain ; m. o. with Regiment. After the war, taught school several terms, and was Collector of the town of Warren one year. For several years past has been Baggage Master at Warren, Ill., for the Illinois Central Railroad.

Sergeant Henry R. Earley.—Age 21 ; born in Illinois ; farmer ; enlisted from Nora ; appointed Sergeant at the organization of the Company ; had the measles at Danville, Ky., in December, 1862, which permanently impaired his health ; was discharged Oct. 16, 1863, and died in 1865.

Sergeant Charles N. Elston.—Age 24 ; born in Bradford, Pa. ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush ; had previously served several months in the 15th Illinois ; appointed First Corporal at the organization of the Company ; promoted to Sergeant ; at Chickamauga was wounded in the right thigh and arm ; almost at the instant he was wounded he saw a Rebel near him ; although his own gun was empty he held it as though about to fire, calling to the man to surrender, which he did ; he then compelled his prisoner to assist him from the field ; was disabled for several weeks ; returned

and served to the close of the war; was discharged at Chicago June 8, 1865. Is a cooper, and resides at Mazeppa, Wabasha County, Minn.

Sergeant Thomas S. Leland.—Age 20; born in Nashville, Ill.; clerk; enlisted from Nora; appointed Second Corporal at the organization of the Company; promoted to Sergeant; was a fine specimen of young manhood, a strong friend and a brave soldier; was killed at the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864. Is buried in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sergeant Curl Richardson.—Age 20; born in Chautauqua County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Warren; promoted to Corporal and Sergeant; was shot through the leg at Chickamauga, but was absent only a few weeks; was wounded in the hand at Resaca; participated in almost every skirmish and battle; m. o. with the Regiment. Is a miner by occupation, and resides at Los Angeles, Cal.

Sergeant Daniel Sullivan.—Age 19; born in Ireland; shoemaker; enlisted from Warren; appointed Eighth Corporal at the organization of the Company; promoted to Sergeant; at Peach Tree Creek was slightly wounded in the hip; at Rocky Face Ridge had his gun struck by a bullet; successfully reconnoitered the Rebel lines at Lookout Mountain, bringing to Gen. Hooker important information, and was always conspicuous for courage; m. o. with Regiment. Followed his trade for some years and then went to farming in Iowa; is in poor health; is temporarily in Chicago, but calls Le Mars, Iowa, his home.

Sergeant Leonard Appleby.—Age 21; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Stockton; promoted to Corporal and Sergeant; in many engagements, but escaped wounds; m. o. with the Regiment. Is farming at Nora, Ill.

Sergeant Henry J. Harriman.—Age 23; farmer; born in Danvers, Mass.; enlisted from Warren; promoted from Private to Sergeant in January, 1863; was killed at Buzzard Roost or Dalton, Ga., Feb. 25, 1864. The bullet that struck him passed close to the head of the writer, who was on top of the hill a hundred feet in front, having gone forward to reconnoiter after the line halted. Sergeant Harriman was one of the best men in the Company, tall and graceful, gentle yet brave. His loss was mourned by all who knew him.

Corporal Alex. W. Conlee.—Age 22; born in Alton, Ill.; clerk; enlisted from Warren; m. o. with Regiment. Resided in Nebraska for some years, where he edited a newspaper; is now a clerk in the Land Office, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

Corporal William E. Tilton.—Age 18; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Nora; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company; wounded in right side at the battle of Chickamauga; m. o. with Regiment. Is a railroad contractor, and resides at Wakeeney, Kansas.

Corporal C. M. Kinney.—Age 26; born in New York; cooper; enlisted from Warren; appointed Corporal at organization of Company; was detailed in Pioneer Corps April 7, 1863, and transferred to the First U. S. V. Engineers July 18, 1864. Died near the close of the war.

Corporal Thomas J. Carlton.—Age 33; born in Bradford, Mass.; farmer; enlisted from Warren; appointed Corporal at the organization of the Company; was wounded in the foot at Lookout Mountain; was well educated, and served faithfully in all of the campaigns and battles until Cassville, Ga., was reached, in May, 1864, when he broke down and had to go to hospital for some months; returning, was m. o. with Regiment. Died at Vineland, N. J., Sept. 1, 1880.

Corporal Albert F. Wood.—Age 26; born in New York; wagon-maker; enlisted from Warren; appointed Corporal at organization of the Company; was taken ill in January, 1863, and for a long time was in hospital and on detached service; m. o. with Regiment. Is a wagon manufacturer at Salem, Neb.

Corporal Oscar W. Cowen.—Age 22; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Warren; promoted to Corporal; had two bullets through his clothing at Chickamauga, and his belt struck at Lookout Mountain; m. o. with the Regiment. Has been a Deputy United States Marshal, and is now a physician at Norse, Bosque County, Texas.

Corporal Hiram H. Hamilton.—Age 17; born in Indiana; farmer; enlisted from Rush; promoted to Corporal; was severely wounded in the left leg at Chickamauga, falling into the enemy's hands, and remaining a prisoner for ten days, when he was paroled; was disabled eight months; returned to the command and was m. o. with the Regiment. Is a prominent and respected farmer at Beloit, Kansas.

Corporal Thomas A. Conlee.—Age 18; born in Illinois; clerk; enlisted from Warren; promoted to Corporal; was wounded in the shoulder at Chickamauga; returning, served faithfully through the war, and was m. o. with the Regiment. Is traveling salesman for the Grand Detour Plow Company, and resides at Dixon, Ill.

Corporal John H. Bates.—Age 27; born in St. Lawrence County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Rush; promoted to Corporal; was left at Bridgeport sick, in September, 1863, and sent to Quincy Hospital; re-joined command before the opening of the Atlanta campaign, and was not again absent; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming in Rush; P. O. address, Greenvale, Jo Daviess County, Ill. Is Justice of the Peace, and has been Supervisor of his township six years.

Corporal Wallace W. Hoover.—Age 19; born in Pennsylvania; miller; enlisted from Warren; promoted to Corporal in July, 1864; at Kenesaw Mountain was severely wounded, a bullet passing through his left shoulder and lodging under the shoulder blade, where it still remains; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Mitchell, Dakota.

Corporal Jehile C. Tucker.—Age 18; born in Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Warren; had a scalp wound at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863; promoted to Corporal Jan. 1, 1865; m. o. with Regiment. Is now farming at Walnut, Crawford County, Kansas.

Corporal George C. Morse.—Age 23; born in Bond County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Nora; at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., July 3, 1864, was cut by a bullet which, passing through his hat, grazed his head, but did not disable him; was in every engagement following Lookout Mountain; promoted to Corporal; m. o. with Regiment. Is with the Henry Buggy Company at Freeport, Ill.

Corporal Thomas Porter.—Age 24; born in Ireland; shoemaker; enlisted from Warren; promoted to Corporal in January, 1863; was mortally wounded at Chickamauga, and died at Chattanooga Oct. 12, 1863. He was a splendid soldier, and gave his life for his country.

Corporal John C. Simmons.—Age 21; born in Illinois; clerk; enlisted from Nora; promoted to Corporal; m. o. with Regiment. Has been a sewing machine agent and salesman for musical instruments, but when last heard from was near Topeka, Kansas, on a stock farm.

Charles A. Arnold.—Age 23; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Rush; was taken sick at Wartrace, Tenn., in July, 1863, and absent about a year; at Kenesaw Mountain had a bullet through the skirt of his coat; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Mazeppa, Minnesota.

Ira Barton.—Age 18; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Rush; transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 15, 1864. Died from consumption soon after the war.

Anson Brinkerhoff.—Age 25; born in New York; clerk; enlisted from Warren; was killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863.

Joseph S. Bowker.—Age 23; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Rush; was killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863.

James E. Black.—Age 18; born in Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Warren; was wounded in the right knee by the explosion of a shell at Fort Shaler, as described in the Company sketch; had a severe gunshot wound of left forearm at Chickamauga; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Luverne, Minn.

Samuel L. Buser.—Age 24; born in Pennsylvania; farmer; enlisted from Warren; was detailed as Orderly at Brigade Head Quarters in January, 1863, and remained on detached service until the close of the war, but always with the Brigade; m. o. with Regiment. Has been a photographer since the war at Warren, Ill.

Henry Buser.—Age 22; born in Pennsylvania; farmer; enlisted from Warren; served as a Drummer in the Regimental Band much of the time; m. o. with Regiment. Is a photographer at Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Ellis W. Buser.—Age 20; born in Pennsylvania; farmer; enlisted from Warren; served as Fifer in the Regimental Band; was a brother of Samuel L. and Henry Buser, of the same Company; m. o. with Regiment. Is a merchant at Dawson, Neb.

Thomas Brown.—Age 25; born in England; farmer; enlisted from Warren; discharged for disability April 1, 1863. Has been a township official, and resides at Oneida, Sully County, Dakota.

Albert E. Benton.—Age 18; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Rush; was killed at Dallas, or New Hope Church, May 30, 1864; is buried in the National Cemetery at Marietta, Ga.

S. S. Burthwick.—Age 26; born in Allegheny County, N. Y.; farmer; enlisted from Thompson; was in numerous engagements, but escaped wounds; he lost his voice, and was unfit for duty, but persisted in remaining at the front; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming in Rush, Jo Daviess County, Ill.

George W. Baird.—Age 29; born in Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Stockton; was taken sick in the autumn of 1862, and discharged for disability at Louisville, Ky., January 20, 1863. Is farming at Greenwood, McHenry County, Ill.

Frederick Blackman.—Age 18; born in Connecticut; farmer; enlisted from Nora; although but a boy, he was an excellent soldier, and was killed in action before Atlanta, August 19, 1864; is buried in the National Cemetery at Marietta, Ga.

Willard R. Chaddock.—Age 23; born in Erie, Pa.; farmer; enlisted from Rush; was wounded in right leg, hand and eye at Fort Shaler, as described in the Company sketch, and disabled three months; m. o. with Regiment. Is a brick manufacturer at Des Moines, Iowa.

J. Franklin Champlin.—Age 20; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Nora; was captured at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863, and was a prisoner for many months, returning near the close of the war; m. o. with Regiment; was badly broken in health, and died in 1875.

J. Manly Clendenning.—Age 22; born in Illinois; clergyman; enlisted from Apple River; was promoted to Chaplain. (See Roster of Field and Staff.)

Charles L. Courter.—Age 20; born in Lycoming County, Pa.; farmer; enlisted from Warren; was a good soldier, and met his death at the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864; is buried in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Charles W. Carlton.—Age 25; born in Bradford, Mass.; farmer; enlisted from Warren; was not strong, and, after trying faithfully to serve his country in the Regiment, was transferred to the V. R. C. May 1, 1864; m. o. at the close of the war. Died in Colorado April 11, 1881.

George Chambers.—Age 18; born in Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Rush; was in many engagements, but escaped wounds; served as team-

ster in the Division ordnance train the last few months ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Nora, Ill.

Hamilton D. Crane.—Age 29 ; born in Franklin, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Stockton ; was a teamster, and was mortally wounded by Wheeler's cavalry between Chattanooga and Bridgeport, and died at McMinnville, Tenn., Oct. 10, 1863.

Harmon S. Dean.—Age 25 ; born in North Carolina ; farmer ; enlisted from Nora ; was a very peculiar sort of person ; had a wonderful memory, but could never learn to keep step ; never visited another Regiment without finding relatives or friends ; was teamster much of the time, but was with the Regiment at Kenesaw Mountain and got a bullet through his hat, on the night of June 20, which just grazed his head ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Ironton, Sauk County, Wis.

Mathew Dunbar.—Age 18 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; was killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863.

George W. Dalrymple.—Age 20 ; born in Pennsylvania ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; discharged for disability Dec. 16, 1863. Is still in poor health, and is farming at Beatrice, Neb.

Parley Eaton.—Age 31 ; born in Dutchess County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; was sick a part of the time, but was with the command in several engagements ; m. o. with Regiment. Resided in Vernon County, Wis., until 1885, when he went to Colorado.

William J. Edwards.—Age 20 ; born in Vermont ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; wounded in left leg below the knee at Kenesaw Mountain, June 25, 1864 ; also had bullets through his haversack at Rocky Face Ridge ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Oakley, Green County, Wis.

Michael Fox.—Age 27 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; was killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863.

Phineas Foss.—Age 21 ; born in Maine ; farmer ; enlisted from Nora ; had a bullet through his hat at Resaca and one through his canteen at Kenesaw Mountain ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a mason by trade and resides in Linn, Washington County, Kan.

Thomas C. Graves.—Age 20 ; born in Kentucky ; farmer ; enlisted from Nora ; was wounded in the foot at Chickamauga, falling into the enemy's hands and being a prisoner for seventeen months ; was confined at Richmond, Danville, Andersonville and Florence, returning home near the close of the war so broken in health as to be unfitted for active service ; m. o. at Springfield, Ill., in June, 1865. Is proprietor of a family grocery store at Ashley, Ill.

John Gholson.—Age 22 ; born in Hamilton County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; had typhoid fever, and was discharged for disability Jan. 2, 1863 ; enlisted in the 153d Illinois in February, 1865, serving until the m. o. of that command. Is a prosperous farmer at Beloit, Kan.

Edward Graham.—Age 16 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; was wounded in thigh, right arm and left hand at Chickamauga, the wound in the thigh being made by a canister shot ; he was carried from the battle field by a rescuing party about 1 o'clock, A. M., on Monday, September 21, and conveyed to Rossville ; from thence he went in an army wagon to Bridgeport, where his wounds were dressed, for the first time, five days after they were received ; was disabled five months ; returning to the command, he was struck by a piece of shell at Rocky Face Ridge, and was also slightly wounded at Pumpkin Vine Creek or Dallas ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Royal, Antelope County, Nebraska.

James Hicks.—Age 20 ; born in Cornwell, England ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; at Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864, had one ear slightly cut by a bullet ; at Kenesaw Mountain, June 19, 1864, was struck by a bullet in the right hand, the palm of the hand and the ends of the third and fourth fingers being badly cut, a part of the bone being taken from the latter ; rejoined the Regiment at Atlanta ; participated with the Regiment in all of its engagements except during this period, and was present at the final m. o. Residence, Warren, Ill.

John Hay, Jr.—Age 18 ; born in Scotland ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; was a good soldier and performed every duty ; at Peach Tree Creek, July 20, 1864, had his right thigh fractured by a bullet, and was sent back to Chattanooga, where he died Aug. 4, 1864.

Cornelius Haggerty.—Age 19 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; had a bullet hole cut in his blouse at Chickamauga, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with the Regiment. Is a successful farmer at Tama City, Iowa.

Nelson B. Hull.—Age 36 ; born in Ohio ; at enlistment was ticket agent at Warren for the Illinois Central Railroad ; on the Lebanon march in December, 1862, contracted a severe cold, which resulted in hemorrhage of the lungs ; partially recovering, was detailed at Gen. Gordon Granger's headquarters, accompanying the command to Franklin, Tenn., where he was discharged April 15, 1863 ; subsequently enlisted in the 5th Wisconsin, and was finally m. o. at Washington, D. C., in 1865. Is a Notary Public and insurance agent at De Witt, Nebraska.

William P. Heydon.—Age 21 ; born in New York ; saddler ; enlisted from Warren ; was taken sick on the Tennessee campaign, and discharged for disability Jan. 1, 1864, dying at Shell Mound a week later, and being buried in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, Tenn.

William W. Hughes.—Age 21 ; born in Kentucky ; farmer ; enlisted from Nora ; was a good soldier, full of fun and helpful in keeping up the spirits of his comrades ; wounded in the right hip at Kenesaw Mountain ; m. o. with the Regiment. Engaged first in farming and afterward as a butcher at Nora ; died in 1883, and was buried by his comrades of the G. A. R., of which organization he was an honored member.

Charles Jennings.—Age 18 ; born in Painesville, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; died at Estell Springs, Tenn., Aug. 20, 1863.

J. Byron Jenkins.—Age 20 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; was knocked over by the concussion of a shell at Kenesaw Mountain, but not disabled ; was one of a few who never drank any intoxicating liquors while in the service ; m. o. with Regiment. Lived for several years since the war at Warren, where he sold agricultural implements ; is now at Manhattan, Kansas, where he is Foreman of the Manhattan Mills and Cement Co.

William Kish.—Age 34 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush ; was a faithful soldier, but was not strong enough to stand marching ; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Jan. 15, 1864. Is farming near Warren, Ill.

Darius W. Kenney.—Age 19 ; born in Bradford, Pa. ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush ; was killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863.

James D. Lester.—Age 18 ; born in Green County, Wis. ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush ; was taken sick at Harrodsburg, Ky., where he died Jan. 11, 1863. Is buried either at Camp Nelson, Ky., or at Perryville, Ky.

Thomas Morgan.—Age 21 ; born in Wisconsin ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; never absent from the command for more than a day or two ; was in all the battles of the Regiment, and at Chickamauga was struck on the right wrist by a spent ball ; m. o. with Regiment. Is fruit growing at Antioch, Contra Costa County, Cal.

John A. Newton.—Age 18 ; born in Lake County, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; was sick in the winter of 1862-3, and discharged for disability May 21, 1863, dying soon after his return home.

Jacob Nadeg.—Age 21 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush ; was in numerous engagements ; at Cassville, Ga., a bullet grazed his right arm and entered his cap box, exploding the caps and burning him on the thighs, but not injuring him so severely but that he was able to remain with the command ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Rush, Ill.

Butler Newton.—Age 24 ; born in Allegheny County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Nora ; he was a fine soldier, but, by exposure, he became sick, and died at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 7, 1863. Is buried in the National Cemetery at Nashville, Tenn.

William Pritchard.—Age 30 ; born in Wales ; shoemaker ; enlisted from Warren ; was not very strong, and the exposure produced inflammation in his eyes, and he was discharged for disability Sept. 4, 1863. Has resided in Warren since the war, and is a farmer and fruit raiser.

Robert Pollard.—Age 18 ; born in England ; miller ; enlisted from Rush ; the march from Covington, Ky., to Danville was too much for him, and, after a few days of severe sickness, he died Dec. 19, 1862 ; he was the first of the Company to go, and his death was sincerely mourned by all his comrades.

James P. Payne.—Age 27 ; born in Green County, Wis. ; mason ; enlisted from Warren ; was wounded slightly at Moccasin Point, but never off duty ; was absent on furlough at m. o. of Regiment. Has been a Justice of the Peace four years ; is now a druggist, and resides at Harlan, Smith County, Kansas.

Oliver B. Pruner.—Age 19 ; born in Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush ; was detailed in Pioneer Corps April 7, 1863, and transferred to the 1st U. S. Engineers July 18, 1864, serving to the close of the war. Is Treasurer of Hand County, Dakota ; address, Miller Lake.

Cyrus W. Pomeroy.—Age 18 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Nora ; at Chickamauga was struck by a ball a little above the knee, and severely wounded ; gangrene set in, and he had a narrow escape from death ; was disabled for a year, and still suffers from the injury ; previous to Chickamauga was bass drummer in the Regimental Band, and still retains his drum as a relic ; discharged because of wound, in Chicago, June 16, 1864. Is agent for the Western Bank Note and Engraving Company, and resides at 3445 Vernon Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Ross Porter Rayne.—Age 32 ; born in Trumbull County, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Stockton ; was killed at Kenesaw Mountain June 23, 1864.

Thomas J. Sherk.—Age 29 ; born in Canada ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; served for a year or more in the ranks, and then as orderly to the Colonel ; at Chickamauga went twice across the open country when the Regiment and Brigade came into the fight, the Rebels shelling terrifically all the time ; after Chickamauga, was detailed as Orderly at Headquarters of Brigade, and was Regimental Bugler for a long time ; m. o. with Regiment. Worked at the carpenter trade for several years, and then bought a farm, on which he lives, near Warren, Ill.

Peter Shick.—Age 19 ; born in Pennsylvania ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush ; detailed in Pioneer Corps April 7, 1863, and transferred to the 1st U. S. Engineers July 29, 1864 ; afterward sent to a gun boat, and has not been heard from since.

Henry Shultz.—Age 19 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush ; at the first charge at Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 20, 1863, had his blouse almost riddled with bullets, but was not struck himself ; on the last charge, just at sunset, he received a gun shot wound in the left breast, also left arm shattered, between elbow and shoulder, also a flesh wound in elbow ; was disabled six months ; he remained on the battlefield ten days, and was then paroled and sent to Chattanooga ; recovered and was m. o. with Regiment. Has been Tax Collector of Rush, and for some time past a minister of the gospel and President of Seventh Day Adventists' Conference, of the Northwest, at Stromburg, Polk County, Neb.

Jesse Smith.—Age 24 ; born in Washington County, Pa. ; cooper ; enlisted from Warren ; was disabled by reason of sickness, and on detailed service nearly all the time ; m. o. with Regiment. Is now Foreman of the Cooper Department of the State Penitentiary at Joliet, Ill.

Daniel Sommers.—Age 24 ; born in Lexington, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Nora ; he was a soldier that could always be depended on, and was never seriously wounded ; m. o. with Regiment. Is a carpenter, and resides in the township of Nora. Postoffice address, Greenvale, Wisconsin.

Beri Serviss.—Age 19 ; born in Illinois ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River ; was wounded at Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864, and discharged Oct. 26, 1864. His left foot had to be amputated. Soon after coming home was appointed Postmaster at Apple River, which office he held about twenty years ; was removed by President Cleveland. He resides at Apple River, and has a furniture store at both Apple River and Warren.

Briggs Sutherland.—Age 30 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush ; in January, 1863, near Danville, Ky., had a gunshot wound in right hand, on account of which he was discharged Feb. 7, 1863. Is farming at Readstown, Vernon County, Wis.

Charles Smith.—Age 42 ; born in England ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren ; was Orderly at Brigade Head Quarters, and on the night before the battle of Franklin, Tenn., his horse fell, and injured his left leg, causing varicose veins, from which he still suffers ; m. o. with Regiment. Is farming at Salem, Neb.

George W. Torrey.—Age 27 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Stockton ; was not strong enough to stand a soldier's life, and was discharged for disability at Danville, Ky., Dec. 29, 1862. Is farming at Beloit, Mitchell County, Kan.

John L. Taylor.—Age 22 ; born in Pennsylvania ; blacksmith ; enlisted from Rush ; he was kicked by a mule at Danville, Ky., and discharged for disability July 30, 1863. He has never recovered from the mule's kick. Enlisted in 1861 in the 15th I. V. I., serving a few months. Is farming and blacksmithing at Masonville, Delaware County, Iowa.

John J. Vroman.—Age 23 ; born in Canada ; machinist ; enlisted from Rush ; was killed at the battle of Resaca, May 14, 1864 ; is buried in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, Tenn.

James Vaughn.—Age 17 ; born in Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush ; was killed in the engagement at Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864 ; is buried in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Franklin Watson.—Age 18 ; born in La Grange, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Stockton ; was in many engagements, but escaped wounds ; m. o. with Regiment. Address unknown.

Benjamin B. Woodworth.—Age 21; born in Painesville, Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Warren; was with the men from Company K when the shell exploded at Fort Shaler, as mentioned in the Company sketch, and was the only one unhurt; drove an ambulance most of the time; was on furlough at the m. o. of Regiment, but joined it and went home with his comrades. Is farming near Warren, Ill.

James M. Westfall.—Age 20; born in Lawrence County, Illinois; farmer; enlisted from Rush; was taken sick at Danville, Ky., and discharged Jan. 3, 1863, for consumption. He regained his health and re-enlisted in the 17th Illinois Cavalry, and served two years, being promoted to Corporal; m. o. at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., in December, 1865. Is farming at Aptos, Santa Cruz County, Cal.

Providence Williams.—Age 22; born in Washington County, Ill.; farmer; enlisted from Rush; was wounded by the explosion of the shell at Fort Shaler, Ky., and discharged for disability Jan. 12, 1863. Afterward re-enlisted in 12th I. V. I., Oct. 7, 1864, and m. o. with that Regiment at the close of the war. Is farming at Masonville, Iowa.

Samuel C. Weaver.—Age 21; born in Schuylkill, Pa.; farmer; enlisted from Rush; was a good soldier, and came through without injury. Is farming near Winslow, Stephenson County, Ill.

Delos P. York.—Age 29; born in Madison County, N. Y.; enlisted from Nora; had a bullet through his hat at Chickamauga and one through his clothing at Lookout Mountain; was in hospital at Quincy, Ill., for a time; discharged at close of the war. Is a speculator, and resides at Council Grove, Morris County, Kan.

RECRUITS TO COMPANY K.

Corporal Thomas O'Connor.—Age 35; born in Ireland; enlisted from Nora in October, 1862, joining the Regiment in Kentucky; was in all of the engagements, but escaped wounds; promoted to Corporal; transferred to the 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 12, 1865; resides at Earlville, Delaware County, Iowa.

Corporal Myron B. Champion.—Age 18; born in Ypsilanti, Mich.; blacksmith; was a half-brother of Colonel Champion; enlisted from Michigan, March 31, 1864, but was credited to Chicago; joined the Regiment just before the opening of the Atlanta campaign; was in many engagements, but escaped wounds; promoted to Corporal; was transferred to the 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Is a practicing physician at Cheboygan, Mich.

William N. Bates.—Age 30; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Rush Oct. 7, 1864; died at Huntsville, Ala., Feb. 16, 1865.

Hiram N. Bates.—Age 31; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Rush Oct. 7, 1864; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 13, 1865. Is farming at Stockton, Ill.

Addison Benton.—Age 18 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Apple River April 10, 1865 ; transferred to the 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865.

John K. Bennett.—Age 29 ; born in New York ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush Oct. 8, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 13, 1865. Died soon after his return home.

George E. Cole.—Age 17 ; born in Lake County, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren March 29, 1865 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Is farming near Pawnee City, Neb.

Newton B. Claypool.—Age 28 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Stockton Feb. 8, 1865 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Is farming at Hampton, Iowa.

George H. Crippen.—Age 25 ; born in Canada ; farmer ; enlisted from Savanna, Carroll County, March 28, 1865 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Died several years since.

John Dreyer.—Age 43 ; born in Germany ; boatman ; enlisted from Galena April 10, 1865 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865.

Henry DeRoff.—Age 25 ; born in Germany ; baker ; enlisted from Galena April 3, 1865 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865.

Federick Drier.—Age 24 ; born in Germany ; laborer ; enlisted from Galena April 3, 1865 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865. Died at New Orleans, La., July 24, 1865 ; is buried in the National Cemetery at New Orleans, La.

Bernard Feist.—Age 32 ; born in Germany ; miner ; enlisted from Galena April 3, 1865 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865.

Harmon Goebel.—Age 23 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena April 10, 1865 ; discharged at Springfield, Ill., May 21, 1865 ; by error is carried on the rolls as transferred to 21st Illinois.

Carlton B. Harris.—Age 17 ; born in Rush, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Rush April 10, 1865, joining the Regiment at Nashville ; was transferred to Company K, 21st Illinois, and finally m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Is farming at Rush, Ill., and is a prominent and active citizen.

Nicholas Hefty.—Age 33 ; born in Switzerland ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena April 3, 1865. Died May 28, 1865 ; is buried in the National Cemetery at Nashville, Tenn.

Frederick Hambrecht.—Age 18 ; born in Germany ; cooper ; enlisted from Galena April 10, 1865 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865.

John Hathaway.—Age 30; born in Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Savanna, Carroll County, Ill., March 28, 1865; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Died at Savanna, Ill., several years since.

Samuel Johnson.—Age 17; born in Wisconsin; printer; enlisted from Warren April 10, 1865; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Is connected with the *Daily Gazette* at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

William Kimble.—Age 19; born in Pennsylvania; laborer; enlisted from Warren Oct. 1, 1864; was mortally wounded at the battle of Nashville Dec. 16, 1864, and died Jan. 12, 1865. Is buried in the National Cemetery at Nashville, Tenn.

John Kelly.—Age 18; born in Ireland; farmer; enlisted from Nora March 11, 1865; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865.

John Lawson.—Age 35; born in Sweden; tailor; enlisted from Savanna, Carroll County, March 28, 1865; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865.

Jackson J. McKinley.—Age 40; born in Pennsylvania; farmer; enlisted from Derinda Feb. 8, 1865; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Went to Western Kansas, where he died some years since.

Andrew A. McClellan.—Age 29; born in Maryland; carpenter; enlisted from Savanna, Carroll County, March 28, 1865; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Is a druggist at Onaga, Kansas.

Michael Mitchell.—Age 25; born in Ireland; laborer; enlisted from Jordan, Whiteside County, April 10, 1865; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865.

Ole Oleson.—Age 21; born in Norway; farmer; enlisted from Savanna, Carroll County, March 28, 1865; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865.

Frederick Prufer.—Age 44; born in Germany; farmer; enlisted from Savanna, Carroll County, April 8, 1865; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Resides in Savanna, Carroll County, Ill.

Morancy Putnam.—Age 25; born in New York; jeweler; enlisted from Warren Oct. 4, 1865, joining the Regiment before it left the State; served as an ambulance driver much of the time; transferred to the 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Cairo, Ill., Aug. 10, 1865. Is a jeweler at Carthage, Mo.

Mortimer Pepoon.—Age 21; born in Ohio; enlisted from Warren April 3, 1865; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; went to New

Orleans with the command, where he was taken very sick and left in hospital; was afterward sent to St. Louis, where he was discharged for disability Aug. 26, 1865. Has never fully recovered; has taught school several terms, and is now a carpenter and builder at Warren, Ill.

Theodore W. Pepoon.—Age 29; born in Ohio; farmer; enlisted from Warren March 29, 1865; served as clerk in the Commissary Department much of the time; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Went to Nebraska in 1869, and purchased a farm of 400 acres; served one term in the Nebraska State Senate, and for several years edited the *Falls City Journal*; is now farming at Table Rock, Pawnee County, Neb.

James D. Russell.—Age 16; born in Illinois; farmer; enlisted from Rush Oct. 7, 1864; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 13, 1865.

John W. Stewart.—Age 34; born in Vermont; pumpmaker; enlisted from Warren Oct. 5, 1864; died at Huntsville, Ala., May 10, 1865.

Dennis Sullivan.—Age 34; born in Ireland; butcher; enlisted from Warren Oct. 1, 1864; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; discharged at Nashville, Tenn., June 21, 1865. Died since the war.

John Spore.—Age 28; born in Canada; carpenter; enlisted from Warren Oct. 5, 1864; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 13, 1865. Was last heard from at Marysville, Mo.

Daniel W. Spore.—Age 20; born in Indiana; wagonmaker; enlisted from Warren, Oct. 5, 1864; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 13, 1865. Was last heard from at Lincoln, Neb.

Levi Smith.—Age 18; born in New York; farmer; enlisted from Warren March 29, 1865; had previously served one hundred days in the 142d Illinois; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Is a manufacturer of basket material at Morristown, Rice County, Minn.

George Stein.—Age 44; born in Germany; tailor; enlisted from Galena, April 3, 1865; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865.

Pliny Taylor.—Age 42; born in Virginia; butcher; enlisted from Savanna, Carroll County, March 26, 1865; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Is a policeman at Savanna, Ill.

William Tollman.—Age 33; born in Pennsylvania; farmer; enlisted from Warren Oct. 1, 1864; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865; m. o. at Nashville, Tenn., June 21, 1865.

Ezra Turner.—Age 25; born in Milo, Me.; teacher; enlisted from Nora Oct. 3, 1864, and joined the Regiment just in time to participate in the battle of Nashville, Dec. 15 and 16, 1864; was subsequently detailed

as Clerk at Brigade Head Quarters ; at the m. o. of the Regiment was transferred to Company K, 21st Illinois, and was finally discharged at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 13, 1865 ; was Special Order Clerk in the Adjutant General's office at Fourth Corps Head Quarters for four months. Is cashier and clerk in the Illinois Central freight office at Galena, Ill.

Horatio K. Underhill.—Age 17 ; born in Wisconsin ; farmer ; enlisted from Warren March 29, 1865 ; had previously served one hundred days in the 142d Illinois ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865. Is farming just across the line in Wisconsin. Postoffice address, Warren, Ill.

Christian Young.—Age 30 ; born in Germany ; carpenter ; enlisted from Savanna, Carroll County, April 5, 1865 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 16, 1865.

John P. Yerington.—Age 17 ; born in Michigan ; enlisted from Nora Oct. 3, 1864 ; transferred to 21st Illinois June 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Victoria, Texas, Oct. 13, 1865. Died in Galena, Ill., in 1868.

CHAPTER LI.

The Unassigned Recruits—A Few Errors Noted—Boys Who Never Reached the Regiment—A Roster that Must Remain Incomplete.

IN the revised edition of the Adjutant General's Report appear the names of twenty-two persons as "Unassigned Recruits" to the NINETY-SIXTH ILLINOIS. Probably a majority of these are on the record by error. Investigation shows that nine of the number, as follows—Jacob D. Berry, Isaac W. Craig, William C. Higgins, Christian Ludacer, Eli Lowback, Hiram McGrills, George Pitman, Albert Ratcliff and Henry W. Weagle—enlisted for and served with the 98th Illinois, and it can safely be inferred that their names are upon this roll as the result of a clerical error. If they could be traced it is probable that a few others would be accounted for in a similar manner.

But a majority of the remaining thirteen enlisted for the NINETY-SIXTH, but never reached the command. Five died on the way, and two were rejected by the Examining Board at Springfield. What became of the others has not come to the knowledge of the historian, a diligent search of the records at Springfield failing to reveal their record of service.

The meager particulars gained are given in the following personal sketches :

THE ROSTER.

John Bahr.—Age 19 ; born in Lancaster, Pa. ; farmer ; enlisted from Thompson Feb. 24, 1864, intending to join Company F. ; died at Camp Butler, Springfield, Ill., March 20, 1864, while *en route* to the Regiment. Is buried at Camp Butler, Springfield, Ill.

James S. Burge.—Age 22 ; born in Waukegan, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Vernon Feb. 8, 1864, intending to join Company G ; was taken sick at Camp Yates, Springfield, and furloughed home, where he died June 25, 1865.

William Crothers.—Age 23 ; born in New York farmer ; enlisted from Clinton County March 11, 1865, intending to join Company I.

COMPANY G.



CORP'L HENRY GLEASON.
WALTER E. DRURY.

CORP'L DANIEL BENSON.

ALBERT A. BURGE.
LEVI SHUPE.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Benjamin Franklin.—Age 21 ; born in Pennsylvania ; farmer ; enlisted from Nora, for Company K, Oct. 3, 1864 ; died at Camp Butler, Springfield, Ill., Jan. 23, 1865.

Samuel Gunn.—Age 17 ; born in Jo Daviess County, Ill. ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena, for Company A, Sept. 30, 1864 ; rejected by Examining Board.

Charles Irish.—Age 36 ; born in New York ; potter ; enlisted from Chicago, Ill., Oct. 11, 1864 ; rejected by Examining Board.

Christian King.—Age 29 ; born in Germany ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena Oct. 8, 1864, intending to join Company A.

John Lawrence.—Age 23 ; born in Pennsylvania ; ship carpenter ; enlisted from Trenton, Clinton County, March 11, 1865, intending to join Company I.

John McKnight.—Age 21 ; born in Delaware, Ohio ; cooper ; enlisted from Halleck, Peoria County, Jan. 24, 1865, intending to join Company A.

Josiah Moore.—Age 28 ; born in Ireland ; farmer ; enlisted from Elizabeth Feb. 25, 1865, intending to join Company I ; was taken sick and died at Springfield, Ill., in March, 1865 ; was a brother of Lieutenant Moore.

Wesley D. Manlon.—Age 18 ; born in Clinton County, N. Y. ; farmer ; enlisted from Vernon, Ill., Feb. 8, 1864, intending to join Company G ; died at Camp Yates, Springfield, Ill., March 3, 1864, while *en route* to the Regiment.

Alexander M. Reynick.—Age 19 ; born in Jo Daviess County ; farmer ; enlisted from Galena March 13, 1865, intending to join Company A.

Henry Selby.—Age 35 ; born in Ohio ; blacksmith ; enlisted from Dunleith Sept. 17, 1864, intending to join Company I ; deserted while *en route* to Springfield ; was arrested, and, again attempting to escape, was shot Sept. 29, 1864.

Emory I. Whaples.—Age 19 ; born in Lake County, Ohio ; farmer ; enlisted from Waukegan Dec. 24, 1863 ; died in Wilmot, Wis., some years since.

CORRECTION.

By error the following was omitted from the Roster of Company A :

Frederick Willey.—Enlisted from Benton, Wis., March 9, 1865 ; m. o. at Louisville, Ky., June 2, 1865.

CHAPTER LII.

The National Cemeteries—How the Graves of the Dead are Cared for—Identifying the Remains—Extracts from Official Reports—Brief Descriptions of the Grounds—A List of the “Known” Dead, with Place of Interment.

“ On Fame’s eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.”

THE “Roll of Honor,” published by the Government shortly after the close of the War of the Rebellion, embraces twenty-seven volumes, and to that must the reader look who desires a full description of the very laudable work undertaken and carried out in completing a list of the Nation’s dead, and of fitting up and caring for the beautiful cemeteries where repose the remains of a large portion of those who fell in battle or died in hospital during those memorable years from 1861 to 1865. And yet, while details cannot be largely dwelt upon, it seems fitting to make some mention of these burial places.

The idea of fitting up National Cemeteries was conceived before the close of the contest, but every energy of the Government had been directed to the maintenance of the vast armies, and but little could be done until the Rebellion had been suppressed. Before the close of 1865 the work had not only been systematized, but was also well advanced at many points. Gen. M. C. Meigs, Quartermaster General of the Army, had general supervision of the matter, and detailed the necessary force in every department to carry out the patriotic scheme. Often, as at Chattanooga and Stone’s River, the cemeteries were established upon battle-fields. An earnest attempt was made to preserve every mark that could

lead to the identification of all bodies disinterred, wooden headboards being erected above each grave.

Subsequently stone tablets, bearing the name, rank, company, regiment and date of death of all whose identity was established, took the place of the perishable boards. The grounds have, in each instance, been beautifully laid out and enclosed, usually with a massive stone wall. The arched gateways are fittingly inscribed, and a keeper, whose residence is upon the grounds, is employed at each to look after the grounds and furnish information to visitors. Ample provision is made to keep the premises in order, and everything is done to make these National Cemeteries a source of pride to a patriotic people.

The following extract from the official report of Maj. E. B. Whitman, Assistant Quartermaster, who prepared the lists of soldiers interred at Stone's River, Chattanooga and Knoxville, will give an idea of the difficulty of the work, and the fidelity with which it was done. After speaking of the imperfect manner in which the records of burials from hospitals were often kept, he adds: "Many burials have been made by troops on detached service or on the march. The regimental returns alone will show any official record of these; and the only source of information within reach is to be found in the inscriptions or marks at the grave itself—sometimes a half-obliterated penciling upon a rough board, or a rude carving upon a neighboring tree. * * * I shall avail myself, as far as possible, of hospital and surgeons' records; of quartermasters', contractors' and undertakers' lists; of private memoranda kept by chaplains of regiments and by agents of sanitary and Christian commissions, and then of gleanings in the woods and by the wayside, in the quiet country church yard, on the battle-field, and wherever the soldier has fallen and found a thoughtful comrade or the friendly hand of a stranger to make the rude record; and, as a final and sometimes sole resort, in the process of disinterring the bodies for removal to National Cemeteries, of the evidences of identity deposited in the grave itself."

In the Stone's River Cemetery are now interred the

remains of those who were originally buried at Franklin, Columbia, Murfreesboro, Wartrace, Estill Springs and other points south of Nashville. The location is about three miles north of the village of Murfreesboro, between the railroad and the pike. It was laid out in 1865, and for eight years thereafter was in charge of Leonard S. Doolittle, a soldier of Company C, NINETY-SIXTH ILLINOIS, who had a limb shattered at Chickamauga.

The National Cemetery at Chattanooga, Tenn., contains about seventy-five acres, embracing one of the eminences which figured conspicuously in the battle of Mission Ridge. It is a beautiful site, and has been admirably cared for. In it are buried very many who fell upon the bloody field of Chickamauga, as well as those who were killed at Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, or who died in the hospitals about the city. The bodies of those also who fell in the early engagements of the Atlanta campaign, north of the Etowah River, were also disinterred and taken there for final burial. Much effort was made to identify the bodies, but in many instances the frail head-boards erected by thoughtful comrades had been broken or burned, or the inscriptions had become illegible, and only the word "unknown" could go upon the record. It is believed, however, that nearly all of the bodies of those who fell at Chickamauga, Rocky Face Ridge and Resaca now rest in this beautiful cemetery.

The Nashville National Cemetery is situated on the Gallatin Pike, six miles north of Nashville, Tenn., and is intersected by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. It comprises about fifty-eight acres, and more than sixteen thousand soldiers here "sleep their last sleep." Although a large proportion of the dead in this cemetery were transferred from the hospital burial grounds in and around the city of Nashville, yet the bodies were taken from two hundred and fifty-one distinct burial places. There are here a larger number of the known dead of the Regiment than in any other cemetery.

The Marietta and Atlanta National Cemetery is located in the outskirts of the village of Marietta, Ga., in full view of Kenesaw Mountain, and about twenty miles from Atlanta.

It covers twenty-four acres, and was donated to the United States by Mr. Henry G. Cole, of Marietta. The official report, as published in the "Roll of Honor," after describing the grounds, says: "From the summit now daily floats the national ensign, and around it lie, in solemn repose, 9,994 Union dead, whose remains have been gathered from all the battle-fields and hospital grounds of Sherman's advance upon Atlanta; from the banks of the Oostanaula, at Resaca, to Jonesboro, below Atlanta, and east to Augusta. The dead from Central Alabama, at first collected and interred at Montgomery, have also been transferred to this cemetery. Here sleep those who fell with McPherson at Atlanta, with Harker at Kenesaw, on the fields of Peach Tree Creek, and in the forests of New Hope Church; and here, too, lie those martyr heroes who so freely sacrificed their lives on the heights of Allatoona."

Captain James M. Moore, in his report of the work at Andersonville, bearing date September 20, 1865, says: "On the morning of the 26th of July the work of identifying the graves, painting and lettering the headboards, laying out walks, and enclosing the cemetery was commenced, and, on the evening of August 16, was completed, with the exceptions heretofore mentioned. The dead were found buried in trenches, on a site selected by the Rebels, about three hundred yards from the stockade. The trenches varied in length from fifty to one hundred and fifty yards. The bodies in the trenches were from two to three feet below the surface, and, in several instances, where the rains had washed away the earth, but a few inches. Additional earth was, however, thrown upon the graves, making them of a still greater depth. So close were they buried, without coffins or the ordinary clothing to cover their nakedness, that not more than twelve inches were allowed to each man; indeed, the little tablets marking their resting places, measuring hardly ten inches in width, almost touched each other.

"United States soldiers, while prisoners at Andersonville, had been detailed to inter their companions, and, by a single stake at the head of each grave, which bore a number corres-

ponding with a similar numbered name upon the Andersonville hospital record, I was enabled to identify and mark, with a neat tablet similar to those in the cemeteries at Washington, the number, name, rank, regiment, company, and date of death of 12,461 graves, there being but 451 that bore the sad inscription, "Unknown U. S. Soldier." One hundred and twenty thousand feet of pine lumber were used in these tablets alone. The cemetery contains fifty acres. * * *

The National Cemetery at Richmond, Va., is two miles southeast of the city. In it are buried more than six thousand Union soldiers, only about one-eighth of whose remains were identified, many of them having been brought thither from Cold Harbor, Gaines' Mills, Fort Harrison and Hanover Court House. Among the known are two from this Regiment.

At Salisbury, N. C., are buried several thousand Union soldiers, nearly all of whom fell victims to their prison treatment. Only a few are identified. Of these there are Orange M. Ayers, of Company C, and Corporal Delos Rose, of Company G. The name of the latter also appears on the list of the dead interred in the National Cemetery at Florence, S. C.

Just within the corporate limits of Danville, Va., is a small plot of three acres on which are buried the remains of 1,323 Union soldiers; nearly all died while prisoners of war, among whom were several members of the NINETY-SIXTH.

In the National Cemeteries at Knoxville, Tenn.; Annapolis, Md.; Camp Butler, near Springfield, Ill.; Camp Nelson, Ky.; Cave Hill, near Louisville, Ky.; Chalmette, near New Orleans, La.; Galveston, Texas; Brownsville, Texas, and in the Soldiers' Burial Lots at Lexington, Ky.; Danville, Ky., and Rose Hill, near Chicago, Ill., are the remains of members of the NINETY-SIXTH.

Below is a list of all members of the NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT buried in National Cemeteries whose graves are known. In many instances the dead of the command were sent home for interment, and of these no mention is attempted. Others sleep in unknown graves, but nearly all, whether their graves are marked or not, are doubtless buried within the hallowed enclosures mentioned above.

NAME.	RANK.	Co.	DATE OF DEATH.	No. OF GRAVE.	WHERE BURIED.
Holtkamp, Bennett....	Priv.	F	Dec. 16, 1864	12,298	Andersonville, Ga.
Krby, John.	"	H	Aug. 18, 1864	5,701	"
Leekey, J. B*	Sgt.	F	Sept. 25, 1864	10,148	"
Madden, Laughlin....	Priv.	C	Aug. 12, 1864	5,390	"
Marshall, Alphonzo...	Corpl.	H	July 2, 1864	2,762	"
McCreadie, William...	Priv.	C	June 4, 1864	1,617	"
Menzemer, Chas. C....	"	A	June 16, 1864	2,049	"
Rodenberger, Hugo....	"	C	June 28, 1864	2,596	"
Stanchfield, Geo. H ...	"	H	June 26, 1864	2,532	"
Sturm, Charles	"	C	Nov. 28, 1864	12,190	"
Wheelock, Alberto....	"	H	May 10, 1864	992	"
Bailey, Francis S.....	"	F	Dec. 18, 1864	3,595	Nashville, Tenn.
Beall, Josiah.....	"	A	April 11, 1863	302	"
Beecher, Mason C....	"	D	Sept. 27, 1863	650	"
Bennett, John.....	"	I	Mar. 25, 1863	799	"
Colgrove, Caleb E.....	"	C	Mar. 31, 1863	7,351	"
Conley, William.....	"	H	April 22, 1863	3,080	"
Cutler, Henry H.....	Corpl.	C	Dec. 17, 1864	8,283	"
Davis, Joseph P.....	Priv.	H	Mar. 18, 1863	34	"
Denure, Albert.....	"	E	April 28, 1863	405	"
Trefz, Henry.....	Corpl.	F	April 1, 1863	3,234	"
Hamilton, Norris.....	"	C	Dec. 16, 1864	2,509	"
Harwick, Jacob.....	Priv.	F	July 27, 1863	3,301	"
Hefty, Nicholas.....	"	K	May 28, 1865	14,681	"
Jones, Miles.....	"	D	April 7, 1863	196	"
Keyes, Thomas.....	"	E	Mar. 5, 1863	986	"
Kimble, William.....	"	K	Jan. 12, 1865	8,420	"
Kinreid, Thomas.....	"	G	June 27, 1864	10,032	"
Leslie, Humphrey.....	"	I	April 9, 1863	3,172	"
Martin, Thomas.....	"	E	Dec. 19, 1863	7,283	"
Miller, Fred'k W.....	"	F	Dec. 2, 1863	3,014	"
Newton, Butler.....	"	K	Nov. 6, 1863	210	"
Noble, William A.....	"	G	July 21, 1864	9,912	"
O'Connell, James.....	Corpl.	B	Aug. 25, 1863	3,146	"
Roberts, G. W.....	"	I	April 26, 1863	345	"
Schnell, Henry.....	Priv.	C	June 7, 1864	13,490	"
Scott, John D.....	"	I	June 17, 1865	"	"
Sage, John.....	"	E	Mar. 30, 1863	867	"
Smith, Reuben.....	"	G	July 13, 1864	13,762	"
Taylor, John Y.....	Corpl.	C	Nov. 24, 1863	3,260	"
Conley, William.....	Priv.	H	April 25, 1863	3,080	"
Washburn, John.....	"	B	Dec. 16, 1864	2,484	"
Witman, John H.....	"	A	Oct. 30, 1863	38	"
McClellan, William....	"	C	May 6, 1864	1,432	Annapolis, Md.
Benton, Albert E.....	"	K	May 30, 1864	7,104	Marietta, Ga.
Boetcher, Christopher.	"	G	June 20, 1864	1,031	"
Blackman, Fred'k L....	"	K	Aug. 19, 1864	4,390	"
Burbridge, Robert.....	"	H	June 23, 1864	9,322	"
Disch, Andrew, Jr.....	"	A	Sept. 2, 1864	6,215	"
Druse, Carlisle T.....	"	B	June 13, 1864	8,623	"
Hill, John.....	Corpl.	I	Sept. 23, 1864	4,443	"
Lewis, William.....	Priv.	A	Aug. 19, 1864	4,391	"
Redfern, Francis.....	"	E	June 24, 1864	9,382	"
Scott, Aaron.....	Sgt.	G	Aug. 2, 1864	6,590	"
Shupe, Dennis.....	Priv.	G	June 20, 1864	6,904	"
Tower, W. W.....	"	B	Aug. 25, 1864	9,609	"
Whitmore, Wm. D.....	Sgt.	B	June 20, 1864	6,905	"
Beall, James M.....	Priv.	A	Feb. 2, 1863	262	Danville, Ky.
Brown, James.....	"	B	Jan. 25, 1863	132	"
Collins, Alfred	"	B	Jan. 29, 1863	133	"
Fletcher, Joseph E.....	"	E	Feb. 17, 1863	216	"
Hawkins, Asel.....	"	G	Feb. 15, 1863	170	"
James, Freeman.....	"	G	Jan. 18, 1863	200	"
Rlx, George.....	"	B	Jan. 24, 1863	113	"
Vanalstine, William....	"	F	Mar. 12, 1863	223	"
Williams, John.....	"	I	Feb. 17, 1863	228	"
Wilton, Richard.....	"	D	Dec. 20, 1862	138	"
Bahr, John.....	"	F	Mar. 20, 1864	653	Camp Butler, Ill.
Franklin, Benjamin....	Unassi	gned.	Jan. 22, 1865	327	"
Boothby, John A.....	Corpl.	H	Dec. 25, 1863	335	Danville, Va.
Green, Henry C.....	Priv.	C	Jan. 20, 1864	819	"
Huntington, H.....	Sgt.	C	Feb. 27, 1864	"	"

NAME.	RANK.	Co.	DATE OF DEATH.	No. OF GRAVE.	WHERE BURIED.
Ingersoll, William.....	Priv.	H	Jan. 17, 1864	739	Danville, Va.
Payne, Henry C.....	"	C	Jan. 6, 1864	461	"
Chope, John.....	"	D	Dec. 8, 1862	3,033	Camp Nelson, Ky.
Hubbard, William.....	"	E	June 25, 1863	3,035	"
Lester, James D.....	"	K	Jan. 11, 1863	3,036	"
Pool, Frank.....	"	E	Nov. 30, 1862	2,896	"
Shaffer, Terhan.....	"	E	Dec. 20, 1862	3,037	"
Strong, Brinard E.....	"	E	Jan. 10, 1863	3,034	"
Armbruster, Augustus	Corpl.	F	Oct. 7, 1863	939	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Barnes, Geo. F*.....	Lient.	H	Oct. 3, 1863	12,884	"
Blackstone, Stephen F	Priv.	E	Oct. 21, 1863	846	"
Brinard, Fred.....	"	B	May 9, 1864	10,034	"
Courter, Charles L.....	"	K	May 14, 1864	9,270	"
De Graft, William.....	Sgt.	E	May 16, 1864	1,373	"
Dunmore, John R.....	Priv.	D	July 1, 1864	11,676	"
Forsyth, James.....	"	H	Sept. 22, 1863	9,379	"
Heydon, William P.....	"	K	Jan. 8, 1864	9,354	"
Jelly, William Andrew	"	F	Sept. 10, 1864	2,277	"
Johnson, Thomas K.....	"	H	Nov. 10, 1863	407	"
Knox, James L.....	"	G	June 28, 1864	9,911	"
Leland, Thos. S.....	Sgt.	K	May 14, 1864	9,266	"
Litwiler, James.....	Priv.	B	May 14, 1864	9,203	"
Meres, Michael.....	"	I	Feb. 15, 1864	10,732	"
Miller, Lewis.....	"	G	May 27, 1864	9,946	"
O'Leary, Dennis.....	"	E	Oct. 26, 1863	1,002	"
Rich, Esau.....	"	B	Nov. 24, 1863	11,094	"
Smith, Thos. J.....	Lient.	I	June 9, 1864	9,791	"
Tarpley, A. C.....	Priv.	I	May 11, 1864	6,371	"
Thrasher, John G.....	"	G	Dec. 11, 1863	9,360	"
Vaughn, James.....	"	K	May 9, 1864	9,889	"
Vroman, John J.....	"	K	May 14, 1864	9,268	"
Wheeler, Wm. H.....	"	G	Oct. 5, 1863	1,148	"
Cooper, Geo. J.....	"	B	Nov. 18, 1863	2,185	Cave Hill, Ky.
Sturges, William.....	"	F	Mar. 18, 1863	1,605	"
Bryan, George.....	"	H	Nov. 18, 1862	65	Lexington, Ky.
Hollester, Hiram.....	"	B	Nov. 25, 1862	122	"
Wilcox, Isaac M.....	"	A	April 16, 1865	1,771	Knoxville, Tenn.
Ayers, Orange M.....	"	C	Jan. 16, 1865	"	Salisbury, N. C.
Rose, Delos.....	Corpl.	G	Jan. 28, 1865	"	"
Addudle, Isaac*.....	Priv.	H	Aug. 31, 1863	605	Stones River, Tenn.
Baker, John.....	"	G	Sept. 6, 1863	3,847	"
Bottom, James.....	"	B	Aug. 23, 1863	3,918	"
Farrier, Andrew.....	"	D	Dec. 2, 1863	5,022	"
Kinney, Cleveland M.....	Corpl.	K	June 25, 1865	635	"
Neal, Robert.....	Priv.	A	Mar. 22, 1863	3,266	"
Scott, James M.....	"	F	April 16, 1863	3,586	"
Trudgian, William.....	"	F	Sept. 14, 1863	1,280	"
Vaughn, John.....	"	G	Aug. 22, 1863	5,283	"
Wakefield, Chauncey.....	Corpl.	F	Mar. 23, 1863	3,598	"
Bevard, Wm. H.....	Priv.	I	Aug. 6, 1864	1,359	New Albany, Ind.
Bray, Thomas*.....	"	A	April 26, 1865	"	Nashville, Tenn.
Edgerton, W. Irving*.....	"	F	Mar. 13, 1863	"	"
Goble, Daniel*.....	"	F	Feb. 9, 1863	"	"
Willett, Arnold*.....	"	D	Oct. 28, 1863	"	"
Diehl, James.....	"	F	Sept. 2, 1865	"	Galveston, Tex.
Drier, Fred'k.....	"	K	July 24, 1865	"	New Orleans, La.
Delaney, James.....	"	A	Aug. 2, 1865	"	Near Green Lake, Tex.
Higley, Albert T.....	"	A	Aug. 21, 1865	"	Chalmette, La.
Mitchell, Henry W.....	"	D	Dec. 7, 1865	"	San Antonio, Tex.
Woodward, Geo.....	Corpl.	A	Oct. 15, 1865	45	Brownsville, Tex.
Bensinger, John.....	Priv.	C	Feb. 8, 1864	"	Richmond, Va.
Flannery, Patrick.....	Corpl.	H	Dec. 8, 1863	"	"
Gage, Harrison.....	"	I	June —, 1865	"	Chicago or Rose Hill.
Millett, Herrick.....	Priv.	E	June —, 1865	"	"
Saulsbury, William.....	"	A	Jan. 9, 1865	"	Rose Hill.
Post, Renslaer.....	"	H	July 23, 1863	"	"

*Body has either been interred as unknown, or removed home by friends.

COMPANY B.



Principal Musician, HIRAM WEATHERLY.
WALLACE V. TRAUT.

Capt. ALLEN B. WHITNEY.
Capt. DAVID SAULSBURY.
GEORGE W. WINFIELD.

ELIHU D. GRAY.
JOHN H. CRUV.

PROPERTY
OF THE
SURVEILLANCE OF ILLEGALS.

The following figures, taken from Eddy's "Patriotism of Illinois," were carefully compiled from official records at the close of the war. By them it will be seen that but twelve other Illinois regiments lost as many in killed and mortally wounded as the NINETY-SIXTH :

INFANTRY.

REGIMENT.	Killed or Died of Wounds.	Died of Disease.	REGIMENT.	Killed or Died of Wounds.	Died of Disease.
7.....	74	146	63.....	11	123
8.....	159	97	64.....	94	109
9.....	185	126	65.....	25	39
10.....	36	115	66.....	73	128
11.....	162	263	67.....	..	14
12.....	122	76	68.....	..	26
13.....	45	121	69.....	..	13
14.....	60	84	70.....	..	15
15.....	77	106	71.....	..	23
16.....	43	40	72.....	86	127
17.....	73	66	73.....	100	121
18.....	86	181	74.....	75	108
19.....	91	45	75.....	91	40
20.....	131	153	76.....	52	195
21.....	100	99	77.....	74	145
22.....	131	78	78.....	95	102
23.....	68	35	79.....	82	188
24.....	71	65	80.....	52	147
25.....	73	149	81.....	52	265
26.....	75	136	82.....	77	53
27.....	113	84	83.....	37	81
28.....	93	129	84.....	119	127
29.....	52	204	85.....	89	129
30.....	93	166	86.....	72	92
31.....	141	225	87.....	15	203
32.....	88	173	88.....	95	81
33.....	60	183	89.....	123	143
34.....	98	83	90.....	52	74
35.....	90	153	91.....	11	124
36.....	209	167	92.....	51	112
37.....	74	124	93.....	90	116
38.....	23	101	94.....	13	154
39.....	136	117	95.....	82	177
40.....	54	341	96.....	112	107
41.....	98	101	97.....	43	168
42.....	75	147	98.....	36	135
43.....	70	152	99.....	45	117
44.....	109	143	100.....	85	126
45.....	55	106	101.....	49	108
46.....	86	225	102.....	50	70
47.....	57	131	103.....	85	135
48.....	39	228	104.....	105	72
49.....	83	164	105.....	51	114
50.....	53	102	106.....	4	178
51.....	101	104	107.....	29	118
52.....	10	32	108.....	9	204
53.....	87	114	109.....	..	96
54.....	8	76	110.....	9	49
55.....	66	67	111.....	79	157
56.....	23	141	112.....	88	126
57.....	70	83	113.....	24	230
58.....	63	134	114.....	41	146
59.....	80	103	115.....	53	137
60.....	74	170	116.....	54	212
61.....	27	186	117.....	13	107
62.....	2	255	118.....	38	170

REGIMENT.	Killed or Died of Wounds.	Died of Disease.	REGIMENT.	Killed or Died of Wounds.	Died of Disease.
119	16	127	138	11
120	13	237	139	15
121—Never organized.			140	4	20
122	41	111	141	20
123	80	116	142	29
124	40	132	143	49
125	78	105	144	1	65
126	7	187	145	37
127	37	158	146	3	32
128	49	47	147	24
129	53	107	148	2	69
130	29	41	149	4	30
131	9	311	150	1	47
132	12	151	41
133	1	11	152	68
134	23	153	33
135	2	15	154	72
136	2	39	155	60
137	18	18	156	3	23

CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY.

2	54	139	11	36	159
3	47	213	12	53	121
4	33	150	13	38	338
5	30	373	14	24	130
6	29	137	15	9	124
7	72	237	16	24	222
8	74	126	17	13	81
9	46	167	All of Batteries		
10	19	218	combined	170	506

Caps.

ERRATA.

- Page 192 : For "Quarter Master," read "Quarter-Master Sergeant."
- Page 193 : The name of Walter Crapo appears by error.
- Page 194 : In Company F's casualty list the * should follow the name of John Hocking instead of Edward Wearne.
- Page 195 : In line 12, a * should follow the name of Norman P. Ward.
- Page 223 : In line 9, for "we" read "me."
- Page 225 : In line 21, for "pushed" read "pushing."
- Page 225 : In line 24, for "skirmishing" read "skirting."
- Page 330 : Richard Spencer and not Andrew Hindman, was the Company F man captured.
- Pages 335, 337 and 339 : The running title "Resaca" is an error.
- Page 367 : Fourth line from bottom, for "Redford" read "Redfern."
- Page 375 : Same error as above in casualty list of Company E.
- Page 514, line 13 : Substitute John Hocking for Edward Wearne.
- Page 736, line 5 : For "Henry Fidler," read "John Fidler."
- Page 765 : In running title, for "Company B," read "Company D."
- Page 785 : Sketch of Stephen F. Blackstone should read, "died at Chattanooga, Tenn., October 21, 1863, from wounds received at the battle of Chickamauga."
- Page 864 : Sketch of Renslaer Post should read, "died in hospital at Chicago, July 23, 1863."
- Page 879 : Address of John E. Evans should be Woodbine, Ill.

INDEX

SHOWING PAGES ON WHICH PERSONS OTHER THAN MEMBERS OF THE
REGIMENT ARE MENTIONED.

- Abbott, Dr. N. W., 675.
Acton, Major, 272.
Allen, Capt. James, 210.
Allen, Miss Marilla E., 674.
Anderson, ———, 545.
Anderson, Capt., 606.
Anderson, Major, 21.
Arnold, Mr., 530.
Atkins, Gen. Smith D., 84, 90, 100, 101, 104,
116, 125, 130, 132, 133, 143, 144, 147, 628.

Baird, Gen. A., 48, 54, 72, 96, 110, 114, 124,
141, 147, 174, 180, 181, 290, 327.
Baldwin, Mr., 503, 507.
Barnes, ———, 538.
Barnes, Lieut. A. T., 853.
Bartleson, Col., 596.
Bates, George C., 481, 483, 484, 485.
Beatty, Gen., 181.
Ben, Old, 596.
Bennett, Lieut., 601.
Berry, Jacob D., 912.
Best, Rev. Mr., 338.
Black, Capt. Harrison, 666.
Blinn, Rev. Mr., 503.
Bliss, Dea. Z., 731.
Blodgett, Hon. H. W., 23, 252, 253, 495, 674,
837.
Boone, Daniel, 89.
Bowen, Col. J. H., 483, 485.
Bradwell, Judge, 481, 484, 487, 489.
Bragg, Gen., 45, 79, 118, 126, 128, 135, 142,
149, 150, 151, 162, 164, 173, 180, 181, 182,
188, 197, 206, 224, 225, 237, 249, 251, 270,
271, 280, 289, 603, 734, 736.
Brannan, Gen., 171, 173, 174, 180, 182, 197,
201.
Breckenridge, John C., 20.
Brewster, D., 814.
Bristow, Lieut., 600.
Brookner, Miss May N., 675.
Brown, Mrs. Aaron V., 100.
Brown, Lieut., 609.
Brownlow, Parson, 100, 462.
Brown, Maj., 27, 34, 35, 37, 88.
Bryan, Thomas B., 483, 484, 485.
Buchanan, ———, 635.
Buchanan, President, 20, 21.
Buckner, Gen., 162.
Buel, Col. G. P., 631.
Buell, Gen., 45, 142, 734.
Burnside, Gen., 73, 150, 237, 238, 239, 241.
Butler, Gen. B. F., 387, 623.
Butterfield, Gen., 327, 329.

Campbell, Col., 121.
Cardwell, J. W., 71, 892.
Carleten, Col., 596.
Carroll, William F., 823.
Carter, Gen., 427.

Cesnola, Col. D., 596.
Chandler, Capt., 601.
Chandler, Lieut. G. W., 600.
Cheatham, Gen. B. F., 420.
Chetlain, Gen. A. L., 506.
Clark, Capt., 611.
Clason, Capt., 209.
Clay, Hon. Henry, 52, 64.
Clebourn, Gen., 427, 559.
Clifford, Lieut., 609.
Clink, William, 546.
Coburn, Col., 98, 100, 103, 105, 106, 107.
Cochran, Col., 70, 74, 90.
Cole, Henry G., 917.
Conrad, ———, 423, 426, 433.
Corey, Silas, 774, 775.
Corse, Gen., 403.
Cory, Dr. David, 674.
Craig, Isaac W., 912.
Crissey, Chaplain, 468.
Crittenden, Gen., 151, 162, 163, 180, 181, 204,
225, 229, 241.
Crook, Gen., 252.
Cruft, Gen. Charles, 265, 645.
Curtin, Gov., 602.

Davis, Gen. Jeff. C., 180, 181, 370.
Dean, Miss Lemira M., 669.
Deane, Miss Mary E., 668.
Douglas, Hon. Stephen A., 20, 21.
Dow, Gen. Neal, 595, 607.
Dowd, Col. W. F., 268.
Dowst, S. M., 814.
Davies, Col., 71.
Davis, Jefferson, 21, 22, 46, 153, 458, 471, 474,
490, 570, 604, 634.
Drum, James, 574.
Drury, Horace G., 833.
Duffey, Maj., 364.
Dusenberry, E. W., 823.

Eaton, Jack, 636.
Ellis, W. H., 814.
Espy, Capt. S. B., 128, 208, 210.
Evans, Lieut. Col., 404.

Fentress, Lieut., 609.
Fistler, Lieut., 612.
Fitzsimmons, Maj., 611.
Flint, Maj., 48.
Forrest, Gen., 94, 131, 154, 596, 636.
Foster, Lieut., 612.
Fremont, Gen. J. C., 387.
Fuller, Hon. Allen C., 29, 30.

Gallagher, Capt., 609, 611.
Gallaher, Miss Charlotte A., 670.
Galloway, Lieut. Wm. G., 608, 609.
Garbet, Lieut., 612.
Garfield, James A., Gen., 148, 201, 684.

Garrard, Gen., 333, 379.
 Geary, Gen., 258, 264, 265, 266, 646.
 Gilbert, Gen., 104, 105, 110.
 Gilmore, Miss Alicia, 674.
 Granger, Gen. Gordon, 42, 77, 79, 108, 110, 120, 127, 128, 144, 166, 167, 172, 176, 177, 199, 205, 265, 296, 903.
 Grant, Fred., 51.
 Grant, Jesse, 51.
 Grant, Gen. U. S., 41, 51, 86, 92, 103, 145, 245, 246, 249, 257, 262, 277, 282, 301, 302, 401, 438, 440, 475, 489, 496, 497, 503, 506, 507, 603, 626, 673, 676, 821.
 Grose, Col., 264, 265, 266, 384, 388, 441, 443, 447, 646.
 Haines, Hon. E. M., 495.
 Halleck, Gen., 126, 149.
 Hall, Capt. Amos, 740.
 Hamilton, Capt. A. J., 611.
 Hamilton, Lieut., 609.
 Hannon, Lieut. Jesse, 211, 604.
 Hardee, Gen., 570.
 Harding, Col., 94.
 Harker, Gen. Charles, 310, 370, 470, 471, 917.
 Hawkins, Rev. L., 731, 732.
 Hazen, Gen. W. B., 257.
 Higgins, William C., 912.
 Hindman, Gen., 188, 200.
 Hood, Gen. J. B., 116, 337, 338, 382, 384, 385, 400, 401, 409, 410, 414, 415, 418, 420, 423, 427, 432, 433, 436, 438, 439, 440, 450, 452, 454, 456, 457, 579, 582, 820, 833.
 Hooker, Gen. Jos., 122, 249, 256, 257, 258, 264, 235, 272, 276, 277, 296, 323, 328, 329, 336, 345, 568, 645, 646, 661, 757, 898.
 Howard, Gen. O. O., 296, 306, 336, 384.
 Humphrey, Gen., 591.
 Hunt, Lieut., 733.
 Huntley, Lieut. J. J., 674.
 Jackson, Gen., 271.
 Johnson, Gen., 174, 180.
 Johnson, Hon. Andrew, 670.
 Johnson, Capt., 611.
 Johnston, Gen. J. E., 289, 299, 302, 304, 305, 312, 326, 331, 332, 335, 339, 343, 350, 352, 379, 382, 471, 550, 551, 559, 569, 570.
 Johnston, Lieut. O. S., 35, 707.
 Jones, Lieut. J. P., 600, 601.
 Joyce, James, 62.
 Keith, Lieut., 604.
 Kendall, Lieut., 600.
 Kinman, Lieut. Col., 208.
 Kimball, Gen. Nathan, 388, 419, 468, 470, 474, 475, 476.
 Kirby, Col., 361, 363, 474.
 Kirk, Hon. George, 814.
 Knaags, Adj. R. C., 601, 604.
 Knipe, Gen., 329.
 Lane, Gen., 423, 426, 433.
 Lawver, I. C., Adj., 101.
 Lee, Gen. R. E., 145, 302, 467, 471.
 Le Favour, Col. Heber, 196, 205, 209, 596.
 Lincoln, President Abraham, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 37, 103, 121, 124, 148, 257, 269, 287, 387, 398, 440, 462, 468, 469, 488, 577, 669, 670, 671, 679, 704, 810, 851.
 Logan, Gen. John A., 438, 507.
 Lombard, Adj., 600.
 Longstreet, Gen., 162, 164, 168, 182, 183, 188, 197, 251, 639, 848.
 Lowback, Eli, 912.
 Lucas, Capt., 609, 611, 614.

Ludacer, Christian, 912.
 Ludlow, Lieut., 609.
 Lyon, Gen., 23.
 McCabe, Chaplain C. C., 595.
 McCauley, Lieut., 600.
 McClellan, Gen. Geo. B., 387.
 McClellan, Hon. R. H., 671.
 McCook, Col. Daniel, 166, 168, 169, 171, 173, 177, 178, 190, 196, 199, 200, 202, 203, 204, 209, 241, 256, 370.
 McCook, Gen., 151, 163, 173, 174, 180, 181, 190, 204, 225, 229, 252, 315.
 McDonald, Maj., 611.
 McGrills, Hiram, 912.
 McKeon, Lieut., 612.
 McLaw, Gen., 591.
 McPherson, Gen., 301, 303, 309, 311, 331, 333, 335, 338, 344, 349, 355, 357, 379, 384, 651, 917.
 McVey, P. H., 823.
 McWilliams, Capt., 601.
 Magoun, Dr., 671.
 Mallon, Joseph, 814.
 Mann, Dr., 637.
 Marshall, Maj. D. W., 364.
 Marvin, S. W., 706.
 Marvin, Judge, 842.
 Mason, Ed. D., A. A. G., 475.
 Mason, E. H., 130.
 Mason, Lieut., 210.
 Mass, Capt., 600, 601.
 Meade, Gen. George G., 145, 604.
 Meagher, Capt., 589.
 Meigs, Gen. M. C., 914.
 Merrill, Capt. Wm. E., 626, 627, 630, 631.
 Miller, Capt., 130, 181.
 Minty, Col., 199.
 Mitchell, Gen., 135.
 Mitchell, Col. J. G., 166, 177, 196, 197, 199, 200, 202, 203, 204, 206, 208, 209, 256.
 Mitchell, Lieut., 612.
 Moe, Col. S. B., 183, 209.
 Moore, Col. J. H., 205, 284, 452, 462, 468.
 Moore, Capt. James M., 917.
 Moore, Lieut. John M., 210.
 Moran, Lieut., 601.
 Moran, Gen. John H., 54, 74, 77, 78, 79, 114, 146, 586, 607, 756, 762.
 Morton, Gov., 102.
 Negley, Gen., 130.
 Neiper, Maj., 600.
 Newton, Gen., 349, 369.
 Neiman, Adj. Anton, 672.
 O'Connell, Capt. P., 630, 631.
 Opdyke, Gen., 379, 386, 423, 424, 426, 433.
 Osborn, Mr., 636, 637.
 Osterhaus, Gen., 264, 266.
 Palmer, Gen. John M., 180.
 Payne, Col. E. B., 495.
 Pegram, Gen., 511, 804.
 Pemberton, Gen., 128.
 Phillips, Col., 628.
 Pickett, Gen., 337.
 Pierce, Mrs. B. G., 286.
 Pierce, Byron, 674.
 Pierce, Miss Emma V., 674.
 Pierce, Miss Ida, 674.
 Pierce, John, 674.
 Pierce, Capt. Geo. S., 870.
 Pitman, George, 912.
 Platt, Hon. J. D., 233.
 Polk, Gen. L., 163, 180, 289, 339, 356.

- Prentiss, Gen., 145.
 Price, Col., 295, 361.
 Putnam, Capt. James S., 383.
 Randall, Capt., 611.
 Randolph, Lieut., 600.
 Ratcliff, Albert, 912.
 Rawlins, Gen., 506.
 Reid, Lieut., 606.
 Reynolds, Gen., 180.
 Robinson, Ex-Gov., 62.
 Rockwell, Lieut., 600.
 Rogers, Gen. George C., 404.
 Rose, Col. T. E., 596, 609, 611, 615.
 Rosecrans, Gen. W. S., 73, 86, 104, 126, 127,
 128, 134, 135, 142, 145, 147, 149, 150, 151,
 162, 163, 164, 168, 174, 177, 180, 181, 204,
 224, 225, 229, 249, 251, 257, 604, 625, 848.
 Ross, Prison Clerk, 598.
 Rousseau, Gen., 837.
 Rossiter, Luther, 732.
 Rountree, William, 827, 831.
 Rowley, Gen., 496.
 Rusk, Gov., 676.
 Ryan, Lieut., 600, 601.

 Sanders, Maj., 454.
 Sanford, Miss Ann, 674.
 Sawyer, Capt. H. W., 600.
 Scace, Edgar, 283.
 Schell, Lieut., 600.
 Schofield, Gen. J. M., 301, 335, 336, 338, 344,
 355, 379, 382, 414, 415, 416, 417, 419, 422,
 425, 438, 567.
 Scott, Dred, 19, 20.
 Scott, D. W., 680.
 Seal, Richard, 496.
 Seymour, Dr., 640.
 Shaw, Joe, 543.
 Sheridan, Gen. P. H., 107, 108, 110, 180, 181,
 190, 229, 489.
 Sherman, Gen. W. T., 73, 86, 92, 102, 245,
 246, 262, 276, 277, 289, 301, 302, 303, 304,
 308, 312, 314, 326, 331, 332, 335, 338, 339,
 340, 343, 350, 352, 356, 366, 369, 370, 371,
 372, 373, 374, 379, 382, 384, 387, 394, 397,
 398, 400, 401, 402, 403, 409, 415, 436, 458,
 485, 486, 488, 489, 507, 536, 575, 581, 603,
 631, 739, 740, 837, 917.
 Silvertooth, Mr., 637.
 Simonson, Capt., 321, 356, 357.
 Simpson, Lieut., 612.
 Sizemore, Capt., 464, 465, 466, 467, 851.
 Skelton, Lieut., 606.
 Smith, Lieut., 636, 637.
 Smith, Gen., 110, 257.
 Smith, Gen. A. J., 418, 435, 439, 458.
 Smith, Gen. E. Kirby, 45, 470, 471.
 Smith, Freddie Parker, 282.
 Smith, Mrs. J. C., 282, 472.
 Smith, Gen. John E., 506.
 Smith, Robert, 670.
 Smyth, Capt., 606.
 Stanley, Gen. David S., 115, 284, 309, 311,
 318, 319, 337, 350, 360, 384, 395, 406, 420,
 422, 426, 433, 435, 467, 468, 474, 664, 853.
 Stanton, Hon. Edwin M., 145.
 Starkweather, Capt., 860.
 Steadman, Gen. J. B., 132, 147, 166, 167,
 168, 169, 172, 176, 177, 184, 186, 190, 191,
 196, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207,
 208, 209, 210, 229, 232, 235, 236, 247, 436,
 439, 457, 589, 590, 670, 849, 882.
 Stoneman, Gen., 315.

 Streight, Col., 489, 595, 606.
 Swayne, Col. P. T., 47, 69.

 Taney, Judge, 19.
 Taylor, Col., 372, 373, 654.
 Taylor, H. W., 814.
 Taylor, Gen. Richard, 471.
 Temple, Capt. H. F., 526, 654.
 Terrell, Maj., 117, 190.
 Terry, Gen., 539, 556.
 Tibbetts, Lieut., 34, 844.
 Thomas, Gen. Geo. H., 151, 163, 164, 179,
 180, 181, 182, 183, 189, 192, 197, 198, 200,
 201, 204, 205, 207, 208, 225, 229, 232, 246,
 247, 257, 289, 291, 301, 319, 344, 355, 358,
 382, 383, 410, 414, 418, 435, 436, 438, 440,
 455, 456, 462, 473, 474, 488, 489, 498, 499,
 603, 736, 739, 853.
 Thomas, Lieut., 600.
 Tod, Gov., 102.
 Turner, Maj. Thomas P., 605.
 Turner, Capt. Wm. P., 592.

 Upton, Hon. C. W., 493.

 Vallandigham, 136, 137, 602.
 Van Cleve, Gen., 139, 180, 181.
 Van Dorn, Gen., 115, 626.

 Wagner, Gen., 434.
 Walder, Miss Susette, 672.
 Ward, Gen., 327, 329.
 Warren, Lieut., 629.
 Washburne, Hon. E. B., 28, 496, 503.
 Waters, Col., 468.
 Watkins, Col., 118.
 Watson, Lieut. Col., 364.
 Weagle, Henry W., 912.
 Weaver (bushwhacker), 153.
 Webster, Gen. J. D., 740.
 Wells, Capt., 208.
 Welsh, Lieut., 601.
 Wentworth, Hon. John, 481, 485, 487.
 Wetherby, ———, 546.
 Wheeler, Gen., 93, 94, 137, 252, 253, 682, 832,
 833.
 Whitaker, Gen. Walter C., 147, 148, 166,
 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 177, 186, 196, 197,
 199, 200, 202, 203, 204, 205, 208, 209, 210,
 238, 256, 264, 265, 275, 284, 294, 295, 298,
 317, 318, 360, 361, 365, 372, 402, 403, 419,
 421, 432, 433, 447, 452, 511, 589, 590, 646,
 653, 661, 896.
 Whipple, W. D., A. A. G., 455.
 Whitman, Maj. E. B., 915.
 Wilder, Col., 136, 144, 147.
 Willett, Lieut. James R., 630, 631.
 Williams, Maj., 147.
 Willich, Gen., 136, 666.
 Wilson, Gen., 425.
 Winder, Gen., 544, 565.
 Wirz, Capt., 538, 544, 545, 551, 572.
 Wood, — en. T. J., 180, 181, 183, 201, 266,
 346, 381, 422, 435, 454, 718.
 Woodworth, L. P., 283.
 Wygant, Miss Julia E., 672.

 Yates, Rev. J. F., 504.
 Yates, Hon. Richard, 87, 102, 297, 753, 774,
 815, 869.
 Young, John, 555.

 Zollicoffer, Gen., 23.

INDEX

SHOWING PAGES ON WHICH MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT ARE
MENTIONED.

- Abbey, Christian, 878.
Abbey, Wallace W., 890, 892, 896.
Abel, John A., 685, 699.
Adams, John, 195, 872, 878.
Adams, William T., 776, 781.
Adjudle, Isaac, 154, 858, 920.
Alexander, Edward, 764.
Allendorf, Philip, 685, 699.
Allendorf, William, 805.
Allison, Anderson S., 71, 691.
Allison, Robert C., 170, 194, 778, 784.
Ames, Ameilus, 746.
Ames, Willard, 746.
Andrews, George W., 195, 525, 533, 540, 848, 849, 859.
Andrews, Wallace, 312, 850, 859.
Annis, Henry, 193, 707, 710, 714, 716.
Appleby, Leonard, 898.
Armbruster, Augustus, 194, 793, 798, 920.
Arnold, Charles A., 900.
Ayers, George N., 743, 746.
Ayers, Orange M., 325, 330, 332, 548, 554, 559, 566, 732, 737, 746, 752, 918, 921.
Bahr, Henry, 806.
Bahr, John, 300, 912, 919.
Bailey, Francis S., 445, 449, 794, 805, 806, 919.
Bailey, George W., 799.
Bailey, John W., 193, 736, 745.
Baird, George W., 901.
Baker, John, 154, 820, 828, 920.
Ball, David R. P., 692.
Bangs, Ambrose A., 193, 213, 388, 522, 540, 604, 707, 708, 711, 713, 714, 715.
Bangs, George A., 303, 718.
Bangs, Harrison I., 719.
Barber, Samuel, 785.
Barker, John, 243, 263, 869, 870, 871, 873, 874.
Barnes, George F., 118, 123, 186, 195, 216, 263, 297, 844, 846, 847, 853, 920.
Barney, Albert, 358, 375, 553, 562, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 757, 760, 764, 765, 827.
Barnum, Henry P., 193, 213, 365, 375, 524, 539, 736, 737, 744, 745.
Barr, William, 806.
Barrett, Charles, 692.
Barron, Orville P., 714, 717, 718.
Barrus, Isaac, 633, 710, 719.
Barth, George, 376, 719.
Barthold, Ernest, 688.
Bartles, Edwin A., 87, 732, 738, 743.
Bartlett, Thomas H., 858, 859.
Barton, Ira, 900.
Bastian, John, 692.
Bastian, Sampson, 799.
Bastian, Thomas, 806.
Bater, Henry, 193, 736, 747.
Bates, Hiram N., 907.
Bates, John H., 899.
Bates, William N., 461, 907.
Bayne, Samuel H., 52, 118, 842, 843, 853.
Beall, James M., 87, 691, 919.
Beall, Josiah, 125, 691, 919.
Bean, William S., 32, 192, 208, 211, 223, 228, 245, 297, 634, 636, 677, 681, 683, 688, 689.
Beck, Gottlieb, 192, 683, 691.
Beck, James A., 326, 719.
Beck, John K., 641, 828.
Beck, William P., 878.
Beecher, Mason C., 283, 755, 764, 919.
Bell, William, 358, 375, 872, 878.
Bennett, Elisha R., 699.
Bennett, George C., 311, 778, 782, 783.
Bennett, Truman F., 195, 872, 878.
Bennett, John, 125, 878, 919.
Bennett, John K., 908.
Bensinger, John, 193, 525, 526, 540, 737, 747, 920.
Benson, Daniel, 194, 216, 514, 517, 540, 816, 820, 828, 840.
Benton, Addison, 908.
Benton, Albert E., 349, 353, 894, 901, 919.
Berg, Christopher H., 71, 178, 311, 349, 359, 367, 375, 424, 460, 679, 680, 681, 685, 687, 688.
Berkmeyer, Frederick, 806.
Besley, John W., 746.
Bessey, John, 764.
Bete, William, 765.
Bevard, William H., 401, 878, 920.
Biddlecom, Charles O., 678, 821, 828, 829.
Bingham, George, 699.
Binger, John A., 317, 330, 685, 691.
Berknell, Henry, 806.
Bixby, Solomon, 194, 311, 778, 784.
Black, James E. (Co. I), 884.
Black, James E. (Co. K), 195, 891, 893, 900.
Black, Joseph P., 48, 70, 72, 118, 147, 774, 776, 777, 780.
Blackler, John, 829.
Blackler, Thomas, 829.
Blackman, Frederick, 390, 392, 895, 901, 919.
Blackstone, Stephen F., 194, 514, 539, 778, 785, 920, 923.
Bliss, Timothy W., 746.
Blodgett, Asiel Z., 170, 186, 193, 215, 385, 492, 521, 524, 539, 656, 657, 672, 753, 755, 756, 758, 759.
Blodgett, Edward A., 32, 43, 86, 91, 251, 273, 286, 294, 326, 380, 431, 447, 461, 473, 657, 658, 672.
Blodgett, Jared O., 194, 403, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 819, 820, 828.
Blowney Benjamin G., 79, 186, 194, 216, 377, 388, 431, 437, 810, 811, 814, 815, 816, 819, 820, 823.
Blunt, Martin M., 633, 764.
Boettcher, Christopher, 364, 375, 818, 819, 829, 919.
Bollenbach, Gustavus, 457, 460, 584, 585, 711, 713, 719.
Bonham, Homer, 851, 867.

THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

(FROM RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS.)



EDWIN DRURY.
M. UMBDENSTOCK, JR.

HENRY H. GAGE.
CHAS. W. EARLE.

C. A. PARTRIDGE.
E. A. BLODGETT.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

- Bonitell, Henry, 195, 514, 870, 872, 876.
 Bonjour, Thomas, 800.
 Bonner, William, 193, 214, 514, 736, 746.
 Boogar, Henry, 710, 719.
 Boothby, John A., 71, 195, 525, 532, 533, 540, 844, 849, 856, 919.
 Bostwick, Hiram L., 194, 793, 796.
 Bostwick, William F., 776, 783.
 Bottom, James, 154, 710, 713, 719, 920.
 Bottom, William, 710, 719.
 Bowker, Joseph S., 195, 514, 891, 893, 900.
 Bowman, George, 326, 349, 376, 692.
 Bowman, John, 195, 514, 872, 878.
 Brainerd, Fred., 307, 311, 712, 719, 920.
 Bray, Thomas (Co. A), 473, 686, 699, 920.
 Bray, Thomas B. (Co. I), 633, 878.
 Brewster, Marion R., 754, 762.
 Briggs, Frederick, 859.
 Brinkerhoff, Anson, 195, 514, 893, 900.
 Brochon, Louis, 360, 375, 756, 757, 764.
 Brower, Almon, 878, 879.
 Brown, Edward, 806.
 Brown, James (Co. B), 87, 709, 710, 713, 718, 919.
 Brown, James (Co. F), 194, 793, 799, 800.
 Brown, Myron J., 194, 325, 330, 548-58, 567, 570, 571, 575, 580, 634, 817, 818, 820, 830.
 Brown, Spencer W., 844, 856.
 Brown, Thomas, 901.
 Bruner, Mathias M., 187, 195, 211, 639, 640, 824, 843, 844, 847, 855.
 Bryan, Abner C., 857.
 Bryan, George, 64, 846, 859, 920.
 Bryan, William B., 859.
 Bryant, Lewis H., 193, 213, 736, 741.
 Bryant, Myron A., 712, 719, 720.
 Bryson, John, 685, 699.
 Bryson, Robert, 699.
 Buchanan, William R., 215, 367, 375, 378, 794, 799.
 Buck, Otto J., 692.
 Buckley, William, 778, 785.
 Buckner, Henry, 806.
 Bunce, Charles D., 195, 523, 540, 848, 849, 859.
 Burbridge, Robert, 367, 375, 850, 859, 919.
 Burbridge, William H., 778, 785.
 Burge, Albert A., 816, 819, 821, 830.
 Burge, James S., 912.
 Burgess, Alfred, 692.
 Burke, Dominick, 367, 375, 377, 758, 765.
 Burnett, Alexander, 123, 842, 843, 852, 889.
 Burnett, George H., 36, 100, 121, 273, 282, 332, 388, 410, 437, 464, 707, 709, 714, 115, 718.
 Burnett, Jerome, 714, 718.
 Burthwick, S. S., 901.
 Buser, Ellis W., 901.
 Buser, Henry, 900, 901.
 Buser, Samuel L., 377, 900, 901.
 Bush, John A., 194, 514, 540, 778, 784, 785.
 Butler, George, 194, 216, 817, 830.
 Butterfield, Isaac, 718.
 Buys, John, 691.
 Byers, Frederick W., 6, 123, 676.
 Byers, John, 879.
 Cadwell, Loyal, 822, 820.
 Calvert, Richard, 800.
 Calvert, William (Co. F.), 194, 397, 793, 794, 800.
 Calvert, William (Co. I.), 884.
 Campbell, Andrew, 378, 796.
 Campbell, Harrison M., 692.
 Campbell, Peter D., 633, 692.
 Carlton, Charles W., 901.
 Carlton, Thomas J., 273, 890, 894, 899.
 Carpenter, Elijah C., 721.
 Carpenter, George W., 765.
 Carpenter, Marvin F., 844, 855.
 Carson, Samuel, 884.
 Carver, Eugene, 845, 858.
 Carver, Franklin, 678, 845, 858.
 Carver, Niles, 32, 678, 845, 858.
 Cashman, Henry, 194, 778, 783.
 Cashman, John, 193, 711, 721.
 Castle, Alfred S., 633, 710, 720.
 Chaddock, Willard R., 891, 901.
 Chamberlain, Wallace W., 765.
 Chambers, George, 901, 902.
 Champion, Myron B., 297, 895, 907.
 Champion, Thomas E., 31, 36, 48, 49, 57, 58, 60, 62, 70, 72, 76, 88, 91, 102, 103, 123, 125, 147, 170, 184, 185, 186, 188, 190, 196, 202, 203, 205, 208, 212, 234, 286, 288, 239, 240, 262, 263, 270, 283, 286, 290, 294, 297, 298, 310, 317, 320, 321, 362, 363, 374, 401, 404, 472, 483, 588, 658, 662, 668, 669, 708, 754, 776, 843, 846, 847, 854, 888, 889, 895, 907.
 Champlin, J. Franklin, 195, 523, 894, 901.
 Chandler, Abner L., 360, 375, 664, 757, 765.
 Charter, Erastus A., 860.
 Choze, John, 754, 766, 920.
 Chown, Richard B., 850, 860.
 Clark, Hiram, 747.
 Clark, James H., 53, 79, 813, 815, 823.
 Clark, John M., 766.
 Clark, Joseph K., 273, 641, 817, 830.
 Clark, Samuel, 746.
 Clark, William P., 800.
 Clark, William S., 710, 720.
 Clarke, Isaac L., 31, 38, 51, 52, 57, 70, 88, 91, 96, 148, 185, 186, 192, 199, 217, 228, 236, 245, 262, 483, 497, 640, 669, 670, 704, 729, 810, 811, 813, 814, 815, 816, 819, 820, 823, 846, 853.
 Clarkson, John E., 282, 765.
 Clarkson, Theodore F., 91, 179, 193, 214, 385, 472, 754, 755, 756, 759.
 Clawson, Philip R., 360, 375, 756, 757, 765, 766.
 Claypool, Newton B., 908.
 Clements, Samuel, 87, 738, 747.
 Clendenning, J. M., 32, 38, 69, 87, 876, 877, 901.
 Cleveland, Erastus T., 311, 364, 375, 712, 720.
 Cleveland, Major H., 714, 718.
 Cole, George E., 908.
 Cole, James, 194, 778, 785.
 Cole, James M., 785.
 Cole, Perrin P., 817, 830, 831.
 Colgrove, Caleb E., 125, 738, 747, 919.
 Collier, John H., 193, 215, 282, 443, 754, 755, 756, 759.
 Collins, Alfred, 87, 709, 710, 713, 720, 919.
 Collins, Lafayette, 709, 710, 720.
 Collins, William H., 699.
 Conklin, Jeremiah, 831.
 Conlee, Alex. W., 890, 898.
 Conlee, Thomas A., 195, 212, 893, 899.
 Conley, William (Co. H), 125, 860, 919.
 Conley, William (Co. I), 879.
 Connery, Charles F., 861.
 Connor, John W., 71, 192, 460, 514, 540, 683, 693.
 Consalus, Joseph E., 311, 685, 692.
 Conway, Patrick, 107, 194, 509, 511, 798, 800.
 Cook, Arthur, 707, 711, 714, 716, 717.
 Cooley, Harvillan, 32, 678, 732, 738, 741.
 Cooper, George J., 283, 713, 720, 920.

- Cooper, Royal J., 194, 273, 387, 390, 391, 678, 778, 779, 782.
 Corbin, John A., 194, 216, 812, 817, 822, 831.
 Cosman, Peter, 720.
 Courter, Charles L., 324, 330, 894, 901, 920.
 Coverly, Elijah, 785.
 Coverly, James, 785.
 Cowen, Christopher C., 195, 539, 890, 891, 893, 897.
 Cowen, Oscar W., 273, 899.
 Craig, John, 800.
 Craig, Thomas, 427, 428, 583, 584, 884.
 Crane, Hamilton D., 253, 895, 902.
 Crapo, Walter, 193, 259, 757, 766, 923.
 Cribb, Ira, 193, 736, 747.
 Crippen, George H., 918.
 Crissey, Handford W., 859.
 Crocker, Crofton, 763.
 Crocker, William W., 861.
 Crosby, John H., 710, 721.
 Crothers, William, 912.
 Crowell, Lucius C., 283, 860.
 Crowley, Dennis, 879.
 Crammer, Joseph, 884.
 Cruver, John H., 193, 213, 710, 720.
 Cullen, Richard C., 195, 525, 534, 540, 586, 848, 849, 860.
 Curl, William, 720.
 Curry, James J., 195, 514, 539, 847, 860.
 Curtis, James M., 850, 867.
 Cutler, Henry H., 193, 445, 449, 525, 526, 540, 587, 735, 736, 737, 738, 745, 919.
 Dady, Owen, 712, 722.
 Daley, James R., 766.
 Dalrymple, George W., 902.
 Daly, William, 879.
 Damphouse, Peter, 367, 375, 872, 879.
 Darby, Edward (1st), 325, 330, 548, 817, 819, 831, 832.
 Darby, Edward (2d), 821, 831, 832.
 Darby, Henry, 831, 832.
 Darby, Joseph, 194, 514, 519, 539, 816, 820, 821, 831, 840.
 Darr, John C., 876.
 Dart, Emery, 193, 212, 514, 710, 721.
 Davis, Henry A., 700.
 Davis, Joseph P., 125, 861, 919.
 Davis, Noah N., 685, 699.
 Davis, Thomas, 194, 216, 514, 539, 816, 819, 820, 832, 840.
 Davis, Watson P., 767.
 Davison, Peter, 383, 392, 850, 857, 858.
 Davy, Thomas, 786.
 Dawson, George, 367, 375, 870, 872, 876.
 Dawson, Robert, 806.
 Dawson, William, 71, 263, 294, 359, 445, 468, 795, 796, 806, 851.
 Day, George H., 710, 722.
 Dean, Harmon S., 375, 894, 902.
 Deedrick, George W., 383, 391, 758, 767.
 Deerstein, Christian, 806.
 DeGraff, William F., 194, 212, 309, 811, 778, 782, 920.
 Delaney, James, 667, 685, 699, 920.
 Demmon, Leroy, 87, 819, 832.
 Denure, Albert, 125, 785, 919.
 Deroff, Henry, 908.
 Denick, Andrew J., 630, 633, 767.
 Devine, Charles L., 766.
 Devlin, Michael, 358, 375, 472, 553, 555, 556, 558, 562, 567, 870, 875, 577, 755, 757, 760, 765.
 DeVoe, Isaac W., 710, 722.
 Dickinson, Charles T., 767.
 Diehl, James, 667, 806, 920.
 Dimmick, Daniel W., 776, 782.
 Dimmick, George W., 194, 212, 522, 540, 576, 604, 778, 786.
 Dirnberger, Joseph, 879.
 Disch, Andrew Jr., 349, 397, 685, 693, 919.
 Disch, Andrew, Sr., 693.
 Dittmar, Adam, 861.
 Dittmar, Erhard, 311, 794, 800.
 Dittmar, John G., 800.
 Diver, William, 193, 736, 747, 748.
 Dodge, George C., 193, 514, 517, 518, 519, 520, 539, 732, 736, 743, 744.
 Dodge, Samuel W., 747.
 Dombiski, Henry, 721.
 Donahue, James, 367, 375, 818, 822, 832.
 Doolittle, Leonard S., 193, 214, 514, 519, 539, 736, 747, 916.
 Douglas, Adrian R., 678, 766.
 Douglas, Chester W., 766.
 Douglas, Isaac Mason, 754, 762.
 Douglas, Robert J., 766, 767.
 Dowd, Daniel W., 195, 525, 536, 540, 849, 861.
 Drew, Walter, 194, 216, 364, 375, 813, 816, 818, 826.
 Dreyer, John, 908.
 Drier, Frederick, 667, 908, 920.
 Drury, Edwin, 407, 582, 820, 832, 833.
 Drury, Walter E., 821, 833.
 Druse, Carlisle, 356, 712, 721, 919.
 Dunbar, Mathew, 195, 893, 902.
 Dunbar, William S., 721.
 Dunmore, Jacob E., 767.
 Dunmore, John R., 401, 755, 767, 920.
 Duntun, Oscar W., 861.
 Dwyer, Thomas W., 833.
 Earle, Charles W., 100, 191, 193, 199, 209, 213, 239, 284, 294, 295, 329, 360, 361, 388, 401, 423, 489, 508, 525, 540, 541, 586, 663, 664, 730, 731, 732, 733, 735, 736, 737, 739, 740, 745.
 Early, Henry R., 890, 892, 897.
 Easton, Benjamin F., 786.
 Eaton, Parley, 902.
 Eaton, Sherod B., 786.
 Eby, Charles, 700.
 Eckhardt, Louis, 806.
 Edge, William, 194, 778, 786.
 Edgerton, W. Irving, 125, 794, 800, 920.
 Edwards, Alfred, 722.
 Edwards, James, 879.
 Edwards, Thomas J., 861.
 Edwards, William J., 375, 894, 902.
 Efinger, Martin, 311, 423, 424, 737, 738, 742.
 Ehlers, John H., 193, 514, 736, 748.
 Ehlers, William H., 193, 359, 375, 575, 736, 737, 748, 752, 840.
 Einhart, M. R., 693.
 Einsweiler, John, 192, 684, 693.
 Elberth, Jacob, 218, 794, 801.
 Elderkin, Alfred, 194, 778, 786.
 Ellis, Charles, 193, 756, 760.
 Elston, Charles N., 195, 217, 889, 890, 893, 897, 898.
 Endress, Andrew, 884.
 Erskine, R. L., 693.
 Evans, George (Co. F), 806.
 Evans, George (Co. I), 872, 879.
 Evans, John E., 340, 872, 879, 923.
 Evans, Moses, 32, 52, 87, 99, 220, 253, 461, 658, 674, 675, 825.
 Fablinger, John, 195, 872, 879.
 Fablinger, Louis, 807.
 Fablinger, Nicholas, 807.
 Fablinger, Philip, 798.

- Faith, William, 353, 773, 779, 784.
 Farley, Albert, 195, 847, 861, 862.
 Farnsworth, George M., 215, 817, 824, 833.
 Farnsworth, Hiram W., 79, 123, 813, 815, 820, 822, 824, 833.
 Farr, George C., 850, 867.
 Farrell, Patrick (1st), 195, 217, 848, 862.
 Farrell, Patrick (2d), 195, 217, 848, 858.
 Farrier, Andrew, 283, 755, 768, 920.
 Feist, Bernard, 908.
 Fenn, Samuel, 283, 786.
 Ferguson, Alex. O., 767, 768.
 Ferguson, George G., 297, 401, 678, 754, 755, 760, 767, 853.
 Ferrand, Orskine L., 375, 449, 707, 712, 716.
 Fidler, John, 198, 213, 736, 748, 923.
 Fielding, James, 884.
 Finley, Timothy, 748, 752.
 Fisher, Whitman O., 710, 722.
 Flagler, William H., 325, 818, 833.
 Flanders, Francis L., 862.
 Flannery, Patrick, 195, 525, 532, 533, 534, 540, 849, 856, 857, 920.
 Fleming, Peter, 397, 778, 779, 783.
 Fleming, William J., 330, 757, 767.
 Fletcher, James C., 693.
 Fletcher, Joseph E., 125, 786, 919.
 Flick, Charles B., 693, 694.
 Foote, George H., 833, 834.
 Forbes, William J., 283, 879.
 Fordham, Charles, 748.
 Forsyth, James, 191, 195, 591, 849, 862, 920.
 Foss, Alvin B., 862.
 Foss, Phineas, 902.
 Foster, Alfred B., 877.
 Foster, John H., 195, 525, 536, 540, 848, 849, 862.
 Fowler, Robert A., 309, 311, 794, 797.
 Fox, Benjamin F., 691.
 Fox, Charles N., 193, 212, 710, 722.
 Fox, Michael, 195, 893, 902.
 Francisco, John Alvin, 195, 216, 632, 843, 844, 847, 854.
 Franklin, Benjamin, 913, 919.
 Freeman, James, 813, 821, 822, 827.
 Frisby, Calvin, 782.
 Fritz, John, 807.
 Fuller, William J., 446, 722.
 Fulson, John D., 87, 707, 709, 710, 717.
 Funk, Sidney B., 118, 194, 215, 289, 776, 777, 778, 781.
 Funstan, Adam, 694.
 Furlong, Moses, 876.
 Gage, Harrison, 273, 360, 375, 491, 872, 877, 920.
 Gage, Henry H., 194, 294, 331, 338, 349, 353, 375, 817, 818, 827.
 Gage, Wallace B., 678, 755, 768.
 Gail, Daniel H., 194, 216, 817, 834.
 Gammon, Joseph, 194, 793, 801.
 Garland, Frank, 723, 724.
 Garrett, Richard, 282, 776, 780.
 Garrow, Frank, 801.
 Gates, Edward W., 862, 863.
 Gault, Samuel C., 694.
 Gayetty, William L., 694.
 Gerome, John, 869, 879.
 Geyer, William, 694.
 Gholson, John, 902.
 Gillmore, Evangelist J., 87, 100, 282, 317, 354, 375, 386, 388, 707, 709, 712, 714, 715, 723.
 Gillmore, Myron, 386, 391, 709, 712, 723.
 Gleason, Henry, 813, 826.
 Gleason, Isbon S., 631, 633, 821, 826, 834.
 Glidden, John D., 784.
 Glover, Milton, 192, 377, 684, 694.
 Goatiea, Louis C. G., 300, 694.
 Goble, Daniel, 125, 794, 801, 920.
 Godat, Edward J., 690.
 Goddard, Abram, 880.
 Godding, Henry W., 273, 894, 897.
 Goebel, Harmon, 908.
 Going, Joshua B., 311, 778, 786.
 Golden, John, 377, 794, 801.
 Goodburn, Henry, 880.
 Goodwin, William E., 801.
 Gordon, William E., 807.
 Goss, William B., 870, 876.
 Gove, Joel, 449, 712, 723.
 Grabham, John, 784.
 Graham, Charles W., 190, 195, 849, 862.
 Graham, Edward, 195, 312, 353, 893, 894, 903.
 Graham, Thomas, 194, 793, 799.
 Granger, Dighton, 312, 376, 708, 722, 723.
 Graves, Eleazer, 710, 713, 723.
 Graves, Thomas C., 195, 524, 540, 894, 902.
 Gray, Elihu D., 583, 723.
 Gray, Horace, 844, 856.
 Gray, Joseph, 880.
 Green, George, 877.
 Green, Henry C., 193, 525, 526, 737, 748, 919.
 Green, Thomas A., 70, 792, 795, 889.
 Greenleaf, Amos, 813, 816, 825.
 Greenwald, John, 377, 694.
 Greer, Gustavus A., 708.
 Griburg, Simon, 786.
 Grice, Thomas, 851, 867.
 Grice, Wesley, 851, 867.
 Grotjohn, Christopher, 807.
 Gruber, Valentine, 807.
 Guild, Seber A., 801.
 Gunn, James, 125, 786.
 Gunn, Samuel, 913.
 Guppy, James T., 193, 197, 207, 757, 768.
 Haggart, Elisha, 170, 193, 198, 756, 763.
 Haggerty, Cornelius, 903.
 Hagus, Edward, 807.
 Hall, Herman W., 712, 724.
 Hallaner, Jacob, 801.
 Hambrecht, Frederick, 908.
 Hamilton, Hiram H., 195, 514, 540, 802, 893, 899.
 Hamilton, Jerome B., 869, 870, 875.
 Hamilton, Norris, 193, 443, 449, 540, 736, 738, 745, 850, 855, 919.
 Hamilton, William A., 802.
 Hammond, Charles N., 633, 802.
 Hancock, Edward, 365, 375, 641, 642, 643, 794, 802.
 Handley, William, 802.
 Harding, John, 283, 787.
 Harriman, Henry J., 284, 291, 894, 898.
 Harrington, Daniel, 194, 514, 773, 787.
 Harrington, John, 642, 821, 834.
 Harris, Alonzo, 724.
 Harris, Carlton B., 908.
 Harrison, Richard, 787.
 Hartnett, Cornelius E., 754, 761.
 Harvey, Christopher, 880.
 Harwick, Jacob, 147, 801, 919.
 Hastings, Henry F., 185, 843, 848, 850, 856.
 Hastings, Walter W., 91, 325, 330, 385, 437, 472, 753, 755, 757, 759.
 Hathaway, John, 909.
 Havens, James O., 79, 123, 292, 294, 388, 813, 815, 817, 820, 823.
 Haverstreet, Andrew, 807.
 Hawkes, Peter, 195, 525, 536, 540, 849, 863.
 Hawkins, Asel, 125, 820, 834, 919.

- Hawkins, Charles., 397, 758, 768.
 Hay, John, Jr., 382, 392, 893, 903.
 Haycock, Columbus, 748.
 Hayth, Charles F., 194, 215, 523, 540, 576, 778, 787.
 Heck, Louis, 880.
 Hefty, John, 700.
 Hefty, Nicholas, 473, 908, 919.
 Hendee, George E., 724.
 Hesse, Conrad, 690.
 Hewitt, Patrick, 397, 873, 880.
 Heydon, William P., 903, 920.
 Heywood, Robert, 858, 863.
 Hickcox, James, 194, 216, 813, 815, 817, 826.
 Hicks, George, 32, 39, 71, 72, 103, 143, 167, 186, 199, 202, 203, 222, 262, 293, 298, 308, 363, 366, 389, 390, 396, 417, 431, 432, 444, 459, 462, 468, 473, 481, 483, 484, 485, 488, 489, 491, 494, 495, 498, 503, 504, 671, 672, 679, 680, 682, 683, 684, 686, 687, 713, 869.
 Hicks, James, 365, 375, 894, 903.
 Hicks, Riley, 768.
 Higley, Albert F., 667, 700, 920.
 Hilderbrandt, William, 700.
 Hileman, Michael, 195, 525, 531, 532, 533, 540, 586, 844, 847, 849, 854, 855.
 Hill, John, 401, 877, 919.
 Hill, Morris S., 32, 678, 707, 710, 713, 716.
 Hill, William, 194, 776, 778, 783.
 Hiller, August, 685, 790.
 Hindman, Andrew, 311, 329, 330, 794, 799, 923.
 Hobson, Thomas, 880.
 Hoch, John, 695.
 Hocking, John, 194, 793, 801, 923.
 Hoffman, Godfrey, 807.
 Holden, John H., 428, 685, 695.
 Holland, Thomas, 633, 680.
 Hollister, Hiram W., 71, 709, 710, 713, 724, 920.
 Holmes, William S., 681, 688.
 Holtkamp, Bennett, 194, 523, 793, 801, 802, 919.
 Holtkamp, Hendrick, 801, 902.
 Hoogstraat, Herman, 317, 330, 712, 724.
 Hoover, Wallace W., 364, 375, 894, 899.
 Hopkins, Freeman, 880.
 Hopp, Theodore, 367, 375, 685, 694.
 Hosley, Austin, 768.
 Hosley, Elias, 193, 214, 514, 756, 768.
 Howard, Charles P., 195, 848, 855.
 Howe, Orrin, 193, 514, 515, 539, 736, 748.
 Hubbard, William, 87, 787, 920.
 Hughes, Hugh R., 880.
 Hughes, Owen, 880.
 Hughes, William W., 367, 375, 894, 903.
 Hull, Baalam, 700.
 Hull, Nelson B., 903.
 Huntington, Hamden, 147, 738, 748.
 Huntington, Harrison, 147, 193, 525, 526, 540, 729, 732, 737, 741, 748, 919.
 Hunsen, Nelson, 461, 713, 724.
 Hutchinson, James, 195, 217, 872, 880.
 Hutchinson, Samuel M., 334.
 Ingersoll, William, 195, 525, 533, 537, 540, 849, 863, 920.
 Inman, Squire W., 193, 211, 514, 516, 519, 539, 796, 748.
 Irish, Charles, 913.
 Irwin, D. B., 884.
 Irwin, William, 798, 807.
 Irwin, William J., 807.
 Irwin, William T., 884.
 Isbell, David, 192, 211, 244, 514, 639, 683, 689.
 Isbell, Jason B., 192, 311, 681, 683, 685, 688.
 Jackson, Josiah H., 885.
 Jacobs, John O., 850, 867.
 James, David, 79, 288, 320, 364, 375, 377, 388, 811, 814, 815, 818, 819, 823, 825, 835, 889.
 James, Freeman, 87, 673, 820, 822, 834, 835, 919.
 James, George, 678, 894, 835.
 James, Isaac L., 823, 825, 835.
 James, Jas. Edward, 71, 678, 680, 695.
 James, Thomas, 835.
 James, Thomas L., 813, 822, 823, 825, 835.
 Jeffers, George, 297, 677, 802.
 Jeffers, Stephen, 32, 282, 296, 412, 673, 677, 802.
 Jellison, Marcus, 787.
 Jellison, Wm. W., 311, 386, 391, 576, 779, 787.
 Jelly, Andrew Wm., 397, 794, 802, 920.
 Jenkins, J. Byron, 895, 904.
 Jennings, Charles, 154, 893, 904.
 Jennings, George W., 311, 778, 787.
 Johns, Nathan, 885.
 Johnson, Andrew, 195, 525, 540, 849, 858.
 Johnson, Francis, 348, 353, 685, 695.
 Johnson, George, 734, 749.
 Johnson, Henry H., 885.
 Johnson, Jasper N., 881.
 Johnson, John, 695.
 Johnson, Samuel, 909.
 Johnson, Thomas K., 195, 514, 539, 847, 863, 920.
 Jones, Harrison, 768.
 Jones, Henry F., 749.
 Jones, Miles, 125, 755, 769, 919.
 Jones, Nathaniel, 850, 867.
 Jones, Reuben C., 749.
 Joslyn, Joseph I., 822, 835.
 Joyce, William, 194, 197, 215, 273, 312, 367, 375, 377, 390, 392, 817, 818, 819, 822, 835.
 Junken, James, 273, 367, 375, 778, 779, 784.
 Kaufman, Christian, 192, 683, 695.
 Kearnaghan, Edward, 511, 502.
 Kearney, James, 193, 525, 527, 540, 552, 561, 732, 737, 743.
 Keiburz, Franz J., 695.
 Kellogg, Roderick, 787.
 Kelly, John, 909.
 Kenney, Darius W., 195, 514, 893, 904.
 Kenty, James, 733, 734, 749, 752.
 Kern, Henry, 749.
 Keyes, Thomas, 125, 787, 919.
 Kilmer, Solomon, 807.
 Kilpatrick, Robert, 885.
 Kimball, William (Co. B), 193, 212, 710, 724.
 Kimber, William T., 835.
 Kimble, William (Co. K), 445, 449, 895, 909, 919.
 Kimmins, Thomas, 383, 391, 794, 802.
 King, Andrew, 194, 778, 787.
 King, Christian, 913.
 King, George W., 885.
 King, John, 273, 817, 835, 836.
 King, Joshua, 749.
 Kingsland, Oliver C., 724.
 Kinney, Cleveland M., 632, 890, 889, 920.
 Kinreid, Thomas, 401, 820, 836, 919.
 Kish, William, 904.
 Klaproth, William, 863.
 Kneebone, John, 194, 311, 794, 797.
 Knopf, Christian, 364, 375, 818, 836.
 Knopf, Peter, 836.
 Knox, James L., 365, 375, 818, 819, 836, 920.
 Koontz, Francis S., 195, 872, 878.
 Kostenbader, Philip, 807, 808.
 Kramer, Gottlieb, 802.
 Kreitsburg, Simon, 786.

- Kuntz, Christian, 685, 700.
 Kuntz, Clemens, 695.
 Kurby, John, 195, 525, 537, 540, 849, 863, 919.
 Ladd, John, 194, 817, 836.
 Lamb, Nahum, 329, 330, 818, 836.
 Lamberton, David H., 788.
 Lane, Edwin, 885.
 Langdon, Edgar C., 349, 353, 872, 885.
 Langdon, Eugene B., 448, 685, 696.
 Lankan, Charles, 808.
 Lawrence, John, 913.
 Lawrence, Thomas H., 803.
 Lawson, John, 909.
 Lee, John C., 60, 82, 83, 629, 631, 632, 797, 869.
 Lee, William, 808.
 Leekley, Joseph B., 324, 325, 330, 548, 549, 794, 796, 919.
 Lehmann, George, 836.
 Leland, Thos. S., 324, 330, 890, 894, 898, 920.
 Leslie, Humphrey, 125, 881, 919.
 Lester, James D., 87, 892, 904, 920.
 Levagood, Henry G., 193, 756, 769.
 Lewin, William B., 193, 214, 324, 325, 330, 332, 548, 549, 551-568, 571, 735, 736, 737, 744.
 Lewis, James, 788.
 Lewis, James S., 776, 782.
 Lewis, William A., 390, 685, 696, 919.
 Lindsay, Jasper N., 633, 776, 782.
 Lindsay, Samuel H., 707, 714, 716.
 Lindsay, William J., 712, 725.
 Linklater, J. H., 215, 472, 754, 755, 757, 760.
 Lister, John, 397, 794, 802.
 Litwiler, James H., 273, 325, 330, 711, 712, 724, 920.
 Long, John, 460, 870, 873, 875.
 Long, William H., 881.
 Lott, Austin E., 769.
 Loughlin, William M., 39, 100, 114, 193, 202, 388, 624, 626, 627, 632, 729, 730, 732, 738, 739, 740, 752.
 Lovejoy, Ami, 712, 725.
 Lowry, Henry, 885.
 Luke, Garrett W., 195, 437, 472, 890, 893, 897.
 Luttman, Charles, G., 796.
 McAllister, James H., 701.
 McBride, James, 749.
 McCafferty, James, 195, 848, 864.
 McCann, James (Co. A), 696.
 McCann, James (Co. D), 360, 757, 764.
 McCarty, John, 798.
 McClellan, Andrew A., 909.
 McClellan, William, 193, 525, 527, 540, 737, 742, 919.
 McCoy, John, 701.
 McCreddie, William, 193, 525, 527, 540, 737, 749, 919.
 McCredie, James, 193, 736, 743.
 McCusker, Charles, 193, 711, 714, 717, 727.
 McCusker, Cornelius, 725.
 McCusker, John, 445, 449, 712, 714, 718, 727.
 McDonald, William A., 776, 783.
 McDonald, William W., 641, 642, 643, 881.
 McDonough, Thomas, 878.
 McGill, John, 193, 390, 391, 733, 734, 736, 738, 743.
 McGinniss, Edward, 195, 848, 864.
 McGregor, James, 881.
 McKey, William W., 193, 214, 756, 761.
 McKinley, Jackson J., 909.
 McKinley, John J., 696, 697.
 McKnight, John, 913.
 McMaster, William B., 696.
 McMillen, James H., 725.
 McMillen, Malcolm, 317, 712, 725.
 McNeil, Thomas L., 881.
 McWain, Nathaniel, 195, 525, 537, 540, 849, 864.
 Mack, Henry, 194, 514, 539, 778, 788.
 Madden, James H., 837.
 Madden, Laughlin, 193, 525, 527, 540, 561, 563, 737, 750, 919.
 Mahood, Edward, 803.
 Mallor, Robert D., 701.
 Malone, Daniel, 195, 273, 872, 881.
 Malone, Edward, 390, 392, 661, 664, 819, 822, 826.
 Manlon, Wesley D., 301, 913.
 Marble, James, 725.
 Marble, William, 336, 726.
 Markley, Watson, 750.
 Marsden, Samuel R., 696.
 Marshall, Alphonzo, 195, 525, 533, 539, 540, 849, 857, 919.
 Marshall, George, 870, 873, 875.
 Martin, Charles, 32, 87, 99, 673, 674, 852.
 Martin, John, 701.
 Martin, Thos. B., 194, 514, 539, 778, 788, 919.
 Mason, Judson A., 813, 827.
 Mattax, Stanislaw, 712, 726.
 Matthews, William, 283, 788.
 Maynard, Thomas H., 776, 783.
 Melindy, Peter P., 360, 375, 757, 769.
 Menzemer, Charles C., 291, 505, 541, 542, 543, 685, 696, 919.
 Menzemer, Christopher, 701.
 Menzemer, Harrison, 273, 291, 505, 541-548, 552, 597, 685, 690.
 Meres, Michael, 300, 881, 920.
 Metcalf, Christopher, 700.
 Metcalf, James, 701.
 Metcalf, John, 701.
 Metcalf, Josephus, 192, 212, 521, 540, 684, 690.
 Metcalf, Leonard, 700.
 Metcalf, Rigdon, 803.
 Metcalf, Thomas, 473, 686, 700.
 Mettz, Barton C., 851, 867, 868.
 Mettz, Charles L., 195, 848, 857.
 Millard, James E., 725.
 Milheiser, Franc, 94, 311, 737, 750, 752.
 Miller, Charles J., 312, 442, 637, 638, 813, 817, 819, 825.
 Miller, Frederick W., 194, 640, 793, 803, 919.
 Miller, George F., 885.
 Miller, James, 885.
 Miller, John, 312, 794, 803.
 Miller, Lewis, 194, 324, 330, 333, 548, 568, 817, 818, 819, 820, 837, 920.
 Miller, Reuben, 638, 837.
 Miller, Richard K., 696.
 Millett, Herrick, 491, 758, 920.
 Millett, Hiram P., 633, 864.
 Minto, David J., 749.
 Mitchell, Henry W., 667, 755, 769, 920.
 Mitchell, John T., 712, 726.
 Mitchell, Michael, 909.
 Mitchell, William, 769.
 Monahan, William, 725, 726.
 Montgomery, Caleb A., 61, 74, 90, 91, 753, 754, 755, 759, 760.
 Montgomery, Henry R., 326, 725.
 Montgomery, Wallace W., 386, 391, 576, 779, 788.
 Moore, Charles T., 886.
 Moore, George W., 263, 273, 297, 324, 673, 871, 872, 873, 874, 886, 913.
 Moore, Henson, 195, 290, 848, 850, 863, 864.
 Moore, Josiah, 886, 913.
 Moore, Robert, 885.

- Moore, Thomas E., 677, 876, 877.
 Moore, Thomas J., 377, 788.
 Morgan, Thomas, 894, 904.
 Morley, William G., 633, 749.
 Morrill, John T., 725.
 Morris, Otho, 881.
 Morris, Thomas, 195, 514, 847, 857.
 Morse, George C., 375, 894, 900.
 Morton, Alfred, 769.
 Morton, Ward L., 195, 212, 847, 856.
 Moulton, Josiah, Jr., 290, 817, 837.
 Mowers, Peter, 359, 388, 392, 819, 827, 838.
 Mueller, Frederick, 788.
 Munson, B. F., 803.
 Murray, Edward, 193, 213, 514, 515, 516, 519, 589, 732, 736, 742, 752.
 Murrie, James, 346, 353, 421, 737, 743.
 Nadeg, Jacob, 904.
 Nantz, Henry, 832, 837.
 Nash, William S., 273, 303, 509, 510, 793, 803.
 Neal, Charles J., 769.
 Neal, Robert, 125, 697, 920.
 Nellis, William W., 769.
 Nelson, Hiram W., 195, 848, 864.
 Newman, Millard M., 851, 868.
 Newton, Butler, 283, 904, 919.
 Newton, Charles, 881.
 Newton, John A., 904.
 Newton, Marshall, 750.
 Nicholas, James, 701.
 Nichols, Thomas P., 886.
 Noble, John, 881.
 Noble, William A., 349, 353, 816, 818, 819, 837, 919.
 Noggle, Isaac P., 633, 739.
 Norton, William, 769.
 O'Connell, James, 154, 710, 713, 717, 919.
 O'Connor, Thomas, 318, 895, 907.
 O'Hara, Berzelus, 761.
 O'Herrin, James, 838.
 O'Leary, Dennis, 194, 514, 539, 778, 789, 920.
 Oatey, John R., 194, 793, 798.
 Oberlin, William G., 375, 779, 789.
 Obley, Christian, 878.
 Oleson, Ole, 909.
 Oliver, William R., 701.
 Ollendorf, William, 805.
 Osman, Daniel, 707, 714, 717.
 Ostrander, Henry P., 822, 838.
 Ostrander, Henry W., 49, 819, 838.
 Overstreet, Abner, 886.
 Paddock, Albert J., 424, 583, 758, 769, 770.
 Paddock, George, 770.
 Palmer, George, 821, 838.
 Palmer, Joseph, 817, 838.
 Parker, Charles, 882.
 Partridge, Addison B., 62, 100, 730, 731, 738, 739.
 Partridge, Charles A., 193, 222, 296, 387, 472, 677, 729, 732, 736, 738, 739, 740.
 Patch, Duane, 789.
 Paul, James W., 886.
 Payne, Henry C., 193, 218, 525, 527, 540, 735, 737, 750, 920.
 Payne, James P., 905.
 Payne, Samuel B., 367, 375, 642, 643, 738, 741, 750.
 Peeper, Henry, 633, 681, 689.
 Pellett, Wilson, 886.
 Penwell, Marcellus J., 365, 375, 844, 850, 856.
 Pepoon, George W., 74, 210, 291, 295, 446, 589, 888, 890, 893, 896.
 Pepoon, Mortimer, 909, 910.
 Pepoon, Theodore W., 910.
 Peppard, Charles, 330, 757, 762, 763.
 Peppard, Frank, 390, 391, 758, 763.
 Perham, Sherman W., 864.
 Perkins, Joseph, 633, 803.
 Perrin, William, 582.
 Perry, Hiram N., 789.
 Perry, Oliver H., 642, 881, 882.
 Perry, William M., 177, 882.
 Pettibone, Theophilus, 633, 865.
 Pharo, Louis, 808.
 Phillips, Charles, 630, 633, 750.
 Phillips, George N., 818, 838.
 Phippin, Orlando, 367, 375, 779, 789.
 Pierce, Byron K., 114, 220, 673, 674, 852.
 Pierce, Franklin W., 350, 353, 460, 794, 795, 796.
 Pierce, Joseph L., 100, 118, 123, 186, 195, 531, 842, 844, 846, 847, 852.
 Pimley, James, 107, 194, 215, 509, 510, 793, 800, 803.
 Pimley, Robert, 798.
 Pocklington, Thomas B., 838, 839.
 Pogue, Frank M., 195, 872, 882.
 Pollard, Robert, 80, 892, 904.
 Pollock, John K., 157, 363, 364, 419, 431, 459, 462, 729, 730, 731, 737, 738, 739.
 Pomeroy, Cyrus W., 195, 893, 905.
 Pool, Frank, 71, 789, 920.
 Pool, Robert, 71, 263, 273, 281, 627, 679, 680, 684, 685, 686, 687, 789.
 Pooley, John H., 194, 365, 375, 778, 779, 784.
 Porter, Joseph B., 732, 741.
 Porter, Thomas, 195, 893, 900.
 Post, Ranslaer, 864, 920, 923.
 Poston, Richard J., 789.
 Potter, Edwin, 428, 726.
 Potter, Philo D., 851, 868.
 Potter, Thomas, 193, 212, 710, 726.
 Powell, John, 851, 868.
 Power, Absalom, 733.
 Power, Newton, 784.
 Powers, Warren E., 300, 311, 712, 714, 718.
 Pratt, Norman O., 585, 726.
 Price, John Jay, 125, 710, 713, 726.
 Price, William, 192, 244, 681, 683, 689.
 Pringle, John L., 681, 684, 687.
 Pritchard, William, 904.
 Prufer, Frederick, 909.
 Pruner, Oliver H., 633, 905.
 Pulham, George, 803.
 Pullen, Thomas, 770.
 Putnam, Morancy, 642, 895, 909.
 Quigley, Isaac, 193, 214, 514, 521, 539, 756, 761.
 Quinn, Francis P., 32, 43, 186, 192, 211, 296, 514, 517, 559, 634, 636, 677, 870, 873, 875.
 Ragan, Harlow D., 273, 641, 642, 643, 684, 697.
 Kahling, Frank, 311, 376, 757, 770.
 Ransom, John A., 882.
 Rausch, Christian, 697.
 Rayne, Ross Porter, 337, 375, 894, 905.
 Reardon, John, 865.
 Rector, Oscar, 193, 346, 353, 660, 737, 745.
 Redeke, Harman, 702.
 Redfern, Frank, 367, 375, 779, 789, 919, 923.
 Reed, David, 685, 701.
 Reed, Vincent L., 770.
 Reed, Walton, 194, 212, 639, 793, 803.
 Rees, Chester J., 312, 844, 850, 854.
 Rees, James, 195, 848, 865.
 Rees, Moses, 6, 886.
 Replogan, Abram L., 770.
 Reubeno, Edward, 192, 684, 697.

- Reynick, Alex. M., 913.
 Reynolds, John, 357, 375, 870, 872, 876, 882.
 Reynolds, Robert, 882, 886.
 Reynolds, Thomas, 170, 195, 872, 882.
 Rice, George W., 771.
 Rich, Esau, 273, 711, 726, 920.
 Rich, James, 193, 514, 756, 770.
 Richards, James, 473, 686, 701.
 Richards, Kansom, 865.
 Richards, William H., 281, 376, 685, 689.
 Richardson, Carl, 195, 893, 898.
 Richardson, Halsey H., 118, 154, 194, 634, 635, 636, 637, 774, 775, 777, 778, 780, 781.
 Richmond, John L., 770.
 Rider, William F., 750.
 Ring, Henry J., 259, 754, 757, 771.
 Irlvenburg, Lovett S., 282, 781.
 Rix, Edward, 193, 376, 756, 763.
 Rix, George, 87, 708, 709, 710, 713, 726, 919.
 Robbins, Oscar, 312, 850, 865.
 Robbins, William H., 194, 514, 539, 776, 778, 781.
 Roberts, George W., 125, 870, 876, 919.
 Robinson, Francis J., 290, 340, 367, 375, 685, 697.
 Robinson, John Quincy, 6, 794, 804.
 Robison, John A., 194, 212, 634, 638, 639, 640, 641, 793, 798.
 Rodden, John, 793, 799.
 Rodenberger, Hugo, 193, 525, 527, 540, 737, 750, 919.
 Rogers, David, 681, 688.
 Rogers, Edwin, 689.
 Rogers, Joseph, 511, 804.
 Romer, Louis, 797.
 Ronheid, George C., 808.
 Root, Reuben L., 100, 436, 449, 843, 850, 854, 868.
 Rose, Deloss, 325, 330, 332, 548, 549, 551, 552, 553, 555, 580, 818, 820, 827, 918, 920.
 Rose, Timothy D., 295, 888, 889, 890, 895, 896.
 Rosenthal, Henry, 701, 702.
 Roth, Joseph A., 193, 376, 756, 770.
 Rowan, Charles E., 70, 82, 83, 172, 194, 211, 284, 294, 296, 363, 364, 384, 411, 447, 459, 464, 505, 508, 511, 512, 540, 604, 614, 617, 792, 793, 795, 796.
 Rubado, Joseph, 702.
 Russell, James D., 910.
 Sabin, William, 193, 757, 772.
 Sage, John, 125, 790, 919.
 Sallee, James M., 195, 525, 537, 540, 849, 865.
 Sammons, Charles F., 460, 584, 660, 751, 752.
 Sanderson, Samuel C., 808.
 Sandford, Lucien B., 850, 868.
 Sanlsbury, David, 87, 100, 704, 705, 707, 709, 710, 713, 714, 722, 810.
 Saulsbury, William, 461, 697, 920.
 Sausen, John, 702.
 Sager, Charles, 808.
 Savage, Jerry, 751.
 Savage, Joseph, 193, 525, 528, 529, 540, 561, 737, 751.
 Scace, William B., 309, 778, 790.
 Schaefer, John G., 192, 223, 228, 245, 281, 679, 680, 683, 687.
 Schaible, John, 882.
 Schap, Anton, 312, 794, 799.
 Schnell, Henry, 125, 738, 750, 919.
 Schooley, Ellis L., 59, 732, 741, 752.
 Schroeder, John, 808, 809.
 Schwarm, Julius, 746.
 Schweri, Joseph, 193, 525, 527, 540, 561, 571, 737, 751.
 Scott, Aaron, 194, 216, 349, 353, 385, 392, 813, 816, 818, 819, 824, 825, 919.
 Scott, George W., 808.
 Scott, James M., 117, 793, 804, 920.
 Scott, John, 886, 919.
 Scott, Thomas, 194, 778, 790.
 Scott, Warren A., 804, 805.
 Scott, William H., 808.
 Selby, Henry, 913.
 Sells, William D., 147, 755, 771.
 Serviss, Beri, 307, 312, 906.
 Shaffer, Terhan, 80, 790, 920.
 Shannon, Joseph, 309, 311, 794, 804.
 Shannon, Thomas, 215, 799.
 Shatswell, John, 660, 661, 750, 751.
 Shaw, Charles, 390, 392, 872, 877.
 Shaw, George S., 259, 757, 771.
 Shay, James, 93, 759.
 Sheffield, Daniel A., 32, 87, 99, 675, 676.
 Shepard, Benj. F., 194, 216, 297, 677, 813, 816, 821, 825, 826.
 Sherk, Thomas J., 658, 659, 905.
 Sherman, Nathaniel, 839.
 Shick, Peter, 633, 905.
 Shipton, J. E., 681, 689.
 Shultz, Henry, 195, 514, 540, 893, 905.
 Shumerski, Benj., 751.
 Shupe Dennis, 364, 375, 818, 819, 839, 919.
 Shupe, Levi, 633, 821, 839.
 Sidner, George, 283, 794, 805.
 Sidner, William, 804.
 Simmons, John C., 900.
 Simms, Nelson R., 70, 186, 194, 215, 263, 793, 795, 796.
 Simons, Henry, 195, 217, 847, 857.
 Simpson, Edward, 192, 684, 697.
 Sincock, John, 804.
 Skellie, William, 886.
 Skemp, Charles W., 702.
 Skinner, William S., 709, 710, 727.
 Sluman, John, 125, 754, 755, 762.
 Smith, Albert C., 816, 821, 822, 839.
 Smith, Charles, 195, 894, 906.
 Smith, Levi, 910.
 Smith, Finley, 865.
 Smith, George E. Jr., 365, 641, 642, 643, 772.
 Smith, James A., 790.
 Smith, Jesse, 906.
 Smith, John C., 31, 39, 42, 48, 91, 112, 139, 141, 176, 186, 209, 211, 236, 287, 262, 282, 284, 297, 298, 324, 325, 333, 340, 363, 374, 378, 437, 452, 472, 473, 476, 477, 478, 479, 482, 488, 489, 498, 503, 505, 568, 657, 670, 724, 869, 870, 874, 875.
 Smith, John W., 790.
 Smith, Jonathan, 750.
 Smith, Reuben, 360, 375, 818, 819, 839, 919.
 Smith, Thomas J., 51, 217, 324, 330, 333, 548, 568, 569, 570, 670, 837, 870, 872, 873, 875, 920.
 Smith, Valentine, 808.
 Smith, Willard V., 771.
 Sneesby, Henry, 367, 375, 738, 750.
 Sommers, Daniel, 906.
 Spare, Arthur, 870, 875.
 Spaulding, Charles, 367, 375, 377, 758, 771.
 Spencer, Richard, 324, 330, 333, 548, 568, 569, 570, 794, 798, 804, 837, 923.
 Spencer, Simeon, 324, 798.
 Spittler, Joseph, 883.
 Spoor, John, 808.
 Spore, Daniel W., 910.
 Spore, John, 910.
 Sprague, William E., 778, 790.
 Squier, John, 839.
 Stadel, Gottlieb, 804.

- Stahl, John, 312, 794, 799.
 Stanchfield, George H., 195, 525, 537, 540, 849, 865, 919.
 Stanley, Arazleman, 324, 330, 642, 757, 771, 772.
 Stanley, Robert E., 193, 757, 771.
 Steimlie, August, 195, 872, 882, 883.
 Stein, George, 910.
 Stevens, Edmund S., 71, 179, 193, 214, 514, 519, 521, 539, 754, 756, 761.
 Stevenson, James B., 790.
 Stevenson, William, 776, 781.
 Stewart, Arazleman M., 179, 193, 757, 771.
 Stewart, Daniel G., 259, 757, 763.
 Stewart, George L., 744.
 Stewart, James, 312, 794, 797.
 Stewart, John W., 473, 910.
 Stidworthy, William, 808.
 Stone, John D., 886.
 Stone, Walter E., 712, 727.
 Strong, Brainard E., 87, 790, 920.
 Strong, John, 691.
 Sturges, William, 125, 794, 804, 920.
 Sturm, Charles, 193, 525, 528, 529, 540, 737, 751, 919.
 Sullivan, Daniel, 353, 890, 894, 895, 898.
 Sullivan, Dennis, 910.
 Sullivan, Michael, 443, 449, 794, 797.
 Sutherland, Briggs, 906.
 Swan, Henry H., 80, 738, 751.
 Swanbrough, John W., 187, 212, 240, 273, 297, 323, 437, 442, 445, 449, 472, 797, 813, 815, 817, 819, 820, 824.
 Swazey, John J., 421, 746, 752.
 Swindells, John, 179, 193, 756, 771.
 Tarpley, Aquilla C., 401, 883, 920.
 Tarpley, John P., 263, 401, 870, 871, 873, 874, 877.
 Tarpley, Robert D., 390, 392, 872, 877.
 Tate, Ebenezer, 390, 391, 685, 698.
 Taylor, James M., 339, 311, 732, 737, 742, 744.
 Taylor, John L., 906.
 Taylor, John R., 681, 689.
 Taylor, John Y., 193, 640, 736, 744, 919.
 Taylor, Pliny, 910.
 Taylor, William F., 118, 153, 186, 194, 236, 263, 282, 437, 775, 776, 777, 778, 780.
 Taylor, Worthly S., 146, 754, 756, 762.
 Teal, George, 194, 311, 778, 791.
 Tear, Wallace, 281, 638, 677, 890, 896.
 Telford, James, 461, 794, 805.
 Thain, Alex. R., 249, 262, 360, 375, 634, 649, 757, 763, 772.
 Thain, Nicholas, 851, 868.
 Thain, Richard S., 273, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 556, 772.
 Thayer, Eli, 193, 212, 522, 540, 555, 556, 566, 571, 577, 604, 757, 772, 773.
 Thayer, George E., 764.
 Thistlewait, Chapman, 702.
 Thomas, James A., 194, 778, 790.
 Thompson, John C., 193, 214, 757, 763.
 Thrasher, John G., 283, 820, 839, 920.
 Thwing, Lewis, 772.
 Tilton, William E., 195, 890, 893, 898.
 Tinkler, Joseph, 194, 778, 791.
 Tippet, Charles R., 883.
 Tippet, Nicholas, 473, 686, 702.
 Tippet, William H., 702.
 Todd, Edward P., 472, 777, 781.
 Tohler, Frank, 809.
 Tollman, William, 910.
 Topping, George, 312, 872, 877, 878.
 Torrey, George W., 906.
 Tower, Wallace William, 193, 213, 390, 391, 711, 712, 727, 919.
 Towner, Carlos C., 818, 828.
 Townsend, Edward E., 273, 295, 465, 888, 893, 894, 896.
 Traut, W. V., 218, 273, 711, 727.
 Travis, William C., 877.
 Treftz, Theodore, 698.
 Trefz, Henry, 125, 794, 797, 919.
 Tresider, Martin, 809.
 Trevarthan, John, 809.
 Trevarthan, Thomas, 311, 330, 794, 799.
 Triggs, John, 840.
 Trudgian, William, 154, 794, 805, 920.
 Trumbull, Rollin H., 87, 705, 709, 710, 713, 715.
 Trusty, Edward, 790, 791.
 Tucker, Charles, 851, 868.
 Tucker, Jehile C., 900.
 Tummond, Harry, 791.
 Turk, Henry W., 754, 762.
 Turner, Calvin, 697.
 Turner, Ezra, 910, 911.
 Turner, George W., 727.
 Tutin, Nathaniel, 685, 702.
 Umbdenstock, M., 3, 4, 193, 736, 751.
 Underhill, Horatio K., 911.
 Utrecht, Frederick, 698.
 Van Aistine, William, 794, 805, 919.
 Van Dervort, H. S., 195, 442, 449, 843, 844, 847, 850, 855.
 Van Dyke, Edwin, 195, 525, 537, 540, 849, 866.
 Van Patten, Jacob, 193, 757, 773.
 Vaughn, James, 307, 312, 894, 906, 920.
 Vaughn, John, 154, 820, 840, 920.
 Vick, Joseph T., 866.
 Vickers, Thomas, 698.
 Vincent, John, 273, 445, 681, 684, 688.
 Vincent, William, 52, 192, 212, 262, 317, 679, 680, 683, 684, 686, 687.
 Virtue, Robert, 685, 702.
 Virtue, William J., 690.
 Vose, Samuel F., 325, 326, 359, 818, 840.
 Vroman, Adam, 195, 525, 532, 537, 540, 849, 865.
 Vroman, John J., 324, 330, 894, 906, 920.
 Waemers, Frederick, 685, 703.
 Wait, George, 87, 437, 472, 704, 707, 709, 714, 715, 716.
 Wakefield, Chauncey, 125, 794, 798, 920.
 Walmsley, William G., 752.
 Ward, Norman P., 195, 514, 539, 848, 866, 923.
 Wardell, Lloyd, 784.
 Warus, Franz H., 805.
 Warner, Edgar, 194, 776, 778, 783.
 Warren, William, 773.
 Washburn, John, 442, 448, 712, 727, 919.
 Washburn, Volney, 442, 712, 728.
 Watson, Franklin, 906.
 Wayman, Henry, 685, 703.
 Wearmouth, Nicholas, 273, 326, 684, 698.
 Wearne, Edward, 194, 514, 539, 793, 805, 923.
 Weatherly, Hiram, 678, 713, 728.
 Weaver, Samuel C., 907.
 Webb, Charles E., 773.
 Webb, Chase E., 752.
 Webb, Henry A., 273, 754, 762.
 Weber, Gottlieb, 330, 685, 698.
 Weber, Sebastian, 809.
 Weir, Frank A., 192, 296, 363, 367, 375, 390, 391, 472, 677, 681, 683, 685, 687.

- Weir, John S., 685, 703.
 Weistoff, Christian, 193, 525, 529, 530, 540, 586, 737, 745.
 Weitzenaker, Gregory, 703.
 Wells, David, 304, 375, 712, 728.
 Wells, Thomas E., 728.
 Wendling, Christian, 840.
 Werich, Burnhardt, 809.
 West, Nelson C., 751, 752.
 Westfall, James M., 907.
 Westwick, James, 850, 868.
 Whaples, Emery I., 913.
 Whaples, William H., 194, 216, 816, 819, 840.
 Wheeldin, John, 685, 702.
 Wheeler, William H., 194, 216, 514, 539, 816, 819, 820, 840, 841, 920.
 Wheelock, Alberto, 195, 525, 540, 849, 866, 919.
 Whitcomb, Oscar E., 727.
 White, Andrew, 805.
 White, Andrew T., 732, 742.
 White, Charles W., 752.
 White, George H., 809.
 White, Jabez, 791.
 White, John, 734, 752.
 White, Mathew, 883.
 White, Robert, 883.
 White, Samuel, 883.
 White, Thomas, 887.
 Whitmore, William D., 193, 213, 364, 375, 707, 711, 712, 716, 919.
 Whitney, Allen B., 87, 100, 282, 486, 705, 709, 712, 713, 714, 715.
 Whitney, Caleb, 193, 711, 714, 718.
 Whitney, Hamilton C., 193, 211, 514, 520, 539, 710, 714, 717.
 Whitney, Joseph C., 752.
 Whitney, Willard, 707, 714, 717.
 Wilcox, Isaac M., 473, 685, 686, 703, 920.
 Wilcox, Samuel, 195, 461, 848, 866.
 Wilkerson, John V., 195, 525, 538, 539, 540, 849, 866.
 Willard, W. H. H., 690.
 Willett, Arnold, 283, 755, 773, 920.
 Willey, Frederick, 913.
 Williams, Edward, 887.
 Williams, Henry M., 386, 391, 576, 577, 758, 773.
 Williams, Hugh (Co. F), 194, 330, 793, 794, 805.
 Williams, Hugh (Co. I), 195, 386, 392, 576, 872, 883.
 Williams, John (Co. E), 791.
 Williams, John (Co. I), 125, 883, 919.
 Williams, Providence, 891, 907.
 Williams, William, 809.
 Williams, William J., 887.
 Willson, Robert R., 685, 703.
 Willy, Henry, 703.
 Wilson, Benjamin B., 195, 872, 883.
 Wilson, Harvey G., 698.
 Wilson, John E., 866.
 Wilson, William F., 887.
 Wilton, Richard, 80, 754, 773, 919.
 Winfield, George W., 723.
 Winfield, Thomas, 728.
 Winter, Conrad, 797.
 Winters, Thomas, 703.
 Wirth, Augustus, 796.
 Witman, John H., 192, 683, 698, 919.
 Wolford, Frederick, 703.
 Wollam, James, 751.
 Wood, Albert F., 890, 899.
 Woodruff, John M., 282, 443, 870, 873, 874, 875.
 Woodward, George, 667, 703, 920.
 Woodworth, Benjamin B., 891, 907.
 Woodworth, Horace G., 114, 116, 121, 123, 123, 298, 677.
 Woolsey, Whiting C., 870, 875.
 Worth, Fred G., 376, 758, 764.
 Wright, Josiah H., 841.
 Wright, Robert, 887.
 Wright, Thomas, 883.
 Wright, William, 805.
 Wurtenburch, Carl, 794, 795, 809.
 Wynkoop, Nile, 442, 728.
 Yates, Charles H., 123, 191, 195, 216, 263, 473, 525, 530, 531, 540, 844, 846, 849, 853.
 Yerrington, John P., 911.
 Yontz, Mathias, 685, 703.
 York, Deloss P., 907.
 Young, Christian, 911.
 Young, David, 883.
 Young, Gains W., 195, 872, 883.
 Young, James, 710, 728.
 Young, Joseph D., 391, 684, 685, 698.
 Young, Orson V., 179, 193, 214, 756, 761.
 Young, Sherwood B., 773.
 Zuck, Solomon H. R., 866, 867.

BATTLE FLAGS OF THE REGIMENT.

The Frontispiece, showing the Colors of the Regiment, is copied from an oil painting in the possession of Henry H. Gage, of the Historical Society. The upright flag in the center of the group, and the short flag across the stack of muskets, represent the colors carried from the organization of the command until the close of 1863. Both were torn in shreds at Chickamauga, and the one member of the Color Guard who escaped death and wounds in that engagement—John W. Swanbrough—was wounded while carrying them aloft at Lookout Mountain. The flags which cross each other diagonally represent the colors carried in the various engagements of the Atlanta campaign, and at the battles of Franklin and Nashville. Of these one of each set is in possession of Gen. J. C. Smith, and the others are in the Court House at Waukegan, Lake County, Illinois. The colors carried during the closing months of the Regiment's service, and which are now in Memorial Hall at Springfield, Ill., are not shown in the engraving. The canteen, the accoutrements, and the stack of Enfield rifled muskets shown are of the pattern used by the Regiment, and the sword represents the one presented by the Regiment to Gen. J. C. Smith.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
973.741L6196 C001
HISTORY OF THE NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT ILL



3 0112 025371284